

*Mulciber in Troiam,*

*pro Troia stabat Apollo.*

THE  
WHOLE WORKS  
OF  
HOMER:  
PRINCE OF POETTS  
In his Iliads, and  
Odysseys

Translated according to the Greek  
By

Geo : Chapman.

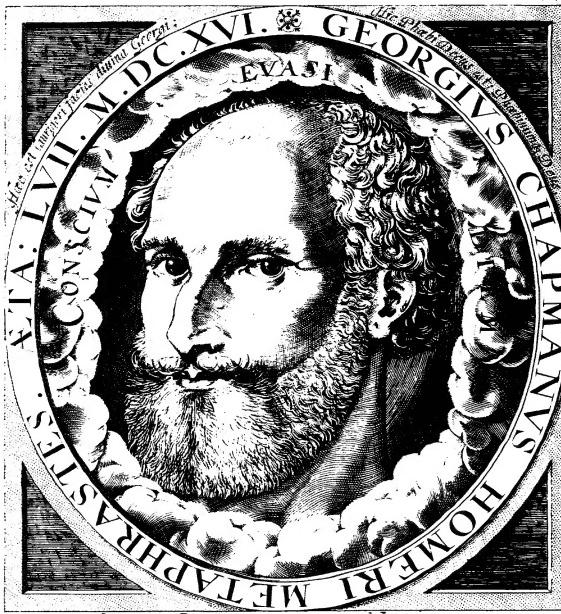
De Ili : et Od. ill :  
Omnia ab his: et in his sunt omnia:  
sunt beati  
Te decor eloquij, seu rerum pondera  
tanquint Angel. Pol :

At London printed for Nathanieli Butter.  
William Loe sculps:

Qui Nil mo-  
litur Inepte

CHILLES

HECTOR



*Castanea* *spec.* *mi* *re* *nit* *mult* *elliptic*  
*Prunus* *re* *nit* *elliptic* *lanceolata*

Suche Befindung ihres wahrer, & Tiefen Wahrheit der Dinge. Und  
dass new ein Erwachsenen sind, wenn kein alle. Verteilt  
Eigentum des, und einen Faktur, und Prinzipien, und George, Cantabrigia,  
O. M. R. 27. 1777. S. 11. Gezeichnet habe

*U*nusquisque dicitur, et M<sup>u</sup>ltorum existentia  
Quod est Natura illius est Quod est Tunc.



NE VSQUE.

To the Immortal Memorie of the Incomparable  
Heroe, HENRYE Prince of Wales.

The Tomb Arms Statute : All things fit to fall  
If fate of Death or War worship Funeral  
Forme hath his boundes Forme is wrought two deare :  
They sold 4 virtus v. clementia  
The blouds and waled brierries have only friends  
Comandad Cost. And broke so riche a grounde  
(Not to inter : But make them cur (proge)  
4 Arms Tomba. Statues : every Earthy Thinge.  
That growes and rantes into forme before :  
What lat is thrus left-set with of sulde pores;

*And so tis kept: Not thy thrice sacred will  
Sion'd with thy Deathc: moves any to fullfill  
Thy Just beques'ts to me: Throw dead, then  
Five heads from the world.*

*Ad Faram  
To all Times future: This Times March exton:  
Homer, No Patron found: Nor Chapman, frivola:  
Sanctus nimis omnia:  
Sæc nouis moritur libri:*



# TO THE HIGH BORNE PRINCE OF MEN, HENRIE, THRICE

*Royall inheritor to the united Kingdome  
of Great BRITTAINE, &c.*

In perfect happiness, by Princes sought,  
Is not with birth, borne, nor Exchequers bought,  
Nor followes in great traines; nor is posst  
With any outward State, but makes him blest  
That governes inward, and bholdeth there,  
All his affection stand about him bare;  
That by his powre can send to Towre, and death,  
All traitrous passions; marthalling beneath  
His justice, his meere will, and in his minde  
Holds such a scepter, as can keepe confinde  
His whole lifes actions in the royll bounds:  
Of Vertue and Religion; and their grounds  
Takes-in, to sow his honours, his delights,  
And complete empire. You should learne these rights  
(Great Prince of men) by Princely presidents;  
Which here, in all kindes, my true zeale presents  
To furnish your youths ground-worke, and first State;  
And let you see, one Godlike man create  
All sorts of worthiest men; to be contriv'd  
In your worth onely; giving him reviv'd,  
For whose life, *Alexander* would have given  
One of his kingdomes: who (as sent from heaven,  
And thinking well, that so divine a creature  
Would never more iurich the race of Nature)

## The Epistle Dedicatore.

Kept as his Crownes his workes; and thought them still  
His Angels, in all power to rule his will.  
And would affirme that *Homers* poesie  
Did more advance his Asian victorie,  
Then all his armes. O ! tis wondrous much  
(Though nothing prifde) that the right vertuous touch  
Of a well written soule, to vertue moves.  
Nor have we soules to purpose, if their loves  
Offitting objets be not so inflam'd.  
How much then, vvere this kingdomes maine soule maim'd,  
To want this great inflamer of all powers  
That move in humane soules ? All Realmes but yours,  
Are honour'd with him; and hold blest that State  
That have his workes to reade and contemplate.  
In which, Humanitie to her height is rais'd;  
Which all the world ( yet, none enough) hath prais'd.  
Seas, earth, and heaven, he did in verse comprise;  
Out-sung the Muses, and did equalise  
Their king *Apollo*, being so farre from cause  
Of Princes light thoughts, that their gravest lawes  
May finde stoffe to be fashioned by his lines.  
Through all the pompe of kingdomes still he shines,  
And graceth all his gracers. Then let lie  
Your Lutes, and Viols, and more loftily  
Make the Heroiques of your *Homer* sung,  
To drums and trumpets set his angels tongue :  
And with the Princely sport of Hawkes you use,  
Behold the kingly flight of his high Muse :  
And see how like the Phoenix she renues  
Her age, and startie feathers in your sunne;  
Thoulands of yeares attending, every one  
Blowing the holy fire, and throwing in  
Thei'reasons, kingdomes, nations that have bin  
Subverted in them; lawes, religions, all  
Offerd to Change, and greedy Funerall;  
Yet still your *Homer* lasting, living, raigning;  
And proves, how firme truth builds in Poets faining.

A

## The Epistle Dedicatore.

A Princes statue, or in Marble carv'd,  
Or steele, or gold, and shew'd (to be preserv'd)  
Aloft on Pillars, or Pyramides;  
Time into lowest ruines may deprellie ;  
But, drawne with all his vesture in learn'd verse,  
Fame shall resound them on oblivions herse,  
Till graves gaspe with her blasts, and dead men rise.  
No gold can follow, where true Poesie lies.

Then let not this Divinitie in earth  
(Deare Prince) be sleighted, as she vvere the birth  
Of idle Fancie; since the workes so hie :  
Nor let her poore disposer (Learning) lye  
Still bed-rid. Both which, being in men defact,  
In men (with them) is Gods bright image ract.  
For, as the Sunne and Moone, are figures given  
Of his resplendent Deitie in heaven :  
So, Learning, and her Lightner, Poesie,  
In earth present his fiery Maiestie.  
Nor are Kings like him, since their Diademes  
Thunder and lighten, and project brave beames;  
But since they his cleare vertues emulate;  
In truth and justice, imagining his state;  
In Bountie, and Humanitie since they shine;  
Then which, is nothing (like him) more divine :  
Nor Fire, nor Light, the Sunnes admited course,  
The Rife, nor Set of Starres, nor all their force  
In us, and all this Cope beneath the skie;  
Nor great Existence, term'd his treaurie.  
Since not, for being greatest, he is blest;  
But being just, and in all vertues best.

What lets his justice and his truth, best forth;  
(Best Prince) then use best; which is Poesies worth:  
For, as great Princes, well inform'd and deckt  
With gracious vertue, give more sure effect  
To her persuasions, pleasures, reall worth  
Then all th' inferiour subjects she sets forth;  
Since there she shines at full, hath birth, wealth, state;

\* 3

Power,

### *The Epistle Dedicatore.*

Power, fortune, honor, fit to elevate  
Her heavenly merits; and so fit they are  
Since she was made for them, and they for her:  
So, truth, with Poesie graci, is faires faire,  
More proper, moving, chaste, and regular,  
Then when she runnes away with untrust Prose,  
Proportion, that doth orderly dispose  
Her vertuous treasure, and is Queene of Graces;  
In Poesie, decking her with choiseſt Phrases,  
Figures and numbers: when loose Prose puts on  
Plaine letter-habits; makes her trot upon  
Dull earthly busynesse (she being meeter divine:)  
Holds her to homely Cates, and harsh hedge-wine,  
That ſhould drinke Poesies Nectar; every way  
One made for other, as the ſunne and day,  
Princes and vertues. And, as in a ſpring,  
The pliyant water mov'd with any thing  
Let fall into it, puts her motion out  
In perfect circles, that move round about  
The gentle fountaine, one another, raising:  
So truth and poesie worke; lo poesie blazing,  
All ſubjects falne in her exhaustleſſe fount,  
Workes moft exactly, makes a true account  
Of all things to her high diſcharges given,  
Till all be circular, and round as heaven.  
And laſtly, great Prince, marke and pardon me,  
As in a flourifhing, and ripe fruit tree,  
Nature hath made the barke to ſave the Bole;  
The Bole, the ſappe. the ſappe to decke the whole  
With leaves and branches; they, to beare and shield  
The uſefull fruit, the fruit it ſelfe to yeeld  
Guard to the kernell, and for that all thoſe  
(Since out of that againe, the whole tree growes:)  
So, in our tree of man, whose nervie root  
Springs in his top, from thence even to his foot,  
There runnes a muuall aide, through all his parts,  
All joyn'd in one to ſerve his Queene of arts.

In

### *The Epifle Dedicatore.*

In which, doth Poesie, like the kernell lie  
Obscur'd; though her Promethean facultie  
Can create men, and make even death to live,  
For which ſhe ſhould live honor'd, Kings ſhould give  
Comfort and helpe to her, that ſhe might ſtill  
Hold up their ſpirits in venuſe, make the will,  
That governs in them, to the power conform'd;  
The power to justice, that the ſcandals ſtorm'd  
Againſt the poore Dame, cleard by your faire Grace,  
Your Grace may ſhine the clearer. Her low place,  
Not ſhewing her, the highest leaves obscure.  
Who raife her, raife themſelves: and he ſirs ſure,  
Whom her wing'd hand advanceth, ſince on it  
Eternitie doth (crowning Virtue) ſit.  
All whose poore ſeed, like violets in their beds  
Now grow with boſome, blung, and hidden heads.  
For whom I muſt ſpeak (though their Fates convinces  
Me, wort of Poets) to you, beſt of Princes.

*By the moſt humble and faithfull implored for  
all the graces to your highneſſe etern-  
ſed by your divine Homer.*

GEO: CHAPMAN.

A 4

An



## AN ANAGRAM OF THE NAME OF OVR DREAD PRINCE, MY MOST Gracious and sacred *Messias*,

HENRYE, PRINCE OF WALES,  
OVR SVNN, HEYR, PEACE, LIFE.

**B**E to us as thy great Name doth import,  
(Prince of the people) nor suppose it vaine,  
That in this secret and prophesique sort,  
Thy Name and Nobles Title doth containe  
So much right to us; and as great a good,  
Nature doth nothing vainly; much leſſe Art  
Perfecting Nature. No ſpirit in our bloud,  
But in our ſoules diſcourses beares a part,  
What Nature giues at random in the one,  
In th other, orderd, our divine part ſerues  
Thou art not HEYR then, to our ſtate aloneſ  
But SVNN, PEACE, LIFE. And what thy poore deſerves  
Of us, and our good, in thy armes hirſt;  
Shall make thee to thy ſelfe, HEYR, SVNN, PEACE, LIFE.

TO



## TO THE SACRED FOVNTAINE OF PRINCES, SOLE EMPRESSE OF BEAVTIE AND VERTUE; ANNNE, Queen of England, &c.

**V**vh whatſoever Honour we adorne  
Your Royall iſſue; we muſt gratulate you;  
Imperiall Soveraigne. Who of you is borne,  
Is you, One Tree make both the Boile and Bow.  
If we honour then to joyne you both  
To ſuch a poverfull worke, as ſhall defend  
Both from foule Death, and Ages ugly Molt;  
This is an Honour that ſhall never end.  
They know not vertue then, that know not what  
The vertue of defending vertue is:  
It comprehends, the guard of all your State,  
And joynes your Greatneſſe to as great a Bliffe.  
Shield vertue, and advance her then, Great Queer.  
And make this Book your Glaffe, to make it ſeen.

Your Majesties in all ſubjeſtion moſt  
humblly conſecrate,

GEO. CHAPMAN.



## TO THE READER.



*Eft with fowle bands you touch these holy Rites,  
And with pricidacies too propheme,  
Pass Homer, in your other Poets flight;  
Was here, In this Parch to his numerous Phane,  
Hearre ancient Oracles speake, and tell you whom  
You have to censure. First then Silius bear,  
Who thrice was Consul in renowned Reme;  
Whose verse (as is Martiall) nothing shall out-wear.*

Silius Italicus. Lib. 13.

**H**E, in *Elysium*, having cast his eye  
Vpon the figure of a Youth, whose haire  
With purple Ribands braided curiously,  
Hung on his shoulders wondrous bright and faire,  
Said, Virgin, What is he whose heavenly face  
Shines past all others, as the Morn the Nigh,  
Whom many marvelling soules, from place to place,  
Purifie and hant, with sounds of such delight?  
Whose countenance (wer't not in the Stygian shade)  
Would make me, questionless, believe he were  
A very God. The learned Virgine made  
This answ're: If thou shouldest believe it here,  
Thou shouldest not erre; he well deseru'd to be  
Esteem'd a god; nor held his so-much breast  
A little prefence of the Deitie:  
His verse compriſe earth, seas, starres, soules at rest:  
In song, the Mules he did equalize;  
In honour, *Phœbus*: he was onely foule;  
Saw all things sph'rd in Nature, without eyes,  
And raide your Troy up to the starrie Pole;  
Glad *Scipio*, viewing well this Prince of Ghosts,  
Said, O if Fates would give this Poet leave  
To sing the acts done by the Romane Hoaſts,  
How much beyond, would future times receive  
The ſame acts, made by any other knowne?  
O bleſt *Eacides* to have the grace  
That out of ſuch a mouth, thou ſhouldest be shoune  
To wondring Nations, as enrichte the race  
Of all times future, with what he did know:  
Thy vertue, with his verſe, ſhall ever grow.

Now

## TO THE READER.

Now heare an Angell sing our Poets Fame,  
Whom Fate, for his divine song, gave this name.

Angells Politicians, in Nuns.

More living, then in old *Demodocus*,  
*Fame* glories to waste yong in *Homer's* verse.  
And as when bright Hyperion holds to us  
His golden Torch, we see the starnes disperse,  
And every way fye heaven; the pallid Moone  
Even almost vanishing before his light:  
So with the dazzling beames of *Homer's* Sunne,  
All other antient Poets lose their light.  
Whom when *Apollo* heard, out of his flarre,  
Singing the godlike acts of honor'd men;  
And equalling the actall rage of warre,  
With onely the diuine straines of his pen;  
He stood amaz'd, and truely did confess  
Himselfe was eualld in *Maenides*.

Next, heare I be great and learned Plinic w<sup>e</sup>c  
His censure of our sacred Poets Mus<sup>e</sup>.

Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. 7. Cap. 19.  
Turned into verse, that no Professe may come neare *Homer*.

Whom shall we choose the glory of all wits,  
Held through so many sorts of discipline,  
And such variety of workes and spirits,  
But Grecian *Homer*? like whom none did shine,  
For forme of worke and matter: And because  
Our proud domme of him may stand iustified  
By noblest judgements, and recuite applause  
In spite of enuy, and illiterate pride:  
Great *A Macedon*, amongst his matchlesse spoiles,  
Tooke from rich *Perse* (on his Fortunes call)  
A Caster finding (full of precious oyles)  
Form'd all of gold, with wealthy stones encach't.  
He tooke the oyles out, and his nearest friends  
Aske, in what better guard it might be usde?  
All giving their conceits to severall ends:  
He answere, his affections rather chufde  
An use quite opposite to all their kinde:  
And *Homer's* booke should with that guard be serv'd,  
That the most precious worke of all mens mindes,  
In the most precious place, might be preferv'd.  
The fount of wit was *Homer*; Learnings Syre,  
And gave Antiquity her living fire.

Volumes of like prale, I could heape on this;  
Of mea more ancient, and more learn'd then these:  
But since true Vertue enough lovely is

With

## TO THE READER.

With her owne beauties; all the suffrages  
Of others I omitt; and would more faire  
That *Homer*, for himselfe, should be belou'd  
Who euer fort of loue-worth did containe.  
Which how I hate in my conseruation prou'd,  
I must confess, I hardly dare referre  
To reading iudgments; since, so generally,  
Custome hath made ev'ry th'ales Agentes erre  
In these translatiōns; all so much apply  
Their paines and cunninge, word for word to render  
Their patrician Authors; when they may as well,  
Make fit with fowle, Camels with Whales exagerate,  
Or their tongues speech, in other mouths compell:  
For, even a different production  
Aske Grecie and English; since as they in sounds,  
And letters, shunne one forme, and unio[n]  
So haue their senſe, and elegancie bounds  
In their distinguisht natures, and require  
Only a indegment to make both conſent,  
In ſenſe and elocution, and aspire  
As well to reach the ſpirit that was spent  
In his example, as with art to pierce  
His Grammer, and etymologie of words.  
But, as great Clerkes, can write no English verſe,  
Be cause (alas! great Clerks) English affords  
(Say they) no height, nor copies, a ſrade young,  
(Since tis their Native): but in Grecie or Latine  
Their writes are rare; for thence true Poetrie springeth:  
Though them (Truth knowes) they haue but ſkil to chat-in,  
Compar'd with that they might lay in their owne;  
Since thither th'other ſtill ſoule cannot make  
The ample transmigration to be showne  
In Nature louing Poetrie: So the brake  
That thofe Translators ſtucke in, that affect:  
Their word-for-word traductions (where they loſe  
The free grace of their naturall Dialect  
And ſame there Authors, with a forced Gloſe)  
I laughte to ſee; and yet as much abhorre  
More licace from the words, then may exprefſe  
Their full compreſſion, and make cleare the Author:  
From whole truth, if you think me ſet digrefſe,  
Because I vſe needfull Periphrates;  
Reide *Velle, Heſſe*, that in Latine Prof,  
And Verſe conuerſe him, reade the *Agamemnon*,  
That into Tuscan turns him, and the Gloſe  
Graue *Saled* makes in French; as he tranſlates:  
Which (for th'aforefaide reaſons) all muſt doo;  
And ſee that my conſeruation much abates

A

Of Translations,  
and the natural  
difference of Di-  
ali Os, neceſſarily  
to be obſerved  
in it.

Ironice.

The neceſſary  
meaſure of  
translatiōn to  
the extemp[orize]

The

## TO THE READER.

The licence they take, and more shewes him too:  
Whose right, not all those great learn'd men haue done  
(In some maine parts) that were his Commentors:  
But (as the illustration of the Sunne  
Should be attempted by the erring starres)  
They faile to search his deepe, and treurous hart.  
The cause was, sinc they wanted the fit key  
Of Nature, in their down-right strength of Art;  
With Poetic, to open Poesie.  
Which in my Poeme of the mysteries  
Reual'd in *Homer*, I will clearly proue.  
Till whose neere birth, suspend your Calumnies,  
And farre-wide imputations of selfe loue.  
Tis further from me, then the worst that reads;  
Professing me the worst of all that write:  
Yet what, in following one, that brauely leads,  
The worst may show, let this proofe hold the light.  
But grant it cleare: yet hath detraction got  
My blind side, in the forme, my verfe puts on;  
Much like a dung-hill Maſtife, that dares not  
Affault the man he barkes at; but the ſtone  
He throwes at him, takes in his eager iawes,  
And ioyntly his teeth becauſe they cannot ſpoyle.  
The long verfe hath by profeſſe receiu'd applaule  
Beyond each other number: and the foile,  
That ſquint-cyd Enuit takes, is censur'd plaine.  
For, this long Poeme askes this length of verfe,  
Which I my ſelfe ingeniously maintaine  
Too long, our ſhorter Authors to reherfe.  
And for our tong, that ſtill is ſo empayr'd  
By traualing linguiſt; I can proue it cleare,  
That no tongue hath the Mufes vterance heyr'd  
For verfe, and that ſweete Muſique to the eare  
Strooke out of ſime, ſo naturally as this;  
Our Monosyllables, to kindly fall  
And mette, oppofide in rime, as they did kifſe:  
French and Italian, moſt immetrical;  
Their many ſyllables, in harſh Collition,  
Fall as they brake their necks; their baſtard Rimes  
Saluting as they iuſtild in tranſition,  
And ſet our teeth on edge; nor tunes, nor times  
Kept in their falles. And me thinkes, their long words  
Shew in ſhort verfe, as in a narrow place,  
Two oppofites ſhould meet, with two-hand ſywords  
Unweildy, without or vfe or grace.  
Thus hauing rid the rubs, and ſtroud theſe flowers  
In our thrice facred *Homer's* English way;  
What reſts to make him, yet more worthy yours?

*The power of na  
ture, about ſix  
in Poetic.*

*Our Engliſh  
language, aboue  
all others, for  
Rhythmicall  
Poeſie.*

## TO THE READER.

To cite more prayle of him, were mere delay  
To your glad ſearches, for what thofe men found,  
That gaue his praife, paſt all, to thofe a place:  
Whofe vertues were ſo many, and ſo croſſed.  
By all conſents, Diuine; that not to graſe,  
Or add: increafe to them, the world doth need  
Another *Homer*; but even to reherfe  
And number them: they did ſo much exceed;  
Men thought him not a man; but that his verfe  
Some mere celeſtiall nature diuadorne.  
And all may well conclude, it could not be  
That for the place where any man was borne,  
Solong, and mortally, could diſagree  
So many Nations, as for *Homer* ſtrid,  
Valeſſe his ſpurre in them, had bene diuine.  
Then end their ſtrife, and loſe him (thus remai'd)  
As borne in England: fee him over ſaine  
All other-Countrie Poets, and truſt this,  
That whoſe-fouer Muſt dares ſe her wing  
When his Muſe flies, ſhee will be troſt'd by him;  
And ſhow as if a Bernack ſhould ſpring  
Beneath an Eagle. In none ſince war ſcene  
A ſoule ſo full of heaven as earth's in him.  
O! if our moderne poeſie had beeſe  
As louely as the Ladie he did lyne.  
What barbarous worldling, groaning after gain,  
Could vfe her louely parts with ſuch rude hate,  
As now ſhe ſuffers vnder every ſwaine?  
Since then tiſt nought but her abufe and Fate,  
That thus empaſſes her; what is this to her  
As ſhee is real, or in naturall right.  
But ſince in true Religion men ſhould erre  
As much as Poeſie, ſhould th' abufe excite  
The like contempt of her Diuinitie?  
And that her truth, and right ſaint ſacred Merites;  
In moſt liues, breed but reuerence formally;  
What wonder iſt if Poeſie inherits  
Much leſle obftruſion, being but Agent for her;  
And finger of her lawes, that others ſay?  
Forth then ye Mowles, ſonneſ of the earth abhorre her,  
Keefe ſtill on in the dirty vulgar way,  
Till durt receive your ſoules, to which ye vow,  
And with your poion'd ſpirits bewitch our thriſts.  
Ye cannot to much despife vs as we you.  
Nor one of you, aboue his Mowlehill lifts  
His carthy Minde, but, as a ſort of beaſts,  
Kept by their Guardians, neuer care to heare  
Their manly voices; but when, in their fits,

## TO THE READER.

They breathe wild whistles; and the beasts rude eare  
Heares their Curres barking; then by heapes they flic,  
Headlong together: So men, beastly giuen,  
The manly soules voice (sacred Poetie,  
Whose Hymnes the Angels euer sing inheauen)  
Contemne, and heare not: but when brutish noises  
(For Gaine, Lust, Honour, in litigious Profe)  
Are bellow'd-out, and cracke the barbaro usvoices  
Of turkisht *Stentors*; O! ye leane to thole  
Like itching Horse, to blocks, or high May-poles;  
And break naught but the wind of wealth, wealth, All  
In all your Documents; your Afinine soules  
(Proud of their burthenes) feele not how they gall.  
But as an Ashe, that in a field of weeds  
Affects a thistle, and fallas fiercely to it;  
That pricks, and gals him; yet he feeds, and bleeds;  
Forbeares a while, and licks; but cannot woo it  
To leave the sharpnes when (to wreake his smart)  
He beates it with his foote; then backward licks,  
Because the Thistle gald his forward part;  
Nor leaves till all be eate, for all the pricks;  
Then fallas to others with as hote a strife;  
And in that honourable warre doth waste  
The tall heate of his stomack, and his life:  
So, in this world of weeds, you worldlings taste  
Your most-lou'd dainties; with such warre, buy peace;  
Hunger for torment; vertue kicke for vice;  
Cares for your states, do with your states increase:  
And though ye dreame ye feast in Paradise,  
Yet Reasons Day-light, shewes ye at your meate  
Askes at Thistles, bleeding as ye eate.

## THE

## THE PREFACE TO THE READER.



*All books extant in all kinds, Homer is the first and best. No one before him (Ioscpus affirmes,) nor before him (saith Velleius Paterculus) was there any whom he imitated: nor after him, any that could imitate him. And that Poetie may be no cause of destruction fro al the eminence we give him; Spondanus (preferring it to all Arts and ciencie) unsuferably argues and prunes. For the glories of God, and the singing of his glories, no man dares deny man was chiefly made. And what art performs this chiefest end of man, with so much excitation, and exprestion as Poetie? Moses, David, Salomon, Job, Elay, Jeremy, &c. chiefly vise that to the end above said. And since the excellency of it cannot be obtained by the labour and art of man (as all easilie confess it,) it must needs be acknowledged a divine infallion. To prove which in a word, this distich, (in my estimation) serues something nearely:*

*Great Poetie, blind Homer, makes all see  
The capable of all Arts, none of thee.*

*For out of him (according to our most graue and iudiciale Plutarch) are all Arts deduced, confirmed, or illustrated. It is not therefore the worlds vilifying of it, that can make it vile: for so we might argue, & blasphemie the most incomparably sacred. It is not of the world indeed; but (like Truth) brides it selfe fro it. Nor is there any such realty of wisdomes truth in all humane excellency as in Poets fictions. That most vulgar & foolish receipt of Poeticall licence, being of all knowing men to be explaid; excepting it, as if Poets had a tale-telling prisledge above others, no Artist being so strictly, and inextricably confiued to all the lawes of learning, wisedome, and truth, as a Poet. For were not his fictions composed of the finenes and soules of all those; how could they differ from, & be combined with eternitie? To all sciences therefore, I must still (with our learned and ingenious Spondanus) preferre it; as having a perpetial commerce with the divine Majestie; embracing and illustrating all his most holy precepts; and intyng continual discourse with his thrice perfect, and most comfortable spiritt. And as the contemplatiue life is most worthily & diuinely preferred by Plato, to the active; as much as the head to the foote; the eye to the head; reason to fence; the soule to the bodie: the end it selfe, so all things directed to the end; quiet to motion; and Eternitie to Time; so much preferre I diuine Poetie to all worldly wisdome. To shew only shadow of whose worth yet, I entitle not the bold rimes of every Apish and impudent Braggart, (though he dares assume any thing) such I turne over to the weaving of Cobwebs; and shall but chester on molchis (farre under the hill of the Muses) when their fortunatly felstone and ambition hath advanced them highest. Poetie is the flower of the Sun, & disdains to open to the eye of a candle. So kings hide their treasures, & counsels fro the vulgar; ne cauilecant (saith our Spond.) we haue example facred enough, that true Poetie humilitie, poverty & contempn, are badges of dignitie, not vniuit. Braythen, and bark against ye wolfes fac't worldlings, that nothing but bonours*

## THE PREFACE

honours, riches, and magistracie, nescio quos, turgide spiratis (that I may use the words of our friend still,) Qui solas leges Inistianas crepati, paragaphum vnum aut alterum, pluris quam vos ipsos facitis, &c. I (for my part) shall never esteem it much more manly and sacred, in this barneleſſe and pious studie, to sit till I ſink into my grāue, then ſit in our vainglorious bubbles, and impieties; at your poore policies, wifecomes, their trappings, at no more valuing then a muſy Nat. And much leſſe I wey the frontleſſe detractions of ſome ſtupide ignorant; that no more knowing me, then their owne beaſtly endſand, I ever (to my knowledge) bleſt from their ſights; whisper behind me the vilifying of my translation: out of the French affirming them; when both in French, and all other languages but his owne, our mitball ſkill enriched Poet, is ſo poore and unpleaſing, that no man can diſcern from whence ſewed him ſo generally gien eminence, and admiration. And therefore (by any reaſonable creatures confeſſion, of my ſlight comment, and conuerſion) it will eaſily appeare how I ſhame them: and whether the originall be my role or not. In which, he ſhall eaſily ſee, I understand the understandings of all other interpreters, and commenters in places of his moſt depth importance, and rapture. The whole exiſtption and iſtillation, if I abhorre from the ſince that others wreſt, and racke out of him; let my beſt deſtractor examine how the Greek word warrants me. For my other ſtreſh fy, let them fy in thiſ foolish galſ; nothing ſo much weighed as the barking of puppies, or foijſing hounds; too vile to thinkne of our ſacred Homer, or ſet their prophane feete within thiſ liues lengths of hiſ threſholds. If I faile in ſomthing, let my full performance in other ſome reſtre me; hiſt ſpurring me on with oþer neceſſities. For as at my conuelion I profeſſe, ſo here at my entrance, leſſe then fifteenne weelkes was the time, in which all the laſt twelve books were eniſtely new traſlated. No conuerſion had with any one living in al the no[n]telties I preſume I haue found. Only ſome one or two places I haue ſhewen to my worthy and moſt learned friend, M. Harriots, for hiſ conuerſion how much mine owne weighed: whose iudgements and knowledge in all kinds, I know to be incomparabe, and bottomeleſſe: yea, to be admired as much, as hiſ moſt blameliſt life, and thiſ ſacred expence of hiſ time, is to be honoured and reverenced. Which affirmation of thiſ cleare uermachchedneſſe in all manner of learning, I make in contempt of thiſ naſtie obſection often thrust upon me; that he that will judge, muſt know more then he of whom he judges; for ſo a man ſhould know neither God nor hiſelfe. Another right learned, honeſt, and entirely loued friend of mine, M. Robert Heus, I muſt needs put into my confeſſion conuerſe touching Homer, though very little more then that I had with M. Harriots. Which two, I protest, are all, and preferred to all. Nor charge I their authorities with any allowance of my generall labour: but onely of thiſ one or two places, which for inſtances of my iuovation, and how it ſewed to them, I imparted. If any taxe me for too much periphrasis or circumlocution in ſome places, let them read Laurentius Valla, and Eobanus Heflius, who either ſeue ſhortneſſe as comment writing home to Homer, or where they ſhun that fault, are ten parts more periphratical then I. As for example, one place will trouble you (if you please) to conuerſe with the originall, and noſe interpreter for all. It is in the end of the thirde booke, and is Hellens ſpeech to Venus, fetching her to Paris, from ſeeing hiſ cowardly combat with Menelaus: part of which ſpeech I wil here cite:

Owīna ſū ſū Nov Aliaſd. in Merita.

Nizze, &c. For avoiding the common readers trouble here, I muſt referre the more Greekiſh to the reſt of the ſpeecbi Homer, whose traſlation ad verbum by Sondanus, I wil here cite, and then pray you to conuerſe it with thiſ which

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which followeth of Valla.

Quoniam vero nunc *Alexandrum, Menelau*  
Poſque vieti, vult odioſam me domum abducere;  
Propterea vero nunc *dolam* (cui colos) cogitans adueniuit?  
Sede apud ipum vadens, deorum abnega vias,  
Neque vñquam tuis pedibus reuertaris in coelum,  
Sed ſemper circa cum ærumnas prefer, & ipſum ſerua  
Donec te vel vixorem faciat, vel hic ſeruum, &c.

Valla ſhu:

Quoniam vieto *Paride, Menelau*, me miscrat, eft reportaturus ad lates, ide m, ideo ſalfa ſub imagine venisti, ut me decipres ob tuam nimilitam in *Paride* benevolentia: cō dum illi ades, dum illi ſtudes, dum pro illo fatagis, dum illum obſtruas atque cuſtodis, deorum commercium reliqui, nec ad eos reuertaris amplius; adeò (quantum ſufpiror) antixor eius efficieris, aut ancilla, &c.

Wherein note if there be any ſuch thing as moſt of thiſ in Homer, yet only to exprefſe (as he thinks) Homers conceipt, for the more pleaſure of the reader, be uſch thiſ ouerplus dum illi ades, dum illi ſtudes, dum pro illo fatagis, dum illum obſtruas, atque cuſtodis, deorum commercium reliqui. Which (besides hiſ ſuperfluite) is uerily falſe. For where be ſaiſh reliqui deorum commercium, Hellen ſairb, Greci & ægypti uadou, deorum autem abnega, orbiuſe vias, ærviſi, (vel ærviſi, it is ued poetically ſignifying denegate, or abnue; & Hellen (in contempt of her too much obſtruing men) bids her renounce beaſter, and conueit with Paris till be make her hiſ wife or ſervant, ſcopiaſtically or ſcorſeſtically ſpeaking it: which doth Valla, Embanus, and aliother interpreters (but theſe ad verbum) haue uerily miſt. And thiſ one example I thought neceſſary to iſtore here, to bew my detractors that they haue no reaſon to uide my circumlocution ſometimes, when their moſt approued Grecians, Homers interpreters generally hold him ſit to be ſo conuerited. Yet how much I differ, and wiſh what auothorite, let my impartiall, and iudicall reader iudge. Alwaies conceiuing how pedanticall and abſurd an affeſtation it is in the interpretation of any Author (much more of Homer) to turne hiſ word for word, when (according to Horace and other beſt langiuers to traſlators) it is the part of every knowing and iudicall iſtore, not to follow the number and order of words, but the materiale things themſelues, and ſentences to weigh diligently, and to cloſe and adorne them with words, and ſuch a ſtyle and forme of Oration, as are moſt apt for the language into which they are conuerited. If I haue not turned him in any place falſly (as all other hiſ interpreters haue in many and moſt of hiſ cheife places;) if I haue not left behind me any of hiſ ſentences, elegancie, heighte, intention, and iuention: if in ſome few places (eſpecially in my firſt edition, being done ſo long ſince, by following the common tract) I haue ſomthing periphratical or faulty; is it iuice in thiſ poore ſaint (if they will needs haue it ſo) to drowne all the reſt of my labour? But there is a certaine eniuious Windſucker, that bores up and down, laboriouſly engraving at the aire with hiſ luxurios ambition; and boozing into every ear my detracſion; affirming I turne Homer out of the Latin onely, &c. that ſets all hiſ associates, and the whole rabble of my maligons on their wings with him, to bear about my empaire, and poſſe my reputation. One that as he thinkes, whatſoever he giues to others, he takes from hiſ ſelfe; ſo what ever he takes from oþers, he addes to hiſelfe. One that in thiſ kinde of robbery, doth like Mercurie, that ſtole good, and ſappied it with counterfeiſt bad ſtill.

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still. One like the two gluttons, Phyloxenus and Gnatho, that would still empie their noses in the dishes they loyed, that no man might easie but themselves. For so this Castrill, with too hore a liuer, and least after his owne glorie, and to denoue all him selfe, discourageth all appetites to the same of another. I haue striken, singe him as you can. Nor note I this, to cast any rabbes, or plaster out of the particular way of mine owne estimation with the world; for I resolute this with the wilfully obscure:

Sine honore, viuum nullum, numero ero.  
Without mens honors I will live, and make

No number, in the manlesse course they take.

But to discourage (if it might be) the general detraction of indistrious, and well meaning vertue. I know I cannot too much diminish, and decite my selfe; yet the passing little that I am, God onely knowes; to whose euer implored respects, and comfort, I onely submit me. If any further edition of these my first endeavours shall chance, I will mend what is amisse (God assisting me) and amplifie my harsh Comment to Homers farre more right, and mine owne earnest, and ingenions loue of him. Notwithstanding, I know, the curious, and eniuious, will never sit downe satisfied. A man may gae over and over, till he come ouer and ouer; and his paues be only by recompence every man is solod with his particuler head, and nothing in all respects perfect, but what is perceived by few. Homer himselfe hath met with my fortune, in many malignors; and therefore may my poore selfe, put up with motion. And so little I will respect malignitie; and so much encourage my selfe with mine owne knowne strength, and what I finde within me, of comfort, and confirmation, (examining my selfe throughout, with a farre more icelons and feuer eye, then my greatest enimie;) imitating this:

Index ipse sui totum se explorat ad vnguem, &c.)

That after these Iliads, I will (God lending me life and any meanest meanes) wish more labour then I haue lost here, and all uncheckt alacrity, dene through his Odysseys. Nor can I forget here (but with all beartie gratitudo remember) my most ancient, learned, and right noble frind M. Richard Stapilton, first most deuelfull moner in the frame of our Homer. For which (and much other most ingenions and westerly undeferred deser) God make me amply his requiryer, and by his honorable fauilles speedy and full restorer. In the meane space, I intreat my impartiall, and intendall Reader, that all things to the quick be will not pare; but humandly and nobly pardon defects; and if be finde any thing perfect, receive it vnuenied.

## Of Homer.

Of his countrie, and time, the difference is so infinite amongst all writers, that there is no question (in my conjecture) of his antiquitie beyond all. To which opinion, the neareſt I will cite, Addam Cedrenus placeth him under Davids & Solomons rule; & the destruction of Troy under Sauls. And of one age with Solomon, Michael Glycas Siculus affirmeth him. Aristotle (in tertio de Poetica) affirmit he was borne in the Isle of Io, begot of a Genius, one of them that used to dance with the Muses, and a virgin of that Isle, comprest by the Genius, who being quicke with child (for shame of the deed) came into a place called Eginia, and there was taken of sheenes, and brought to Smyrna, to Mecon king of the Lidiens, who for her beautie married her. After the walking neare the flood Melctes, on that shore being overtaken with the shrowdes of her deliuerie, shee brought forth Homer, and in-

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biently died. The infant was received by Mecon, and brought up at his owne till his death; which was not long after. And according to this, when the Lydiens in Smyrna, were afflitzed by the Eoliens, and thought fit to leave the citie, the Captaines by a Herald bidding all to go out that would, and follow them; Homer (being a little child) said he wold also iuoir. (that is, sequi.) And of that, (for Mecligenes, which was his first name) he was called Homer. These Plutarch.

The varieties of other reports touching the, I omit for length: and in place therfore, thinke it not vnfitt to insert something of his praise, and honor amongst the greatest of all Ages; not that one most absolute of him selfe, needes it; but that such authenticall testemuynies of his splendor and excellency, may the better conuince the malice of his malingers.

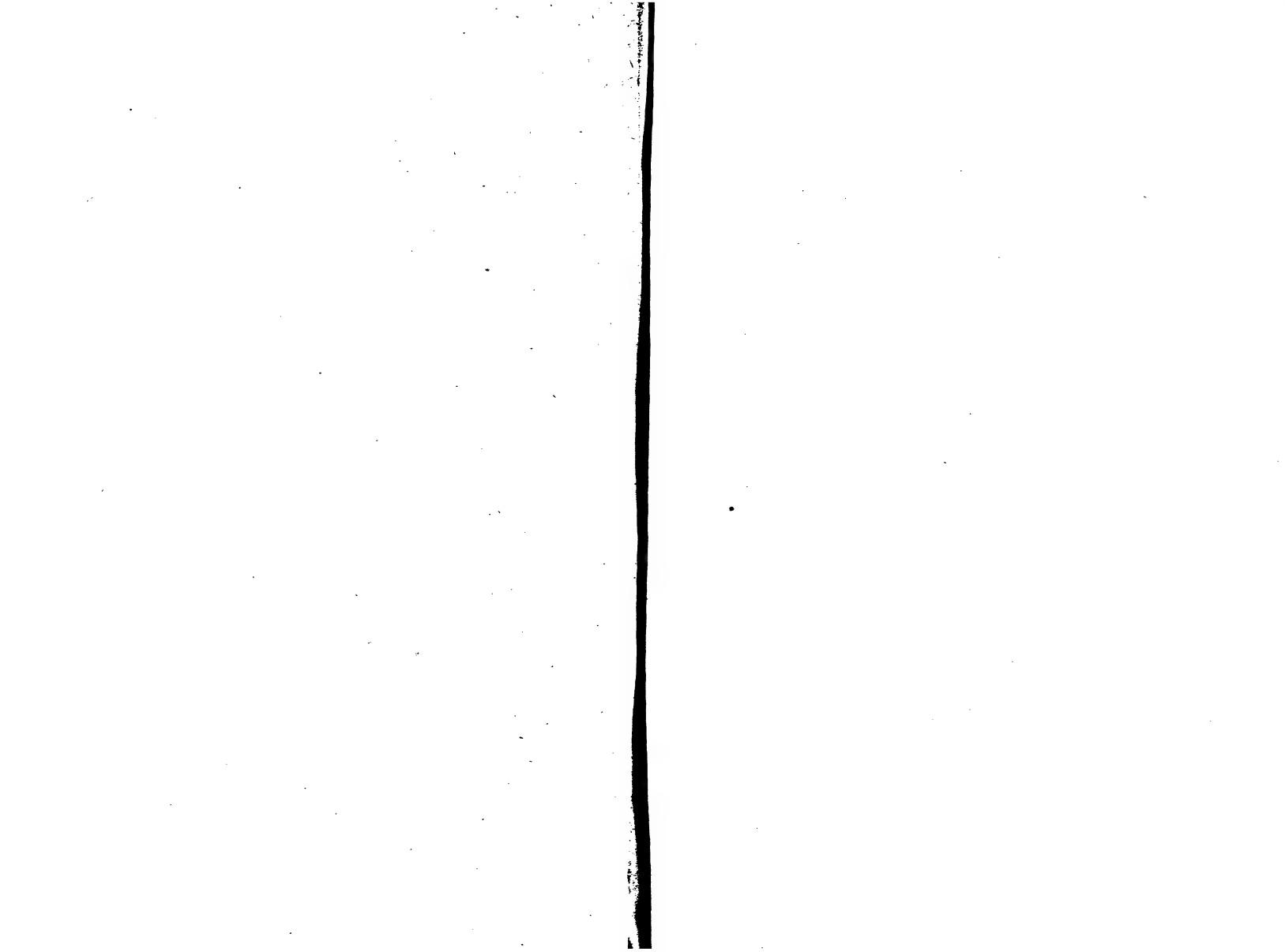
First, what kind of person Homer was, (saith Spondanus) his statue teacheth; which Cedrenus describeth. The whole place we will describe, that our relation may hold the better coherence, as Nylander conuertes it. Then was the Octagonon at Constantinople consumed with fire, and the Bath of Sevirus, that bore the name of Zeuxippus: in which there was much varietye of spectacle, and splendor of Arts; the workes of all Ages being conserued, and preferred there, of Marbles, Rockes, Stones and Images of Brasse; to which, this onely wanted; that the soules of the persons they presented, were not in them. Amongst these master pieces, and all-wit-exceeding workmanships, stood Homer, as he was in his age, thoughtfull, and musing: his hands folded beneath his bosome; his beard untrimmed, and hanging downe; the bare of his heade like fort shanno on both sides before his face with age and care of the world (as he thinke) wrinkled and austere; his nose proportioned to his other parts; his eyes fixt or turned up to his eye brows, like one blind (as it is reported he was) not borne blind (saith Vell. Paternculus) which he that imagines (saith he) is blinde of all sens. Upon his under coate he was attired with a loose robe, and at the base beneath his feete, a brazen chainring. This was the statue of Homer, which in the conflagration perished. Another renowned statue of his (saith Lucian in his Encomion of Demothenes) stond in the temple of Ptolomy, on the upper hand of his own statue. Cedrenus likewise remembred a Library in the Palace of the king at Constantinople, that contained a thousand a hundred and twenty booke: amongst which there was the gate of Dragon, of an hundred and twentie foote long; in which, in letters of gold, the Iliads, and Odissies of Homer were inscribed: which miracle (in Basilius the Emperours time) was consumed with fire.

For his respell amongst the most learned; Plato in Ione calleth him ἀριστον τοῦ οὐρανοῦ, Poetarum omnium, & præstantissimum, & diuinissimum. In Phædon οὐτον τοῦ οὐρανοῦ, diuinum Poetam, and in Theætetus. Socrates citing diverse of the most wise and learned for confirmation of his there held opinion, (as Protagoras, Heraclitus, Empedocles, Epicharmus, and Homer) who (saith Socrates) a gainst such an armie, being alleld by such a Captaine as Homers dares fight or resist, bat he will be held ridiculous? This for Scaliger, and all Homer, eniuious and ignorant authors. Why therefore, Plato in another place banishest him with all other poets out of his Common wealth, dealing with them like a Politician indeed, vpon men, and then cast them off, (though Homer he think, fit to send out crownd, and anointed;) I see not, since he maketh still such honorable mention of him, and with his verses (as with precious lemmes) encrue where enchaect his writings. So Aristotle, continually celebrated him. Nay even amongst the Barbarous, not only Homers name, but his Poems have been recorded and iuenerced. The Indians (saith

THE PREFACE &c.

(saith Elianus var. hist. lib.12. cap. 48.) in their owne tongue had Homers Poems translated and sung. Nor those Indians alone, but the kings of Persia. And amongst the Indians (of all the Greek Poets, Homer being euer first to estimation;) whensoeuer they vised any dininedates according to the custome of their households and hospitalities, they invited euer Apollo, and Homer. Lucian in his Encomion of Demosthēnē affirmet al Poets celebrated Homers birth day, & sacrificed to him the firſt fruitses of their vices. So Therlagoras answereþ Lician, he vised to doe him ſelſe. Alex. Panphius (saith Eustathius deliuers Homer, borne of Egyptian Parents, Damafagoras being his father, and Aethra his mother, his nurse being a certaine Propheteſſe, and the daughter of Oris, Iulis Priest, from whose breſts, of teatimes, honey poued in the mouth of the infant. After which, in the night, he uttered nine ſeverall notes or voices of ſowles, viz. of a Swallow, a Peacocke, a Dove, a Crow, a Partrich, a red-Shank, a Stare, a Blackebird, and a Nightingale: and being a little boy, was found play- in his bed with nine Doves. Sibylla being at a ſeas̄ of his Parents, was taken with ſainteſſe furie, and ſing verſes, whose beginning was Δακουντη μελινη polyneice, ſignifying much victorie; in which ſong alſo ſhe called him μεγαλος great in glorie, and σωματος, ſignifying garland-flder; and commanded him to buil a temple to the Pegidarii, that is, to the Muses. Herodotus affirmes, that Phænius teaching a publicke ſchoule at Smyrna (was his maiftre, and Dionysius in his 56<sup>th</sup> oration ſaith, Socrates was Homers ſcholler. In ſhort, what he was, his workes ſhow moft truly; to which (if you pleafe) go on and examine him.





# THE FIRST BOOKE OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Apollo's Priest to the Argive fleet dash bring  
A gift for his daungerer, prisoner to the King ;  
For which, her tender freedome, he entreats.  
But, being deceiptfull with contumelious threat,  
At Phœbus hands, by vngodfull prayor he froke  
To have a plague inflicted on the Greeks.  
Which had, Achilles dash a Cessall cite,  
Emboldning Chalcus in the Kings despite,  
To tell the truth, why they were punish'd so.  
From hence their fierce and deadly strife did grow,  
For wrong in which, Erisides so raves,  
That Goddesse Thetis from her throne of waves,  
(Ascending heaven) of love assistance woon,  
To plague the Greeks, by absence of her sonne ;  
And make the Generall humefull report,  
To wrong so much his Armies ornamens.  
This found by Iuno, she woch love constraint,  
Till Vulcan, with heaven's emp, the quarrell ends.

Bellerophon  
of Achilles, being  
the grandchild  
of Eacus.

Another Argument.  
Alpha the prayer of Chryses singes :  
The Arme's plague : the strife of Kings.

His propositon  
and invocacion.  
**A**chilles banefull wrath refund, O Goddesse that imposed  
Infinite sorrowes on the Greeks, and many brave soules losid  
From breifs Heroique : fest them faire, to that invisible cave,  
Thar no light comforts ; & their limes to dogs & vultures gave.  
To all which Iovis will gave effect ; from whom, first strife be-  
Betwixt Atrides king of men, and Thetis godlike sonne.  
What God gave Eris their command, and op't that fighting veine ?  
Iovis's and Latene's sonne, who fir'd aginst the king of men,  
For contumely shwon his Priest, infectious sicknesse sent  
To plague the army, and to death by troopes the soldiers went.  
Occasion'd thus, Chryses the Priest came to the fleet, to buy,  
For presents of unvalued price, his daughters liberty.  
The golden Sceptre, and the Crowne of Phœbus in his hands  
Propoling ; and made fust to all, but most to the Commands  
Of both th' Atrides, who mest rul'd. Great Atrœus sonnes (said he)  
And all ye wel-grew'd Greeks, the gods, whose habitations be  
In heavenly houles, grace your powers with Priam's razed towne,

(gun Atride, sonne  
of Agamemnon,  
being sonne to  
Atrœus.  
Eris the goddesse  
of contention.  
Narration.

Agamemnon &  
Menelaus, called  
the Atrides, be-  
ing brothers, and  
both sonnes to  
Atrœus.

And Arming,

And grant ye happy conduct home : to win which wilst renown  
 Of *Iove*, by honouring his sonne (faire-shooting *Phœbus*,) daine  
 Of *Chryſea*, to the  
 Streets, and o-  
 ther Greekes.  
*Agamemnon*  
*complaints*  
*repent of Chryſea*

For these fit presents to dissolve, the ranſomable chaine  
 Of my lovd daughter's ſervitude. The Greeks entirely gave  
 Glad acclamations, for ſigne, that their deſires would have  
 The grave Priest reverenc'd, and his gifts, of ſo much price embrac'd.  
 The Generall yet, bore no ſuch minde, but viciouſly diſgrac'd,  
 With violent termes, the Priest, and ſaid ; Doterd, avoid our fleet,  
 Where lingring be not found by me, nor thy returning ſeet  
 Let ever viſite us againe, leſt nor thy godhead's crowne,  
 Nor ſcepter ſave thee. Her thou ſeekſt, I ſtill will hold mine owne,  
 Till age defoule her. In our Court at Argos (faire tranſferred  
 From her lovd country) the ſhall plie her web, and ſee \*prepar'd  
 (With all fit ornaments) my bed. Incenſe me then no more,  
 But (if thou wil be ſafe) be gone. This ſaid, the ſea-beat ſhore  
 (Obeying his higly willy) the Priest trod off with haſte, and ſcarc'e :  
 And walking ſilent, till he leſt ſare of his enemis care,  
*Phœbus* (faire-hair'd *Latoeas* ſonne) he ſtir'd up, with a vow,  
 To thi ſterne purpoſe : Heare, thou God that bearſt the ſilver bow,  
 That *Chryſea* guardſt, ruſt Tenedos with ſtrong hand, and the round  
 Of Cilla moft divine doſt walk : O *Sminthus*, if crown'd  
 With thankfull offerings thy rich Phane I ever ſaw, or fir'd  
 Fat thighes of oxen, and of goats, to thee; this grace defir'd  
 ſince it floures  
 b't to a reader,  
 I follow.  
 The prayer of  
 Chryſea to Apollo

Vouchſafe to me : paines for my teares, let thiſe rude Greeks repay,  
 Forc'd with thy arrowes. Thus he praide, and *Phœbus* heard him pray ;  
 And vext at heart, downe from the tops of ſteep heaven ſtoopt ; his bow  
 And quiver cover'd round, his hands did on his ſhoulders throw ;  
 And of the angry deity the arrowes as he mov'd,  
 Rat'd about him. Like the night he rang'd the hoſt, and rovd  
 (Apert the fleet ſet) terribly, with his hard-looſing hand  
 His ſilver bow twang'd, and his shafts, did firſt the Mules command,  
 And ſwift hounds : then the Greeks themſelves his deadly arrowes fir'd  
 The fires of death never out, nine daies his shafts flew hot  
 About the army, and the tenth, *Achilles* call'd a Court  
 Of all the Greeks : heaven's \*white-arm'd Queen (who every where cut ſhort  
 Beholding her lovd Greeks by death) ſuggeſt'd it : and he  
 (All met in one) arose, and ſaid ; *Atrides*, now I ſee  
 We muſt be wandering againe, flight muſt be ſtill our ſlay,  
 (If flight can ſave us now) at once fickneſſe and bartell lay  
 Such ſtrong hand on us. Let us aſke ſome Prophet, Priſt, or prove  
 Some dreame-interpreter, (for dreames are often ſent from *Iove*)  
 Why *Phœbus* is ſo muſt incenſe ? If unperformed vowed  
 He blames in us, or Hecatombs ; and iſtēſe knees he bowes  
 To death, may yeeld his graves no more ; but offering all ſupply  
 Of ſavouris, burnt from lambs, and goats, avert his ſeruenteys,  
 And turne his temperate. Thus he ſate, and then stood up to them  
 Chalcas, ſurnamed *Theſforides*, of Augures the ſupreme :  
 He knew things preſent, paſt, to come ; and rulde the Equipage

*Apollo feeds the  
 plague amo-  
 gſ the Greeks.*  
*\* ten.*  
*Achilles to Agi-  
 mon.*  
*Chryſea to  
 Agamemnon.*

Of th' Argive fleete to Ilion, for his Proþerique rage  
 Given by *Apollo* : who well ſcene, in thiſ ill they felt, propoſed  
 This to *Achilles* : *Iovas* belov'd? would thy charge fee diſcloſ'd,  
 The ſecret of *Apollo*'s wrath? then convenient and take oþ,  
 To my diſcoverieſ that with words, and powerfull actions both,  
 Thy strength will guard the truth, in me; because I well conceive  
 That he whoſe Empire governs all, whom all the Grecians give,  
 Conſirm'd obedience, will be mov'd, and then you know the ſtate,  
 Of him that moves him, when a king hath once markt for his hate,  
 A man inferior; though that day, his wrath ſeems to digeft  
 Th' offence he takes; yet evermore, he rakes up in his breſt,  
 Brands of quick anger; til revenge, hath quenched to his deſire,  
 The fire referred. Tell me then, if, whatſoever, ire  
 Suggests, in hurt of me, to him, thy valor will prevent?

*Achilles* anſwer'd : All thou knowſt, ſpeak, and be confident:  
 For by *Apollo*, *Iovas* belov'd (to whom, performing vowed,  
 O *Chalcas*, for the ſtate of Greece; thy ſpirit Propreþique ſhowes  
 Skills that dire& us) not a man, of all theſe Grecians here,  
 (I living, and enjoying the light, ſhot through thiſ flowrie ſphere)  
 Shall touch thee, with offenſive hands, though *Agamemnon* be  
 The man in queſtion, that doth boast, the mightieſt Empire,  
 Of all our armie. Then tooke heart, the Prophet vnaprovd,  
 And ſaid : They are not unpaid vowed, nor Hecatombs, that movd  
 The God againſt us : his offence, is for his Priſt, empair'd,  
 By *Agamemnon*; that refud, the preſeſe he preſer'd  
 And kept his daughter. This is cauſe, why heavens farre-darter darts  
 Theſe plagues amongst uſ; and thiſ ill, will empie in our hearts  
 His deatliull quiver, vncouſtand; till to her loved fire,  
 The blacke eyd damfell be reſign'd, no redemptorie hire,  
 Tooke for her freedome, not a gift; but all the ranſome quitt,  
 And ſhe conuaide, with sacrifice, till her enfranchiſd ſeete,  
 Treade *Chryſea* vnder : then the God (ſo plead) perhaps we may  
 Move to remiſſion. Thus he ſate, and up, the great in tway,  
 Heroique *Agamemnon* roſe eagerly bearing all:  
 His minds ſteate overcast with fumes: an anger generall,  
 Fill'd all his faculties; his eyes ſparkl'd like kindling fire;  
 Which, ſternely cast upon the Priſt, thus vented be, his ire,  
 Prophet of ill! For never good, came from thee towards me;  
 Not to a words worth : evermore, thou tookeſt delight to be  
 Offenſive in thy Auguries; which thou contineſt ill;  
 Now caſting thy proþerique gall, and vouching all our ill  
 (Shot from *Apollo*) is impoſd; ſince I refud the priſe  
 Of faire *Chryſea* libertie; which would in no worſe riſe,  
 To my rate of her ſelfe; which moves, my vowed to have her home,  
 Paſt *Clytemneſtra* loving her, that graue my nuptiall roome,  
 With her virginitie, and flowre. Nor aſke her merits leſſe,  
 For perfon, diſpoſition, wit, and ſkill in houſewifries.  
 And yet, for all thiſ, ſhee shall go, if more conduicible

*Chalcas to A-  
 chilles.*

*Achilles to  
 Chalcas.*

*Chalcas di-  
 ca-  
 ver, to the  
 Greeks the  
 cauſe of their  
 plagues.*

*Agamemnon in-  
 cent, to ſeek as*

That course be, than her holding here. I rather wish the weale  
 Of my lov'd armie then the death. Provide yet, instantly,  
 Supplic for her, that I alone, of all our royaltie,  
 Losse not my winnings: tis not fit, ye see all, I losse mine  
 Forc't by another: see as well, some other may resigne,  
 His Prie to me. To this, replied, the swift-foote God-like sonne  
 Of *Thetis*, thus : King of us all, in all ambition;  
 Most covetous of all that breath; why shoulde the greatsoul'd Greeks  
 Supply thy lost prie, out of theirs? nor what thy avarice seekes,  
 Our common treasure can find, so little it doth guard  
 Of what our rae'd towns, yeelded us; of all which, most is shar'd,  
 And given our souldiers; which againe, to take into our hands  
 Were ignominious, and base. Now then, since God commands,  
 Part with thy most lon'd prie to him : nor any one of us,  
 Exact's it of thee : yet we all, all losse thou sufferst thus,  
 Will treble, quadruple in gaine, when *Jupiter* belloves  
 The sacke of well-wal'd Troy one us, which by his word he ows.  
*Achilles to Thetis.*  
 Do not deceive your selfe with wit, (the answerd) God-like man;  
 Though your good name may colour it, tis not your swift foote can  
 Out runne me here, nor shall the gloffe, set on it with the God,  
 Perswade meto my wrong. Wouldst thou, maintaine in sure abode  
 Thine owne prie, and slight me of mine? Reslove this : if our friends  
 (As fits in equitie, my worth) will right me with amends,  
 So rest it; otherwile my selfe, will enter perfonly  
 On thy prie; that of *Ithacus*, or *Ajax*, for supply;  
 Let him, on whom I enter, rage. But come wele order these  
 Heareafter, and in other place. Now put to sacred seas  
 Our black faile, in it rowers put, in it fit sacrifice;  
 And to these, I will make ascend, my so much envied prie,  
 Bright cheekt *Chrysea*. For conduct, of all which, we must chuse  
 A chiefe out of our counsellors; thy seruice we must vse,  
*Idomenius*; *Ajax*, thine, or thine, wife *Ithacus*;  
 Or thine, thou terriblest of men, thou sonne of *Peleus*;  
 Which fittest were, that thou mightst see, these holy acts perform'd,  
 For which thy cunning zeale so pleades; and he whose bow thus storm'd  
 For our offences, may be calm'd. *Achilles*, with a frowne,  
 Thus answer'd : O thou impudent! of no good but thine owne,  
 Euer respectfull; but of that, with all craft, covetous;  
 With what heart can a man attempt, a service dangerous,  
 Or at thy voice be spirited, to slie upon a foe;  
 Thy minde thus wretched? For my selfe, I was not injur'd so,  
 By any Trojan, that my powers, shoulde bid them any blowes;  
 In nothing beare they blame of me. *Phethia*, whose bofome flowes  
 With corne and people, neuer felt, impaire of her increase,  
 By their invasion: hills crow, and farre-refounding seas,  
 Pow're our their shades, and deepes, betweene: but thicke thou frontesce  
 We follow, and thy triumphs make, with bonfires of our bane:  
 Thine, and thy brothers vengeance sought (thou dogs eyes) of this Tre-

By your expos'd lives ; whose deserts, thou neither doft employ  
 Wth honour, nor with care. And now, thou threatst to force from me  
 The fruit of my sweat, which the Greeks, gave all : and though it be  
 (Compar'd with thy part, then snatched up) nothing: nor ever is,  
 At any fackt towne: but of fight (the fetcher in of this)  
 My bands have moff flare : in whose toyles, when I have emptied me  
 Of all my forces, my amends, in liberality  
 (Though it be little) I accept, and turne pleaf'd to my tent :  
 And yet that little, thou esteem'st too great a contineent  
 In thy incontinent avarice. For *Phthya* therefore now  
 My course is ; since 'tis better farre, than here t'endure, that thou  
 Should'st still be ravishing my right, draw my whole treasure dry ;  
 And adde dishonour. He replied ; If thy heart serve thee, see ;  
 Stay not for my caufe ; other here, will aid, and honour me ;  
 If not, yet *love*, I know, is sure ; that counsellor is he  
 That I depend on : as for thee, of all our *love-keep* kings,  
 Thou still art most mine enemy : strifes, battels, bloody things,  
 Make thy blood feasts still. But if strength, that thefe moods build upon,  
 Flow in thy nerves, God gavethee it, and so 'tis not thine owne,  
 But in his hands still: what then lifts thy pride in this so high ?  
 Home with thy fleet, and *Myrmidons*; nre there their Emperie,  
 Command not here : I weigh thee not, nor meane to magnifie  
 Thy rough hewns rages; but instead, I thus farr threaten thee :  
 Since *Phbas* needs will force from me, *Chrysea*, she shall go ;  
 My ships and freinds shall waft her home : but I will imitate so  
 His pleasure, that mine owne shall take, in person, from thy tent,  
 Bright cheekt *Brisea*; and so tell thy strength how eminent  
 My power is, being compar'd with thine: all other, making feare  
 To vaunt equality with me, or in this proud kind bear  
 Their beards against me. *Thetis* soone at this stood vext, his heart  
 Brifled his bosome, and two waies drew his discursive part,  
 If from his thigh, his sharp sword drawne, he shoulde make roome about  
*Atrides* person, slaughering him ; or fit his anger out,  
 And curb his spirit. While thefe thoughts strid in his blood and minde,  
 And he his sword drew: downe from heaven *Athenia*\* stoopt, and shin'd  
 About his temples, being sent by th' Ivory-wristed *Queene*  
*Saturnia*, who out of her heart had ever loving beene,  
 And carefull for the good of both. She stood behinde, and tooke  
*Achille* by the yellow curles, and onely gave her looke  
 To him; appearance not a man of all the rest could see.  
 He turning back his eye, amaze strooke every faculty,  
 Yet straight he knew her by her eyes, so terrible they were,  
 Sparkling with ardent, and thus spake : Thou seed of *Jupiter*,  
 Why com'st thou ? to behold his pride, that bofome our Emperie ?  
 Then witnessel with it my revenge, and see that infolence dy,  
 That lives to wrong me. She replied, I come from heaven to see  
 Thine anger fetled; if thy soule will use her soveraignty.  
 In fitrefection. I am sent from *Iuno*, whose affects

*Achilles to Thetis.*

*Achilles angry with Agamemnon.*

\*Pallas.

*Achilles to Pallas.*

*Pallas to Achilles.*

Stand heartily inclin'd to both : Come give us both respects,  
And cease contention : draw no sword ; use words, and such as may  
Be bitter to his pride, but just ; for trust in what I say,  
A time shall come, when thrice the worth of that he forceth now,  
He shall propose for recompence of these wrongs : therefore throw  
Reines on thy passions, and serve us. He answer'd : Though my heart  
Burne in just anger, yet my soule must conquer th' angry part,  
And yeeld you conquest. Who subdues his earthly part for heaven,  
Heaven to his prayers subdues his will. This said, her charge was given  
Fit honor : in his silver hilt he held his able hand,  
And forst his broad sword up ; and up to heaven did reascend  
*Minerva*, who in *Jove's* high rooſe, that bears the rough ſhield, tooke  
Her place with other Deities. She gone, againe forſooke  
Patience his paſſion, and no more his ſilence could confine  
His wrath, that this broad language gave ; Thou ever ſleep't in wine,  
Dogs face : with heart, but of a Hart ; that nor in th' open eye  
Of fight darſt thrust into a preſe; nor with our noblift, lie  
In ſecret ambuſ. These works ſeeme too full of death for thee ;  
Tis ſafer farre, in th' open host to dare an injury,  
To any croſſer of thy luſt. Thou ſubjeſt-eating king,  
Baſe ſpirits thou govern'st, or this wrong had been the laſt foulē thing  
Thou ever author'd ſt : yet I vow, and by a great oath ſwear,  
Even by this Scepter ; that as this, never againe shall bear  
Green leaues, or branches, nor encreafe with any growth, his ſile ;  
Nor did, ſince firſt it left the hills, and had his faculties  
And ornaments bereft, with iron ; which now to other end  
Judges of Greece bear'e ; and their lawes, receiv'd from *Jove*, defend ;  
For which my oath to thee is great : ) So whenever need  
Shall burne with thirſt of me, thy hoſt, no prayers, ſhall ever breed  
Affection in me, to their aid ; though well deserved woes  
Afflict theſe for them ; when to death man-slaught'ring *Hector* throwes  
Whole troopes of them ; and thou torment'ſt thy next minde with conceit  
Of thy rude rage now : and this wrong, that moſt der'd the right  
At all thy army. Thus he threw his Scepter againſt the ground,  
With golden ſtuds stuck, and tooke ſeat. *Atrides* breast was drown'd  
In riſing choler. Up to both sweet ſpoken *Nefor* flood,  
The cunning Pylian Orator ; whose tongue pour'd forth a flood  
Of more than honey-sweete diſcou're : two ages were increas't  
Divers languid men ; all borne in his time, and deceas't  
In ſacred Pylos, where he reign'd, amongt the third ag'd men :  
He (well ſeen in the world) adviſ'd, and thus exprefit them.  
O Gods, our Greeke earth will be drown'd in juſt teares ; rapetfull *Troy*,  
Her king, and all his ſonnes will make as juſt a mock, and joy  
Of theſe diſjunctions, if of you, that all our host excell,  
In counſell, and in ſkill of fight, they hearc this : Come, repel  
These yong men's paſſions : y are not both (put both you yerees in one)  
So old as I : I liv'd long ſince, and was companion  
With men ſuperior to you both, who yet would ever heare

*Leibes  
her ist, ra  
d' equitier*

Ach. Messagaine  
B. 187.

This female  
guitarily  
translates:

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*Letter to Achille  
Gardes-  
son.*

My counfels with reſpect. Mine eyes yet never witneſſe were,  
Nor ever will be, of ſuch men as then delighted them,  
*Petibous, Exadus, and god-like Polyphemus,*  
*Ceneus, and Dryas* prince of men, *Aegaeus Theseus,*  
A man like heaven's immortals form'd; all, all moft vigorous  
Of all men that even thoſe daiesbred, moft vigorous men, and fought  
With beaſts moft vigorous; mountain beaſts, (for me in strength were nougat)  
Matcht with their forces) fought with them, and bravely fought them down  
Yet even with them men I converteſt, being call'd to the reno wne  
Of their ſocieties, by their ſuites, from Pylos farre, to fight  
In th Asian kingdomde; and I fought to a degree of might  
That helpt even their mighty: againſt ſuch, as no man now would dare  
To meet in conflict; yet even theſe, my counfels ſtill would heare,  
And with obedience crowne my words. Give you ſuch palme to them;  
Tis better than to wreath your wrath. *Aſtrides*? give not ſtreame  
To all thy power, nor force his prize; but yeeld her ſtill his owne,  
As all men eſc do. Nor do thou encounter with thy crownc,  
(Great ſonne of Peleus) ſince no king that ever loves allow'd  
Grace of Scepter, equals him. Suppose thy nerves endow'd  
With strength superior, and thy birth, a very Goddess gave;  
Yet he of force is mightier, fince what his owne nerves have,  
Is ampliſh'd with juſt command of many other. King of men  
Command thou then thy ſelfe, and I with my prayers will obtaine  
Grace of *Achilles*, to ſubdue his fury, whose parts are  
Worth our iutreaty, being chiefe check to all our ill in warre.

All this, good father (said the king) is comely, and good right,  
But this man breaks all such bounds; he affects past all men, height,  
All would in his power hold, all make his subjects, give to all  
His hot will for a temperate law : all which he never shall  
Perswade at my hands. If the gods have given him the great stile  
Of ablest soldier ; made they that, his licence to revile  
Men with vile language ? *T' betis sonne* prevented him, and said ;  
Fearfull and vile I might be thought, if the exactions laid  
By all meanes on me, I should beare. Others command to this,  
Thou shalt nor me ; or if thou doft, farre my free spirit is  
From seruing thy command. Beside, this I affirme, (afford  
Impression of it in thy soule) I will not ufe my wrod  
On thee, or any, for a wench : unjustly though thou tak'ft  
The thing thou gav'ft; but all things else, that in my ship thou mak'ft  
Greedy surveye of, do not touch without my leave, or do  
Addc that act wrong to this, that thefe may fee that outrage too ;  
And then comes my part : then be sure, thy blood upon my lance  
Shall flow in vengeance. These high termes these two at variance  
V'd to each other, lef their feats, and after them arose  
The whole Court. To histents and shipe, with friends and soldiers, g  
Angry Achilles. *A temponne the swift shipe lancht,* and put  
Within it twenty chosen row'r's ; within it like wife shute  
The Hecatomb, to capitle the God. Then caud to come abord

**Decorum at  
state.**

## *Agamemnon* in *Nefus.*

Anales de  
Zoología

The Gracian  
counsel digest  
used.

*Chryseis. For the cheite, he in whom *Pallas* pour'd  
Her store of counsels, (*Ithacus*) aboord went last, and then  
The moist wayes of the sea they say'd. And now the king of men  
Hade all the host to sacrifice. They sacrific'd, and cast  
The offall of all to the deepes ; the angry God they grac't  
With perfect Hecatombs : some bulls, some goats, along the shore  
Of the unfruitfull sea, inflam'd. To heavens the thick fumes bore  
Enwrapped saoures. Thus though all, the politick king made shew  
Respects to heaven, yet he himselfe all that time did purfue  
His owne affections. The late jarre, in which he thundred threats  
Against *Achilles*, still he sed, and his affections heats  
Thus vented to *Talthibius* and grave *Eurybates*,  
Heralds, and ministers of trust, to all his messages.*

Haste to *Achilles* tent, where take *Brieseis* hand, and bring  
Her beauties to us ; if he faile to yeeld her, say, your King  
Will come himselfe with multitudes, that shall the horribler  
Make both his presence, and your charge, that so he dares deserue.

This said, he sent them with a charge of hard condition.  
They went willingly, and trod the fruitlesse sea's shone : soone  
They reache the navy and the tents, in which the quarell lay,  
Of all the Myrmidons, and found the chiefe Chiefe in their way,  
Set at his black bark in his tent. Nor was *Achilles* glad  
To see their presence ; nor themselves in any glory had  
Their message, but with reverence stood, and fear'd th'offended King ;  
Aske not the clame, nor spake a word. He yet well knowing the thing  
That cauf'd their comming, grac'd them thus : Heralds, ye men that bear  
The messages of men and Gods, y' are welcome, come ye neere :  
I nothing blame you, but your king ; 'tis he, I know cloth send  
You for *Brieseis*, she is his. *Patroclus* ? honour'd friend,  
Bring forth the damsell, and these men let lead her to their Lord.  
But Heralds, be you witnesses, before the most ador'd,  
Before us mortals, and before your most ungentle king,  
Of what I suffer : that if warre ever hereafter bring  
My ayd in question, to avert any severel bane  
It brings on others ; I am scuside, to keep minde ayd in wane,  
Since they mine honour. But your king, in tempting mischiefe, raves ;  
Nor sees at once, by present things, the futur ; how like waves,  
Ils follow ils ; injustices being never so secure  
In present times, but after plagves, even then, are scene as sure :  
Which yet he sees not, and so looths his present lust, which checkt,  
Would check plagves future ; and he might in succouring right, protect  
Such as fight for his right at fleet ; they still in safety fight,  
That fight will jolly. This speech wld, *Patroclus* did the rite  
His friend commanded, and brought forth *Brieseis* from her tent,  
Gave her the Heralds, and away to th'Active ships they went :  
Shefad, and scarce for greife could go ; her love, all friends forsooke,  
And wept for anger. To the shone of th'old sea he betooke  
Himselfe alone, and casting forth upon the purple sea,

His wet eyes, and his hands to heaven, advancing this sad pleas,  
Made to his mother. Mother, since you brought me forth to breath,  
So short a life : *Olympius*, had good right to bequeath  
My short life, honour; yet that right he doth in no degree :  
But lets *Atrides* do me shame, and force that prisfe from me  
That all the Greeks gave : this with teares, he uttered, and the heard ;  
Set with her old fire, in his deepes ; and instantly appear'd,  
Vp, from the gray sea, like a cloud : fate by his side, and laid ; (laid)  
Why weepes my sonne? what grieves thee? speake, conceal not what hath *Abilis* to *Achilles*.  
Such hard hand on thee : let both know, He (lighting like a storme)  
Replied : Thou doft know, why should I, things knowne; againe informe?  
We marcht to Thebs, the sacred towne, of king *Ætion*,  
Sackt it, and broughte to flee the spoile, which everje valiant sonne  
Of Greece, indifferently shar'd. *Atrides* had for share,  
Faire-cheekt *Chryseis*, after which, his priest, that shoots so farre,  
*Chryseis*, the faire *Chryseis* fire, arriv'd at th' Active fleete,  
With infinite ranfome, to redeeme, the deare impris'on'd feete,  
Of his faire daughter. In his hands, he held *Apollo*'s crowne,  
And golden scepter, making suite, to every Grecian sonne,  
But most, the sonnes of *Aiven*, (the others orderers)  
Yet they leapt heard him ; all the rest, receivd with reverend ears  
The motion : both the Priest, and gifts, gracing, and holding worth  
His wiſht acceptance. *Ares* sonne, yec' (wex) commanded forth  
With rude termes *Phabus* reverend Priest : who, angrie, made retreat,  
And prayd to *Phabus* whose grace, he standing passing greate,  
Got his petition. The God, an ill shaft sent abrode,  
That tumbld downe the Greeks in heapes. The host had no abode,  
That was not visited ; we ask a Prophet that well knew  
The cause of all, and from his lips, *Apollo* prophecies flew,  
Telling his anger. First my selfe, exhorted to appease  
The anger God, which *Ares* sonne, did at the heart displeafe.  
And up he stood, idle threats, performd. The blacke-eyd Greeks sent home  
*Chryseis* to her fire, and gave, his God a Hecatomb ;  
Then, for *Brieseis* to my tents, *Atrides* Heralds came,  
And tooke her, that the Greeks gave, all. If then thy powers can frantc  
Weake for thy sonne, afford it, scale *Olympus*, and implore  
*Iove*, (if by either word, or fact, thou ever diddest restore  
Joy to his greud heart now to helpe. I oft haue heard thee vant  
In court of *Peleus* ; that alone, thy hand was converfant  
In rescue from a cruell spoile, the blacke-cloud-gathering *Ioue* ; (moue  
Whom other Godheads, would haue bound. (The power whose pace doth  
The round earth, heauens great Queen, and *Pallas*) to whose bands  
Thou camst with rescue, bringing up, him with the hundred hands  
To great *Olympus*, whom the Gods, call *Briareus*; men  
*Æzion*, who his fire furpalst, and was as strong againe,  
And in that grace, so glad, by *Iove*, thimmortals stood dismaid  
At his ascencion, and gaue, free paſſage to his aid.  
Of all this, tell *Iove*, kneele to him, embrase his knee, and pray  
*Nepture*, *Tenys*,  
and *Zaluz*, con-  
fiderate w<sup>t</sup> the  
binding of *Lapi-*  
*ter*  
The fiction of  
*Briareus*.

(If Trois aide he will ever deigne) that now their forces may  
Beat home the Greeks to fiet, and sea; embruing their retreat  
In slaughter: their pains paying the wreake, of their proud Sovereigns bane  
And that farre-ruling king may know, from his poore soldiers harms,  
His owne harme falls: his owne, and all, in mine; his belt in arms.

*Item to deale*  
Her answr flesc pow'rd out in teares: O me, my sonne (said she)  
Why brought I up, thy being at all; that brought thee forth to be  
Sad subiect of so hard a fate? O would to heauen, that since,  
Thy fate is little, and not long, thou mightst without offence,  
And teares performe it. But to lue, thrall to so sterne a fate  
As Grants thee least life; and that least, so most vnfornatue,  
Grieues me t'haue giuen thee any life. But what thou wildest now.  
(If Jove will grant) Ile up, and ask, Olimpus round with snow  
Ile clime: but sit thou fast at fleete: renounce all warre, and feed  
Thy heart with wrath, and hope of wreake: till which come, thou shalt neede,  
A litte patience: *Jupiter*, went yesterdaye to feaste  
Amongst the blamclesse *Aethiops*, in th' Oceans deepened breast,  
All Gods attending him: the twelvth, high heauen againe he sees,  
And then his braffe paud court Ile stafe; cling to his powrfull knees.  
And dout not, but to winne thy Thus made she her remoue,  
And left wrath tyring on her sonne, for his enforced love.

*On this occasion to Chryses*  
*Chryses*, with the Hecatomb, arriu'd at *Chryses* shore:  
And when, amidst the heauens deepe mouth, they came to vse the oare,  
They straite stroke fayle, then sold them up, and on the hatches threw.  
The top mast, to the kelsine then, with halyards downe they drew,  
Then brought the shipp to Port with oares, then forcked anchor cast,  
And gaist the violence of storme, for drifting made her fast.

All come ashore, they all exposd, the holy Hecatomb  
To angry *Phabus*; and with it, *Chryses* welcomd home:  
Whom, to her fire, wile *Ithacus*, that did at th'altar stand,  
For honour, led; and (speaking thus) refind her to his hand:  
*Chryses*, the mightyke king of men (great *Agamemnon*) sends  
Thy loyd feed, by his hands, to thine; and to thy god commands  
A Hecatomb, which my charge is, to sacrifice, and secke  
Our much-fight mixt-woe, his recure, inuoke by everie Greekke.

*On this occasion to Agamemnon*  
Thus he refind her, and her fire, recei'd her highly ioyd.  
About the well-built altar then, they orderly emploide  
The sacred offting. Wash their hands, tooke salt cakes, and the Priest  
(With hands held up to heaven) thus praid: O thou that all things seest,  
Fautour of *Chryses*, whole faire hand, doth guardfully dispole  
Celestiall Cilla: governing, in all power, *Tenedos*:  
O heare thy priest, and as thy hand, in freegrace to my prayers  
Shorterent plague, shafts through the Greeks: now hearten their affaires,  
With health renew'd and quite remove, th'infection from their blood.  
He praid; and to his prayrs againe, the god propitious flood:  
All, after prayre, cast on salt cakes; drew back, kilde, laid the beeces,  
Cut out, and dubd with fat their thighes, faire drest with doubled leaves,  
And on them, all the sweet-breads prickt. The Priest, with small ferc wood

Did sacrifice, pour'd on red wine, by whom the yong men stood,  
And turn'd (in five ranks) spits; on which (the legs enough) they eat  
The inwards; then in giggots cut the other fit for meat;  
And put to fire; which (roled well) they drew; the labour done,  
They serv'd the feast in, that fed all to satisfaction.

*The banquet.*

Dfise of meat and wine thus quencht, the youths crown'd cups of wine  
Drunk off, and fill againe to all. That day was held divine,  
And spent in Peans to the Saine, who heard with pleased eare;  
When whose bright chariot stoopt to sea, and twilight hid the cleere,  
All soundly on thir cables slept, even till the night was worne:

*The evening.*

And when the Lady of the light, the rose fingerd mome  
Rose from the hills, all frost arose, and to the camp returd.  
*Apollo* with a fore-right wind their swelling bark inspird:  
The top-mast hoisted, milk-white sayles on his round breast they put;  
The misen stroott with the gale, the ship her course did cut  
So swifly, that the parced waves against her ribs did rorc;  
Whiche comming to the camp, they drew aloft the sandy shore:  
Where, laid on stocks, each soldier kept his quarter as before.

*The morning.*

But *Pelias* sonne, swift-footed *Achilles*, at his swift shaps late  
Burning in wrath, nor ever came to counells of estate,  
That make men honord: never trod the field embattell'd field,  
But kept clost, and his lov'd heart pind i white field and cries could yeeld,  
Thirsting at all parts to the holt. And now sinc first he told  
His wrongs to *Tethys*, twelve faire meruns their enigies did unfold.  
And then the everlving gods mounted *Olympus*; *Iove*  
First in ascension. *Thetis* then remembred well to move

*Jupiter and the other gods fresh the Aethiops.*

*Achilles* motion: rose from the sea, and by the thorns first light,  
The great heaven, and Olympus climb'd; where in supremest height  
Of all that many-headed hill, she saw the farre-scene sonne  
Of *Saturne*, set from all the rest, in his free fest alone:

*Jupiter.*

Before whom (on her owne knees falm) the knees of *Jupiter*  
Her left hand held, her right his chin; and thus she did prefer  
Her son's petition: Father *Iove*, If ever I have flood  
Aidfull to thee in word or work, with this implored good  
Requite my aid, tenown my sonne, fince in sohort a race  
(Past others) thou confirmt his life: an insolent disgrace  
Is done him by the king of men: he forc'd from him a prize  
Woon with his sword. But thou, O *Iove*, that art most strong, most wife,  
Honor my sonne for my sake; adde strenght to the Troians side  
By his sides weaknes, in his want: and see Troy amplifie  
In conquest, so much, and so long, till Greece may give againe  
The glory reft him; and the more, illustrate the free reigne  
Of his wrong'd honor. *Iove* at this fate silent, not a word  
In long space past him: *Thetis* still hung on his knee, implord  
The second time his help, and said: Grant, or deny my fuit,  
Be free in what thou doest; I know thou canst not sit thus mute,  
For feare of any; speak, deny, that so I may be sure,  
Of all heaven's goddesces, tis I, that only must endure

*Iulus' prayer to Jupiter.*

Iree to Thetis.

Dishonour by thee. *Jupiter*, the great cloud-gatherer, griev'd  
With thought of what a world of grieves this suit akt, being achiev'd,  
Swell'd, sigh'd, and answer'd : Works of death thou urg'st, O at this  
*Iuno* will storne, and all my powers inflame with contumelies.  
Ever she wrangles, charging me, in care of all the gods,  
That I am partiall still ; that I addre the displeasing oddes  
Of my aid to the Ilians. Be gone then, leſt ſac ſee :  
Leave thy request to my care : yet, that truft may hearten thee  
With thy defire's grant, and my power to give it akt, approve  
How vaine her ſtrife is : to thy prayer my eminent head shall move,  
Whiche is the great ſigne of my will, with all th'immortal ſtates:  
Irrevocable ; never falis ; never without the rates  
Of all powers else : when my head bowes, all heads bow with it ſtill,  
As their firſt mover, and gives power to any work I will.

He ſaid ; and his black eyebrows bent ; above his deathleſſe head  
Th'Amboſian curles ſlowed ; great heaven shook, and both were ſevered,  
Their counſels broken. To the depth of *Nepturne*'s kingdome diuid'  
*Thetis*, from heaven's height : *Iove* aroſe, and all the gods receiv'd  
(All riſing from thir thrones) their fire ; attending to his Court.  
None ſate when he aroſe ; none delaide the furniſhing his port,  
Till he came neare : all mer with him, and brought him to his throne.

Nor ſat great *Iuno* ignorant, when ſhe beheld, alone,  
Old *Nerean* ſilver-footed with *Iove*, that ſhe had brought  
Counſels to heaven ; and ſtraight her tongue had teeth in it, that wrought  
This ſharp inveſtive : Who was that, (thou craftie counſellor  
Of all the gods) that ſo apart, ſome ſecrē did implore ?  
Ever apart from me thou lowlt to counſell and decree  
Things of more cloſe trauſ than thou thinkſt are fit t'impart to me :

What, ever thou determinſt, I muſt ever be denied  
The knowledge of it, by thy will. To her ſpeech, thus replied

The father both of men and gods : Have never hope to know  
My whole intentions, though my wife : it fits not, nor would ſhow  
Well to thine owne thoughts : but what fits thy woman's eare to heare,  
Woman, nor man, nor god, ſhall know before it grace thine care:

Yet, what apart from men and gods I pleafe to know, forbearc  
To examine, or enquire of that. She with the cowes faire eyes  
(Reſpected *Iuno*) this returnd : Auftere king of the ſkies,

What haſt thou utter'd ? when did I, before this time, enquire,  
Or lift thy counſels ? paſſing cloſe you are ſtill, your deſire

Is ſerv'd with ſuch care, that I feare you can ſcarce vouch the deed  
That makes it publicke, being ſeduſ'd by this old ſea-god's ſeed,  
That could ſo early uſe her knees, embracing thine. I doubt

The late akt of thy bowed head, was for the working out  
Of ſome boone the akt ; that her ſonne, thy partiall hand would please

With plauging others. Wretch (faid he) thy ſubtle jefolies  
Are ſtill exploring : my deſignes can never ſcape thine eye,

Which yet thou never canſt prevent. Thy curioſity  
Makes thee leſſe car'd for at my hands, and horribile the end

Shall

Shall make thy humor. If it be what thy ſuspects intend,  
What then ? tis my free will it ſhould : to which, let way be given :  
With silence ; curb your tongue in time, leſt all the gods in heaven  
Too few be, and too weak to help thy puniſh insolence,  
When my inacceſſible hands ſhall fall on thee. The ſcene  
Of his high threatening made her ſcare, and ſilent the fate downe,  
Humbling her great heart. All the gods, in Court of *Iove*, did frown  
At thi offence given : amongst whom, heaven's famous Artizan,  
*Ephaiſtus*, in his mother's care, this comely ſpeech began :

Believe it, theſe words will breed wounds, beyond our powers to bearc,

If thus for mortals ye fall out. Ye make a tumult here  
That ſpoiles our banquet. Evermore worſt matters put down best.  
But mother, though your ſelfe be wife, yet let your ſonne reueit  
His wiſdom audience. Give good termes to our lovd father *Iove*,  
For ſcarce he take offence againe, and our kinde banquet prove  
A wrathfull battell. If he will, the heavenly lightner can  
Take you, and tolle you from your throne, his power Olympian  
Is fo surpassing. Soften then, with gentle ſpeech his ſpleen,  
And drink to him ; I know his heart will quickly downe againe.

This ſaid, arifing from his throne, in his lovd mother's hand  
He put the double handed cup, and ſaid : Come, do not stand  
On these croſſe humors ; ſuffer, beare, though your great boſome greeve,  
And leſt blowes force you : all my aid not able to relieve  
Your hard condition ; though theſe eyes behold it, and this heart  
Sorrow to think it ; tis a task too dangerous to take part  
Againſt *Olympias*. I my ſelfe, the proeple of this ſtill feele ;  
When other gods would ſaine have helpe, he took me by the heelz,  
And hurld me out of heaven : all day I was in falling downe,  
At length in Lemnos I ſtruck earth ; the likewife falling Sunne,  
And I, together ſet : my life almoft ſet too, yet there

The *Sinii* cheerd, and tooke me up. This did to laughter cheare  
White-wrifled *Iuno*, who now took the cup of him, and ſmil'd.  
The ſweet peace-making draught went round, and lame *Ephaiſtus* ſild  
Nectar to all the other Gods. A laughter never left,  
Shook all the bleſſed deities, to ſee the lame ſo deft  
At that cup ſervice. All that day, even till the Sunne went downe,  
They banqueted, and had ſuch cheare, as did their wiſhes crownc.

Nor had they muſick leſſe divine, *Apollo* thered toouch  
His moft ſweet Harp ; to which, with voice, the Mufes pleaf'd as much.

But when the Sun's faire light was ſet, each godhead to his houſe  
Addrefſt for ſleep, where every one with art moft curioſus

(By heaven's great boſt-halting god) a ſeverall rooſe had builte  
Even he to ſleep went, by whose hand heaven is with lightning guilte,  
(High *Iove*) where he had uſ'd to reſt, when ſweet ſleep ſcild his eyz,  
By him the golden-thron'd *Queene* ſlept, the Queene of deities.

*Vulcan* ſits  
to *Iulus*.*Vulcan* fits and  
gives the cup to  
*Iulus*.The fall of *Vul-*  
*can*.*Vulcan* ſits  
to the gods.*Apollo* ſeales  
his Harp at the  
banquet, and the  
Mufes ſing to it.

## COMMENTARIVS.

Since I dissent from all other Translators, and Interpreters, that ever assay'd  
the vision of this miraculous Poem, especially where the divine rapture is most  
except from capacity, in Grammarians merely, and Grammaticall Critics, and  
especiall critics inspection; (lest I bee prejudicid with opinion, to dissent, of igno-  
rance, or singularity) I am bound by this briefe Comment, to shew I understand  
what all other extants understand; my reasons why I reject them; and how I re-  
ceive my Author. In which labour, if where all others finde disords and dis-  
creencies, I prove him intirely harmonious and proportionate: if where they often  
allege, and see his originall, I at all parts stand fast, and observe it: if where they  
see his most pitifull castigations with his prayes, I render him without touch,  
and beyond admiration: (though truth in her very nakednesse sits in so depe a  
place, that from Gades to Aurora, and Ganges, few eyes can sound her:) I hope  
those for her, will discover and confirme her, that the date being out of  
her warkness in this morning of our Homer; he shall now gird his temples with  
the Sunne, and bee confess'd (against his good friend) Nunquam dormitare. But  
now all Translators, Censors, or Interpreters, have slept, and been dead to his true  
understanding, I hope it will neither cast shadow of arrogancie in me to affirme, nor  
of difficulty in you to beleive: if you please to suspend censure, and diminution,  
till some impartiall conference of their paines and mine bee admitted. For indu-  
to know this: This never-enough glorified Poet (so vary and quicken his e-  
venall Person) hath infisred his chiefe persons with differentspirits, most ingenuous  
and inimitable characters; which not understood, how are their speeches & being  
one by another, as conveniently and necessary knowne, as the instrument by the  
fond. If a Translator or Interpreter of a ridiculous, and cowardly described  
person (being deceiv'd in his character) so violates, and iniatiates the originall, to  
make his speech grave, and him valiant: can the negligence and numbres of  
such an Interpreter or Translator, bee less than the sleepe and deaile I am bold to  
brinkle upon him? or could I do less than affirme and enforce this, being so hap-  
py discovered? This therefore (in his due place) approved and explained, let  
me hope my other attempts will prove as conspicuous.

This first and second booke I have wholly translated againe; the seventh,  
eighth, ninth, and tenth booke, desirring still imperfect, being all Englished so  
long since; and my late hand (overcome with labour) not yet refed enough to re-  
fine them. Nor are the wealthy vaines of this holy ground, so ampley discovered:  
my first twelve labors, as my last; not having competent time, nor my profit in his  
victories being so ample, as when driving through his thirteenth and last books, I  
view the maine depth, and saw the round coming of this silver bow of our Phoe-  
bus, the cleare scope and conjecture of his work; the full and most beautifull fit-  
ment of his person. To those last twelve then, I must refer you, for all the chiefe  
and my cleare discoveries. And to the meanespace, I entreat your acceptance  
of this, and no touches in the first. Not perplexing you in first or last with any  
conjecture, or in any other Interpreter, further than I must conseruably make  
comparison with such as have dimisilit, mangled, and maimed, my most worthi-  
est and honoured Author.

*a illi regiatis: illius* (being compounded ex à privativa, & ex video) signi-  
fies locus tenebrisculus, or (according to Virgil) fine luce domus; and therefore  
(different from others) I so convert it.

*b Konkav, invicis non distinxit* because non refer'd to κυβερν, &c. is redundant  
and idle; to the miseries of the Greeks by Iovis consell, grave, & sententious.

*c Ego & tu & tu, ex ex quo quidem primum: Ego & tu & tu, &c. ex quo.* Here our common readers would have tempore understand; because θηλα (to  
which they think the Poet must otherwise have reference) is the feminine gender.  
But Homer understandes love; as in verse 273, he expounds himself in these  
words: — *αἰδεῖ τὸν τύπον*, &c. which Piadurus Thebanus, in his Epitome of these  
Iliads, rightly observes, in these verses.

*Conficibat enim summi sententia Regis,*  
*Ex quo conculerunt discordi pectora pugnas.*

*Sceptriger Atrides, & bello clarus Achilles.*

*d Ex aliis Graecis comprobatur Graeci, all others turne it; but since Et. —*  
*quid significat properly, fausta acclamatione, do significationem approbationis,*  
I therefore accordingly convert it, because the other intimates a comprobation of  
all the Greeks by word; which was not so, but only by inarticulate acclamations,  
or shouts.

*e Aquilonary: aquilonarius signifies properly, circumambulo, and only metapho-  
ric, protego, or weor, as it is always in this place translated, which suffers al-  
teration with me, since our usual phrase of walking the round in townes of garri-  
son, for the defence of it, fits so well the property of the originall.*

*f Πόσης Σιάνα ποτέ οὐκ εἴπει. Premiserat enim Dea alba ulnis Iuno? Why Iuno  
should send Pallas, is a thing not noted by any: I therefore answer, Because Iuno  
is Goddesse of state. The allegory therefore in the Prospopoeia both of Iuno and  
Palas is, that Achilles for respects to the state there present, therather used that  
discretion and restraint of his anger. So in divers other places, when state is  
represented, Iuno prescures it: as in the eighteenth booke, for the state of Patro-  
clus his fetching off, Iuno commands the Sunne to go down before his time, &c.*

*g Οὐ δέ τοι δακρύζει: sic dixit lachrimans, &c. These tears are called by our  
Commentators, manly, and fitter for children, or women, than such an Heros  
as Achilles: and therefore Plato is cited in 3 de Repub. where he saith, οὐδὲ εἰς,  
&c. Merito igitur, clarorum virorum ploratus è medio tolleremus, &c. To  
answer which, and justify the fitness of tears generally (as they may be occasio-  
nal in the greatest, and most renowned men (omitting examples of Virgil's Ae-  
neas, Alexander the great, &c.) I oppose against Plato, only one president of great  
and most perfect humanity, (to whom infinitely above all other, we must pro-  
strate our imitations) that shed tears, viz. our All-perfect and Almighty Sav-  
iour, who wept for Lazarus. This then, leaving the fitness of great mens tears  
generally, utterly unanswerable: these particular tears of unvented anger in A-  
chilles, are in him most naturall: tears being the biggest effects of greatest and  
most fiery spirits; either when their abilities cannot performe to their wils, or  
that they are restrainyd of revenge, being injured, out of other considerations:  
as now the consideration of the state, and gravity of the counsell, and publike good  
of the army curbd Achilles. Who can deny, that there are tears of mansliness,  
and magnanimity, as well as womanish and pusillanimous? So Diomed wept for  
curse*

curst heart, when Apollo struck his scourge from him, and hindered his horse race : having been warned by Pallas before, not to resist the Deities ; and so his great spirits being curbed of revenge, for the wrong he received them. So when not enough vented anger was not to be express enough by that tear-starting affliction in courageous and fierce men, our most accomplisht expressor helps the illustration in a Simile of his fervour, in most fervent spirited fowles, resembling the wrathfull fight of Sarpedon and Patroclus to two Vultures fighting, and crying on a rock ; which thus I have afterwards Englished, and here for example inserted :

Down jump't he from his chariot ; down leapt his foe as light :  
Andas on some far-seeing rock, a cast of Vultures fight,  
Fly on each other, strike, and trusse ; part, meet, and then stick by ;  
Tugge both with crooked beakes, and ferres ; cry, fight, and fight, and cry.  
So fiercely fought these angry Kings, &c.

Wherein you see, that crying in these eagerly fought fowles (which is like teares in angry men) is so farre from fastnesse or faintnesse, that to the superlative of hardinesse and courage, it expresseth both. Nor must we be so grosse to imagine, that Homer made Achilles or Diomed blubber, or sob, &c. but in the very point and sting of their unvented anger, shed a few violent and seething-over teares. What Aise-like impudence is there, for any merely vainglorious, and selfe-loving puffe, that every where may read these inimitable touches of our Homers mastery, any where to oppose his arrogant and ignorant castigations ? when hee shold rather (with his much better understander Spondanus) submit where hee oversees him faulty ; and say ihu : Quia tu ramen hoc volu-  
isti, sacrolanet tua au-  
thoritati, per me  
nibil detra-  
hetur.

The end of the first Booke.



## THE SECOND BOOKE OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Iove calls a vision up from Somnus den,  
To bid Attrides muster up his men,  
The King (to Greek dissembling his desire)  
Persuades them to their country to retire.  
By Pallas will, Ulysses stayes their flight ;  
And wise old Nestor heartens them to fight.  
They take their meat : which done, to armes they go :  
And Pallus in good array against the foe.  
So those of Troy, when Iris, from the skie,  
Of Saturn's sonne, performs the Ambassie.

### Another Argument.

Beta the dream and Synodices,  
And catalogues the navall knights.

**H**1 He other gods, and knights at armes, all night slept: only Jove,  
Sweet slumber scif'd not ; he discouert how best he might approve  
His vow made for Achilles grace, and make the Grecians finde  
His misle, in much death. All waies cast, this counsellor serv'd his mind  
With most allowance : to dispatch a harmfull dream to greet  
The king of men ; and gave this charge : Go to the Achive fleet,  
(Pernicious dream) and being arriv'd in Agamemnon's tent,  
Deliver truly all this charge ; command him to convert  
His whole host arm'd, before these towers, for now Troy's broad way'd town  
He shall take in : the heaven-hous'd gods are now indifferent grown,  
Juno's request hath won them : Troy now under imminent ilis,  
At all parts labours. This charge heard, the vision strait fulfils ;  
The ships reacht, and Attrides tent, in which he found him laid ;  
Divine sleep pour'd about his powers. He stood above his head  
Like Nestor (grac'd of old men moft) and this did intimate :  
Sleepes the wife Atreas tame-horse sonne ? a counsellor of State  
Must not the whole night spend in sleep ; to whom the people are  
For guard committed ; and whose life stands bound to so much care.  
Now heare me then, (Jove's messenger) who, though farre off from thee,  
Is neare thee yet, in ruth, and care ; and gives command by me,  
To arme thy whole host. Thy strong hand, the broad-way'd town of Troy,  
Shall now take in : no more the gods disfentiously employ  
Their high-hous'd powers : Juno's suit hath wonne them all to her,  
And ill fates ouer-hang these towers, addrest by Jupiter.

Jupiter calls up his  
performing his  
vow to Iulus.

Jupiter calls up his  
vij. viii.

The vision o'  
Agamemnon.

## THE SECOND BOOKE

*A g a m e m o n  
d i s t r i b u t e s  
i n s i d e s.*

*T r e m u l i t y.*

*F i g h t i n g.*

*C i v i l i z a t i o n*

*N o t i c e s*

*C o n s u l t a t i o n*

Fix in thy minde this, nor forger to give it action, when  
Sweet sleep shall leave thee. Thus he fled, and left the king of men  
Repeating, in discourse, his dream ; and dreaming still, awake,  
Of power, not ready yet for a't. O foole, he thought to take  
In that next day, old *Priam's town* ; not knowing what affaires  
*Iove* had in purpose ; who prepar'd (by strong fight) fighes and cares  
For Greeks and Trojans. The dream gone, his voice still murmured  
About the Kings ears : who sat up, put on him, in his bed,  
His silken inner weed, faire, new, and then in haft arose ;  
Cast on his ample mantle, tied to his soft feet faire shoes ;  
His silver hilted sword he hung about his shoulders, took  
His fathers scepter, never stain'd : which then abroad he shook,  
And went to fleet. And now great heaven, goddess *Aurora* scald  
To *Iove*, and all gods, bringing light. When *Agamemnon* call'd  
His Heralds, charging them aloud, to call to instant Court  
The thick-haired Greeks. The Heralds call'd, the Greeks made quick resort :  
The Councill chiefly he compos'd of old great minded men,  
At *Nelos'* ships, the Pylian King, all there assembled then,  
Thus *Atrœus* sonne begun the Court : Hearer friends, a dream divine,  
Amidst the calme night in my sleep, did through my shut eycs shinc,  
Within my fantasie : his form did passing naturally  
Resembly *Neflōr*: such attire, a stature just as high.  
He stood above my head, and words thus fashioned did relate.

Sleepes the wife *Atrœus*, tame-horse sonne ? a counsellor of State  
Must not the whole nighg spend in sleep ; to whom the people are  
For guard committed ; and whose life stands bound to so much care.  
Now heare me then, (*Iove's* messenger) who, though farre off from thee,  
Is neare thee yet, in love, and care ; and gives command by me,  
To arm thy whole holt. Thy strong hand, the broad-way'd tow'n of Troy,  
Shall now take in : no more the gods diffentiously imploy  
Their high-houſ'd powers. *Saturnia*'s suit hath wonne them all to her,  
And ill fates ouer-hang these towers, addrest by *Jupiter*.  
I x in thy minde this. This exprest, he took wing, and away ;  
And sweet sleep left me : let us then by all our meanes assay,  
To arm our army ; I will first (as farre as fits our right)  
Try their addictons, and command with full sail'd ships our flight :  
Whiche if they yeld to, oppose you. He sat and up arose  
*Neflōr*, of sandy Pylos, King : who (willing to dispose  
Their counsell to the publick good) propof'd this to the State :

Princes and Councillors of Greece ? if any shoulde relate  
This vision, but the King himselfe ; it might be held a tale,  
And move the rather our retrait : but since our Generall  
Affirms he saw it, hold it true ; and all our best meanes make  
To arm our army. This speech us'd, he first the Counsell brake ;  
The other scepter-bearing States arose too, and obeyd  
The peoples Rector. Being abroad, the earth was overlaid  
With flakers to them, that came forth : as when of frequent Bees  
Swarmes rise out of a hollow rock, repairing the degrees

OF

## OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

Of their egression endlesly, with their ever rising new,  
From forth their sweet nest : as their store, still as it faded, grew,  
And never would cease sending forth her clusters to the spring.  
They still crowd out so ; this flock here, that there, belabouring  
The loaded flowers. So from the ships and tents, the armes store,  
Troop to these Princes, and the Court, along th'unmeasur'd shore :  
Amongst whom, *Iove's* Ambassadreſſe, (*Fame*) in her vertue shin'd,  
Exciting greedinesse to heare. The rabble thus inclin'd,  
Hurried together ; uproreſſid the high Court ; earth did groane  
Beneath the settling multitude ; tumult was there alone.  
Thrice three vociferous Heralds rose to check the rout, and get  
Earc to their *Iove*-kept Governors ; and instantly was fet  
The huge confuson ; every man set fast, the clamor ceast :  
Then stood divine *Arides* up, and in his hand compref  
His scepter, th'elaborate work of fire *Malleifer* :  
Who gave it to *Saturnian Iove* ; *Iove* to his messenger ;  
His messenger (*Argicidēs*) to *Pelops*, skild in horſe ;  
Pelops to *Atrœus*, chiefe of men ; he dying, gave it course  
To Prince *Thyestes*, rich in heards ; *Thyestes* to the hand  
Of *Agamemnon* rendred it, and with it, the command  
Of many Iles, and Argos, all. On this he leaning, said :

O friends, great sonnes of *Danais*, servants of *Mars* ; *Iove* laid  
A heavy curse on me, to vow, and binde it with the bant  
Of his high forehead ; that (this Troy, of all her people spent)  
I should returne ; yet now to mock our hopes, built on his vow ;  
And charge ingloriouly my flight ; when such an overthrow  
Of brave friends I have authord. But to his mightiest will  
We must submitte us ; that hath raz'd, and will be razing still,  
Mens footsteps, from so many townes ; because his power is most,  
He will defroy most. But how vile, fuch, and so great an holt,  
Will shew to future times ? that matcht with lesser numbers fare,  
We fly, not putting on the crowne of our so long-held warre ?  
Of which there yet appears no end. Yet shoud our foes and we  
Strike truce, and number both our powers ; Troy taking all that be  
Her arm'd inhabitants ; and we in tens shoud all sit downe  
At our truee banquet, every ten allow'd one of the towne  
To fill his feast-cup ; many tens wold their attendant want :  
So much I must affirme, our power exceeds th'inhabitant.  
But their auxiliary bands, thoſe brandishers of speares,  
(From many cities drawn) are they, that are our hinderers,  
Not suffering well-ray'd Troy to fall. Nine yeeres are ended now,  
Since *Iove* our conqueste vow'd, and now our vessels rotten grow,  
Our tackling failes, our wives, yong sonnes, sit in their doores, and long  
For our arrivall ; yet the work that should have wreake our wrong,  
And made us welcome, lies unwrought : Come then, as I bid, all  
Obey, and fly to our lov'd home ; for now, nor ever shall  
Our utmolt, take in broad-way'd Troy. This said, the multitude  
Was all for home, and all men else, that what this would conclude

*Fame, Iove's  
Ambassadreſſe.*

*The scepter of  
Agamemnon.*

*Agamemnon to  
the Greeks.*

C 4

Had

Had not discouer'd. All the crowd was shov'd about the shore ;  
 In sway, like rude and raging waves, row'd with the fervent blore  
 Of th'East and South winds, when they break from Iove's clouds, & are borne  
 On rough backs of th'Icarian seas : or like a field of corne  
 High grown, that Zephyr's vehement gusts bring easilie underneath,  
 And make the stiffe up, bristl'd ears do homage to his breath :  
 For even so easilie, with the breath Atrides us'd, was swaid  
 The violent multitude. To fleet, with shouts, and difaraid,  
 All rusht ; and with a fogge of dust, their rude feet, dim'd the day ;  
 Each cried to other, cleane our ships ; come, lanch, aboard, away.  
 The clamors of the runners home reacht heaven, and then past fate,  
 The Greeks had left Troy, had not then, the goddesse of elate,  
 Thus spoke to *Pallas*, O foul shame, thou untam'd seed of love,  
 Shall thus the feas broad back be charg'd with thele our friends remove ?  
 Thus leaving Argive Hellen here : thus Priam grac'd ? thus Troy ?  
 In whose fields, farre from their loved owne, (or Hellen's sake) the joy,  
 And life of so much Grecian birth is vanisht ? take thy way  
 T'our braffe arm'd people, speake them faire, let not a man obey  
 The charge now given, nor lanch one ship. She said, and *Pallas* did  
 As she commanded : from the tops of heaven's steep hill she slid,  
 And strait the Greeks swift ships she reache : *Vlysses* (like to Iove  
 In gifts of counsell) the found out ; who, to that base remove,  
 Stird not a foot, nor toucht a ship ; but grie'd at heart to see  
 That faulc in others. To him clost, the blue-eyed deity  
 Made way, and said ; Thou wifest Greek, divine Laertes sonne,  
 Thus flye howards, to your ships, shall all thus headlong runne ?  
 Glory to Priam, thus ye leave ; glory to all his friends,  
 If thus ye leave her here ; for whom so many violent ends  
 Have clost your Greek eyes ? and so farre from their so loved home ?  
 Go to these people, use no stay ; with faire termes overcome  
 Their foule endeavour ; nor a man, a flying layle let hoyce.

Thus spake she, and *Vlysses* knew 'twas *Pallas* by her voyce :  
 Ran to the runners, cast from him his mantle, which his man  
 And Herald, grave *Eurybates*, the Ithacanian  
 That follow'd him, took up. Himselfe to *Agamemnon* went,  
 His incorrupte scepter took, his scepter of descent,  
 And with it went about the fleet. What Prince, or man of name,  
 He found flght-given, he would restrain with words of gentlest blame ;  
 Good sir, it fits not you to fly, or fare as one afraid ;  
 You should not only stay your selfe, but lec the people flaid.  
 You know not cleerely (though you heard the Kings words) yet his minde,  
 He only tries men's spirits now, and whom his trials finde  
 Apt to this course, he will chaffise. Nor you, nor I, heard all  
 He speake in counsell ; nor durst preſe too neare our Generall,  
 Lest we incenſt him to our hurt. The anger of a King  
 Is mighty ; he is kept of Iove, and from Iove likewife spring  
 His honours ; which, out of the love of wife Iove, he enjoys.  
 Thus he the best fort us'd : the worst, whose spirits brake out in noife,

He endgeld wt his scepter, chid, and laid ; Stay wretch, be still,  
 And heare thy betters ; thou art base, and bothe in power and skill  
 Poore and unworthy ; without name, in counsell, or in warre.  
 We must not al be kings : the rale is most irregular  
 Where many rule ; one Lord, one King, propole to thee ; and he  
 To whom wife *Saturn*'s sonne hath given both law, and Emperie,  
 To rule the publick, is that King. Thus, ruling, he restrain'd  
 The host from flight : and then, againe the Councell was maintaint'd  
 With such a concourse, that the shore rung with the tumult made ;  
 As when the farre-refounding sea doth in his rage invade  
 His sandy confines, whose fides groane with his involved wave,  
 And make his owne breact eccho fighes. All fate, and audience gave ;  
*Therites* only would speak all. A most disorder'd shre  
 Of words he foolishly pour'd out ; of which his minde held more  
 Than it could manage ; any thing with which he could procure  
 Laughter, he never could containe. He should have yet beene sure  
 To touch no Kings, T'oppose their states becomes not jesters parts.  
 But he, the filthiest fellow was, of all that had deserts  
 In Troy's brave siege : he was squat-cyd, and lame of either foot ;  
 So crook-backt, that he had no breast : sharp headed, where did shoot  
 (Here and there sprift) thin moſſie hayre. He most of all envy'd  
*Vlysses*, and *Eacles*, whom still his spleene would chide ;  
 Nor could the sacred King hymſelfe avoid his fawcy vaine,  
 Against whom, since he knew, the Greeks did vehement hates sustaine,  
 (Being angry for *Abilles* wrong) he cri'd out ; rayling thus :

*Atrides* ! why complainſt thou now ? what wouldest thou more of us ?  
 Thy tents are full of braffe, and dames ; the choice of all are thine ;  
 With whom, we must preſent thee ſirf, when any townes refigne  
 To our invation. Wan't thou then (besides all this) more gold  
 From Troy's Knights, to redeeme their ſonnes ? whom, to be deereley ſold,  
 I, or ſome other Greek, muſt take : or wouldest thou yet againe  
 Force from ſome other Lord his prize, to footh the lofts that reigne  
 In thy encroching appetit ? it fits no Prince to be  
 A Prince of ill, and govern us ; or lead our progeny  
 By rape to ruine. O base Greeks, deferring infamy,  
 And its eternal : Greekiſh girlies, not Greeks ye are : Come, flee  
 Home with our ſhips ; leave this man here to perifh with his prycys,  
 And try if we help him, or not : he wrong'd a man that weighes  
 Farre more than he himſelfe in worth : he forcd from *Thetis* ſonne,  
 And keeps his prize ſtill : nor think I, that mighty man hath won  
 The ſtyle of wrathfull, worthy ; he's ſoft, he's too remifle,  
 Or elſe *Atrides*, his had been thy laſt of injuries.

Thus he the people's Pastor chid ; but ſtraiſt flood up to him  
 Divine *Vlysses* ; who with looks exceeding grave, and grim,  
 This bitter check gave ; Ceafe, vaine foole, to vent thy rayling vaine  
 On Kings thus, though it ſerve thee well : nor thinke thou canſt restraine,  
 With that thy rayling faculty, their wiſs in leaſt degree,  
 For nor a worse, of all this hoſt, came with our King, than thee,

*Therites* deſcription.

*Abilles*.

*Therites* to *Aga-memnon*.

*Plysses* to *Therites*.

To Troy's great siege : then do not take into that mouth of thine,  
 The names of kings ; much lesse yeule the dignities that shine  
 In their supreme states ; wresting thus, this motion for our home,  
 To sooth thy cowards : since our selues yet know not what will come  
 Of these deaignments : if it be our good, to stay, or go :  
 Nor is it that thou shaud ston ; thou, revil'ft our Generall so,  
 Only, because he hath so much, not given by such as thou,  
 But our Heroes. Therefore that thy rude veine makes me vow,  
 (Whiche shall be curiously observ'd) if ever I shall heare  
 This winessesse from thy mouth againe, let not *Vlysses* beare  
 This head, nor be the father call'd, of yong *Telemachus* ;  
 If to thy nakedneſſe, I take, and ſtrip thee not, and thus  
 Wlipp thee to fleet from Counſell ; ſend, with ſharp ſtripes, weeping hence,  
 This glory thou affeſt to rale. This ſaid, his iuolence  
 He teid with his ſcepter ; ſtruck his back and ſhoulders ſo,  
 That bloody wales roſe ; he ſhrunk round ; and from his eyes did flow  
 Moſt teares, and looking filthily, he ſate, feard ſmarthed ; dried  
 His blubberd checks ; and all the preafe (though grievd to be denied,  
 Their wilfull retrai for home) yet laught delightfomely, and ſpake  
 Either to other ; O ye Gods, how infinite take  
*Vlyſſes* + certes in our good ? authour of Counſels, great  
 In ordering armes ; how moſt well this act became his heat  
 To beat from Counſell this rude foole ! I think his ſaucy ſpirit  
 Hereafter will not let his tongue, abuſe the ſovereigne merit,  
 Exempt from ſuch baſe tongues as his. Thus ſpake the people : then  
 The ciy-razer, *Iliam*, stood up to ſpeak againe,  
 Holding his Scepter. Cloſe to him, gray eyd *Minerva* stood ;  
 And like a Herald, ſilence cauſed, that all the Achive brood  
 (From firſt to laſt) might heare and know, the counſel ; when (inclind  
 To all their good) *Vlyſſes* ſaid ; *Strides*, now I finde,  
 Thſe men would render thee the ſhame, of all men ; nor would pay  
 Their owne vowe to thee, when they tooke their free and honor'd way,  
 To an Argos hither ; that till Troy were by their brave hands rac'd,  
 They would not turne home ; yet like babes, and wiwidowes, now they haſte  
 To that baſe refuge. Tis a ſpite, to ſee men melted ſo  
 In womaniſh changes. Though its true, that if a man do go  
 Only a month to ſea, and leave his wife fare off, and he  
 Tortur'd with winters ſtormes, and loſt with a tumultuous ſea,  
 Growes heavy, and would home ; us then, to whom the thrice three yeere  
 High ſild his revolute orbe, ſince our arrivall here,  
 We are not, to wiſh home much more : yet all this time to ſtay  
 (out of our judgements) for our end ; and now to take our way  
 Without it, were abſurd and vile. Suffaine then friends, abide,  
 The time ſet to our objeſt : try, if *Catilas* prophecieſ  
 True of the time or not. We know, ye all can witneſſe well,  
 (With miſerelate death, conſidering fates have faſt to ſend to helly)  
 That when in *Aulis* all our fleet assembl'd with a freight  
 Of life to lifon, and her friends : beneath the faire growne height

A Platane bore, about a fount, whence chyſtall water flow'd,  
 And ſcree our holy altar, we, upon the gods beſtow'd  
 Accompliſht Hecatombs ; and there appear a huge portent,  
 A Dragon with a bloody ſkale, horrid to fight, and ſente  
 To light by great *Olympus* ; which crawling from beneath  
 The Altar, to the Platane climb'd ; and ruthleſſe craſh to death  
 A Sparrowes yong, in number eight, that in a top-boough lay  
 Hid under leaves : the dam the ninth, that hoverd every way,  
 Mourning her lov'd birth ; till at length, the Serpent watching her,  
 Her wing caught, and devor'd her too. This Dragon, *Jupiter*  
 (That brought him forth) turn'd to a ſtone ; and made a powerfull meane  
 To ſtirre our zeales up, that admir'd, when of a fact ſo cleane  
 Of all ill as our iuice, ſo fearfull an oſtent  
 Should be the iuice. *Catilas* then, thus prophecieſ the event ;  
 Why are ye dumb ſtrucken, faire-haird Greeks ? wife *Love* is he hath ſhowne  
 This ſtrange oſtent to us. Twas late, and paffing lately done,  
 But that grace it foregoes to us, for ſuffering all the ſtate  
 Of his appearance, (being ſo ſlow) nor time shall end, nor fate.  
 As theſe eight ſparrowes, and the dam, (that made the ninth) were eat  
 By this ſterne Serpent ; ſo nine yeeres we're to endure the heat  
 Of ravenous warre, and in the tenth, take in this broad-wayd towne.

Thus he interpreted this figue ; and all things have their crowne  
 As he interpreted, till now. The reſt then, we ſucceed,  
 Beleeve as certaine : ſtay we all, till that moſt glorious deed  
 Of taking this rich towne, our hands are honord with. This ſaid,  
 The Greeks gave an unmeaſur'd ſleur, which back the ſhips repaid  
 With terrible echoes, in applaude of that perfwalion  
 Divine *Vlyſſes* uſd ; which yet held no comparion  
 With *Nefor*'s next ſpeech, which was this : O shamefull thing ! ye talk  
 Like children all, that know not warre. In what aire's region walk  
 Our oathes, and covenants ? Now I ſee, the fit repreſects of men  
 Are vaniſh quite ; our right hands given, our faith, our counſels vaine ;  
 Our ſacrifice with wine, all fled in that prophaned flame  
 We made to bide all : for thus ſtill, we vaine perfwafions frame,  
 And ſtrive to work our end with words ; not joyning ſtratagems  
 And hands together ; though thus long the power of our extremes  
 Have urg'd us to them. *Atrœus* ſonne ſtirme as at firſt hour ſtand ;  
 Make good thy purpoſe ; talk no more in counſels, but command  
 In active field. Let two or three, that by themſelves advise,  
 Faint in their crowning ; they are ſuch as are not truly wife.  
 They will for Argos, ere they know if that which *Love* hath ſaid  
 Be faſfe or true. I tell them all, that high *Love* bow'd his head  
 As firſt we went aboard our fleet, for ſigne we ſhould conſer  
 Theſe Trojans their due fate and death ; almighty *Jupiter*  
 All that day darting forth his flames, in an unmeaſured light,  
 On our right hands ; let therefore none once dreame of coward flight,  
 Till (for his owne) ſome wife of Troy he ſleepes wiſhall, the rape  
 Of *Hellen* wreaking ; and our ſighes, enforcd for her eſcape!

*Notes to the  
Greeks.*

## THE SECOND BOOKE

If any yet dare dote on home, let his dishonour'd haste,  
His black, and well-buist bark, but touch, that (as he first disgrac'd  
His countries spirit) fate, and death may first his spirit let go.  
But be thou wise (king) do not trust thy selfe, but others. Know  
I will not use an objec't word: see all thy men arraid  
In tribes and nations; that tribes, tribes, nations may nations aid:  
Which doing, thou shal know what Chiefs, what soldiers play the men;  
And what the cowards: for they all will fight in severall then,  
(Easie for note.) And then shal thou, if thou destroyest not Troy,  
Know if the prophesies defect, or men thou dost employ  
In their approv'd arts, want in warre: or lacke of that brave heat,  
Bit for the venturous spirits of Greece, was cause to thy defeat.

To this the King of men replied; O father, all the sonnes  
Of Greece thou conqueris, in the strife of consultations.  
I would to *Troy*, *Athenia*, and *Phbas*, I could make  
(Of alay) but ten such Counsellors; then instantly would shake  
King *Priam's* city, by our hands laid hold on, and laid waff.  
But *Troy* hath ordred I should grieve, and to that end hath cast  
My life into debates, paff end. My selfe, and *Tethis* sonne,  
(Like girles) in words sough for a girle, and I th'offence begunne:  
But if we ever talk as friends, Troy s thus deferred fall,  
Shall never vex us more one hour. Come then, to vies all,  
That strong *Mars*, all may bring to field; each man his lances steele  
See sharped well; his shield well lin'd, his horfes meated well,  
His chariot carefully made strong; that these affaires of death,  
We all day may hold fiercely out: no man must rest or breath.  
The bolomes of our targaties must all be steep'd in swear.  
The lancers arme must fall dissolv'd; our chariot-horse with heat  
Must seeme to melt. But if I finde one sold'ier take the chace,  
Or stirre from fight, or fight not stell, fixt as his enemies face;  
Or hid a shipboard; all the world for force, nor price, shall save  
His hated life; but fowles and dogs, be his abhorred grave.

He said, and such a murmure rose, as on a lofy shore  
The waves make, when the Southwind comes, and tumbles them before  
Against a rock, grown neere the strand, which diversly beset,  
Is never free, but hereand there with varied upropes beat.  
All rofe then, rushing to the fleet, perfum'd their tents, and eat:  
Each offering to th'immortall gods, and praying to scape th'heat  
Of warre and death. The King of men, an Ox of five yeeres spring  
Almighty *Troy* slue: call'd the Peeres, first *Nesfor*, then the King  
*Homenaus*: after them, th' *Ajaces*, and the sonne  
*Odytus*; *Ithacus* the sixth, in counsell Paragon  
To *Troy* him selfe. All these he bade, but at a martiall cry:  
Good *Menelaus*, since he saw his brother busily  
Employed at that time, would not stand on invitation,  
But at himselfe came. All about the offering overthrown  
Stood round, took salt-cakes, and the King himselfe thus praid for all:  
O *Troy* great, most glorious, that in that starry hall,

## OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

Sit' drawing darke clouds vp to aire: let not the Sunne go downe,  
Darkenes supplingit; till my hands, the Pallace, and the towne  
Of *Priam* ouerthrow, and burne, the armes on *Heitors* breast  
Dividing; spoiling with my sword, thousands (in interest  
Of his bad quarrel) laid by him, in dust, and eareng earth.

He pray'd, *Troy* heard him not, but made, more plentifull the birth  
Of his sad toiles; yet tooke his gifts. Prayers past, cakes on they threw:  
The Ox then (to the alter drawne,) they kill'd and from him drew  
His hide: then cut him vp; his thighes (in two hewne) dubd with fat,  
Prickt on the sweet-breads, and with wood, leaefless, and kindl'd at  
Appold fire, they burne the thighes, which done, the inwards slit,  
They broid on coales, and eate. The rest, in giggots cut, they spit,  
Roast cunningly, draw, fit, and feast: nought lackt to laue alaid  
Each temperate appetite; which ser'd, *Nesfor* began and said:

*Atrides*, most gracing king of men, now no more words allow,  
Nor mor'e deferre the deed *Troy* vowes. Let heralds summon now  
The brasen-coted Greeks; and vs, range euerie where the host,  
To stirre a strong warre quickly vp. This speech no sillable lost;  
The high-voic't heralds, instantly, he charg'd to call to armes  
The curld-head Greeks; they call'd; the Greeks, straight answerd their alarmes.  
The *Troy*-kept kings, about the king all gatherd, with their aide  
Rang'd all in tribes and nations. With them the gray-eyed maide  
Great *Egis* (*Troy*'s bright shield) sustain'd, that can be never old;  
Neuer corrupted, ring'd about, with serpents forg'd of gold,  
As many as suffise to make, an hundred fringes, worth  
A hundred oxen, euerie snake, all sprawling, all set forth  
With wondrous spirit. Through the host, with this the Goddesse ran  
In furie, casting round her eyes; and furnisht cuerie man  
With strength; exciting ali to armes, and fight incessant. None  
Now lik't their lou'd homes like the warres. And as a fire vpon  
A huge wood, on the heights of hilis, that farre off hurles his light;  
So the divine braffe shin'd on thefe, thus thrusting on for fight;  
Their splendor through the aire reacht heaven: and as about the flood  
Caifer, in an Afrian meade, flockes of the arie brood  
(Cranes, Geese, or long-neckt Swans) here, there, proud of there pinions, sliue  
And in their sliu lay out such throats, that with their spiritfull cri  
The meddow thrikes againe: so here, these many nation'd men,  
Flow'd ouer the Scamandrian field, from tents, and shippes; the din  
Was dreadfull, that the feet of men, and horse, beate out of earth.  
And in the florishing meade they stood, thick as the odorous birth  
Of flowres, or leaues bred in the spring; or thick as swarmes of flies  
Throng then to ship-coates; when each swarne, his erring wing appilcs  
To milke deadon the miuke maidis pales: all eagerly dispol'd,  
To givue to ruine th'Ilians. And as in rude heapes clod,  
Though huge Goate-heards are at their food, the Goat-heards eally yest,  
Sort into sundry heards; so here, the Chieffes in battell ser,  
Here tribes, here nations, ordering all. Amongst whome shind the king,  
With eyes, like lightning-louing *Troy*, his forehead answering,

In brest like *Neptune*, *Mars* in waste: and as a goodly Bull  
Most eminent of all a heard, most strong, most masterfull,  
So *Ajax amon*, Ione that day, made ouerheighen cleare,  
That heauen-bright armes; and preferd, to all th' Heros there.

Now tell me *Muses*, you that dwell, in heavenly roothes (for you  
Are Goddesse; are present here, are wife, and all things know;) We only trust the voyce of fame, know nothing: who they were  
That here we: captaines of the Greeks? Commanding Princes here,  
The multitude exceed my song, though fittet to my choice  
Ten tongues were, hardned palate ten, a break of braffe, a voyce  
Infract, and trumplike: that greater wortke, unlesse the seede of *Iove*  
(The deathieſſe *Museſe*) vndertake, maintaines a pitch above  
All mortall powers. The Princes then, and nauie that did bring  
Those so inenarrable troopes, and all their ſoyles, I ſing.

### The Catalogue of the Grecian Ships and Captains.

*Peneleus*, and *Leitus*, all that Boeotia bred,  
*Arcesilaus*, *Clanius*, and *Prothoenor*, led;  
Th' inhabitants of *Hyria*, and ſtonie *Aulidae*,  
*Schen*, *Schole*, the hilly *Eteon*, and holy *Tibrias*;  
Of *Gaea*, and great *Micaleſſe*, that hath the ample plaine;  
Of *Hermas*, and *Ileus*, and all that did remaine,  
In *Erish*, and in *Eleon*; in *Hylen*, *Peteona*,  
In faire *Ocalea*, and the towne, well builded, *Medeona*;  
*Capas*, *Eutresis*, *Thisbe* that, for Pigeons doth ſurpaſſe,  
Of *Coroneo*, *Harlata*; that hath ſuch ſtore of graffe.  
All thoſe that in *Plates* dwelt, that *Giffa* did poſſeſſe;  
And *Hipotebas*, whose well-built wals, are rare and fellowleſſe;  
In rich *Onchesbas* famous wood, to watric *Neptune* vow'd;  
And *Arne*, where the vine-trees are, with vigorons bunches bow'd  
With them that dwelt in *Arges*, and *Nysa* most diuine.  
All thoſe whom vtmoſt *Anibedon*, did wealthily confine:  
From all theſe coaſts in general, full ſixtie ſale were ſent,  
And ſixſcore ſtrong, *Bœotian* youths, in enerie burthen went.  
But thoſe who in *Affledon* dwelt, and *Minian* *Orchemes*;  
God *Aars* his ſonne did leade (*Aſcalaphus*, and *Ialmen*).  
Who in *Aſidon* *Actors* houſe, did of *Aſioſe* come;  
The ballifall Maide, as ſhe went vp, into the higher roome,  
The warre-god ſcretely compreft: in ſafe conduet of theſe,  
Did thirtie hollow-bottom'd barkes, diuide the wauie ſeas.  
*Erae Schedius* and *Epistrophus*, the Phoſian captaines were,  
*Nauolida*, *Iphitus* ſonnesall-prooſe gaſt any feare;  
With them the Gyparifians went, and bold Pythoñians,  
Men of religious *Chryſea* ſoyle, and fat *Daulidians*:  
*Manopans*, *Anemors*, and fierce *Hyampolipſe*:  
And thoſe that dwell where *Cephiſus*, caſt vp his ſilken miſt;

The

The men that faire *Lyles* held, neare the *Cophis* ſpring,  
All which did forteſe barkeres, to that deſignement bring.  
About th' entoyld *Phocenian* fleet, had theſe their ſaile affignde:  
And neare to the ſinifer wing, the arm'd *Boootians* ſhinde.

*Ajax* the leſſe, *Oileus* ſonne, the *Locrians* led to warre,

Not like to *Ajax Cleonon*, but leſſer man by fare.

Little he was, and euer wore, a breſplate made of linne;  
But for the manage of his lance, he generall prafe did winne.

The dwellers of *Calarus*, of *Bessa*, *Opœn*;

The youths of *Cyrene*, *Scarpis*, and *Angus*, lonely men;

Of *Tarpis*, and of *Tbrimis*, neare flood *Boeogrius* fall;

Twice twentie martiall barkeres of theſe, leſſe *Ajax* faile with all.

Who neare *Eubœa* bleſſed ſoile, their habitations had,

Strength-breathing *Abans*, who their ſeats, in tweet *Eubœa* made:

The *Aſtas* rich in grapes, the men of *Calida*;

The *Cerinthi*, bordering on the ſea, of rich *Eretria*;

Of *Djani* highly-feated towne; *Charikru*, and of *Styre*;

All theſe the Duke *Alphonſo* led, a flame of *Mars* his fire;

Surnam'd *Chaledoniades*, the mighty *Abans* guide;

Swift men of foot, whose broad-set backes, their trailling haire did hide,

Well ſene in fight and foone could pierce, with fare extended darts

The breſplates of their enemies, and reache their dearth hearts.

Forte blacke men of ware did faile in this *Alphonſo* charge.

The ſouldiers that in *Aibœa* dwelt, a citie builded large,

The people of *Eritrea*, whom loſe-Sprung *Pallas* fed:

And plentious-feeding *Tellus* brought, out of her flowrie bed:

Him, *Pallas* plac't in her rich Fane, and cuerie ended yeare,

Of Buls and Lambes, *Aberian* youths, please him with offrings there.

Mighty *Meneſhem*, *Perbena* ſonne, had their deuided care:

For horſemen and for targatiers, none could with him compare:

Nor put them into better place, to hurt or to defend:

But *Nestor* (for he elder was) with him did ſole contend:

With him came ſixtie ſable ſaile. And one of *Salamine*

Great *Ajax* brought twelve ſaile, that with, th'Athenias did combine.

Who did in fruitiull *Argos* dwell, or ſtrong *Hyrinba* kepe:

*Hermion*, or in *Aſine*, whose boſome is so deepe;

*Trazena*, *Elion*, *Epida*, where *Bacchus* crownes his head;

*Zegna*, and *Mazeta* ſoyle, did follow *Diomed*.

And *Schenelus*, the deare lou'd ſonne, of famous *Copanæ*:

Together with *Euriaſus*, heire of *Metisſeu*,

The king of *Talamides*, paſt whom, in deeds of warre,

The famous ſouldier *Diomed*, of all was held by fare;

Fourſcore blacke trippes did follow theſe. The men faire *Mycene* held:

The wealthy *Corinth*, Cleon that, for beautious ſight exceld:

*Aethireas* louely ſtate, and in *Orneia* plaine,

And *Syciona*, whereat firſt, did king *Adrastus* raigne:

High ſeated *Goneſſas* towres, and *Hyperiſus*,

That dwelt in fruitiull *Pellenen*, and in diuine *Agius*:

Their ſteſt 40,

*Ajax*, Oſſe, the  
captain, the  
Lodger.

The ſteſt of the  
Locrians.

Their ſax 40.

The ſteſt  
the ſax 40.

*Alphonſo*,  
C. 40.

Their ſteſt 40.

The *Aberian*.

Atentificus  
their Cœſeſe.

Argos, Aſina.

The ſteſt  
Salamine  
island w. of Sic.

The ſteſt  
Talameſus.

Jet. ſteſt  
Talameſus.

Sabæa.

The Argives.

Diomed's  
expedition  
Schenelus  
and Eratæa.

The ſteſt 30  
Judea.

The Mycenæans.

The ſax 40.

With

With all the sea-side borderers, and wide Helles friends,  
To Agamemnon every towne, her native birth commands,  
In double fistic sable barks : with him a world of men  
Most strong and full of valure went : and he in triumph then  
Put on his most resplendent armes, since he did overblinc  
The whole herioque host of Greece, in power of that designe.  
Who did in Lacedemonis rule, th'vnmesur'd concave hold :  
High Phares, Sparas, Messe towers, for doves so much extold,  
Brygias and Angias grounds, strong Lea, Octylion,  
Amyclas, Halos harbor-towne, that Neptune beats upon :  
All these did Menelaus leade, (his brother that in crics  
Of warre was famous) fistic shippes, conuaid these enemies,  
To Troy in cheepe; because their king, was chiefly injur'd there,  
In Hellens rape, and did his best, to make them buy it deare.  
Whodwell in Pyles fandie soyle, and Arete the faire,  
In Thessia, neare Alpheus flood, and Aupy full of aye :  
In Cyparissus, Amphigen, and little Petalon,  
The towne where all the Iliots dwelt, and famous Doreon,  
Wher all the Muses (opposite, in stife of Poesie,  
To ancient Thamyris of Thrace) did vsse him cruelly,  
He coming from Euryssas court the wife Oebalian king :  
Because he proudly durst affirme, he could more sweetly sing,  
Then that Pyrean race of Iove, who (angry with his vant)  
Bereft his eye-fight, and his song, that did the eare enchant,  
And of his skill to touch his Harpe disfurnished his hand :  
All then in ninetie hollow keeles, graue Nestor did command.  
The richly blest inhabitants of the Arcadian land  
Below Cyllenes mount, that by Epyrus tombe did stand,  
Where dwelt the bold neare fighting men, who did in Pheneus fine :  
And Orchomen, where flockes of sheepe, the sheepheards clustring drove :  
In Rype and in Stratice, the faire Mantinean towne,  
And strong Enipe, that for height, is euer weather blowne,  
Tegea, and in Stimbulus Parbosia strongly wall'd,  
All th. i. Arcas sonnes, to field (king Agapenor) call'd,  
In sixtie barks he brought them on and curie borke well mand,  
With firc Arcadians, skild to vse, the vtmost of a band.  
King Agamemnon on these men, did well-built shippes beslow,  
To passe the gulfe purple sea, that did no sea rites know.  
They who in Hermis, Buphrasis, and Eris did remaine,  
What Oleni Cliftes, Alsius, and Myrin did containe,  
Where led to warre by twife two Dukes, and each ten shippes did bring,  
Which many venterous Epians, did serue for burthening,  
Beneath Alphimacus his charge, and valiant Talpius,  
Some of Eritus Actor, one, the Creatus,  
Diores Amarinides, the other did imploy ;  
The fourth divine Polixenius, Agathenus his ioy :  
The king of faire Angelades, who from Dulichius came,  
And from Euchinus sweet Iles, which hold their holy frame

By ample Elis region, Meges Phelides led :  
Whom Duke Pylades, Iones belou'd, begat, and whilome fled  
To large Dulichius for the wrath, that fird his fathers breast.  
Twies twentie shippes with Ebon sailes, were in his charge addreft.  
The war-like men of Cephal, and those of Ithaca,  
Woody Nerytus, and the men of we Crocilia :  
Sharp Egiaphis, Samos Ile, Zacynthus, sea incloſd;  
Epyrus, and the men that hold, the Continent oppoſd;  
All these did wife Vlissis leade, in counſell Peere to Iove :  
Twelve shippes he brought, which in their course, vermillion sternes did moue.  
Thous, Andremens wel-spoke ſonne, did guide th'Etolians well,  
Thoſe that in Pleuron, Olenon, and ſtrong Pyrene dwell :  
Great Calais that by ſea ſide stands, and ſtony Calidan;  
For now no more of Oeneas ſonnies ſurui'd, they all were gone :  
No more his roiall ſelfe did liue, no more his noble ſonne,  
The golden Melanger now, their glaſes all were run.  
All things were left to him in charge, the Etolians Chiefe he was,  
And fortie shippes to Trojan warres, the ſeas with him did paſſe.  
The royal fouldier Idomen, did leade the Cretans stout :  
The men of Gnosus, and the towne, Coriema, wal'd about.  
Of Liſtas and Myletus townes, of white Lyceſtus ſlate,  
Of Phesus and of Rhodus, the cities fortunate :  
And all, the reſt inhabiting, the hundred townes of Crete,  
Whom ware-like Idomen did leade, copartner in the fleet,  
With kil-man Merion, eightie shippes, with them did Troy inuade.  
Tlepolemus Heraclides, right strong and bigly made,  
Brought nine tall shippes of warre from Rhodes, which haſtis Rhodianis mand,  
Who dwelt in three diſcourſed parts, of that moft pleauant land ;  
Which Lyndas and Ialissas were, and bright Camyras, cald:  
Tlepolemus commanded theſe, in batteſt vnappaid :  
Whom faire Aſiope brought forth, by force of Hercules,  
Let out of Ephyra with his hand, from ricer Selles,  
When many townes of princely youths, he leueld with the ground.  
Tlepolemus (in his fathers house, for building much renound,  
Brought vp to headstrong ſtate of youth) his mothers brother flue,  
The flowre of armes, Zeyminis, that ſomewhat aged grew :  
Then ſtraight he gathered him a fleete, aſſembliing bands of men,  
And fled by ſea, to ſhu the threats, that were denouced then,  
By other ſonnies and nephewes of th' Alciden fortitude.  
He in his exile came to Rhodes, driven in with tempeſts rude :  
The Rhodians were diſtinguished in tribes, and great with Iove did stand,  
The king of men and Gods, whogane, much treasure to their land.  
Nireus out of Syma haven, three wel-built barkes did bring :  
Nireus faire Aglaia ſonne, and Charopas the king :  
Nireus was the faireſt man that to faire Ilio came,  
Of all the Greeks, ſauc Peleus ſonne, who paſt for generall frame.  
But weake this was, not fit for warre, and therefore few did guide,  
Who did in Caffus, Niſyrus, and Cratithus abide,

In *Ce*, *Euripiis* his towne, and in *Calydnas* soyles,  
*Phyippus* and bold *Aniphis*, did guide to Trojan toyles,  
The sonnes of crowned *Theissalos*, deriu'd from *Hercules*,  
Who went with thirtie hollow shippes well ordred to the seas.  
Now will I sing the sackfull troopes, Pelasgian *Argos* held,  
That in deeps *Aias*, *Alope*, and soft *Trechis* dweld,  
In *Pithys* and in *Heade*, where liue the louely dances,  
The *Myrmidons*, *Hellenians*, and *Achues*, robd of Fames :  
All which the great *Acades*, in fiftie shippes did leade.  
For, these forgaſt warres horrid voice, because they lackt their head.  
That would haue brought them brauely forth; but now at fleete did lie,  
That wind-like vfer of his feet, faire *Tethi* progenie;  
Wrath for bright cheekt *Bryfeu* losſe; whom from *Zyreness* spoiles,  
(His owne exploite) he brought away, as trophee of his toiles,  
When that towne was depopulated he ſanke the Theban towres;  
*Almeta*, and *Epifrophus*, he ſent to *Platoes* bowres,  
Whoo came of king *Euuenus* race, great *Helepiades*:  
Yet now he idly liues enrag'd, but ſoone muſt leaue his caſe.  
Of thoſe that dwelt in *Phylace*, and flowrie *Pyrrhos*  
The wood of *Ceres*, and the ſoyle, that ſheepe are fed vpon,  
Item and *Antron*, built by ſea, and *Pelus* full of graſſe,  
*Proteſtus* while he liud, the wrothie captaine was :  
Whom now the ſable earth detaines : his teare-torne faced ſpoife  
He wofull left in *Phylace*, and his halfe finiſhe houſe :  
A fatal Dardane firſt his life, of all the Greeks, bereft,  
As he was leaping from his ſhip, yet were his men vnfleſt  
With out a Chiefe, for though they wilfull, to haue no other man,  
But good *Proteſtus* their guide; *Pedares* yet began  
To gouerne them, *Iphitis* ſonne, the ſonne of *Phylace*,  
Moſt rich in ſheepe, and brother to ſhort-lid *Proteſtus* :  
Of yonger birth, leſſe, and leſſe strong; yet ſeru'd he to direc't  
The companies, that ſtill did more, their ancient Duke affect.  
Twice twentie ſettie failes with him, the ſwelling ſreame did take.  
But thoſe that did in *Pheres* dwell, at the *Bæbrian* lake,  
In *Bebe*, and in *Glephira*, *Jaolu* buiſled faire:  
In thrice fixt ſhips to *Pergamus*: did through the ſeas repaire,  
With old *Admetes* tender ſonne, *Esmelus*, whom he bred,  
Of *Ale*, & *Pelus* faireſt child, of all his femall ſeed.  
The ſouldiers that before the ſiege, *Methones* vales did hold:  
*Thaumacie*, flowrie *Alibis*, and *Oilon* the cold,  
Duke *Philocetes* gouern'd, in darts of finelſt ſleight:  
Seuen vefſels his charge conuaid; their honorable freight,  
By fiftie rowers in a barke, moſt expert in the bow :  
But he in ſacred *Lemnos* lay, broughm miferably low,  
By torment of an ulcer growne, with *Hydras* poyon'd bloud :  
Whofe ſting was ſuch, *Greece* left him there, in molt impatient mood'e :  
Yet thought they on him at his ſhip, and chufde to lead his men,  
*Medon*, *Oylene* baſtard ſonne, brought forth to him by *Rhen*.

From

From *Thricce*, bleak Ithomens clifſes, and hapleſſe *Oechaly*  
Lurkites ciſter rul'd by him, in wilfull tyranny,  
In charge of *Esculapius* ſonnes, physician highly praifd:  
*Machon*, *Podalirius*, were thirtie veſſels raid'd :  
Who neare *Hiperias* fountaine dwelt, and in *Ormenius*:  
The ſnowy tops of *Titanus*, and in *Aſterius*:  
*Eucmon* ſonne *Euripilus*, did leade into the field :  
Whoe townes did forte blacke ſail ships, to that encounter yeeld.  
Who *Gyton*, and *Argifa* held, *Orbites* and *Ebons* ſeate,  
And chalkie *Oloſſine*, were led by *Pelipet* ;  
The iſle of *Peribous*, the ſonne of *Impiter*.  
Him the *Athenian* *Tbeſeus* friend, *Hypodamy* did bearc' ;  
When he the briftled fauages : did givc *Kamnis*,  
And draue them out of *Pelus*, as farre as *Ebica*.  
Hecame not ſingle, but with him, *Leontes*, *Corons* ſonne,  
A naume of *Mars*; and *Corons* life, *Cencre* ſeed begun.  
Twice twentie ſhips, attended theſe. *Cunens* next did bring,  
From *Cyphus*, twentie ſaile and two, the *Enians* following;  
And fierce *Perebi*, that about, *Dodones* frozen mold,  
Did plant their houſes, and the men, that did the medowes hold,  
Which *Titoresius* deckes with flowers, and his ſweet current leades,  
Into the bright *Peneus*, that bath the fluer heads.  
Yet with his admirble ſreame, doth not his wanes commix;  
But glides aloft on it like oyle: for tis the flood of *Stix*,  
By which thimmortall Gods doe ſwearc. *Tentredons* honor'd birth  
*Prothous* led the *Magnes* forth, who neare the Thadic earth,  
Of *Pelus*, and *Pencion*, dwelt; forte reuengefull ſaile  
Did follow him; theſe were the Dukes, and Princes of anaile,  
That came from Greece : but now the man, that ouerſhin'd them all.  
Sing *Muse* : and their moſt famous ſteeds, to my receitall call,  
That both th' *Atrides* followed, faire *Pheretides*,  
The brauest mares did bring by much; *Eameles* manag'd theſe :  
Swift of their ſteete as birds of wings; both of one haire did ſhine,  
Both of an age, both of a height, as mefur'd by a line :  
Whom ſilue bow'd *Apollo* bred, in the *Piercean* mead;  
Both ſlicke and daintie, yet were both, in were of wondrouſ dread.  
Great *Ajax Telamon* for strength, paſt all the Peeres of warre,  
While vext *Achilles* was awaу: but he ſurpaſt him farre.  
The horſe that bore that faultleſſe man, were likewife paſt compare :  
Yet lay he at the crookt-ſtern'd ſhipps, and furie was his fare,  
For *Atrœus* ſonnes vngraſcious deed : his men yet pleaſd their hearts,  
With throwing of the holed ſtone; with hurling of their darts,  
And ſhooting fairely one the ſhore. Their horſe at chariots ſed,  
On greatest parly, and on ſedge, that in the fens is bred.  
His Princes tents their chariots held, that richly couerd were.  
His Princes, amorous of their Chiefe, walke ſtorming here and there,  
About the hoſt, and ſcornd to fight: their breaths, as they did paſſe,  
Before them flew, as if a fire, ſet on the trembling graſſe.

D 4

Earth.

Earth vnder-groun'd their high raid feer, as when offendid *love*,  
In *Arim*, i spohoue, with rattling thunder drone,  
Benzath the earth : in *Arim*, men say the graue is still,  
Wher thunder tombd *Typhoue*, and is a monstrosit hille.  
And as that thunder made earth grone, so gron'd it as they past,  
They trode with such hard-set-downe steps, and so exceeding fast.

To Troy the rainbow-girded dame, right heauie newes relates,  
From *Troy* (as all to Councell drew) in *Priams* Pallace gates)  
Resemb'ing *Priams* sonne in voyce, *Polytes* swift of feete:  
In trust where of (as Sentinel, to see when from the fleet,  
The Grecians falled) he was let, uppon the losie brow  
Of aged *Eetes* tombe, and this did *Iris* shew;

*O Priam*, thou art alwaies plead, with indiscreet aduise :  
And fram'st thy life to times of peace, when such a warre doth rife  
As threatis ineuyitable spoyle; I neuer did behold  
Such and so mighty troupes of men, who trample on the mould,  
In number like *Aurumus* leaues, or like the marini sand :  
Al ready round about the walles, to vse a ruinig hand.  
*Hector*? I therefore charge thee most, this charge to vndertake :  
A multitude remaine in *Troy*, will fight for *Priams* sake,  
Of other lands and languages, let currie leader then  
Bring forth, well arm'd into the field, his scuerall bands of men.

Strong *Hector* knew, a deitic, gaue charge to this assay :  
Diflame the Counfell straight, like waues, clusters to armes do sway :  
The ports are all wide open set: our ruslin the troopes in swarmes,  
Both horse and foote, the citie rung, with sudden cryed alarums:

A Columnne stands without the towne, that high his head doth raise,  
A little distant, in a plaine trod downe with driers waies :  
Which men do *Batisse* call, but the immortalls name  
*Myrinnes* famous sepulcher, the wondrous actiuie dame:  
Here were th' *Auxillarie* bands, that came in *Troyes* defence,  
Distinguisht under severall guides, of speciaill excellency.

The Duke of all the Trojan power great helme-deck: *Hector* was  
Which stod of many mighty men, wel skilid in darts of brasse:  
*Aeneas* of commied seed (a goddesse with a man),  
*Anchises*, with the Queene of loue: ) the troopes Dardanian,  
Lod to the field; his louely Sire, in *Idas* lower shade,  
Begat him of sweet *Cypris*, he solely was not made  
Chiefe leader of the Dardan powers: *Antenor* valiant sonnes,  
*Archilochus*; and *Acamas*, were ioyn'd companions.

Who in *Zelis* dwelt, beneath, the sacred footes of *Ide*,  
That dranke of blacke *Aepus* streme, and wealth made full of pride,  
(The *Aphnij*) *Lycans* sonne, whom *Phebus* gaue his bow,  
*Prince Pandarus* did lead to field, Who *Adrestinus* owe,  
(*Aepus* citie, *Pitei*, and mount *Tereites*)  
Adrestus, and stout *Amphilochus* led, who did their Sire displeas,  
*Merops* *Percosimus*) that exceld, all Troy in heauenly skill,  
Of futures searching prophetic: for much against his wi,

His

His sonnes were agents in thosc armes : whome since they disobeyd,  
The fates, in letting slip their threds, their haftie valures staid.

Who in *Percetes*, *Pratium*, *Aribe* did abide,  
Who *Seftus* and *Abides* bred, *Hyscades* did guide :  
*Prince Afissus* *Hyscades* that through great *Sedes* force,  
Brought from *Aribe* to that fight, the great and fierie horse.

*Pylem*, and *Hypoboue*, the stout *Pelagians* led,  
Of them *Larissae* fruitfull foyle, before had nourished:  
There were *Pelagian* *Pithi* sonne of *Tentamidas*.

The Thratian guides where *Prym*, and valiant *Acamas*.

O all that the impetuosit flood, off *Helle* sponse encloid;  
*Euphemus*, the Ciconian troopes, in his command dispossid;  
Who from *Trezenians* *Caedes*, right noble did defend.

*Perechmes* did the Peoni rule, that crooked bowes do bend.

From *Axius* out of *Amidon*, helad them in command :  
From *Axine*, whose most beauteous streme, still overflowes the land.

*Pylemen* with the well arm'd heart, the Paphlagonians led,  
From *Enes*, where the race of mules, fit for the plough is bred :  
The men that broad *Cytoru* bouds, and *Sefamus* enfold,  
A bout *Parthenius* losie flood in boofis much extold,  
From *Cromme* and *Sigialus*, the men that armes did bear,  
And *Eurithymus* situate high, *Pylemen* soldiery were.

*Epistrophus* and *Dim* did, the Halizionians guide,  
Far fetcht from *Alybe*, where first, the filier mines were tride.

*Chronius*, and Augur *Eumenus*, the Myssians did command,  
Who could not with his auguries, the strength of death withstand :

But suffred it beneath the stroke, of great *Bacides*,  
In *Xanthus*: where he made more soules, din to the Stygian seas.  
*Phoreys* and faire *Ascaris*, the Phrygians brought to warre;

Well train'd for battell, and were come, out of *Ajeanis* farre.  
With *Merbles*, and with *Antiphus* (*Pylemen* sonnes) did fight,

The men of *Mecon*, whom the fenne *Gyes* brought to light.

And those *Meonian* that beneath, the mountaine *Tmolus* sprong,  
The rude unletterid *Caribe*, that barbarous were of tongue,  
Did under *Nantes* colours march, and young *Amphilochus*,  
(*Nomous* famous sonnes) to whom, the mountaine *Phebirorus*,  
That with the famous wood is crownd, *Miletus*, *Nicales*,  
That hath so many losie markes for men that loue the feas,  
The crooked armes *Meander* bowd with his so snakie flood,  
Resignid for conduct the choice youth, of all their mortiall brood.  
The foole *Amphilochus*, to field, brought gold to be his wracke,  
Proude-girlelike that doth ever beare, her dowre vpon her backe,  
Which wife *Abiller* markt, flew him, and tooke his gold in strife,  
At *Xanthus* flood, so litte death, did feare his golden life,  
*Sarpedon* led the Lycians, and *Glaucus* wareproud,  
From *Lycia* and the gulfe flood, of *Xanthus* farre remou'd.

COM-

## COMMENTARIUS.

*Hinc Simile, &c. Sicut examina prodeunt apum frequentium, &c. In his Simile, Virgil (using the like in imitatione) is prefered to Homer; with what reason I pray you see. Their ends are different: Homer intending to express the infinite multitude of soldiers every where differing; Virgil, the diligence of builders. Virgil. Simile, &c. In this, *i. e.* Aeneid.*

Qualis apes & astuta noua, per flora rura  
Exerct sub sole labor; cum gentis adultos  
Educunt foetus, aut cum liquentia mella  
Stipant; & dulci distendunt Nectare cellas;  
Aut onera accipiunt venientium; aut agmine facto;  
Ignatum fucus pectus a precepibus arcent:  
Feruerat opus; redolent thymo fragrantia mella.

Now compare this with Homers, but in my translation; and inde if to both their ends, there be any such betteresse in Virgils: but that the reverence of the scholler, due to the master (even in those he malignt) might well haue contained their lame censures of the Poeticallyall furie, from these unmanerly and basefull comparisons. Especially, since Virgil bath nothing of his onme, but onely elocution, his invention, matter and forme, being all Homers: which laid by a man, that which he addeth, is onely the worke of a woman, to nettie and polishe. Nor do I, alas, but the formost ranke of the most ancient and best learned that ever were, come to the field for Homer, biding all other Poets under his ensigne: hate not me then, but them, to whom before my booke I referre you. But much the rather I insist on the former Simile; for the word *l'aduo*, cateruarum, or conseruari, which is noted by Spondanus to containe all the *axis*, *axis*, *reddition*, *application* of the comparison, and is nothing so. For though it be all the reddition Homer exprefseth; yet he intends two speciall parts in the application more; which he leaues to his judicial readers understanding, as he doth in all his other Similes: since a man may pernially (or as he prefeteth) differre all that is to be understand. And here, besides the throngs of soldiery, express in the swarmes of Bees, bee intimates the infinite number in those throngs or companies, issuing from flocks so easily, that there appeared almost no end of their issues and thirdly, the euerwhere dispersing themselves. But Spondanus would excuse Homer, for expressing no more of his application; with, affirming it impossible; that the thing compared, and the comparison should answere in all parts; and therefore alledges the vulgar understanding of Simile, which is as grosse as it is vulgar; that a similitude must vno pede semper claudicere. His reason for it as absurd as the rest: which is this, si ea inter se omnino respondent, falleret illud axioma, nullum simile est idem; as though the generall application of the compared, and the comparison, would make them any thing more the same, or all one: more then the swarmes of Bees, and the throng of soldiery are all one or the same, for answering most aptly. But that a Simile onely needs halfe ore foote still, therewch how lame vulgar tradition is, especially in her censure of Poetic. For who at first sight, will not conciue it absurd to make a Simile, which serues to the illustration and ornamant of a Poeme, lame of a foot, and idle? The incredible violence suffered by Homer in all the rest of his most inimitable Similes, being express

## OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

express in his place, will abundantly prove the stupiditie of this tradition: and how iniuriously short his interpreters must needs come of him, in his stright and deepe places; when in his open and faire passages, they hale and hang back so.

b. *Torquar adiutor binae oboe, &c.* hunc quidem clarum (or illustrem) fecit Deus; as it is by all translated; wherein I note the strange abuse (as I apprehend it) of the word *adiutor*; beginning here, by continuing where soever it is found in the *Illiads*. It is by the translatiōn of *cinto* in derivation, according to the Dericke: for which cause our Interpreters will needs have Homer intend *adiutor*, which is clarus or illuftris when he himselfe saith, *adūtō*; which is a compound of *ad*, which is valde, and *ūtō*, and signifieth quem valde emulamur, or valde emulandus, according to Scap. But because *ādūtō* is most aesthetically expounded, impetuositatis et cultum diuinum, that exposition I follow in this place, and expand *torquar adiutor binae oboe*; hunc quidem magnum impulsum ad cultum diuinum fecit Deus; because he turned so suddenly and miraculously the Dragon to a stone. To make it easie, and say clarum or illustrem fecit Deus qui ostendit, or ostenderat, (which follows in the verē) and saith thus much in our tongue: God that shewed this, made it cleare; is very little more, then God that shewed this, shewed it. One way it obserues the word (betwixt which, and the other, you see what great difference) and is faire, full, grane; the other alters the original, and is usie, emptie, idle.

c. *Axius & dardanus boni ejusdem Mercurii, &c.* Spontaneus autem ei venit, voce bonus Menelaus; and some say bello strenuus Menelaus: which is farre exlarged from the mind of our Homer, *boni* signifying vociferatio, or clamor, though some will haue it pugna, ex consequenti, because figbys are often made with clamor. But in bello strenuus, (unless it be ironicaly taken) is here straine beyond sufferance, & is to be expounded vociferatione bonus Menelaus: which agreeith with that part of his character in the next book, that telleth his manner of viterne or voice; which is *axius & dardanus*, valde stridule, or arguto cum stridore; *axius* being commonely and most properlie taken in the worse part, and signifieth stridule, or noisefullie, squeaking: *dardanus* in the vulgar conuersation it is in that place most graffie shewed. To the consideration wherof, being of much importance, I refer you to his place. And in the meane time shew you, that in this first and next verse, Homer (speaking scotophilicall) breakes open the fountainaine of his ridiculous humor following: never by anie interpreter understood, or touched at, being yet the most ingenous conceited person that any man can haue in any heroicall Poeme, or in any Comick Poet. And that you may something perceiue him before you reade to him in his severall places: I will, as I can in hastie give you him here together: Homer at all parts presents him: *viz.* simple, web-meaning, standing still affectedlie on telling truth, small, and shrill voice; (not sweet, or eloquent, as somē most against the haire would haue him) short spoken after his countrie the Laconicall manner: yet speaking thickē and fast, indistinctiōn in the field, and willing to bee emploied. And (being mollis Bellator himselfe) set still to call to evry hard service, the hardest. Even by the wit of Ajax, plaid upon, about whom he would still be diligent: and what he wanted of the martiall furie and faculcie himselfe, that he would be hold to suppie out of Ajax: Ajax and he, to any for blowes: Antilochus and he be for mit: (Antilochus old Nestors sonne, a most ingenious, valiant, and excellencie formed person.) Sometimes valiant, or daring, (as what comoditie is not) sometimes, falling & pon sentence

sentence, and good matter in his speeches (as what meanest capacie darb note?) Nor - fech our most imitablie Imitator of nature, this croffe and deformed mixture of his parts, more to colour and auid so broad a taxation of so eminent a person; then to follow the true life of nature, being often, or alwies, express so disperant in her creatures. And therefore the decorum that some poore Criticks haue flood upon, to make fooles alwaies foolish, cowards, at all times cowardly, &c. is farre from the curiouse order of nature, whose principles being contrary, her productions moft needes containe the like opposition.

But now to the firſt, & ſecond, &c. Spontaneum autem ei venit, &c. a boſt which, a passing great pece of work ſe pickt one by our greates Philosophers, touching the unbidden coming of Menelaus to ſupper or Counſel, which ſome commend, others condemne in him: but the reaſon why he faiſt not the inuitement, rendered immediately by Homer, none of them will understand, viz. H. 11. 38. 23. 30. &c. Scibat enim in animo quantum frater laborabat: of which verſe his interpreters cri'e out for the expanſion, only because it was neuer enterdine their apprehenſion, which more then admire (for the eafiness of it) ſo freely offering it ſelfe to their entertainment; & yet vifing the hoofe of Pegasus, only with a touch breaking open (as abouſaid) the fountaines of his humor. For thus I expound it, (laying all againe together, to make it plaine enough for you,) Agamemnon inuiting all the cheife Commanders to ſupper, left out his brother; but he ſeing how much his brother was troubled about the dreame, and bafed, would not stand upon inuitement, but came of himſelf. And thus being ſpoken ſcopicke, or by way of iſuſion, argueth what manner of man he made of him. Ineptus enim (as it is affirmed in Plutarch, 1. Symp. and ſecond queſtion) fuit Menelaus, & locam dedit proverbio qui ad conſilium dandum acceſſet, non vocatus: And to thiſ place he had reuerefce, because a Counſel of war was to be held at thiſ ſupper. And here (I ſay) Homer ope ned the veine of his ſimplicitie, not ſo much in hiſ going unbidden to ſupper, and Counſel, as in the reaſon for it ironicaly rendered; that he knew his brother was bafe, &c. And yet that addition, without which the very ſenſe of our Poet is not ſafe, our interpreters would haue raged.

The end of the ſecond Booke.

THE



## THE THIRD BOOKE OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**P**aris (betwixt the Hoſtis) to ſingle fight  
(Of all the Greeks) dares the moft bardie knight:  
King Menelaus doth accept his brave  
Conditioning that he againe ſhould have  
Fairē Helena, with all ſhe br ought to Troy,  
If he ſab'd; elſe Paris ſhould enioy  
Her, and her wealth, in peace. Conqueſt doth grant  
Her aere wreath to the Grecian combatants;  
But Venus to her champion's life doth yeld  
Safe refuce, and conveys him from the field,  
Into his chamber, and for Hellen ſends;  
Whom much, her lovers ſoule diſgrace offends;  
Yet Venus for him ſill makes good her charmes,  
And ends the ſecond combat in his armes.

### Another Argument.

Gamma the ſingle fight doth ſing  
Twixt Paris and the Spartan King.

**V**Hen every leaſt Commanders will, beſt ſouldiers had obaide,  
And both the hoſts were rang'd for fight, the Troians would have  
The Greeks with noiftes, cryng out, in comming rudely on, (raide  
At all parts like the Cranes that fill, with harsh confuſion,  
Of brutiſh clanges all the aire: and in ridiculous warre,  
(Efchuing the unlifted ſormes, ſhot from the winters ſtarre)  
Viſite the Ocean, and conſerue the Pygmei ſoldiers death.  
The Greeks charg'd ſilent, and like men, beſtow'd their thrifry breath  
In strength of far-reounding blowes; ſtill enteraſting care  
Of eithers refue, when their strength did their engagements dare.  
And as upon a hilſ ſteepe top, the South winde powres a cloud  
To ſhepheards thanklefie, but by thievess that love the night, allowd,  
A darkneſſe letting downe, that blinds a ſtones caſt off menſ eyes:  
Such darkneſſe from the Greeks (wiſt feet, (made all of dust) did riſe.  
But ere them conſlict miſt both strengths, faire Paris ſlept before  
The Trojan hoſt, athwart his backe, a Panthers hide he wore,  
A crooked bow, and ſword, and ſhooke two brazen-headed darts,  
With which (well arm'd) his tongue provokt the beſt of Grecian hearts  
To ſtand with him in ſingle fight. Whom, when the man wrong'd moſt  
Of all the Greeks, ſo gloriously, law ſtalke before the hoſt;

The silent a-  
ſault of the  
Greeks.

## THE THIRD BOOKE

As when a Lyon is rejoyc't (with hunger halfe forlorne)  
 That findes some sweet prey, (as a Hart, whose grace lyes in his horne,  
 Or Sylvane Goat) which he devours, though never so purf'd  
 With dogs and men; so *Spartan King*, exulted when he view'd  
 The faire fac'd *Paris* so expos'd to his thristed wreake,  
 Wherof his good cause made him fure. The Grecian front did breake,  
 And forth he rusht, at all parts arm'd: leapt from his chariot,  
 And royally prepar'd for charge. Which scene, cold terror shot  
 The heart of *Paris*, who retir'd, as headlong from the King,  
 As in him: he had shund his death: and as a hilly spring,  
 Prellents a serpent to a man, full underneath his feet,  
 Her blew necke (woln with poyson) raiſd, and her fling out, to greet  
 His heedleſſ entry: fadainly his walke he altereth,  
 Starts backe amaz'd, is hooke with feare, and lookeſ as pale as death:  
 So *Menelaus*, *Paris* ſcar'd, ſo that divine fac't foe,  
 Shrunke in his beauties. Which beheld, by *Hector*, he let goe  
 This bitter checke at him. Acciuſt, made but in beauties ſcorne;  
 Impoftor, womans man! O heaven, that thou hadſt ne're beene borne,  
 Or (being fo manlike) never liv'd to beare mans nobleſt ſtate,  
 The nuptiall honour, which I wiſh, because it were a fate  
 Much better for thee, then thiſhame, thiſſpectacle doth make  
 A man a monſter. Harke how lowd the Grecians laugh, who did take  
 Thy faire forme for a continent of parts as faire, a rape  
 Thou madſt of Nature, like their *Quene*. No ſoule, an emprie ſhape  
 Takes up thy being: yet how ſpight to every ſhade of good,  
 Fils it with ill? for as thou art, thou coulſt collect a brood  
 Of otherſ like thee: and farre hence, fetcht ill enougħ to us;  
 Even to thy father: all theire friends, make those foes mocke them thus,  
 In theiſ: for whoſe ridiculous fake, fo ſeriously they lay,  
 All Greece, and Fate upon their neckes: O wretch! not dare to stay  
 Weake *Menelaus*? But twas well: for in him, thou hadſt tried  
 What strength, loft beauty can infuſe; and with the more griefe dyed,  
 To ſeele thou robſt a worthier man; to wrong a ſouldiers right:  
 Your Harpes ſweet touch, curld lockes, fine ſhape, and gifts fo exquifite,  
 Given theiſ by *Zeus*, would have done your fine Dames little good,  
 When bloud and duff had ruffled them, and had as little flood  
 Thy ſelfe in ſteads; but what thy care of all theiſ in theiſ flies.  
 We ſhou'd inflict on thee our ſelvies: infectious cowardice  
 (In theiſ) hath terrified our hoff, for which, thou well deserſt  
 A coat of Tomb ſtone, not of ſteec: in which, ſor forme thou ſerviſt.  
 To thiſ thus *Paris* ſpake, (for forme, that might inhabit heaven)  
*Hector*? Because thy ſharpe reproafe, iſ out of justice given,  
 I take it well, but though thy heart (inur'd to theiſ affrights,  
 Cuts through them, as an axe through Oake; that, more iſ, more excites  
 The workmans facultie: whos art can make the edge goe fare,  
 Yet I leſſe practiſid, then thy ſelfe, in theiſ extremes of warre)  
 May well be pardond, though leſſe bold; in theiſ your worth exceeds,  
 In others, mine: Nor is my minde of leſſe force to the deeds

Re-

## OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

Requir'd in warre, becauſe my forme, more flowers in gifts of peace.  
 Reproach not therefore the ſhade gifts of golden cypries,  
 All heav'n's gifts haue their worthy price, as little to be ſcōrd,  
 As to be wonne with strength, wealth, ſtate, with which, to be adorn'd,  
 Some man would change, fate, wealth, or strength. But if your martiall heart  
 Wiſh me to make my challiche good, and hold it ſučh a part  
 Of shame to give it over thus, cauſe all the reſt to reſt;  
 And twixt both hoſts, let *Spartan King* and me perorme our beſt,  
 For *Helen* and the wealth the brought: and he that overcomes,  
 Or proves ſuperior any way, in all your equall doomes,  
 Let him enjoy her utmost wealth, keepe her, or take her home;  
 The reſt ſtrike leagues of endleſſe date, and hearty friends become;  
 You dwelling ſafe in gleby Troy, the Grecians retire their force,  
 T'Achāia, that breeds faireſt Dames: and Argos, faireſt horſe.  
 He ſaid, and his amēndſfull words, did *Hector* highly pleaſe,  
 Who riſh betwixt the fighting hoſts, and made the Troians ceaſe,  
 By holding up, in midſt, his Lance: the Grecians noted not  
 The ſignal he for parle uſe, but at him fiercliy floſt,  
 Hurld ſtones, and ſtill were levelling darts. At laſt the King of men  
 (Great *Agamemnon*) cryed alowd: Argives! for thiſhame containe:  
 Youths of Achāia! ſhoot no more; the faire-helmd *Hector* ſhowes  
 As he deſir'd to treat with us. This ſaid, all caſt from blowes,  
 And *Hector* ſpake to both the hoſts: Trojans, and hardie Grecians:  
 Heare now, what he that ſtrid theiſe warres, for their ceſſation ſeekes:  
 He bids us all, and you diſarme, that he alone may fight  
 With *Menelaus*, ſor us all; for *Helen* and her right,  
 With all the dowre ſhe brought to Troy; and he that wins the day,  
 Or iſ, in all the art of armes, ſuperior any way;  
 The *Quene*, and all her forteſs of wealth, let him at will enjoy,  
 The reſt ſtrike truce, and let love ſeal firme leagues twixt Greece 'and Troy.  
 The Grecie hoſt wonderd at thiſ Brave: ſilence flew every where,  
 At laſt ſpake *Spartan warlike King*: Now alio give me ear,  
 Whom griefe gives moſt cauſe of reply; I now haue hope to free  
 The Grecians and Trojans of all iſ, they haue ſuſtained for me  
 And *Alexander*, that was cauſe I ſtreich my ſpitne ſo farre  
 Of both theiſ, which is neareſt face, let his death end the warre:  
 The reſt immeadiately getrie, and geet all homes in peace:  
 Go then (to bleſſe your champion, and give his powers ſuccesse)  
 Fetch for the Earth, and for the Sunne, the (gods on whom ye call)  
 Two lambs, a blacke one and a white: a female and a male;  
 And we, another for our ſelvies, will ſeech, and kill to *Iove*;  
 To ſighe which rites, bring *Priamus* force, becauſe we well approve  
 His ſonnes perfidious enuious (and out of practiſid bane  
 To fight, when ſhe believes in them) *Iove*'s high truce may prohance,  
 All yong mens hearts are ſtill unſtrid: but in thoſe wel-weigh'd deeds,  
 An old man will conſent to paſte things paſt, and what ſucceeds,  
 He looks into, that he may know how beſt to make hiſ way  
 Through both the fortunes of a fact: and will the worſt obſay.

E 2

(This

*Agamemnon*  
refuses the  
fight against  
*Hector*.  
*Hector* to the  
Grecians and  
Trojans.

*Menelaus* to  
battle the armes.

## THE THIRD BOOKE

(This granted) a delighfull hope, both Greeks and Troians fed,  
Of long'd-for rest, from thole long toyles, their tedious warre had bred.  
Their horses then in ranke they let, drawne from their charios round;  
Descend themselves, tooke off their armes, and plac't them on the ground,  
Neare one another; for the space, twixt both the hosts was small.  
*Hector sendeth for Priam.*  
Hector two heralds sent to Troy, that they from thence might call  
King Priam, and to bring the lambs, to rate the truce they wore.  
But Agamemnon to the fleet, Talibius sent before,  
To fetch the lambe, who nothing slackt, the royall charge was given.  
*Priam calls Hector.*  
Iris the raine-bow then came downe, Ambassadrie from heaven,  
To white-arm'd Hellen, the assur'd, at every part, the grace  
Of Hellen's last loves sisters shpe, who had the highest place  
In Hellen's love, and had to name, Laodice, most faire  
Of all the daughters Priam had: and made the nuptiall paires,  
With Helicon; royal sproute, of old Antenor feed;  
She found Queen Hellen at home, at worke about a weed,  
Wov'n for her selfe: thin'd like fire, was rich, and full of blse:  
The worke of both sides being alike, in which she did comprise  
The many labours, warlike Troy, and braffe-arm'd Greece endur'd  
For her faire sake, by cruell Mars, and his sterne friends procur'd.  
Iris came in, joyfull haste, and said: O come with me,  
(Loud Nymph) and an admired sight of Greeks and Troians see,  
Who stirr on one another brought, a warre so full of tears,  
(Even thrify of contentious warre) now every man forbears,  
And friendly by each other sits, each leaning on his shield;  
Their long and shining lances pitcht fast by them in the field.  
Paris, and Sparta King alone, must take up all the strife;  
And he that conquers, onely call faire Hellen his wife.  
*Hellen desire to see her selfe informed by friends.*  
Thus spake the thousand colour'd Dame: and to her minde commands  
The joy to see her first espous'd, her native towrs and friends,  
Which stirr'd a sweet desire in her, to serve the which, the hir'd:  
Shadowed her graces with white veiles, and (though she tooke a pride  
To set her thoughts at gaze, and see in her cleare beauties flood,  
What choice of glory swum to her, yet tender womanhood)  
Seal'd with teares, her ioycs to see, more ioyes the more offence:  
And that perfection could not flow from earthly excellency.  
Thus went she forth, and tooke with her, her women most of name,  
Aethra, Pittheus lovely birth: and Clymene, whom famé  
Hath, for her faire eyes, memorisid. They reacht the Scæan towrs,  
Where Priam sat to see the fight, with all his Counsellors,  
Paushouse, Lampus, Clitimus, and stout Hyceasian,  
Thimetas, wifc Antenor, and profound Valegen:  
All grave old men, and souldiers, they had beene, but for age  
Now left the warres, yet Counsellors they were exceeding bige.  
*Old men and their wisedome.*  
And, as well growne woods, on trees, cold spinie Grashoppers  
Sitt chirping, and send voyces out, that icarce can pierce our eares,  
For softnesse, and their weake faint sounds: so (talking on the towrc)  
These Seniors of the people sate: who when they saw the powre

Of

## OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

Of beauty, in the Queencascend; even those cold-spirited Peeres;  
Tho' wife, and almost wither'd men, found this heate in their yeeres;  
That they were for't (though whispering) to say, what man can blame  
The Grecches and Trojans to inure, for so admir'd a Dame,  
So many miseries, and so long? In her sweet countenance shine  
Lookes like the Goddesses: and yet (though never so divine)  
Before we boast, uniyly still, of her enforced prie,  
And iustly suffer for her sake, with all our progenies,  
Labour and ruine, let her goe: the profit of our land,  
Must passe the beauty. Thus, though these could beare so fit a hand  
On their affections: yet when all their gravest powers were usele,  
They could not chuse but welcome her, and rather they accuside  
The gods then beauty, for thus spake the most fam'd King of Troy,  
Come, loved daughter, sit by me, and take the worthy ioy  
Of thy first husbands fight; old friends, and Princes neareallyed:  
And name me some of these brave Greeks, so manly beautified.  
Come: doe not thinkme I lay the warres, endur'd by us, on thee,  
The gods have sent them, and the teires, in which they swumme to me,  
Sithen, and name this goodly Greek, so tall, and broadly spred,  
Who then the rest, that stand by him, is higher by the head;  
The bravest man I ever saw, and most maiestically;  
His onely prefence makes me think him King amongst them all.

The fairest of her sexe replied, Most reverend father in law:  
Most lovd, most fear'd, would some ill death had scid me, when I saw  
The first meane, why I wrong'd you thus, that I had never lost  
The fight of these my anciente friends, of him that lov'd me most,  
Of my sole daughter, brothers both; with all those kindly mates,  
Of one soyle, one age borne with me, though under different fates,  
But these boones envitou flares deny; the memory of these,  
In sorrow pines these beauties now, that then did too much please;  
Nor satisfy their your demand, to which I thus reply:  
That's Agamemnon, (Atrœus sonne) the great in Euperic,  
A King, whom double royaltie doth crowne, being great and good;  
And onthat was my brother in law, when I contain'd my bloud,  
And was more worthy, if at all, I might be said to be,  
My Being, being lost so loone, in all that honour'd me?

The good old King admir'd, and said: O Agamemnon blessed sonne!  
Borne under joyfull destinies, that haft the Empire wonne  
Of such a world of Grecian youths, as I discouer here;  
I once marcht into Phrygia, that many vnts doth beare,  
Where many Phrygians I beheld, well stild in use of horfe,  
That of the two men, like two gods, were the commanded force,  
(Otreas, and great Megdonus) who on Sangarius sands,  
Set downe their tents, with whom my selfe (for my assistant bands)  
Was numbered as a man in chife: the cause of warre was then,  
Th' Amazon dames, that in their facts, affected to be men.  
In all, there was a mighty powre, which yet did never rise,  
To equalle these Achaian youths, that have the fable eyes,

Hellen's beautie  
moves even the  
oldies.

Priam calls Hellen  
to informe  
him of the  
Greek Priores.

Hellen to Priam

Priam admires  
Agamemnon.

## THE THIRD BOOKE

Then (seeing *Vlysses* next) he said, Lov'd daughter, what is he,  
That lower then great *Atrœus sonne*, seemes by the head to me?  
Yet in his shoulders, and big breast, preferrs a broader shew,  
His armor lyes upon the earth: he up and downe doth go,  
To see his lourders keepe their rankes, and ready have their armes,  
If, in this truce, they shoulde be tried by any false alarms:  
Much lika a well growne Bel-weather, or fletred Ram he shewes,  
That walkes before a wealthy flocke of faire white-sleeced Ewes.

High *Troie*, and *Lecas* fairest seed, to *Priam* thus replies:

*Vlysses* ascribed This is the old *Laertes* sonne, *Vlysses* calld the wife;  
Who, though unfruitfull *Ithaca*, was made his nursing seate,  
Yet knowes he every sort of sleight: and is in counsels great.

The wife *Antenor* answred her, tis true, renowned Dame;  
For, some times past, wife *Ithaca*, to *Troy* a Legate came  
With *Menelaus*, for your caufe: to whom I gave receit,  
As guests, and welcom'd to my house, with all the love I might.  
I learn'd the wisedomes of their foules, and humours of their blood:  
I or when the Troian Councill met, and these together stood,  
By height of his broad shouolders had *Atrides* eminence,  
Yet set, *Vlysses* did exceed, and bred more reverence.  
And when their counsels and their words, they wove in one, the speech  
Of *Atrœus* sonne was puffing loud, small, fast, yet did not reach  
To much; being naturally borne *Laconian*: nor would  
His humour ly for any thing, or was (like th' other) old.  
But when the prudent *Ithaca*, did to his counsals rise,  
He flood a little still, and fixt upon the earth his eyess;  
His scepter moving neither way, but held it formally,  
Like one that vainely doth affect. Of wrathfull qualite,  
And franticke (rashly judging him) you would have said he was,  
But when out of his ample breast, he gave his great voyce passe,  
And words that flew about our eares, like drifts of winters snow;  
None thenceforth might contend with him, though nought admird for show.

*Vlysses* wisedome  
is in reality  
stated by *Antenor*.  
The third man, aged *Priam* markt, was *Ajax Telamon*:  
Of whom he askt, What Lord is that so large of limme and bone,  
So raid in height, that to his breast, I see there reacheath none?

To him the Goddesse of her sexe, the large yeild *Hellen* said;  
That Lord is *Ajax Telamon*, a Bulwarke in their aide:  
On th' other side stands *Idomen*, in Crete of most command,  
And round about his roiall sides, his Cretane Captaines stand.  
Oft hath the warlike Spartan King, given hospitable due  
To him within our Laccene court, and all his retinue.  
And now the other Achive Dukes, I generally discerne,  
All which I know, and all their names, could make thee quickly learme.  
Two Princes of the people yet, I no where can behold;  
*Castor*, the skilfull Knight on horse, and *Pollux* uncontrold,  
For all stand-fights, and force of hand; both a burthen bred,  
My natural brothers: either here, they have not followed,  
From lovely Sparta; or (arriv'd within the sea-borne fleet)

*Ajax* Telamon  
the Grecian  
bulwarke.  
*Idomenus* King  
of Crete.

*Castor* and *Pollux*  
brothers to  
Hellenes

## OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

(In feare of infame for me) in broad field shame to meet.

Nor so, for holy *Telles* wombe inclofd those worthy men,  
In Sparta their beloved soyle. The voycefull heralds then,  
The firme agreement of the gods, through all the citie ring:  
Two lambs, and spirit-refreching wine (the fruit of earth) they bring,  
Within a Goate-skin bottle clodf, *Idomen* also brought  
A mafic glittering boll, and cups, that all of gold were wrought:  
Which bearing to the King they cride, Sonne of *Laomedon*!  
Rise, for the wel-rode Peeres of *Troy*, and brasse-arm'd Greeks in one,  
Send tothe to descend the field, that they firme vowed may make,  
For *Paris*, and the Spartan King must fight for *Hellen's* sake,  
With long arm'd Lances, and the man that proves victorious,  
The woman and the wealth she brought, shall follow to his houfe,  
The rest knit friendship, and firme leagues, we safe in *Troy* shall dwelle;

In Argos and Achaia they that doe in Dames excell.  
Hesaid, and *Priam* aged joynts with chilled feare did shake,  
Yet instantly he bad his men, his chariot ready make.  
Whieh soone they did, and he ascends: he takes the reines, and guide,  
*Antenor* calld, who instantly mounts to his roiall side;  
And through the Scæan ports, to field, the swift-foot horse they drive.  
And when at them of *Troy* and *Greece*, the aged Lords arrive,  
From horse, on *Troy*'s well feeding soyle, twist both the hosts they go,  
When straight up rose the King of men, up rose *Vlysses* to  
The heralds in their richest cotes, repeate (as was the gaife)  
The true vowed of the gods, term'd theirs, sence made before their eyes,  
Then in a cup of gold they mixe the wine that each side brings;  
And next, poure water on the bands of both the Kings of Kings.  
Which done, *Atrides* drew his knife, that evermore he put  
Within the large sheath of his sword: with which, away he cut  
The wooll from both fronts of the lambs, which (as a rite in use  
Of execration to their heads, that brake the plighted truce)  
The heralds of both hosts did give the Peeres of both, And then  
With hands and voyce advanc't to heaven, thus prayd the king of men:

O love, that *Ida* dost protect, and hast the tities wonne,  
Most glorious, most invincible; and thou all-seeing Sonne,  
All-hearing, all-recomforting; blouds? earth? and powers beneath?  
That all the periuries of men, chaffise even after death,  
Be witnessc, and see perform'd, the heartie vowed we make,  
If *Alexander* shall the life of *Menelaus* take,  
He shall from henceforth *Hellen*, with all her wealth retain,  
And we wil to our houshold gods, boyse sayle, and home againe.  
If by my honour brothers hand, be *Alexander* slaine,  
The Troians then, shall his forck Queen, with all her wealth restore,  
And pay convenient fine to us, and ours for evermore.  
If *Priam* and his sonnes deoy to pay this, thus agreed,  
When *Alexander* shall be slaine, for that perfidious deed,  
And for the fine, will I fight here, till dearely they repay  
By death and ruine, the amends that falsehood keepes away.

*The heralds pre-*  
*pare for the*  
*comfit.*

*Idomen to Pri-*  
*amus.*

*Ajax* and *Crete* pray.

*The courtesie is  
confined.*

This said, the throtes of both the lambs, cut with his royal knife,  
He laid them panting on the earth, till (quite depriv'd of life)  
The steele had rob'd them of their strenght. Then golden cups they crownd,  
With wine out of a cisterne drawne, which pour'd upon the ground,  
They fell upon their humble knees, to all the deities,  
And thus pray'd one of both the hosts, that might doe sacrifice;

*In your one priarie  
whose office was  
to seeke out men.*

O *Jupiter*, most high, most great and all the deathlesse powers,  
Who first shall dare to violate the late sworne oaths of ours,  
So let the blouds and braines of them, and all they shall produce,  
Flow on the staind face of the earth; as now, this sacred iynece:  
And let their wifes with bastarde, brand all their future race;  
Thus praid they: but with wist effects, their prayers *Love* did not grace.  
When *Pram* said, Lords of both hosts? I can no longer stay,  
To feare my lov'd sonne try his life, and so must take my way  
To winde exposed Iliion. *Love* yet and heavens high Stans,  
Know only, which of them must now pay tribute to the Fates.

*Priam and Am-  
erion return to  
Irop.*

*Ulysse and P-  
tus measure  
the ground for  
the combat.*

Thus putting in his coach the lambs, he mounts and reines his horse,  
Antewor to him; and to Troy, both take their speedy course.

Then *Hector* (*Priams mariali sonne*) stept forth, and met the ground,  
(With wife *Phylles*) where the blowes of combat must refund.  
Which done, into a helme they put two oors, to let them know,  
Which of the combatants should first his brasse-pil'd javeline throw.  
When, all the people standing by, with hands held up to heaven,  
Pray'd *Love*, the conquest might not be by force or fortune given;  
But that the man, who was in right the author of most wrong,  
Might feel his justice, and no more these tedious warres prolong,  
But sinking to the houle of death, leave them (as long before)  
Linkt fast in leagues of amitie, that might dissolve no more.

Then *Hector* shooke the helme that held the equall doomes of chance,  
Lookt backe, and drew; and *Paris* first had lot to hurle his lance.

The souldiers all satc downe entrak't, each by his armes and horse,  
That then lay downe, and cool'd their hoefes. And now th'allott'd course  
Bids faire-hair'd *Hellen*s husband arme: who first makes fast his greaves,  
With silver buckles to his legs: then on his breast receives  
The curtes of *Lycas* wore, (his brother) but made fit  
For his faire body: next, his word he tooke, and fastned it  
(All damask) underneath his arme: his shield then, grave and great,  
His shoulders wore: and on his head, his glorious helme he set;  
Topt with a plume of horses haire, that horribly did dance,  
And seem'd to threaten as he mow'd. At last he takes his Lance,  
Exceeding big, and full of weight, which he with ease could use:  
In like sort, Sparta's warlike King, himselfe with armes indues.  
Thus arm'd at either armie both, they both stood bravely in,  
Pellifing both hosts with awaze: they came so chin to chin,  
And with such horrible aspects, each other did salute.

A faire large field was made for them: where wraths (for huguenesse) were  
And muruall, made them mutually, at either shake their darts,  
Before they threw: then *Paris* first, with his long javeline parts,

It smote *Atrides* orbic targe; but ranne not through the brasse:  
For in it (arming well the shield) the head reflected was.

Then did the second combatant apply him to his sparc:  
Where ere he threwe, he thus besought almighty  *Jupiter*:

O *Love*! vouchsafe me now revenge, and that my enemy  
(For doing wrong so undeferv'd) may pay defervedly  
The paines he forfeited; and let these hands inflict those paines,  
By conquering, I, by conquering dead, him on whom life complaines:  
That any now, or any one, of all the brood of men  
To live hereafter, may with feare, from all offence abstaine,  
(Much more from all such foule offence) to him that was his host,  
And entertain'd him, as the man whom he affected most.

This said, he shooke, and threw his lance, which strook through *Paris* shield,  
And with the strength he gaue to it, it made the curets yeld;  
His coate of Maile, his breast and all: and drove his intrailles in,  
In that low region, where the guts in three small partes begin:  
Yet he, in bowing of his breast, prevented fable death.

Thistain he follow'd with his sword, drawne from a silver sheath:  
Which (lifting high) he strooke his helme, full where his plume did stand,  
On which, it piece-meale brake, and fell from his unhappy hand.  
At which, he fighting stond, and star'd upon the amapple-skin,  
And said, O *Love*, there is no god, gives more illiberally  
To tho' that serve thee, then thy selfe, why have I pray'd in vain?  
I hopt my hand shoulde have reveng'd the wrongs I still sustaine  
On him that did them; and still dares their foule defence purue;  
And now my Lance hath miss his end, my sword in shivers flew,  
And he scaples all. With this againe, he rush't upon his gueft,  
And caught him by the horfe-haire plume, that dangld on his crest;  
With thought to drag him to the Greces, which he had sorely done,  
And so (besides the victory) had wondrous glory wonne;

(Because the needle-painted lace, with which his helme was tied  
Beneath his chin, and so about his dainty thore implied,  
Had strangld him:) but that in time, the Cyprian seed of *Love*  
Did breake the string, with which was lin'd, that which the needle wove,  
And was the tough thong of a Steere, and so the victors palme  
Was (for so full a man at armes) onely an empie helme.

That then he swong about his head, and cast among his friends,  
Who scrambled, and tookt up with shouts. Againe then he intends  
To force the lif blood of his foe, and ranne on him amaine,  
With shaken javeline, when the Queene, that lovers loves, againe  
Attended; and now ravish't him from that encounter quite,  
With ease, and wondrous sodainly; for she (a Goddess) might.  
She hid him in a cloud of gold, and never made him knowne,  
Till in his chamber, (fresh and sweet) she gently set him downe;  
And went for *Hellen*, whom she found in Sceas utmost height,  
To which, whole swarmes of citie Dames had climbd to see the fight.

To give her errand good successe, she tooke on her the shape  
Of beldame *Gaea*, who was brought by *Hellen* in her rape,

*Oracles pray-  
ed to Love.*

*Messalas sword  
breaker.*

*Messalas at  
Jupiter.*

*Venus rapere  
of Paris from  
Menelaus.  
The like Virgil  
imagines.*

*Venus like Gaea  
to Hellen.*

From

## THE THIRD BOOKE

stellen wiede;  
Venus.

From Lacedæmon, and had trust in all her secrets still;  
Being old, and had (of all her maids) the maine bent of her will;  
And (pun for her, her finest wools; like her, loves Empress came,  
Puld *Hellen* by the heavenly veile, and softly said: Madame,  
My Lord calls for you, you must needs make all your kinde haste home;  
He's in your chamber, flaynes, and longs; sits by your bed; pray come,  
Tis richly made, and sweet; but he, more sweet, and looks so cleare,  
So fresh, and movingly attrid: that (seeing) you would (warc),  
He came not from the dusky fight, but from a courtly dance,  
Or would to dancing. This she made a charme for dalliance;  
Whose vertue *Hellen* felt, and knew (by her lo radiant eyes,  
White necke, and most enticing breasts) the deified disguise.

At which amaz'd she answerd her unhappy Deitie?  
Why lov'st thou still in these deceits, to wrap my phantasie?  
Or whether yet (of all the townes, given to their lust beside,  
In Phrygia, or Maonia) com'st thou to be my guide?  
If there (of divers languag'd men) thou hast (as here in Troy)  
Some other friend, to be my shame? since here thy latest ioy,  
By *Menelaus* now subdu'd; by him shall I be borne  
Home to his Court, and end my life in triumphs of his scorne.  
And to this end, would thy deceits my wanton life allure.  
Hence, go thy selfe to *Priamus* sonne, and all the waies abutre  
Of gods, or godlike minded Dames, nor ever turne againe  
Thy earth-affecting feet to heaven: but for his sake, fullfaine  
Toyles here: guard, grace him endlessly: till he require thy grace,  
By giving thee my place with him: or take his servants place,  
If all dishonourable waies, your favours seeke to serve  
His never-pleasd incontinencie: I better will deserve,  
Then serve his dotage now: what shame were it for me to feed  
This lust in him? all honour'd Dames would hate me for the deed;  
He leaves a womans love so sham'd, and shewes so base a minde;  
To feele, nor my shame, nor his owne; grieves of a greater kinde!  
Wound me, then such as can admit such kinde delights so loone!

The Goddesse, (angry that past shame, her mere will was not done)  
Replied, Incense me not you wretch, left (once innocent) I leave  
Thy curse lifto to as strange a hate, as yet it may receiv'e  
A love from me, and left I spread through both hostis such despite,  
For those plagues they have fel for thee, that both abuare thee quite:  
And (setting thee in mid of both) turne all their weatys on thee,  
And dart thine dead: that such a death may wreake thy wrong of me.

This strooke the faire Dame with such feare, it tooke her speech away,  
And (shadowed in her snowy veile) she durst not obey:  
And yet (to shun the shame she feard) she vanisht undescride  
Of all the Trojan Ladies there; for *Venus* was her guide.  
Arriv'd at home, her women both, fell to their worke in haste;  
When she that was of all her sexe, the most divinely gracie,  
Ascended to a higher roome, though much against her will,  
Where lovely *Alexander* was, being led by *Venus* still.

venus flosse  
Venus.

The

## OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

The laughter loving Dame discern'd her mov'd mind, by her grace:  
And (for her mirth sake) set a stook full before *Priam* face,  
Where she would needs have *Hellen* sit, who (though she durst not chuse  
But sit, yet) lookt away for all the Goddesse powre could use,  
And usle her tongue too, and to chide, whom *Venus* foorth'd so much,  
And chid too, in this bitter kinde; and was thy cowardise such,  
(So conquerd) to be scene alive? O would to God thy life  
Had perisht by his worthy hand, to whom I first was wife.

Before this, thou wouldest gloriſe, thy valour, and thy Lance,  
And, past my first Loves, boast them farre: Goe once more, and advance  
Thy braves against his single power: thinke might fall by chance.  
Poore conquerd man; twas such a chance, as I would not advise,  
Thy valour should provoke againe: than him thou most unwise,  
Left next, thy spirit sent to hell, thy body be his prife;

He answred, pray thee woman cease to chide and grieve me thus:  
Digraces will not ever last, looke on their end, on us  
Will other gods, at other times, let fall the victors wrath,  
As on him *Pallas* put it now. Shall our love sinke beneath  
The hate of fortune? In loves fire, let all hates vanish: Come,  
Love never so inflam'd my heart; no not, when (bringing home  
Thy beauties so delicious prife) on *Craunes* bleſt shore  
I long'd for, and enjoy'd theſe first. With this, he went before,  
She after, to the odorous bed. While theſe to pleasure yeeld,  
Perplext *Atrides*, Savage-like, ran up and downe the field,  
And every thicklef't troupe of Troy, and of their farre-cald aid;  
Searcht for his foe; who could not be by any eye betray'd,  
Nor out of friendliſhip (out of doubt) did they conceale his sight;  
All hated him so like their deaths, and owd him ſuch despight.

At laſt thus ſpake the King of men: Hearne me, ye men of Troy,  
Ye Dardanus and the reſt, whose poures you in their aides employ;  
The conqueſt on my brothers part, ye all diſcernē it cleare:  
Doe you then Argive *Hellenas*, with all her treaſure here  
Reſtor to us, and pay the mulct, that by your voweys is due,  
Yeſſid to us, an honrourd recompence: and all that would accrue  
To our posterities, confirme, that when you render it,  
Our acts may here be memorid. This all Greeks else thought fit.

## COMMENTARIVS.

\* Spis. 3<sup>o</sup> ad Basn., &c. It is autem Hclene, &c. Elegantly and most aptly (saith Spondanus) a Hellen called by Homer, to the ſtreake of this ſingle fight: as being the chief person in caſe of all the action. The chief end of whose comming yet evinçional and most vaniſh, Scaligerus Criticus taxeth. Which was her relation to Priam, of the persons heuoned there: jesting (with his French wit) at this Greek Father, and fount of all wit; for making Priam to ſeek now of their names and knowledges, when nine yeres together they had lyen there before. A great piece of neceſſity to make him therefore know them before, when there was no ſuch urgent occation before, to bring Priam to ſet them? nor ſo calme a conuenience, in their ordered and quiet diſtincſion? But let this critiſme in this be weighed with

Venus mir. t  
verb Helen.

*Hellen* bluc  
rep. ofte q. D. r.:

Par. in R. C.

*Menelaus* fer-  
ret. for *Priam*,  
thrust. I e  
treach.

Argive March. 4  
D. r. in a m. s.

with his other faults found in our master: as, for making lightning in winter before snow or raine; which the most ignorant upland peasants could teach him out of his observations. For which yet, his Critic hath the prouice impudence to taxe Homer. Most fally repeating his words too: saying, Vbi ningit, when hee faict, *τερπνόντων οὐρανού*, &c. Parans, or struncis, vel multum imbre, immensamque grandinem, vel nivem: preparing, or going about those moist impressions in the ayre, not in present act with them. From thence, immediately and most rabidly he ranges to Vlysses reprobation, for killing the woeries with his bow, in the Odysses. Then to his late vomit againe in the Iliads the very next word, anden-  
wyth Achilles horse for speaking, (because himselfe would have all the songe) when, in sacred writ, Balaams *εἴλετο* could have taught him, the like hath beeene heard of. Yet now to the Odysses againe with breath, and challengeth Vlysses ship for suffering Neptunclo to turne it to a rocke. Here is strange laying out for a master so curiously methodical. Not with what Graces, with what Muses, we may aske he was inspired: but with what Harpies? what Furies? putting the putidum mendacium upon Homer. Patidius, ineptus, frigidus, puerilis, (being termes fitter for a scold or a bawd, then a man softened by learning) he belabber against him, whom all the world hath reverenced, and admired, at the fountainne of all wit, wisedome, and learning. What touch is it to me then, to beare spots of deprivations, when my great master is thus muddily dawbd with it? But who euer saw true learning, wisedome, or wit, vouchsafe manyon in any proud, vaineglorious, and braggarly spirit, when their chiefe act and end it, to abandon and abhorre it? Language, reading, habite of speaking, or writing in other learning, I grant in thys reverle great and abundant: but in this Poetic, redundant I affirme him, and ramish. To conclude, I will use the same words of him, that he of Erafinos (incalce Epinomidos) which are these (as I converte it:) Great was his name, bus had beeene surely greater, would himselfe have beeene lesse: where now, bold with the greatness of his wit, he hath undertaken the more, with much lesse exactnesse; and so his confidence set on by the renowne of his name, hath driven him headlong, &c.

*εἰλέσθαι αὐτοῖς.* Vocem suavem emittunt; saith the Interpreter (intending the Grashoppers, to whom he compareth the old Counsellors) but it is here to be expounded, vocem tenuram, not suavem: (*τένειν* in this place signifying tener) for Grashoppers sing not sweetly, but harshly and faintly: wherein the weake and tender voyces of the old Counsellors is to admiration express. The Simile Spoadanus highly commends, as most apt and expressive: but his application in one part doth abuse it, in the other right it: and that is, to make the old men resemble Grashoppers for their cold, and bloodlesse flaminesse. Tython being for age turned to a Grashopper. But where they were grave and wise Counsellors, to make them garrulous, as Grashoppers are stridulus: that application boldeth not in these old men, though some old men are so. These being, *εὐθεῖοι*, boni, & perit concionatores; the word *εὐθεῖος* signifying frigi also, which is temperate or full of all moderation, and so farre from intimating any touch of garrulity. Nor was the conceit of our Poet by Spondanus or any other, understood in this Simile.

*εὐχειρίζεσθαι*, succincte concionabatur Menelaus; he speakes succinctly, or compendiously, say his interpreters; which is utterly otherwise, in the voice *εὐχειρίζεσθαι*, signifying velociter, properly, modo eorum qui currunt; he speake fast or thick.

## OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

*τεμπανοί, &c.* few words yet, be used, *εἰδεικενά τεντούς*, sed valde acute: they expand it; when it is valde stridule, shrilly, smally, or aloud; *τίγνος* (as I have noted before) being properly taken in the worke part: and accordingly expanded, maketh even with his simple charakter at all parts, his utterance being noysfull, small, or squeaking: an excellent pipe for a foole. Nor is the voyce or manner of utterance in a man, the least key that discovereth his wisedome or folly. And therefore worth the noting is that of Vlysses in the second booke: that he knew Pallas by her voyce: *τινὰ γυναικί*, quoniam non garrulus, or loquax; being borne naturally Laconicall, which agreeith not the lese with his fast or thick speaking: for a man may have that kinde of utterance, and yet few words.

*εἰς δ' αὐτοῦτον:* neque in verbis peccans, say the Commentors, as though a foole were perfectly spoken: when the word here hath another sence, and our Homer a farre other meaning, the words being thus to be expounded: neque mendax erat, he would not lie by any meane, for that affectedly he stands upon hereafter. But to make a foole non peccans verbis, will make a man nothing wonder at any peccante or absurdite, in men of meere language.

You see then, to how extreme a difference and contrarie the word and sence ly去belief: and that without first finding the true figures of persons in this kinde presented, it is impossible for the best linguist living to expresse an Author truly, especially any Greek author, the language being so differently significant: which was indeedly fitted with the exposition, that she place (and coherence with other places) required, what a malice, and confused man a translator may present? As now they doe all, of Menelaus, who, whereforever he is called *εὐθεῖος*, is there unstruly translated bellicosus; but cui Mars est charms, because he might love the warre, and yet be no good warrior: as many loue many exercizes at which they will never be good: and Homer gave it to him for another of his peculiar Epithets, as a vanegarous affection in him, rather then a solid affection.

And here last makes me give end to these new Annotations, deferring the like in the next nine bookes: for more bread and encouragement. Since time (that hath ever opprest me) will not otherwise let me come to the last twelve, in which the first free lights of my Author, entred and emboldned me. Where so many richly discouerisst me to my poore expresseion, that I feare rather to betray them to the world, then expresse them to their price. But howsoever envy and prejudice stand squiring their poison through the eyes of my readers, this shall appeare to all competent appreception, I have followed the Originall with authenticall expositions (according to the proper signification of the word in this place, though I differ shewin attirly from others:) I have rendered all things of importance, with answerable life and height to my Author, (though with some periphrasis, without which no man can worthily translate any worthy Poet.) And since the translation it selfe, and my notes, (being impartially conserued) amply approve this, I will still be confident in the worth of my paines, how idly and unprofitably (over I be censured. And thus to the last twelve Bookes (leaving other horriblie errors in his other Interpreters unmovead) with those free feet that entred me, I halfe, sure of nothing but my labour.

The end of the third Booke.



# THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**T**HE Gods in Counsell, as the last decree,  
That famous Ilion shall expugned be.  
And, that their owne continued faults may prove  
The reasons that have so incensed love.  
Minerva seeker with more offences done,  
Against the lately innocent Arctus sonne,  
(A ground that clearest would make scene their finne)  
To have the Lycian Pandarus beginne.  
He (gainst the Truce with sacred covenants bound)  
Gives Menelaus a dishonour dround,  
Machaon heals him. Agamemnon then,  
To mortal warre incenches all his men:  
The battells joyne, and in the heare of fight,  
Cold death shoues many eyes in endlesse night.

## Another Argument.

In Delta is the Gods affer,  
The Truce is broke, warres freshly rise.

**W**ithin the faire pav'd Court of Jove, he and the gods conferr'd  
About the sad events of Troy; amongst whom minister'd,  
Blest Hebe, Nectar. As they sat and did Troyes towres behold,  
They drank, and pledg'd each other round, in full crownd cups of gold  
The mirth at whose feast was begun by great Saturnides,  
In urging a begun dislike amongst the Goddesses.  
But chiefly in his soleme Queen, whose spleene he was disposs'd  
To tempt yet further, knowing well what anger it inclid,  
And how wifes anger shoulde be us'd. On which (thus pleasd) he playd:  
Two Goddesses there are, that still give Menelaus ayd:  
And one that Paris loves. The two that sit from us so farre,  
(Which Argive Iuno is, and shu that rules in deeds of warre,  
No doubt are pleasd, to see how well the late-scene fight did frame,  
And (yet upon the adverse part) the laughter-loving Dame,  
Made her powre good too, for her friend. For though he were so neare  
The stroke of death, in th'others hopes, she tooke him from them cleare;  
The conquest yet is questionlesse, the martiall Spartan Kings;  
We must consult then what events shall crowne these future things.  
If warres and combats we shall stell, with even successes strike;  
Or (as impartiall) friendshipp plant on both parts. If ye like

The

The last, and that it will as well delight, as merely please  
Your happy Deities: still let stand, old Priams towne in peace;  
And let the Lacedemon King, againe his Queene enioy.

As Pallas and heavens Queene sat close, complotting ill to Troy;  
With silent murmur they receiv'd this ill-like choice from Jove;  
Gainst whom was Pallas much incensit, became the Queene of Love  
Could not without his leave relieve in that late point of death,  
The sonne of Priam, whom she leath'd, her wrath yet fought beneath  
Her supreme wisedome, and was curbd: but Iuno needs must ease  
Her great heart with her ready tongue, and said: What words are these  
(Austere, and too much Saturns sonne) why wouldst thou render ill  
My labours idle? and the sweat of my industrious will,  
Dishonor with so little power? My chariot horse are tir'd  
With postling to and fro, for Greece: and bringing banes desir'd,  
To a people-murding Priamus, and his perfidious sonnes:  
Yet thou protestest, and joynst with them, whosom each iust Deite thuns.  
Goe on, but ever god relov'd, all other gode have vow'd  
To croesse thy partiall courfe for Troy, in all that makesit proud.

At this, the cloud-compelling Jove, a faire stretcht sigh let sile:  
And faid, thou Furie, what offence of such impietie,  
Hath Priam or his sonnes done thee? that with so high a hate  
Thou shouldest thus ceaslessly desire to raze and ruinate  
So well a builded towne as Troy? I think (hadst thou the powre)  
Thou wouldest the ports and farre-strech't wals fleye over, and devoure  
Old Priam, and his issue quicke: and make all Troy the feast;

And then at length I hope thy wrath and tired spleene would rest:  
To which, run on thy chariot, that nought be found in me,  
Of Iust cause to our future iarras. In this yet strengthen thee,  
And fixe it in thy memory fast; that if I entertaine  
As peremptorie a desire, to levell with the plaine,

A citie, where they livell home; stand not betwixt my ire,  
And what it aimes at; but give way, when thou hast thy desire,  
Whiche now I grant thee willingly, although against my will.  
For not beneath the ample Sunne, and heavens starre-bearing hill,  
There is a towne of earthly men, so honour'd in my minde,  
As sacred Troy, nor of earths Kings, as Priam and his kinde,  
Who never let my altars lacke rich feast of offspring slain,  
And their sweet favours, for which grace, I honour them againe.

Drad Iuno, with the Cowes faire eyes, replied; three townes there are  
Of great and eminent respect, both in my love and care,  
Myrcena, with the broad hig wayes, and Argos rich in horse;  
And Sparta: all which three destroy, when thou envist their force;  
I will not aid them, nor maligne thy free and soveraigne will:

For if I should be envious, and set against their ill,  
I know my envy were in vain, since thou art mightier farre:  
But we must give each other leave, and winke at others warre:  
I likewise must have power to crowne my workes with wilful end;  
Because I am a Deite, and did from thence descend,

Juno angry with  
Jupiter.

Jupiter to Juno.

Troy most loved  
of Jupiter, of all  
other cities.

Three cities  
dare to Iuno.

Her deadly bate  
to Troy.

Whence thou thy selfe, and th' elder borne, wife *Saturne* was our Sire,  
And thus there is a two-fold cause that pleads for my desire,  
Being sister, and am cald thy wife: and more, since thy command  
Rules all gods else; I claime therein a like superior hand.  
All wrath before then, now remit, and mutually combine  
In either Empire; I, thy rule, and thou illistrate mine.  
So will the other gods agree: and we shall all be strong:  
And first, (for this late plot) with speed, let *Pallas* goe among  
The Troians; and some one of them, entice to breake the truce,  
By offering in some treacherous wound, the honord Greeks abuse.  
The Father both of men and gods, agreed, and *Pallas* sent  
*Impetratio Pallas*  
With these wing'd words to both the hosts: Make all hafte, and invent  
Some meane, by which the men of Troy, against the truce agreed,  
May stirre the glorious Greeks to armes, with some inglorious deed.  
Thus charg'd he her with hafte, that did before in hafte abound,  
*Propheta et amans*  
VWho cast her selfe from all the heights, with which steep heaven is crownd:  
And *Love* brandishing a starr (which men a Comet call)  
Hurls out his curled haire abroad, that from his brand exhals  
A thousand sparkes; to flets at sea, and every mighty host,  
(Of all presages and ill haps, a signe mistrusted most:)  
So *Pallas* fell twixt both the Camps, and fodashly was lost,  
When through the breasts of all that saw, she strooke a strong amaze,  
With viewing in her whole descent, her bright and ominous blaze.  
When straight, one to another turn'd, and said, Now thundering *Love*,  
(Great arbiter of peace and armes) will either stablish love  
Amongst our nations: or renue such warre as never was.  
Thus either armie did presage, when *Pallas* made her passe  
Amongst the multitude of Troy; who now put on the grasse  
Of brave *Laodocus*, the flowre of old *Antenor*'s race,  
And fought for Lycian *Pandarus*, a man that being bred  
Out of a faithlesse familie, the thought, was fit to shew  
The bloud of any innocent, and breake the covenant sworne.  
He was *Lycaon*'s sonne, whom *Love* into a Wolfe did turne  
For sacrificing of a childe, and yet in armes renownd,  
As one that was inculpable: him *Pallas* standing found,  
And round about him, his strong troupes that bore the shadie shields:  
He brought them from *Aleipus* flood, let through the Lycian fields:  
Whom standing neare, she whipred thus: *Lycaon* warlike sonne?  
Shall I despise at thy kinde hands, to have a favour done?  
Nor darst thou let an arrow flye upon the Spartan King?  
It would be such a grace to Troy, and such a glorious thing,  
That every man would give his gift, but *Alexander*'s hand  
Would loade therewith them, if he could discouer from his stand,  
His foes pride strooke downe with thy shaft, and he himselfe ascend  
The flaming heape of funerall: Come, shoothe him (princely friend.)  
But first invoke the god of light, that in thy land was borne,  
And is in archers art the best that ever sheafe hath worne;  
To whom a hundred first ew'd lambs, vow thou in holy fire,

When

When safe to sacred *Zelias* towres, thy zealous steps retire.  
With this, the mad-gift-greedy man, *Mimurus* did perswade;  
Who instantly drew forth a bow, most admirably made  
Of th' andier of a jumping Goate, bred in a steep up land,  
Which Archerlike (as long before he tooke his hidden stand,)  
The Eevike, skipping from a rocke into the breast he smote,  
And headlong felld him from his cliffe, The forehead of the Goate  
Held out a wondrous goodly palme, that sixteene branches brought:  
Of all which, (oynd) an usefull bow, a skilfull Bowyer wrought;  
(Whick pickt and polisht,) both the ends he hid with hornes of gold.  
And this bow (bent) he clost laid downe, and bad his souldiers hold  
Their shields before him, lest the Greeks (discerning him) should rise  
In tumults, ere the Spartan King could be his arrowes prize.  
Meane space, with all his care he chusd, and from his quiver drew  
An arrow, fetberd best for flight; and yet that nevr flew,  
Strong headed, and most apt to pierce; then tooke he up his bow,  
And nock his shaft, the ground whence all their future griefe did grow.  
When (praying to his God the Sunne, that was in Lycia bred,  
And king of Archers) promising, that he the bloud would shew  
Off full an hundred first fallen lambs, all offred to his name,  
When to *Zelias* sacred wals, from refud' Troy he came)  
He tooke his arrow by the nock, and to his bended brest,  
The Oxy fine close he drew, till the pile did rest  
Upon the bosome of the boord, as that savage prie,  
His strength constraind into an Orb, (as if the winde did rife)  
The comming of it made a noife, the finew forged string  
Did give a mighty twang, and forth the eager shaft did sing,  
(Affecting spedineesse of flight) amongst the Achive throng:  
Nor were the blessed heavenly powres, unmindfull of thy wrong,  
O *Menelaus*; but in chiefe, *Love*: feed the Pillager,  
Stood close before, and slackt the force the arrow did confer;  
With as much care and little hurt, as doth a mother nre,  
And keepe off from her babe, when sleepe doth through his powers diffuse  
His golden humour, and th'affaults of rude and bufe flies,  
She still checks with her carfull hand: for so the shaft the plies,  
That on the buttons made of gold, which made his girdle fast,  
And where his cures double were, the fall of it she plact.  
And thus much proufe the put it to: the buckle made of gold,  
The belt it fastned, bravely wrought; his cures double fold;  
And laft, the charmed plate he wore, which helpt him thorethen all,  
And gainst all darts and shafts bestowed, was to his life a wall.  
So (through all these) the upper skin, the head did onely race,  
Yet forth the bloud flow'd, which did much his royall person grace;  
And shew'd upon his Ivorie skin, as doth a purple dye,  
Laid (by a Dame of Caire, or lovely Mæthy)  
On Ivorie, wrought in ornaments, to decke the cheeke of horse,  
Which in her marriage roome must lie; whose beauties have such force,  
That they are wilft of many Knights, but are such precious things,

The description  
of Pandarus  
in the Iliad.

Virgil useth  
that vs. i. 1.  
Pandarus  
dough: and  
fins: c.

Aeternitas bur:  
Simile.

That they are kept for horse that draw the chariots of Kings;  
Which horse (so deckt) the charioeteer escomes a grace to him:  
Like these (in grace) the bloud upon thy solid thighes did swim,  
O Menelaus, downe thy calves and ankles to the groundes,  
For nothing deckes a fouldier fo, as doth an honour'd wound.  
Yet (fearing he had far'd much worse) the haire stood up on end  
On Agamemnon, when he saw so much blacke bloud descend.  
And stimed with the like dismay, was Menelaus to :  
But (seeing th'arrows stale without) and that the head did goe  
No further then it might be scene, he cald his spirits againe :  
Whiche Agamemnon marking not (but thinkeing he was slaine)  
He grip't his brother by the hand, and figh't as he would breake :  
Which figh the whole host tooke from him, who thus at last did speake :

O dearest brother, ist for this? that thy death must be wrought,  
Wrought I this truce? For this hast thou, the single combat fought  
For all the armie of the Greckes? For this hath Ilion sworne,  
And trod all faith beneath their feet? Yet all this hath not worne  
The right we challeng'd out of force; this cannot render vaine  
Our stricken right hands; sacred wine, nor all our offrings slaine.  
For though Olympia be not quicke in making good our ill,  
He will be sure, as he is slow, and sharper prove his will:  
Their owne hands shall be ministres of those plagues they despise :  
Which shall their wives and children reach, and all their progenies.  
For both in minde, and soule, I know, that there shall come a day,  
When Ilion, Priam, all his powre shall quite be worne away,  
When heaven-inhabiting Jove shall shake his fierie shield at all,  
For this one mischiefe. This I know, the world cannot recall.  
But, be all this, all my grieve still, for thee will be the same,  
(Deare brother:) if thy life must here put out his royll flame;  
I shall to Sardie Argos turne, with infamie, my face,  
And all the Greckes will call for home: old Priam and his race  
Will flame in glory; Helena untoucht, be still their prey,  
And thy bones in our enemies earth, our curied fates shall lay;  
Thy Sepulcher be trodden downe, the pride of Troy desire,  
(Insulting on it:) Thus, O thus, let Agamemnon ire,  
In all his acts, be expiate, as now he carries home  
His idle armie, empitie ships, and leaves here overcome  
Good Menelaus. When this Brave, breakes in their hated breath,  
Then let the broad earth swallow me, and take me quicke to death.  
Nor shall this ever chance (said he) and therefore be of cheare,  
Left all the armie (led by you) your passions put in feare:  
The arrow fell in no such place, a death could enter at;  
My girdle, curets doubled here, and my moft trusted plate,  
Obiected all twixt me and death, the shaft scarce piercing one.  
Good brother (said the King, I witt it were no furher gone;  
For then our best in medicines skild, shall ope and search the wounds,  
Applying balmes to ease thy paines, and soone refore thee found.  
This said, divine Talibybin he cald, and bad him hastie

Menelaus to  
Agamemnon.

Agamemnon to  
Menelaus

Macbacon

Macbacon ) Eſcalapius sonne, who moft of men was gracie  
With Phyſickes ſoveraigne remedies) to come and lend his hand  
To Menelaus, ſhot by one well ſkild in the command  
Of bow and arrowes, one of Troy, or of the Lycian aid,  
Who much hath glorified our foe, and us as much diſmaid.  
He heard and haſted iſtantly, and caſt his eyes about  
The thickest ſquadrons of the Greckes, to finde Macbacon out.  
He found him ſtanding guarded well, with well-arm'd men of Thrace;  
With whom he quickly toynd, and ſaid; Man of Apollo's race?  
Haſte, for the King of men commands to ſee a wound imprefte  
In Menelaus (great in armes) by one instructed beſt  
In th'art of archerie, of Troy, or of the Lycian bands,  
That them with each renouwe adorne, us with diſhonour brands.

Agamemnon  
finds Talibybin  
for Macbacon.

Talibybin to  
Macbacon

Macbacon to  
the enemys

The Troians re-  
turne to fight.

Agamemnon  
marcheth his  
armes.

Agamemnon to  
the Greckes.

Agamemnon to  
the argient  
ſoldiers.

Macbacon much was movd with this, who with the herald flew  
From troupe to troupe, alongſt the hoſt, and ſoone they came in view  
Of hurt Arides; circled round with all the Grecian Kings,  
Who all gave way, and straight he drawes the shaft: which forth he brings  
Without the forkes, the girdle then, plate, curets, off he pluckes,  
And viueſt the wound, when firſt from it the cloſterd bloud he ſuckles,  
Then medicines wondrously compofed, the ſkilfull Leech applied,  
Which loving Cytron taught his Sire, he from his Sire had tryed.

While theſe were thus employed to caſe, the Araxes martialiſt,  
The Troians arm'd, and charg'd the Greckes; the Greckes arme and refiſt.  
Then not aſleep, nor maſt'd with feare, nor ſliſting off the blowes,  
You couid behold the King of men, but in full ſped he goes  
To ſet a glorious fight on foot: and he examples this,  
With toylng (like the world) on foot, who therfore did diſmiff  
His brasse-arm'd chariot, and his ſleeds with Ptolomeus ſonne,  
(Sonne of Pyraides) their guide, the good Enymidon;  
Yet (ſaid the King) attend with them, left wearineſſe ſhould ſeize  
My lims, charg'd with ordering troupe, ſo thick and vast as theſe:  
Enymidon then reſid's his horſe, that trodne neigheing by;

The King a foot-man, and ſo ſcōwres the ſquadrons orderly.  
Those of his ſwiftly-mounted Greckes, that in their armes were fit,  
Thoſe he put on with chearfull words, and bad them not remit  
The leaſt ſparke of their forward ſpirits, because the Troians durſt  
Take theſe abhor'd advantages, but let them doe their worſt:  
For they might be affor'd that Jove would pernicioſe no lies,  
And that, who with the breach of truce, would hurt their enemies,  
With Vultures ſhould be torn'e themſelves; that they ſhould raze their towne,  
Their wives and childdren at their breake, led vaſtis to their owne.

But ſuch as he beheld hang off from that increasing fight,  
Such would he bitterly rebuke, and with disgrace excite  
Bale Argives, blith ye not to ſtand, as made for Bats to darts?  
Why are ye thus discomfited like Hinds that have no hearts?  
Who weared with a long-run field, are inflately embolt,  
Stand ſtill, and in their heaſily breake, is all their courage loſt :  
And ſo stand you ſtrooke with amaze, nor dare to ſtrike a ſtoke.

Would

## THE FOVRTH BOOKE

Would ye the foe shall nearer yet, your daſtard ſplenes provoke?  
 Even where on Neptunes ſonne ſhore, our navies lie in fight?  
 To fee if love will hold your hands, and teach ye how to fight?  
 Thus he (commanding) rang'd the hoſt, and (paffing many a band)  
 He came to the Cœcenian troupes, where all did armed ſtand  
 About the martiall Idomen; who bravely ſtood before,  
 In vanguard of his troupes, and matcht, for ſtrength a Savage Bore.  
*Meriones* (his charioeteer) the Rereguard bringing on:  
 Which ſcene to Aſtreus ſoane, to him it was a fight alone;  
 And Idomen ſconfirmed minde, with theſe kind words he ſeckes;  
 O Idomen! I ever lou'd thy ſelfe paſt all the Greeks;  
 In warre, or any works of peace at table, every where;  
 For when the beſt of Greece beſides, mixt ever, at our cheere,  
 My good old ardent wine, with small; and our inferior inates  
 Drinke even that mixt wine meaſur'd too; thou drinkeſt without thoſe rates  
 Our old wine, neate, and evermore thy boſt stands full like mine;  
 To drinke ſtill when, and what thou wilt. Then rowle that heart of thine,  
 And whatſoever heretofore thou haſt affiſm'd to be,  
 This day be greater. To the King in this fort anwerd he,  
 Aſtrides, what I ever ſeem'd, the ſame at every part  
 This day haſh ſhew me at the full, and I will fit thy heart.  
 But thou ſhouldſt rather cheare the reſt, and tell them they in right  
 Of all good warre, muſt offer blowes, and ſhould begin the fight.  
 (Since Troy firſt brake the holy truce) and not indure theſe braves,  
 To take wrong firſt, and then be dar'd to the revenge it craves:  
 Affirg them that Troy, in fate, muſt have the worse at laſt.  
 Since firſt, and gaſt a true, they hurt, where they ſhould haue embrac't.  
 This comfort and aduice did fit Aſtrides heart indeed,  
 Who ſtill through new raid ſwarmed men, held his laborious ſpeed:  
 And came where both th' Aiaxes ſtood; whom like the laſt he found,  
 Arm'd, casket, and ready for the fight. Behinde them, hid the ground,  
 A cloud of ſoott, that feem'd to ſmoke. And as a Goteheard ſpies,  
 On ſome hill top, oſt of the ſea, a rainy vapour rife,  
 Driven by the breath of Zephyrus, which (though farre off he reſt)  
 Comes on as blacke as pitch, and brings a tempeſt in his breſt;  
 Whereat, he frightened, drives his herds apace into a den:  
 So (darkning earth, with darts and ſhields) ſhew'd theſe with all their men.  
 This fight, with like ioy firſt the King, who thus let forth the flame,  
 In crying out to both the Dukes. O you of equal name!  
 I muſt not cheare, nay, I diſclaime all my command of you,  
 Your ſelves command with ſuch free mindes, and make your ſoldiers ſhew,  
 As you, nor I led, but themſelves. O would our father love,  
 Minerva, and the god of light, would all our bodies move  
 With ſuch brave ſpirits as breathen in you: theſe Priams loſt towne  
 Should ſoone be taken by our hands, for ever overthronwe:  
 Then held he on to other troupes, and Aſteor, next behel'd  
 (The ſubtle Pylian Orator) range up and downe the field,  
 Embatrelling his men at armes, and ſtirring all to blowes;

Points

*Aſtrides*  
How the troupes  
of Aiaxes ſhou'd.

*Aſtrides*  
Aſomeſon to  
the Aiaxes.

Nefors art in  
red riſing his  
men.

## OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

Points every legion out his Chiefe, and every Chiefe he ſhowes  
 The formeſ and discipline of warre: yet his Commanders were  
 All expert, and renowned men: Great Pelepon was there;  
 Alſtar: manly Chromis, and Hemon worth a Throne,  
 And Byas that could armes leade: with theſe he firſt put on  
 His horſe troupeſ with their chariots: his boote (of which he chufde  
 Many, the beſt and ableſt men, and which he ever uſde,  
 As rampire to his generall powre) he in the reare diſpoſd.  
 The floathfull, and the leaſt in ſpirit, he in the midſt incloſd;  
 That ſuch a wanted noble wiſe, baſe need might force to ſtand.  
 His horſe troupeſ (that the Vangard had) he ſtridly did command  
 To ride their horſes temperately; to keepethe rankes, and than  
 Confuſion; leſt their horſemanſhip and courage made them run  
 (Too much preſum'd on) muſt too farre: and (charging fo alone)  
 Engage themſelves in th' enemies strength, where many fight with one.  
 Who his owne chariot leaves to range, let him not freely goe,  
 But straight unhoſte him with a lance: for tis much better ſo.  
 And with this discipline (laid be) this forme, theſe mindes, this truſt,  
 Our Anceſtors haue wals, and towneſ, laid leuell with the duff.

Thus prompt, and long inu'd to armes, this old man did exhort;  
 And this Aſtride likewife cooke in wondrous clearefull fort:  
 And ſaid, O Father! would to heaven, that as thy minde remaines  
 In wonted vigor, fo thy knees could undergoe our paines.  
 But age, that all men overcomes, hath made his prize on thee,  
 Yet (till I wiſh, that ſome young man grown old in minde, might be  
 Put in proportion with thy years; and thy minde (young in age)  
 Be firſt anwer'd with thy youth; that ſtill where conflicts rage,  
 And young men uide to thrifh for fame, thy brave exampleg hand  
 Might double our young Grecian ſpirites, and grace our whole command.

The old Knight anwer'd? I my ſelfe could with (O Aſtreus ſonne)  
 I were as young, as when I ſluē brave Erebethion;  
 But gods at all times, give not all their giues to mortal men.  
 If then I had the strength of youth, I miſt the counſels then,  
 That years now give me; and now years want that maie strength of youth;  
 Yet ſtill my minde retaines her strength, (as you now laide the ſooth)  
 And would be where that strength is uifd, affording counſels ſage,  
 To ſtirre youths mindes up; tis the graece and office of our age;  
 Let yonger ſinewes, men ſprung up, whole ages after me,  
 And ſuch as haue ſtrenght, uife it, and, as ſtrong id honour be.

The King (all this while comforted) arriv'd next, where he found  
 Well-toode Menethous, (Paeon ſonne) stand ſtill, invirond round  
 With his well-train'd Athenian troupes: and next to him he ſpide  
 The wife Vlyſſes, deadeleſſe too, and all his bands beſide,  
 Of ſtrong Cephalians; for as yet, th' alarme had not beeene heard  
 In all their quarters, Greece and Troy, were thid ſo newly ſtird,  
 And then firſt mov'd (as they conceiv'd) and they ſo looke about  
 To fee both hoſts give prooſe of that, they yet haue cauſe to doubt.  
 Aſtrides ſeeing them ſtand ſo ſtill) and ſpend their eyes at gaze;

*Aſomeſon to Aſtrides.*

*Aſtrides*

Began

*Agamemnon to  
Troy and  
Menelaus.*

Began to chide; and why (said he) dissolv'd thus, in a maze,  
Thou sonne of *Petess*, Iove-nurst King; and thou in wicked sleight,  
A cunning souldier, stand ye off? Expect ye that the fight  
Should be by other men begun? tis fit the formost band  
Should shew you there; you first shouldest front, who first lifts np his hand.  
First you can heare, when I invite the Princes to a feast:  
When first, most friendly, and at will, ye eate and drinke the best;  
Yet in the fight, most willingly, ten troupes ye can behold  
Take place before ye. *Ithacus*, at this his browes did fold,  
*Agamemnon to  
Menelaus.* And said, How hath thy violent tongue broke through thy set of teeth?  
To say that we are slacke in fight? and to the field of death  
Looke others shouldest enforce our way? when we were busied then,  
(Even when thou speakest it) against the foe, to cheare and leade our men.  
But thy eyes shall be witnesslesse (if it content thy will,  
And that (as thou pretendest) these cares doe so affect thee still).  
The father of *T elemachus* (whom I esteemme so deare,  
And to whom, as a Legacie, Ile leave my deeds done here)  
Even with the formost band of Troy, hath his encounter dard;  
And therefore are thy speecches vaine, and had beene better spard.  
He smiling, since he saw him mov'd, recalld his words, and said,  
Most generous *Laertes* sonne, most wife of all our aids,  
I neither doe accuseth thy worth, more then thy selfe may hold  
Fit (that inferiours thinke not much (being slacke) to be controll'd)  
Nor take I on me thy command: for well I know thy minde  
Knowes how sweet gentle counsels are, and that thou standst enclind  
As I my selfe, for all our good. On then: if now we speake  
What hath displease'd, another time, we full amends will make:  
And gods grant that thy vertue here, may prove so free and brave,  
That my reproves may still be vaine, and thy defervings grane.  
Thus parted they, and forth he went, when he did leaning finde  
Against his chariot, neare his horse, him with the mighty minde,  
Great *Diomedes* (*Tydeus* sonne) and *Sthenelus*, the seed  
Of *Capancius*, whom the King, seeing like wise out of dead,  
Thus cryed heuton on *Diomed*: O me! in what a feare  
*Agamemnon*  
*Diomed* Thus great warriour, *Tydeus* sonne, stands gazing every where,  
For others to begin the fight? It was not *Tydeus* use  
To be so danted, whom his spirit would evermore produce,  
Before the formost of his friends, in these affaires of fight,  
As they report that haue beheld him labour in a fight.  
For me, I never knew the man, nor in his presence came:  
But excellent above the rest, he was in generall fame.  
And one rennowd exploit of his, I am assur'd is true,  
He came to the Mycennian Court, without armes, and did sue  
At like *Polinices* hands, to have some worthy aid,  
To their desinges, that gaist the wals of sacred Thebes were laid,  
He was great *Polinices* guest, and nobly entertain'd.  
And of the kinde Mycennian state, what he requested gaind,  
In meere content: but when they shouldest the same in act approve,

*By some sinister prodiges held out to them by Iove)*  
They were discourag'd; thence he went, and safly had his passe  
Backe to *Aesopus* floud, renown'd for Bulrushes and grasses;  
Yet, oncemore, their Ambassadour, the Grecian Peeres addresse,  
Lord *Tydeus* to *Ereacles*: to whom being given accesse,  
He found him feasting with a crew of Cadmians in his hall,  
Amongst whom, though an enemy, and onely one to all;  
To all yet, his challenge made at every martiall feaste,  
And easly told all, since with him, *Minerva* was so great.  
The ranke rode Cadmians (much incens'd with their so foule disgrace)  
Lodg'd ambuscados for their foe, in some well chosen place,  
By which he was to make returne. Twise five and twenty men,  
And two of them great Capitanes too, the ambush did containe.  
The names of those two men of rule, were *Mars*, *Hemans* sonne,  
And *Lycophantes*, Keepe-field cald, the heire of *Autophon*,  
By all men honord like the gods: yet theire and all their friends,  
Were sent to hell by *Tydeus* hand, and had untimely ends.  
He trusting to the aid of gods, reveal'd by Augurie,  
Obeying which, one Chiefe he faw'd, and did his life apply,  
To be the heavy messenger of all the others deaths,  
And that sad mesage (with his life) to *Mars* he bequeathes,  
So brave a Knight was *Tydeus*: of whom a sonne is srong,  
Inferior fare in martiall deeds, though higher in his tongue.  
All this, *Tydeus* silent heard, aw'd by the reverend King;  
Which stung hot *Sthenelus* with wrath, who thus put forth his stng :  
*Strides?* when thou know'st the truth, speake what thy knowldge is,  
And doe not lyce fos, for I know, and I will bragge in this;  
That we are farre more able men, then both our fathers were;  
We tooke the seven-fold ported Thebes, when yet we had not there  
So great helpe as our fathers had, and fought beneath a wall,  
Sacred to *Mars*, by helpe of *Iove*, and trusting to the fall  
Of happy signes from other gods, by whom we tooke the towne  
Untooucht, our fathers perishing there, by follies of their owne :  
And therefore never more compare our fathers worth with ours.

*Tydeus* frownd at this, and said, Supprese thine angers powrs,  
(Good friend) and hear why I refrain'd: thou feest I am not mov'd  
Against our Generall, since he did but what his place behov'd,  
Admonishing all Greckes to fight: for if Troy prove our prize,  
The honour and the joy is his. If here our ruine lies,  
The shame and griefe for that, as much, is his in greatest kindes.  
As he then his charge, weigh we ours: which is our dantlesse mindes.

Thus from his chariot (amly arm'd) he jumps downe to the ground :  
The armor of the angry King, so horribly did sound,  
It might have made his bravest foe, let feare take downe his braves.  
And as when with the West-winde flawes, the sea thrusht up her waves,  
One after other, thick & high, upon the groning shores;  
First, in her selfe, lowd (but oppold with bankes and rocks) she rores,  
And (all her backe in brittles set) pits every way her fome;

*Sthenelus rebuketh  
Tydeus.*

*Diomed rebuketh  
Sthenelus.*

*Sthenelus.*

## THE FOVRTH BOOKE

So (after Diomed) instantly, the field was overcome  
With thicke impressions of the Greeks, and all the noise that grew  
(Ordering and cheiring up their men) from onely leaders flew.  
The rest went silently away, you could not heare a voyce,  
Nor would have thought in all their breasts, they had one in their chiece;  
Their silence uttering their awe of them, that them controwld;  
Which made ech man keep bright his arms, march, fight still where he should.  
The Troians (like a folt of Ewes wadd in a rich mans fold,  
Closse at his dore, till all be milkt; and never baaing hold,  
Hearing the bleating of their lambs) did all their wide host fill  
With shouts and clamors, not observ'd, one voyce, one baaing still;  
But shew'd mixt tonges from many a land, of men calld to their aid:  
Rude Mars had th' ordering of their spritis: of Greeks, the learned Maid.  
But terror follow'd both the hosts, and flight; and furious strife,  
The sister, and the mate of Mars, that spoyle of humane life,  
And never is her rage at rest, at first she is but small,  
Yet after, (but a little fed) she growes so vast, and tall,  
That while her feet move here in earth, her forehead is in heaven.  
And this was sh't that made evn then both hosts so deadly given:  
Through every troupe the stak, and stird rough fighes up as he went:  
But when in one field, both the foes her furie did content,  
And both came under reach of darts, then darts and shelds oppold  
To darts and shelds, strength anfward strength, then swords and targets cloyd  
With swords and targets, both with pikes, and then did tumultrise  
Up to her height; then conquerors boaste, mixt with the conquerors cries,  
Earth flow'd wirth blood. And as from thills, raine waters, headlong fall,  
Thattall wayes eat huge Ruts, which met, in one bed, fill a vall  
WVith such a confluence of streames, that on the mountain grounds  
Farre off, in righted Shepheards eares, the bussing noise rebounds:  
So grew their confilcts, and so (shew'd their scuffling to the eare,  
With flight and clamor, full commixe, and all effects offear.

And first renown'd Antilochus, flew (fighting in the face  
Of all Achaeas formost bands, with an undanted grace)  
Echepolus Thalysades: he was an armed man;  
Whom, on his hairc-plum'd helments crest, the dart first smote, then ran  
Into his forehead, and there stucke, the steele pile making way  
Quite through his skull; a hastie night shurp his latef day.  
His fall was like a fight-rac't towre, like which, lying there disprest,  
King Elephenor, (who was sonne to Chalcodon, and led  
The valiant Abants) covetous; that he might first posesse  
His armes, laid hands upon his feet, hal'd him from the prease  
Of darts and lavelins hurld at him. The action of the King  
When (great in heart) Aenor saw, he made his Iaveline sing  
To th others labour; and along, as he the trunke did wret,  
His side (at which he bore his sheld, in bowing offis breſt)  
Lay naked, and receiv'd the lance, that made him losse his hold,  
And lie together; which in hope of that he lost, he fold.  
But for his late the fight grew fierce, the Troians and their foe,

## OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

Like wolves, on one another rusht; and man for man it goes,  
The next of name, that serv'd his fate; great Ajax Telamon,  
Preferd so sadly; he was heire to old Antheonus,

Ajax Telamon's  
sonne.

And deck with all the flowre of youth: the fruit of which yet fled,  
Before the honour'd nuptiall torch could light him to his beds;

His name was Symois; For, some few years before,  
His mother walking downe the hill of Ida, by the shore

Of Silver Symois, to see her parents flockes; with them,  
Shee (feeling sodainly the paines of child-birth) by the stremme

Of that bright river brought him forth; and so (of Symois)  
They calld him Symois. Sweet was that birth of his

To his kinde parents; and his growth did all their care employ,  
And yet those rates of pietie that shoulde have beene his joy,

To pay thir honourd years againe, in an affectionate sort,  
He could not graciously performe, his sweete life was so short:

Cut off with mightie Ajax lance. For, as his spirit put on,  
He strooke him at his breasts right pappe, quite through his shoulder bone;

And in the dust of earth he fell, that was the fruitfull foyle  
Of his friends hopes; but where he fowld, he buried all his toyle.

And as a Poplar shot aloft, set by a river side,  
In moist edge of a mightie fence, his head in curls implide;

Bur all his body plaine and smooth: to which a Wheel-wright puts  
The sharpedge of his shining axe, and his soft timber cuts

From his innate root, in hope to hew out of his hole  
The Felliffs, or out-parts of a wheel, that compasse in the whole;

To serve some goodly chariot, but (being bigge and fad,  
And to be hal'd home through the bogs) the usefull hope he had

Sticks there; and there the goodly plant lyes withering out his grace:  
So lay, by love-bred Ajax hand, Antheonus forward race.

Nor could through that vast fen of toiles, be drawne to serue the ends  
Intended by his bodies pow'rs, nor cheare his aged friends.

But now the gay-arm'd Aspius (a sonne of Priam) threw  
His lance at Ajax through the prease, which went by him, and flew

On Leucus, wife Ulysses friend; his groine it smote, as faine  
He would have drawne into his spoile, the carcasse of the slaine;

By which he fell, and that by him; it vext Ulysses heart;  
Who thrust into the face of fight, well arm'd at every part,

Came close, and lookt about to finde an object worth his lance;  
Which when the Trojans saw him shake, and he so neare advance,

All shrunke, he threw, and forth it thin'd: nor fell, but where it feld:  
His friends griefe gave it angry powre, and deadly way it held

Vpon Democoon, who was sprung of Priams wanton force;  
Came from Abduas, and was made the master of his horse.

Through both his temples strooke the dart, the wood of one side shew'd,

The plic out of the other lookt, and so the earth he strew'd  
With much sound of his weightier armes. Then backe the formost went,

Even Hector yeelded, then the Greeks gave worthy clamors vent,  
Effecting then their first dumbe powers, some drew the dead and spoild,

G

Antilochus one of  
Priams friends.

Democoon Pri-  
ams safe names  
slaine by Ulysses.

Some

Some followed, that in open flight, Troy might confess it foild.  
*Apollo exiles  
the Trojans.*  
*Apollo* (angry at the fight) from top of Ilion cride,  
 Turne head, ye well-rode Peeres of Troy, feed not the Grecians pride;  
 They are not charm'd against your points, of steele, nor Iron fram'd;  
 Nor fights the faire-haird *Theris sonne*, but fits at fleet inflam'd.  
 So spake the dreadfull God from Troy. The Greeks, ior's noblest seed,  
*Troyes exiles  
to the Greeks.*  
 Encourag'd to keepe on the chace: and where fit spirit did need,  
 She gave it, marching in the mid; then flew the fatall houre  
 Backe on *Diores*, in retурne of Ilions sun-burnd powre;  
*Diores.*  
*Diores Ambrinides*, whose right legs ankl bone,  
 And both the fineswes, with a sharpe, and handfull charging stone,  
*Pirus Imbrasides* did break, that led the Thracian bands,  
 And came from *Ænos*, downe he fell, and up he held his hands  
 To his lov'd friends, his spirit wingd, to sic out of his breast,  
 With which not satisfied, againe, *Imbrasides* addrest  
 His Javeline at him, and so ript his navill, that the wound,  
 (As endlesly it shut his eyes) so (open'd) on the ground,  
 It pow'd his entrailes. As his foe, went then tuffis away,  
*Thos Aetolius* threw a dart, that did his pile convey  
 Above his nippel, through his lungs; when (quitting his sterne part)  
 He clos'd with him; and from his breast, first drawing out his dart,  
 His sword flew in, and by the mid; it wip't his belly out;  
 So toke his life, but left his armes, his friends so flockt about,  
 And thrust forth lances of such length, before their slaughtered kings;  
 Which though their foe were big and strong, and often brake the ring,  
 Forg'd of their lances; yet (enforce't) he left th' affected pris,  
 The Thracian, and the Epeian Dukes, laid close with closed eyes,  
 By either other, drown'd in dust; and round about the plaine  
 All hid with slaughtered carcasses; yet still did hotely raigne  
 The martiall planet; whose effect, had any eye beheld,  
 Free, and unwounded (and were led, by *Pallas* through the field,  
 To keepe of Iavelins, and suggest, the least fault could be found)  
 He could not reprehend the fight, so many strew'd the ground.

The end of the fourth Booke.

THE



## THE FIFTH BOOKE OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*King Diomed* (by Pallas'spirit inspir'd,  
 With will and power) is for his acts admir'd:  
 More men, and men deriv'd from Deities,  
 And Deities themselves, he terrified;  
 Addes wounds to terrors; his inflamed lance  
 Draws blood from Mars, and Venus: In a trance  
 He casts *Hecas*, with a weightie stone;  
 Apollo quickens him, and gets him gone:  
 Mars is recey'd by Paris; but by love  
 Rebuk'd, for authoring breach of humane love.

### Another Argument.

In Epsilon, heavens blood is sode,  
 By sacred rage of Diomed.

 *Hen Pallas* breath'd in *Tydew* sonnes: to render whom supreme  
 To all the Greeks, at all his parts, sic cast a hoter beam,  
 On his high minde; his body fild, with much superior might,  
 And made his compleat armour cast, a faire more complete light.

*Pallas* inspir'd  
and glorifies  
*Diomed*.

From his bright helme and shield, did burne, a most unweared fire:  
 Like rich *Aurum* golden lampe, whose brightelle men admire,  
 Past all the other host of starres, when with his chearfull face,  
 Freli walsh in losif Ocean waves, be doth the skies echarafe.

This fine like-  
wise Virgil  
hath of him.

To let whose glorie lose no sight, still *Pallas* mad him turne,  
 Where tumult mott exprest his power, and where the fight did burne.

An honest and a wealthie man, inhabited in Troy,  
*Dares* the Priest of *Mulciber*, who two sonnes did enjoy,  
*Idom*, and bold *Phegeus*, well fone in every fight:

These (singld from their troopes, and horst) assaid *Mars* Knight,  
 Who rang'd from fight to fight, on foot; all hasting munall charge,  
 (And now drawne neare) first *Phegeus* threw a javeline swift and large:  
 Whose head the Kings left shoulder tooke, but did no harme at all:

Then rusht he out a lance at him, that had no idle fall;  
 But in his breast stukke twixt the paps, and strooke him from his horse.  
 Which sterne fight, when *Idom* saw (disirruff full of his force

To save his slaughtered brothers spoyle) it made him head-long leape  
 From his faire Chariot, and leave all: yet had not scap't the heape  
 Of heavie funeral, if the God, great presidient of fire,  
 Had not (in sudden clouds of smoke, and pitrie of his Sire,

*Dares* Priest of  
*Mulciber*, or  
*Vulcan*.

*Idomus* and *Phe-  
geus* broug-  
ht to armes  
against Diomed.

*Phegeus* slaine:  
*Idomus* kill'd.

To leave him utterly unheird) given late passe to his feet.  
He gone, *Tyrides* sent the horse, and chariot to the fleet.

The Trojans seeing *Dares* sonnes, one slaine, the other fled,  
Were strooke amaz'd; the blew-eyd maide (to grace her *Dismed*)  
In giving free way to his power) made this so ruthfull fact,  
A fit advantage to remove, the warre-God out of act,

Who rag'd so on the Ilion side; she gript his hand and said,

*Pallas*: Oster, *Mars*, Mars, thou ruiner of men, that in the dust hast laid  
So many Cities, and with bloud, thy Godhead doft distine;

Now shall we caefte to shew our breasts, as paſſionate as men,

And leave the mixture of our hands? resigning *Iove* his right

(As rector of the Gods) to give, the glory of the fight,

Where he affeſteth? left he force, what we ſhould ſtreely yeeld?

He held it fit, and went with her, from the tumultuous field,

Who fet him in an hearby seat, on brode Scamanders ſhore.

He gone, all Troy was gone with him, the Greeks drove all before,

And every Leader ſleue a man; but firſt the king of men

Deserv'd the honour of his name, and led the slaughter then,

And ſleue a Leader; one more huge, than any man he led;

Great *Odius*, Duke of Halizonis; quite from his charions head

He strooke him with a lance to earth, as firſt he flight addrefſt;

It tooke his forward-turned backe, and looke out of his breſt;

His huge trunke founched, and his armes, did echo the reound.

*Iomedes* to the death, did noble *Pheſtus* wound,

The ſonne of *Meon Borm*, that, from cloddie Terna came;

Who (taking chariot) tooke his wound, and tumbld with the ſame

From his attempted fear; the lance, through his right shoulder strooke,

And horrid darkneſſe strooke through him: the ſpoile his ſouldiers tooke,

*Atrides*-*Menelaus* ſluē (as he before him fled)

*Scamandrus*, ſonne of *Strophius*, that was a huntsman bred;

A ſkilfull huntsman, for his ſkill, *Diana* ſelc did teach;

And made him able with his dart, infallibly to reach

All ſorts of subtlet ſavageſ, which many a wooddiſ hill

Fir'd for him; and he much preferv'd, and all to shew his ſkill.

Yet, not the dart-delighting *Queene*, taught him to thun this dart:

Nor all his hirring ſo farre off, (the matrie of his art.)

His bucke receiv'd it, and he fell, upon his breast withall:

His bodies ruine, and his armes, ſo founded in his fall,

That his affrighted horse flew off, and left him, like his life,

*Meriones* ſluē *Pheredes*, whom the that nere was wife,

Yer Goddesſe of good housewives, held, in excellent respect;

For knowing all the wittie things, that gracie an Architett;

And having pow'r to give it all, the cunning uſe of hand;

*Harmonides* his fire built ſhips, and made him understand,

(With all the practife it requir'd) the frame of all that ſkill;

He built all *Alexanders* ſhips, that author'd all the ill

Of all the Trojans and his owne, because he did not know

The Oracles, advising Troy (for feare of overthrow)

To

To medle with no ſea affaire, but live by tilling land;  
This man *Meriones* ſurprif'd, and drove his deadly hand  
Through his right hip; the lances head, ran through the region  
Abou the bladder, underneath th'in-muſcles, and the bone;

He (fighting) bow'd his knees to death, and ſacrific'd to earth.

*Phylides* ſtaid *Pedem* flight; *Antenor* baſtard birth:

Whom vertuous *Thebae* his wife (to pleafe her husband) kepte

As tenderly as thoſe ſhe lov'd. *Phylides* neare him ſtept,

And in the fountain of the nerves, did drench his fervent lance,

And his heads back-part; and fo farre, the ſharp head did advance,

It cleſt the Organe of his speech; and th'Iron (cold as death)

He tooke betwixt his grimming teeth, and gave the airc his breath.

*Euryalus* the much renoun'd, and great *Everens* ſonne,

Divine *Hypenor* ſluē, begot by stout *Deleption*,

And conſecrate *Scamanders* Priect; he had a gods regard,

Amongſt the people: his hard flight, the Grecian followed hard;

Rul'd in fo cloſe, that with his ſword he on his ſhoulders laid

A blow, that his armes browne cut off; nor there his vigor ſtaid,

But drove downe, and from off his wrift; he hewd his holy hand,

That gulft our bloud, and downe it dropt, vpon the bluſhing ſand,

Death, with his purple finger ſhuſt, and violente fate, his cycs.

Thus foughte theſe, but diſtinguiſh well; *Tyrides* ſo implies

His furie, that you could not know, whose ſide had intereft

In his free labors, Greeks or Troy. But as a flood increaſt

By violent and ſodaine ſhoweres, let downe from hills, like hilſ

Melted in furie, fwels, and ſomes, and ſo he over fills

His natuſal channel; that beſides, both hedge and bridge refignes

To his rough confluence, farre ſpread: and luſtie flouriſhing vines

Drown'd in his outrage. *Tydes* ſonne, ſo ever-ran the field,

Strew'd ſuch as florid in hiſ way: and made whole ſquadrons yeeld

When *Pandarus*, *Lycans* ſonne, beheld his mining hand,

With ſuch refiſtſle inſolence, make lanes through everie band:

He bent his gold-tipt bow of horne, and ſhot him rushing in,

At his right ſhoulder; where his armes were hollow, forth did ſpin

The blood, and downe his curtes, ranne; then *Pandarus* cried out,

Ranke riding Troians, Now rush in: Now, now, I make no doubt,

Our bravest foe is markt for death, he cannot long ſuſtaine

My violent shaft, if *Ioves* faire Sonne, did worthily conſtraine

My foot from Lycia: thus he brav'd, and yet his violent shaft

Strooke ſhort with all his violence, *Tyrides* life was ſaſt,

Who yet withdrew himſelf, behind his chariot and ſteeds,

And cal'd to *Sthenelus*; Come friend, my wounded ſhoulder needs,

Thy hand to caſt it of this shaft. He halſted from his ſeat

Before the coach, and drewe the shaft: the purple wound did ſweate;

And drowne his ſhirt of male in bloud, and as it bled he preid:

Heare me, oſlove *Agiocbus*, thou moſt unconquer'd maid,

If ever in the cruel field, thou haſt affiſtfull ſtood,

Orto my father, or my ſelfe, now love, and do me good;

*Pedem* ſlaie by  
*Phylides*.

*Euryalus* ſlaie  
*Hypenor*.

*Dismed* compa-  
red to a torrent.

*Pandarus*  
wounds *Diores*.

*Diores* pierc'd  
to *Pallas*.

G 3

Give

Give him into my lances reach that thus hath given a wound,  
To him thou guard'st preventing me, and brags that never more,  
I shall behold the cheerful Sunne : thus did the king implore.  
The Goddesse heard, came neere, and tooke the wearynesse of fight  
From all his nerves, and lineaments, and made them fresh and light,  
And said, Be bold, ô *Diomed*, in everie combat shone,  
The great shield-shaker *Tydeus* strength (that knight, that Sire of thine)  
By my infusion breathes in thee. And from thy knowing mind,  
I have remov'd those erring mists, that made it lately blind,  
That thou maist difference Gods from men : and therefore use thy skill,  
Against the tempting Deities, if any have a will  
To tric if thou preff'rest of that, as thine, that flowes from them;  
And so afflum'st above thy right. Where thou discern'ft a beame  
Of any other heavenly power, then thee that rules in love,  
That calls thee to the change of blowes; resist not, but remove;  
But if that Goddesse be so bold (since she first stird this warre)  
Assault and marke her from the rest, with some infamous scarre.  
The blew eyd Goddesse vanished, and he was scene againe  
Amongst the foremolt; who before, though he were prompt and faine  
To fight against the Troians powers; now, on his spirits were cald  
With thrise the vigor, Lion-like, that hath beene lately gald,  
By some bold sheperd in a field, where his curide flockes were laid;  
Who tooke him as he leapt the fold; not slaine yet, but appaied,  
With greater spirit, comes againe, and then the sheperd hides,  
(The rather for the defolate place) and in his Coate abides;  
His flockes left guardlesse; which amaz'd, shoke and shrink up in heapes;  
He (ruthlesse frely takes his prey; and out againe he leapes:  
So sprightly, fierce viictorious, the great Heroe flew  
Vpon the Troians; and at once, he two commanders slew;  
*Hippomen* and *Astynous*, in one, his lance he fixt  
Full at the nippole of his brest : the other smote betwixt  
The necke and shoulder with his sword; which was so well laid on,  
It wept his arme and shoulder off. These left he rusht upon  
*Abbas*, and *Polycidius* of old *Eurydamas*  
The hippleſſe sonnes; who could by dreames, tell what would come to passe :  
Yet, when his sonnes set forth to Troy, the old man could not read  
By their dreames, what would chance to them, for both were stricken dead  
By great *Tyddes*: after theſe, he takes into his rage  
*Xanibus*, and *Thoon*, *Phenops* sonnes, borne to him in his age;  
The good old man, even pin'd with yeares, and had not one sonne more  
To heire his goods: yet *Diomed*, tooke both, and left him store  
Of teares and forowes in their steads; ſince he could never ſee  
His ſonnes leue thole hore warres a live: ſo this the end must be  
Of all his labours; what he heapt, to make hisiſſe great,  
Authoriſte heird, and with her ſeed, ſild his forgotten ſteate.  
Then ſnatcht he up two *Priamiffts*, that in one chariot stood;  
*Echemon*, and faire *Chromius*; as ſeeding in a wood  
Oxen or ſteeses are; one of which, a Lyon leapes upon,

Teares

Dressed wade  
in the forefrogs  
before by  
Pallas.

*Hippomen* and  
*Astynous* ſtaine  
by *Diomed*.

*Eurydamas*

Leue of  
the ſteate  
epitaph. heire

Teares downe, and wrings in two his necke: ſo sternely *Tydeus* ſonne  
Threw from their chariot both theſe hopes, of old *Dardanides*:  
Then tooke their armes, and ſent their horſe, to thofe that ride the ſeas.

*Aineas* (leeing the troopes thus toſt) brake through the heate of fight,  
And all the whizzing of the darts, to find the Lycian knight

*Lycans* ſonne: whom having found, he thus beſpake the Peere:

*O Pandarus*, wher's now thy bow? thy deat'hfull arrowes where?

*Pandarus* to  
*Aeneas*.

In which no one in all our horſe, but gives the palme to thee;  
Nor in the Sun-lov'd Lycian greenes, that breed our Archerie,  
Lives any that exceeds thy ſelfe. Come lift thy hands to *Iove*,  
And ſend an arrow at this man (if but a man he prove,  
That winnes ſuch god-like viictories; and now affects our horſe  
With ſo much ſorrow: ſince ſo much, of our best blood is lost  
By his high valour;) I have feare, ſome god in him doth threat,  
Incent for want of ſacrifice; the wrath of god is great.

*Lycans* famous ſonne replyde, Great Counſeller of Troy,  
This man ſo excellent in armes, I thinke is *Tydeus* ioy;  
I know him by his ſteric ſhield, by his bright three plum'd caſke,  
And by his horſe, nor can I ſay, if or ſome god doth maske  
In his appearance, or he be (whome I nam'd) *Tydeus* ſonne:  
But without God the things he does (for certaine) are not done,  
Some great Immortall, that conveys, his ſhoulders in a cloud,  
Goes by and puts by everie dart, at his bold breast beſlow'd;  
Or lets it take with little hurt, for I my ſelfe let flie  
A shaft that ſhot him through his armes, but had as good gone by:  
Yet, which I gloriouly affirm'd, had driden him downe to hell.  
Some God is angry, and with me; for farre hence, where I dwell,  
My horſe and Chariots idle ſtand; with which ſome other way  
I might repairre this ſhamfull miſſe: eleuen faire charioſt ſtay  
In old *Lycans* Court; new made, new trim'd, to haue beene gone;  
Curtain'd and Arraſt vnder foote, two horſe to every one,  
That eat white Barly and blacke Otes, and do no good at all:  
And these *Lycans*, (that well knew, how theſe affaires would fal)  
Charg'd (when I ſet downe this deſigne) I ſhould command with here;  
And gave me many lessons more, all which much better were  
Then any I tooke forth my ſelfe. The reaſon I laid downe,  
Was, but the ſparing of my horſe ſince in a ſieg'd towne,  
I thought our horſe-meate would be ſcarſt; when they were uſd to have  
Their manger full; ſo I left them, and like a lackey ſlave  
Am come to Ilion, confident, in nothing but my bow,  
That nothing profits me; two shafts, I vainly did beſlow  
At two great Princes, but of both, my arrowes neither flew,  
Nor this, nor *Aeneas* younge ſon: a little blood I drew,  
That ſerv'd but to incenſe them more. In an unhappeſſe ſtarre,  
I therefore from my Armorie, haue drawne theſe tooles of warre:  
That day, when for great *Hector's* ſake, to amiable Troy  
I came to lead the Trojan bands. But if I ever ioy  
(In ſafe returne) my Countries fight, my wives, my loſty towres;

G 4

Let

*Aeneas* to *Pan-*  
*deris*.

Let any stranger take this head, if to the firie powers,  
This bow, these shafts, in peeces, burst (by these hands) benot throwne;  
Idle companions that they are, to me and my renowne.

*Aeneas* said, Vse no such words; for, any other way

Then this, they shall not now be vsd: we first will both assay  
This man with horse and chariot. Come then, ascend to me,  
That thou maist trie our Trojan horse, how skild in field they be:  
And in pursuing those that flic, or flying, being pursu'de  
How excellent they are of foote: and these (If *love* conclude  
The scope of *Tydeus* againe, and grace him with our flight)  
Shall serue to bring us safely off. Come, Ile be first shall fight:  
Take thou these faire reynes and this scourge; or (if thou wilt) fight thou,  
And leaveth the horses care to me. Heanswer'd, I will now  
Descend to fight; keepe thou the raines, and guide thy selfe thy horse;  
Who with their wonted manager, will better wield the force  
Of the impulsive chariot, if we be driven to flic.

Then with a stranger, under whom, they will be much more shye,  
And (caring my voice, wising thine) grow restle, nor go on,  
To bereve us off: but leave engag'd, mightie *Tydeus* sonne,  
Themselves and us. Then be thy part, thy one hov'd horses guides;

Ile make the fight: and with a dart receive his utmost pride.  
With this the gorgious chariot, both (thus prepar'd) ascend,  
And make full way at *Diomed*, which noted by his friend;  
Mine owne most loved Mind (said he) two mighty men of warre  
I see come with a purpos'd charge; ones, he that hits so farre  
With bow and shaft, *Lycus* sonne: the other fames the brood  
Of great *Achilles*, and the Queene, that rules in Amorous blood;  
*Eneas* excellent in armes) come up and use your steeds  
And looke not warre so in the face, lest that desire that feeds  
Thy great mind be the bane of it. This did with anger stung  
The blood of *Diomed*, to see, his friend that chid the king  
Before the fight, and then prefer'd, his ablenesse, and his mind,  
To all his ancestors in fight, now come so farre behind:

Vvhom thus beanfward, Vrgo no fight, you cannot picake me so,  
Nor is it honest in my mind, to feare a coming foe;  
Or make a fight good, though with fight; my powers are yet entire,  
And scorne the help-tire of a horse; I willnot blow the fire,  
Of their hot valours with my flight; but cast upon the blaze  
This body borne upon my knees: I entertaine amaze?  
*Minerva* will not see that shame: and since they have begun,  
They shall not both elect their ends; and he that scapes shall runne;  
Or stay and take the others fate: and this I leave for thee;  
Samply wife *Athena*, give both their lives to me.  
Pleine our horse to their chariot hard, and have a speciall heed  
To seise upon *Aeneas* steeds; that we may change their breed,  
And make a Grecian race of them, that have bene long of Troy  
For, these are bred of those brave beasts, which for the lovely Boy,  
That wayts now on the cup of *love*, *love*, that farre seeing God.

Gave

*Aeneas* to *Pandarus*.

*Aeneas* to *Minerva*.

*Diomed*.

*Aeneas* to *Minerva*.

Gave *Tros* the King in recompence: the best that ever trod  
The sounding Center, underneath, the Morning and the Sunne.  
*Achilles* stole the breed of them; for where their Sirce did runne,  
He closely put his Mares to them, and never made it knowne  
To him that herd them, who was then, the King *Laomedon*.  
Sixe horses had he of that race, of which himselfe kept foure,  
And gave the other two his sonne; and these are they that scoure  
The field so bravely towards us, expert in chace and flight:  
If these we have the power to take, our prize is exquisite,  
And our renoume will farre exceed. While these were talking thus,  
The fir'd horse brought th' assilants neare: and thus spake *Pandarus*,

Most suffering-minded *Tydeus* sonne, that hast of warre the art:  
My shaft that strooke thee, flue thee not, I now will prove a dart:  
This said, he strooke, and then he threw, a lance, aloft and large,  
That in *Tydeus* curst stucke, quite driving through his targe;  
Then braid he out so wilde a voyce, that all the field migh heare,  
Now have I reacht thy root of life, and by thy death shall beare  
Our praises chiefe prize from the field: *Tydeus*, undismaid,  
Replide: Thou er'ft, I am not toucht: but more charge will be laid  
To both your lives before you part: at least the life of one  
Shall satiate the throat of *Mars*; this said, his lance was gone:  
*Minerva* led it to his face, which at his eye ranne in,

And as he stoopt, strooke through his jowes, his tonges root, and his chinne. *Diomed* staires  
*Pandarus*.

Downe from the chariot he fell, his gay armes shain'd and rung,  
The swift horse trembled, and his coule, for ever charm'd his tongue.  
*Aeneas* with his shield and lance, leapt swifly to his friend,  
Afraid the Greeks would force his trunke; and that he did defend,  
Bold as a Lyon of his strength: he him him with his shield,  
Shooke round his lance, and horribly did threaten all the field  
With death, if any durst make in; *Tydeus* raif'd a stone,  
With his one hand, of wondrous weight, and powrd it manly on  
The hip of *Achilles*, wherein the ioyne doth moue

The thigh, tis cal'd the buckle bone, which all in thredz it drove;  
Brake both the nerves, and with the edge, cut all the flesh away:

It staggerd him upon his knees, and madeth *Heroe* stay  
His strooke-blind temples on his hand, his elbow on the earth;  
And there this Prince of men had died, if she that gave him birth,  
(Kift by *Achilles* on the greene, where his faire oxen fed,  
*Iove* loving daughter) instantly, had not about him spred  
Her soft embraces, and confaid, within her heauenly vaille,  
(Vf'd as a rampier gainft all darts, that did so hot affiale)  
Her deare lov'd issue from the field: Then *Sthenelus* in hast,  
(Remembering what his friend advised) from forth the preasse made fast  
His owne horse to their chariot, and presently laid hand  
Upon the lovely-coated horse, *Aeneas* did command  
Which bringing (to the wondring Greeks) he did their guard command  
To his belov'd *Deiphylus*, who was his inward friend.  
And (of his equals) one to whom, he had most honour showne;

*Aeneas* to *Minerva*.

*Aeneas* to *Achilles*.

*Aeneas* being wounded.

The boar of *Aeneas* made firy.

That

## THE FIFTH BOOKE

That he might see them safe at fleet: then slept he to his owne,  
With which he chearfully made in, to *Tydeus* mightie race;  
He (madde with his great enemies rape,) was hotin desperate chace  
Of her that made it; with his lance (arm'd leffe with steele then spight)  
Well knowing her no Deize, that had to do in fight;  
*Minerva* his great Patroneesse, nor shee that raceth townes,  
*Bellona*; but a Goddesse weake, and foe to mens renownes;  
Her (through a world of fight) purſide, at laſt he over-tooke,  
(And (thrusting up his ruthieſſe lance) her heavenly veile he strooke,  
*Dimed wounds*  
*Venus*.  
*Venus* (through a world of fight) purſide, at laſt he over-tooke,  
(That even the Graces wrought themſelves, at her divine command)  
Quite through, and hurt the tender backe of her delicioſe hand:  
The rude point piercing through her palme, forth flow'd th'immortall bloud,  
(Bloud, ſuch as flowes in bleſſed Gods, that eate no humane food,  
Nor drinke of our inflamming wine, and therefore bloudleſſe are,  
And cald immortals:) out the cryed, and could no longer beare  
Her lovd forne, whom ſhe caſt from her, and in a ſable cloud  
*Phœbus* (receiving) hid him cloſe from all the Grecian crowd,  
Left ſome of them ſhould finde his death. Away flew *Venus* then,  
And after her cryed *Diomed*: Away thou ſpoyle of men,  
Though ſprung from all-preſerving *Jove*, These hot encounters leave:  
It's not enough that ſillie Dames, thy forceries ſhould deceiue,  
Vnleſſe thou thrust into the warre, and roba a fouldier's right?  
I think, a few of theſe auaults, will make thee feare the fight,  
Where ever thou ſhale heare it nam'd. She fighting, went her way  
Extremally griev'd, and with her grieues, her beauties did decay;  
And blacke her Ivorie bodie grew. Then from a dewy miſt,  
Brake wiſt foot *Ira* to her aide, from all the darts that hiſt  
At her quicke rapture, and to *Mars*, they tooke their plaintive courſe,  
And found him on the fightes left hand; by him his ſpedie horſe,  
And huge lance, lying in a fogge: the Queene of all things faire,  
Her loved brother on her knees, beſought with iſtant prayre,  
His golden ribband-bound man'd horſe, to lend her up to heaven,  
For ſhe was much griev'd with a wound, a mortall man had giuen;  
*Tydiſes*: that gainſt *Jove* himſelfe, durſt now aduance his arme.  
*Mars ſends his*  
*burſet to Venus*.  
*Venus to Mars*.  
*Aspergim. to Venus*.  
*Aspergim. to Venus*.  
*Venus to Venus*.  
*Dione mother of*  
*Venus to Venus*.  
*Venus to Di. ne.*

He granted, and his chariot (perplexit with her late harme)  
She mounted, and her waggonneſſe, was ſhe that paints the ayre;  
The horſe the reind, and with a ſcourge, impound' their repaire,  
That of themſelues out, flew the windes, and quickly they ascend  
Olympus, high ſeat of the Gods; th'horſe knew their journies end,  
Stood ſtill, and from their chariot, the windie footed Dame  
Difſolu'd, and gaue them heaſtly food; and to *Dione* came  
Her wounded daughter; bent her knees; ſhe kindly bad her ſtands;  
With ſweer embracis helpe her up; ſtrok' her with her ſoft hand;  
Call'd kinidly by her name; and askt, what God hath beene so rude,  
(Sweet daughter) to chaſtife thee thus? as if thou werſt purſide,  
Euen to the act of ſome light finaſe, and deprechedſo?  
For otherwiſe, each cloſe escape, is in the Great let go.  
She anſwer'd; Haughtie *Tydeus* ſonne, hath beene ſo iſolent;

Since

## OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

Since he, whom moſt my heart eſteemes, of all my lov'd deſcent,  
I refuſ'd from his bloudy hand: now battell is not given  
To any Trojans by the Greeks, but by the Greeks to heaven.  
She anſwer'd, Daughter, thinke not much, though much it grieve thee: ſe *Dione to Ven.*  
The patience, whereof many Gods, examples may produce,  
In many bitter ilſ receiv'd; as well that men ſuſtaine  
By their iſtictions, as by men, repaid to them againe:  
*Mars* ſuffered much more then thy ſelfe, by *Ephialtes* powre,  
And *Ota*, *Aleous*fonnes, who in a brazen towre,  
(And in inextricable chaines) caſt that warre-greedy God,  
Wheretwice ſix months and one he liv'd, and there the period  
Of his ſad life perhaps had cloſ'd, if his kind ſtep-dame's eye,  
*Faire Erebæa* had not ſene, who told it *Mercutie*;  
And he by wealth enfranchiſ'd him, though he could ſcarce enjoy  
The benefit of enfranchiſment, the chaines did ſo destroy  
His vital forces with their weight. So *Iano* ſuffered more,  
When with a three-forkt arrowes head, *Ampibytris* ſonne did gore  
Her right breaſt, paſt all hope of cure. *Plato* ſuſtained no leſſe  
By that ſelfe man; and by a haſt, of equall bitternesse,  
Shot through his ſhoulder at hell gates, and there (amoungſt the dead,  
Were he not deathleſſe) he had died: but up to heaven he fled  
(Extremely tortul'd) for recure, which iſtantly he wonne  
At *Paeon*'s hand, with ſoveraigne Balme; and this did *Jove*, great fonne.  
*Vnbleſt, great-high deed-daring man, that car'd not doing ill;*  
That with his bow durſt wound the gods; but by *Minerva*'s will,  
Thy wound, the fooliſh *Diomed*, was ſo prophanre to give;  
Not knowing he that fightes with heaven, hath never long to live,  
And for this deed, he never ſhall have childe about his kne  
To call him father, comming home. Besides, heare this from me,  
(Strength-truſting man) though thou be ſtrong, and art in strength a towre,  
Take heed a stronger meet thee not, and that a womans powre  
Containes not that ſuperior strength; and leſt that woman be  
*Adrasias* daughter, and thy wife, the wife *Egiale*,  
When (from this houre not farre) the wakes, even ſhiging with deſire  
To kindle our revenge on thee, with her enamouring fire,  
In choosing her ſome freſhy young friend, and ſo drowne all thy fame,  
Wonne here in warre, in her Court-peace, and in an opene shame.  
This ſaid, with both her hands ſhe cleaſ'd the tender backe and palme  
Of all the ſacred bloud they loſt; and never uſing Balme,  
The paine ceaſt, and the wound was cur'd, of this kinde Queene of love.  
*Iano and Pallas* ſeeing this, afraid to anger *Jove*,  
And quicke his late made-mirth with them, about the loving Dame,  
With ſome ſharpe jeſt, in like fori built upon her preſent shame.  
*Grey-cyd Aſthenia* began, and aſk't the Thunderer,  
If (nothing moving him to wrath) he boldly might preferre  
What ſhe conceiv'd, to his conceit: and (ſaying no reply)  
She bade him viue the *Cypris* fruit, he lovd ſo tenderly,  
Whom the thought hurt, and by this meanes, intending to ſuborne  
*Pallas to Jove*.

Some

*Mars bound in*  
*chaines by Ota*  
*and Ephialtes.**Paeon ſuſtaining*  
*to the gods*  
*enfranchiſment.*

Some other Ladie of the Grecianes (whom louely veiles adorne)  
 To gratifie some other friend, of her much-loud Troy,  
 As the imbrac't and stird her bloud, to the Venetean joy,  
 The golden clapse those Grecian Dames, upon their girdles weare,  
 Tooke hold of her delicious hand, and hurt it, she had feare.

*Lectio bonus.* The Thunderer smil'd, and cald to him, loues golden Arbitreffe;  
 And told her, those rough workes of warre were not for her accesse :  
 She shold be making marriages, imbracings, kisses, charmes;  
 Sterne Mars and Pallas had the charge of those affaires in armes.

*Apollonius.* While these thus talkt, *Tydiades* rage still thirsted to atchieue  
 His prisfe upon *Anchises* sonne; though well he did perceiue  
 The Sunne himselfe protected him: but his desires (infam'd  
 With that great Trojan Princes bloud, and armes so highly fam'd)  
 Not that great God did reverence. Thrice rush he rudely on,  
 And thrice betwixt his darts and death, the sunnes bright target shone :  
 But when upon the fourth assault (much like a spirit) he flew,  
 The farr-off working Deitie, exceeding wrathful grew,  
 And askt him: What? Not yecld to Gods? thy equals learene to know:  
 The race of Gods is farre aboue, men creeping here below.

This draue him to some small retirre, he would not tempt more neare  
 The wrath of him that strooke so farre, whose powre had now set cleare  
*Aeneas* from the stormie field, within the holy place

*Ancesto Troy.* Of Pergamus; where, to the hope of his so soueraigne grace,  
 A goodly Temple was advanc't, in whose large inmost part  
 He left him, and to his supply, inclin'd his mothers heart  
 (*Laetona*) and the dart-peas'd Queen, who cur'd, and made him strong.  
 The siuer-bow'd faire God, then threw, in the tumultuous throng,  
 An Image, that in stature, looke, and armes he did create  
 Like *Venus* sonne; for which the Grecenes and Trojans made debate,  
 Laid lowd strokes on their Oxe-hide shields, and bucklers easly borne:  
 Which error *Phabos* pleas'd to urge, on *Mars* himselfe in scorne :

*Apollonius.* Mars, Mars, (said he) thou plague of men, fineward with the dust & bloud  
 Of humanes, and their ruind wals; yet thinkst thy God-head good,  
 To frighe this Furie from the field? who next will fight with love.  
 First, in a bold approach he hurt the moist palme of thy Love :  
 And next (as if he did affect, to have a Deities powre)  
 He held out his assault on me. This said, the loftie towre  
 Of Pergamus he made his seate, and Mars did now excite  
 The Trojan forces, in the forme of him that led to fight  
 The Thracian troops; (wifte *Acamas*, O *Priams* sonnes (said he)  
 How long, the slaughter of your men, can ye sustaine to see ?  
 Even till they braue you at your gates! Ye suffer beaten downe  
*Aeneas*, great *Anchises* sonne; whose prouesse we renowne  
 As much as *Hector's*: fetch him off from this contentious prease.

*Amphion.* With this, the strength and spirits of all, his courage did increase,  
 And yet *Sarpedon* seconds him, with this particular taunt  
 Of noble *Hector*. *Hector?* where is thy unthankfull vaunt,  
 And that huge strength on which it built? that thou, and thy allies,

With

With all thy brothers (without aid of us or our supplies,  
 And troubling not a citizen) the Cittie safe would hold :  
 In all which, friends, and brothers helps, I see not, nor am told  
 Of any one of their exploits, but (all held in disfay  
 Of *Diamond*, like a sort of doge, that at a Lyon bay,  
 And enterteine no spirte to pinch,) we (your abitants here)  
 Fight for the towne, as you helpe us: and I (an aiding Peere,  
 No Citizen, even out of care, that doth become a man,  
 For men and childrens liberties) addc all the aide I can :  
 Not out of my particular cause, far hence my profit growes :  
 For far hence *Aisan Lycia* lyes, where gulfie *Xanthus* flowers :  
 And where my lou'd wife, infant sonne, and treasure nothing scant,  
 I left behinde me, which I fee those men would have, that want:  
 And therefore they that have, would keepe, yet I (as I would lose  
 Their sure fruition) cheare my trouper, and with their lives propose  
 Mine owne life, both to generall fight, and to particular cope,  
 With this great fouldier: though (I say) I enterteine no hope  
 To have such gettings as the Greeks, nor feare to lose like Troy.  
 Yet thon (even *Hector*) deadleſſ standſt, and carſt not to employ  
 Thy towne-borne friends, to bid them stand, to fight and ſave their wifes :  
 Left as a Fowler calſt his nets upon the ſilly liues  
 Of birds of all sorts, ſo the ſoe, your walls and houses halcs,  
 (One with another) on all heads: or ſuch as ſcape their falſ,  
 Be made the prey and prize of them, (as willing overthownde)  
 That hope not for you, with their force: and to this brave built towne  
 Will prove a Chaos: that deserves, in thee ſo hot a care  
 As ſhould confune thy dayes and nightes, to hearten and prepare  
 Th' affiſſant Princes: pray their minds, to beare their far-brought toiles,  
 To give them worth, with worthy fight: in victories and foiles  
 Still to be equall, and thy ſelfe (exampling them in all)  
 Need no reproches nor ſpurs, all this in thy free choice ſhould fall.

This ſlung great *Hector's* heart: and yet, as every generous minde  
 Should ſilent beare a juſt reproofe, and ſhew what good they finde  
 In worthy counſels, by their ends, put into preſent deeds:  
 Not ſtomack, nor be vainly ſham'd: fo *Hector's* ſpirit proceeds :  
 And from his Chariot (wholly arm'd) he jump upon the ſand:  
 On foot, ſo toyleng through the hoaſt, a dart in either hand,  
 And all handſturn'd againſt the Greeks, the Greeks despis'd their worſt,  
 And (thickning their inſtructed powers) expected all they durſt.

Then with the feet of horſe and foot, the daſt in clouds did rife,  
 And as in ſacred floores of barnes, upon corne-winnowers flies  
 The chaffe, driven with an oppofite winde, when yellow *Ceres* dites,  
 Which all the Ditors, feet, legs, armes, their heads and ſhoulders whites :  
 So lookt the Grecian gray with daſt, that ſtrooke the ſolid heaſon,  
 Rais'd from returning chariots, and trouper together driven.  
 Each ſide stood to their labours firme: fierce *Mars* flew through the aire,  
 And gathered darkness from the fighē: and with his best affaire,  
 Obeyd the pleasure of the Sunne, that weareſ the golden ſword,

H

Who

*Smile from  
 the last adme-  
 bry.*

*At this junct  
Tempo di fid  
v. 11.*

Who bad him raise the spirits of Troy, when *Pallas* cast afford  
Her helping office to the Greeks; and then his owne hands wrought,  
Which (from his Phanes rich chancell, curd) the true *Aeneas* brought,  
And plac't him by his Peeres in field, who did (with joy) admire  
To see him both alive and safe, and all his powers entire:  
Yet stood not sifting, how it chanct: another sort of taske,  
Then stirring thidle sive of newes, did all their forces aske:  
Inflam'd by *Phœbus*, harmfull *Mars*, and *Hermes*, cagier fare:  
The Greeks had none to hearten them; their hearts rose with the warre;  
But chiefly *Diomed*, *Ithacæus*, and both th' *Aiaxes* us'd  
Stirring examples, and good words: their owne fames had infis'de  
Spirit enough into their blouds, to make them neither feare  
The Troians force, nor Fati it selfe; but still expecting were  
When most was done, what would be more; their grounde they fil made goods  
And (in their silence, and set powers) like faire still clouds they stood:  
With which, *Iove* crownes the tops of his, in any quiet day,  
When *Boreas* and the ruder winds (that use to drive away  
Aires dusky vapors, being loofe, in many a whistling gale)  
Are pleasingly bound up and calme, and not a breath exhale;  
So firmly stod the Greeks, nor fled, for all the *Ilios* ayd.

*Atrides* yet coasts through the troupes, confirming men to stayd:  
O friends (said he) hold up your minds; strength is but strength of will;  
Reverence each others good in fight, and shame at things done ill:  
Where souldiers shew an honest flame, and love of honour liues,  
That ranks men with the first in fight, death fewer liveries giues  
Then life, or then where Fames neglect, makes cowards fight at length:  
Flight neither doth the body grace, nor shewes the mind hath strength.  
He said; and swiftly through the troupes, a mortall lance did send,  
That rest a standard-bearers life, renownd *Aeneas* friend;

*Dicoenes* *Pergasides*, whom all the Troians lov'd,  
*Agamemnon* As he were one of *Priamus* sonnes; his mind was so approvd  
In alwayes fighting with the first: the Lance his target tooke,  
Which could not interrupt the blow, that through it cleerly strooke;  
And in his bellies rimme was fletched, beneath his girdle-stead;  
He sounded falling, and his arms, with him resounded, dead.

*Orsilochus* and *Crethon* (ain by *Aeneas*)  
*Aeneas* Then fell two Princes of the Greeks, by great *Aeneas* ire,  
As *Dicoenes* sonnes (*Orsilochus*, and *Crethon*) whose kinde Sire  
In bravely-builded Phara dwelt; rich, and of sacred blood;  
He was descended lineally, from great *Alpheus* flood,  
That broadly flowes through Pylos fields: *Alpheus* did beget

*The pedigree of Orsilochus*: who in the rule of many men was set:  
*Orsilochus*. And that *Orsilochus* begat, the rich *Dicalemus*:  
*Dicalemus* sirc to *Crethon* was, and this *Orsilochus* :  
Both thele, arriv'd at mans estate, with both th' *Atrides* went,  
To honour them in th' *Ilios* warres; and both were one way sent,  
To death as well as Troy; for death, hid both in one blacke hourre.  
As two young Lyons (with their dam, sustaint but to devoure)  
Bred on the tops of some steepe hill, and in the gloomye deepe

Of an inaccessible wood, raill out, and prey on sheope,  
Steeres, Oxen; and destroy mens flocks, so long that they come short;  
And by the Owners sheole are staine: in such unapple fort,  
Fell these beneath *Shear* power. When *Menelaus* view'd  
(Like two tall firre trees) these two falls their themselves falls he rew'd;  
And to the first fight, where they lay, a vengefull force he tooke,  
His armes beat backe the Smaue in names; a swiche Lance he shooke:  
*Mars* put the faris in his munde, that by *offenses* hands,  
(Who was to make the slaughter good) he might have shrewd the fands.

*Antilochus* (old *Nestor*s sonne) observing he was bent  
To urgea combat of such odds, and knowing the evene,  
Being ill on his part, all their paines (alone infain'd for him)  
Erd from their end, made after hand, and took them in the trim  
Of an encounter; both their hands and darts advanc't, and shooke,  
And both pinc't, in full thond of change; when findealy the looke  
Of *Antilochus* tooke note of *Alpheus* valiane sonne,  
In full charge too; which two to one, made *Pallas* iuste shanre  
The hot adventure, though he were a souldier well approu'd.  
Then drew they off their slaughtered friends; who givē to their belou'd,  
They turn'd where fight fawnd deadlike base; and there mixt with the dead

*Pylades*, that the tanglers of *Paphlagonia* led,

A man like *Mars*; and with him self, good *Ayulus* that did guide

His chariot; *Ayulus* sonne. The Prince *Pylades* died  
By *Menelaus*; *Nestor* soy, first *Ayulus*; one before,

The other in the chariot: *Atrides* lance did gore

*Pylades* shoulder, in the blayde: *Antilochus* did force

A myghtie stonc up from the earth, and (as he turn'd his horse)

Strooke *Mydon* elbow in the midle: the reines of *Iacoc*

Fell from his hand into the chift: *Antilochus* let fly

His sword withall, and (rushing in) a blow so deadly laid

Vpon his tempes, that he grov'd, tumbld to earth, and stayd

A myghtie while preposterosly (because the dust was deepe)

Vpon his necke and sholdens there, evn till his foote tooke kepe

Of his pridie horse, and made them stirre; and then he prostrate fell:

His horse *Antilochus* tooke home. When *Heitor* had heard tell,

(Amoght the uprore) of their deaths, he laid out all his voyce,

And ranne upoa the Greeks: behinde, came many men of choyce;

Before him marcht great *Mars* himselfe, matcht with his female mate,

The dread *Bellona*: she brought on (to fight for mortall Fate)

A tumult that was wilde, and mad: he shooke a horrid Lance,

And, now led *Heitor*, and anon, behinde would make the chance.

This fight, when great *Tyndaris* saw, his haire stood up on end:

And him, whom all the skill and power of armes did late attred,

Now like a man in counsell poore, that (travelling) goes smille,

And (hanting past a boundefle plaine) no knowing where he is,

Comes on the sudden, where he sees a riuer rough, and raves

With his owne billows rasched, into the King of waves;

Murmurs with sone, and frights him backe: to be, amaz'd, retirede,

*Antilochus* vi-  
luntary care of  
*Menelaus*, and  
their charge of  
*Aeneas*.

*Menelaus* slayes  
*Pylades*.

*Antilochus* slayes  
*Mydon*.

*Heitor* manager  
of assault.

*Simeus*.

And thus would make good his amaze, O friends, we all admire  
 Great *Hector*, as one of himselfe, well-darting, bold in warre;  
 When some God guards him still from death, and makes him dare so farre:  
 Now *Mars* himselfe (form'd like a man) is present in his rage:  
 And therefore, whatsoever cause, importunes you to wage  
 Warre with these Trojans, never strive, but gently take your rod;  
 Left in your bosomes, for a man, ye ever finde a God.

*Hector* slaug-  
ters Menelaus,  
and Anchialus,  
*Ajax* slays  
*Amphilochus*.  
get.

As Greece retire, the power of Troy, did much more forward prease;  
*Hector*, two brave men of warre, sent to the fields of peace;  
*Menelaus*, and *Anchialus*; one chariot bare them both:  
 Their fals made *Ajax* *Telamon*, ruthfull of heart, and wroth;  
 Who lightned out a lance, that smote *Amphilochus Selgas*,  
 That dwelt in Pedos; rich in lands, and did huge goods possesse:  
 But Fate, to *Priam* and his sonnes, conducted his supply:  
 The Iavelin on his girdle strooke, and pierced mortally  
 His bellies lower part, he fell; his armes had lookes so trim,  
 That *Ajax* needs would prove their spoyle; the Trojans pow'd on him  
 Whole stormes of Lances, large, and sharpe: of which, a number stukke  
 In his rough shield; yett from the slaine, he did his Iavelin plucke:  
 But could not from his shoulders force the armes he did affect;  
 The Trojans, with such drifts of Darts, the body did protect:  
 And wifely *Telamonius* fear'd their valorous defence;  
 So many, and so strong of hand, stood in with such expence:  
 Of deadly powerte; who repelld (though bigge, strong, bold he were)  
 The famous *Ajax*, and their friend, did from his rapture bear.

Thus this place, fill'd with strength of fight, in th' armes other prease,  
*Tlepolemus*, a tall bigge man, the sonne of *Helenus*,  
 A cruell delinie inspir'd, with strong desire to prove  
 Encounter with *Sarpedon's* strength, the sonne of *Clytus* *Iove*:  
 Who, comming on, to that sterne end, had chosen him his foe:  
 Thus *Iove's* great Nephew, and his sonne, gainst one another go:  
*Tlepolemus* (to make his end, more worth the will of Fate)  
 Begane, as if he had her powre; and shew'd the mortall state  
 Of too much confidence in man, with this superfluous Brave;  
*Sarpedon*, what necessarie, or needlesse humour drave  
 Thy forme, to these warres? which in heart, I know thou doest abhorre;  
 A man not scene in deeds of armes, a Lycian counsellor;  
 They lye that call thee sonne to *Iove*, since *Iove* bred none so late;  
 The men of elder times werethey, that his high power begat,  
 Such men as had Herculean force; my father *Hercules*  
 Was *Iove's* true issue, he was bold, his deeds did well expresse.  
 They sprung out of a Lyons heart: he whilome came to Troy,  
 (For horse that *Jupiter* gave *Tros*, for *Ganimed* his boy)  
 With six ships onely, and few men, and tore the Cittie downe,  
 Left all her broad wayes desolate, and made the horse his owne:  
 For thee, thy minde is ill dispose, thy bodies powers are poore,  
 And therefore are thy troopes so weake: the soldier euermore  
 Follows the temper of his chiefe; and thou pull'st downe a side.

*Iove's* son *Sarpedon*, and *Tlepolemus* his son.  
*Tlepolemus* to *Hercules*, draw to ensuera.  
*Tlepolemus* to *Sarpedon*.

But

But say, thou art the sonne of *Iove*, and haft thy meanes supplide  
 With forces fitting his descent: the power that I compell,  
 Shall throw thee hence; and make thy head, run ope the gates of hell.

*Ioves* *Tycias* issue answere him, *Tlepolemus*, its true;

Thy father, holy *Ilios*, in that fort overthrew;

Th'injustice of the king was caufe, that where thy father had  
 Vs'de good deservings to his flate, he quitted him with bad.

*Hector*, the joy and grace of King *Leomedes*,

Thy father: rescude from a Whale, and gave to *Telamon*

In honour Nuptials; *Telamon*, from whom your strongest Grecke

Boats to have iſſe, and this grace might well expect the like:

Yet he gave taunts to thanks, and kept, against his oath, his horse;

And therefore both thy fathers strength, and justice might enforce

The wreake he tooke on Troy: but this, and thy caufe diſſer farre;

Sonneſe ſeldom heire their fathers worths; thou canſt not make his warre:

What thou alſum from him, is mine, to be on thee imposde.

With this, he threw an alſen dart, and then *Tlepolemus* loſde

Another from his glorious hand: Both at one instant flew;

Both strooke, both wounded; from his necke, *Sarpedon's* Iavelin drew

The life, bloud of *Tlepolemus*; full in the middest it fel.

And what he threatened, th'other gave; that darkneſſe, and that hell.

*Sarpedon's* left thigh tooke the Lance, it pierc't the folide bone,

And with his raging head, ramme through; but *Iove* preferv'd his sonne.

The dart yett vexed him bately, which shold have beeene paid out;

But none confidered then ſo much, ſo thicke came on the rout,

And ſid each hand ſo full of caufe, to pley his owne defences,

Was held enough (both faire) that both were nobly carried thence.

*Vlyſſes* knew the events of both, and tooke it much to hart,

That his friends enemie ſhould ſcape, and in a twofold part

His thoughts contended; if he ſhould purſue *Sarpedon's* life,

Or take his friends wreake on his men. Fate did conclude this strife;

By whom twas otherwise decreed, then that *Vlyſſes* ſteele

Should end *Sarpedon*. In this doubt, *Minerva* tooke the wheel

From fickle Chance; and made his minde reſolve to right his friend

With that bloud he could ſtreight draw. Then did Revenge extend

Her full power on the multitude; Then did he never miſſe,

*Aſſenor*, *Halius*, *Chromius*, *Noemus*, *Eritangis*,

*Alexander*, and a number more, he flue, and more had ſlaigne,

If *Hector* had not understoods, whose power made in amaine,

And strooke feare through the Grecian troupe; but to *Sarpedon* gave

Hope of full resuce, who thus cryed, O *Hector!* helpe and ſave

My body from the ſpoyle of Greece; that to your loved towne,

My friends may ſee me borne; and then, let earth poſſeſſe herowne,

In thiſſe, for whole fake I left my countries; for no day

Shal ever ſhew me that againe; nor to my wife display

(And vong hope of my Name) the ioy of my much thirſted sight:

All which, I left for Troy, for them, let Troy then doe this right,

To all this *Hector* gives no word: but greedily he strives,

*Sarpedon* to  
*Tlepolemus*.

*Sarpedon* slaug-  
ters *Tlepolemus*.

*Hector* ſtrikeſſe fore  
hand by *Tlepole-*  
*mus*.

*Vlyſſes* valour.

*Sarpedon* to  
*Hector*.

Sarpedon in a  
trance.

With all speed to repell the Greeks, and fled in floods their liues,  
And left *Sarpedon*: but what face souer he put on  
Offollowing the common caule, he left his Prince alone  
For his particular grudge, becauise, so late, he was so plaine  
In his reprofe before the holt, and that did he retaine;  
How cuer, for example sake, he would not shew it then  
'And for his shame to, since twas iust. But good *Sarpedon* men  
Venuerd rhemselues, and forc'd him off, and set him underneath  
The goodly Beech of *Jupiter*, where now they did unbreath  
The Athesen lance: strong *Pelagon*, his friend, most lov'd, most true,  
Enforc't it from his manned thigh: with which his spirit flew,  
And darknesse over flew his eyes, yet with a gentle gale  
That round about the dying Prince, coole *Boreas* did exhale,  
He was reviv'd, recomforted, that elfe had gric'd and dyed.  
All this time, flight drove to the fleet, the Argines, who applied  
No weapon gainst the proud pursue, nor ever turn'd a head.  
They knew so well that *Mars* purfide, and dreadfull *Hector* led:  
Then who was first, who laſt; whose liues the Iron *Mars* did scife,  
And Priams *Hector*? *Helena*, tuncname *Oenopides*,  
Good *Tethras*, and *Orestes*, skild in managing of horſe,  
Bold *Oenomamus*, and a man, renoumd for martiall force,  
*Trechus*, the great *Æolian* Chieft, *Orestes*, that did weare  
The gawdy Myter, studied wealth extremely, and dwelt neare  
Th' Athlantique lake Cephisides, in *Hyla*, by whose seat,  
The good men of Boetia dwelt. This slaughter grew so great,  
It flew to heaven: *Saturnus* disordred it, and cried out  
To *Pallas*, O unworthy fight? to see a field so fought,  
And breake our words to Sparta King, that Ilion should be rac't,  
And he returne reveng'd: when thus, we ſet his Greckes disgrac't,  
And bearre the harmfull rage of *Mars*: Come, let us use our care,  
That we diſhonour not our powers. *Minerva* was as yare  
As ſhe, at the deſpit of Troy. Her golden-brid'l ſteeds,  
Then *Saturnus* daughter brought abroad, and *Hebe*, ſhe proceeds  
T'adrefe her chariot, instantly, ſhe givēs it either wheel,  
Beam'd with eight Spokes ofounding braffe, the Axle-tree was Steele,  
The Fellifles incorruptible gold, their upper bands, of braffe,  
Their matter moft unvalued, their worke of wondrous grace.  
The Naves in which the Spokes were driven, were all with ſilver bound,  
The chariots ſteate, two hoopes of gold and ſilver, ſtrengthened round,  
Edg'd with a gold and ſilver fringe, the beame that lookt before,  
Was maffe ſilver, on whose top, gretes all of gold it wore,  
And golden Poitrls. *Inno* mountes, and her hot horſes reuin'd,  
That thirfted for contention, and full of peace complained.  
*Minerva* wrapt her in the robe, that curiously the wove,  
With glorious colours, as the ſate, on th' azure floore of *Jove*.  
And wore the armes that he puts on, bent to the tearefull field.  
*Agis* cloves  
field described Fring'd round with ever-fighting Snakes; through it, was drawne to life

The

The miseries and deaths of fight: in it round bloudie *Strife*,  
In it ſhin'd sacred *Fortitude*; in it fell *Perfit* flew;  
In it the monſter *Gorgons* head, in which (held out to view)  
Were all the dire offences of *Iove*, on her bigge head the plack  
His fourt-plum'd glittering caske of gold, fo admirably vau't,  
It would an hundred garnions of ſouldiers comprehend.  
Then to her ſhining chariot, her vigorous feet ascend:  
And in her violent hand the takes his grave, huge, ſolid lance,  
With which the conqueſts of her wrath, the uiche to advance,  
And overturne whole fields of men; to ſhew ſhe was the feed  
Of him that thunders. Then heavens *Queene* (to urge her horſes ſpeed)  
Takes up the ſcourge, and forth they ſlie; the ample gates of heaven  
Rung, and flew open of themſelves; the charge whereof is given  
(With all *olympus*, and the ſkie) to the diſtinguiſhe hours,  
That cleare, or hide it all in clouds; or powre it down in blowres.  
This way their ſouage-obeying horſe, made haſte, and ſoonē they wonne  
The top of all the topfull heavens, where aged *Saturnus* ſonne  
Sat ſever'd from the other Gods, then laid the white-arm'd *Queene*  
Her ſeedes; and aſk of *Iove*, if *Mars* did not incane his ſpleene  
With his ſoule doodes, in ruineyng ſo many and ſo great  
In the Command and grace of Greece, and in ſo rude a heat.  
At which (the faid) *Apollo* laughe, and *Peneus*, who ſtil ſit  
To that mad God for violence, that never juſtice knew;  
For whos impiecie ſhe aſk, if with his wilde love  
Her ſelfe might free the field of him? He bade her rather move  
*Athenis* to the charge ſhe fought, whi uif'd of old to be  
The bane of *Mars*, and had as well the gift of ſpoile as he.  
This grace ſhe flackt not, but her horſe, ſcound'g, that in nature flew  
Bewix the cope of ſpheres and earth: And how farre at a view  
A man into the purple ſea, may from a hill defre:  
\* So faire a high-neigheing horſe of heaven, at every junpe would ſlie.  
Arrived at Troy, where broke in curlis, the two floods mixe their force,  
(*Scamander*, and bright *Simone*) *Saturnus* laid her horſe;  
Tooke them from chariot, and a cloud of mighty depth diffund'd  
About them; and the verdane bankes of Symos produc'd  
(In nature) what they \* eate in heaven. Then boþ the Goddesses  
Marche like a paire of timorous Dones, in haſting their accesse,  
To th' Argive ſuccour. Being atrriad, where both the moft and beſt  
Werē heapt together (ſhewing all, like Lyons at a feaſt  
Of new ſlaime carkaſſes; or Bonis, beyond encounter ſtrong)  
There found they *Diamond*, and there, midſt all thiſadmiring throng,  
*Saturnus* put on *Stentor*' ſhape, that had a brazen voice,  
And ſpake as loud as ſiſic men; like whom ſhe made a noife,  
And chid the Argines, O ye Greckes, in name, and outward rite,  
But Princes only, not in aſt: what ſcandal! what deſpit!  
Vſe ye to honour all the time, the great *Acciſores*  
Was conueriant in armes; your foes durſt not a foot addrefſe  
Without their ports; ſo much they feared, his lance that all controld;

H 4

And

The three loues  
Guardian, of  
brethren geare.  
\* Now ſet a  
brazen horſe  
rode at our reaſt  
or ſtrake in ga-  
loping ran-  
ge, when n  
Homer in note is  
tarefull, bring  
expell to his in-  
interpretation, re-  
ading it for how  
far Denies were  
born from the  
earls: when in-  
junctly they came  
downe towards  
Sparta ſon.  
Spawnes, &c.  
tan: am uno  
ſalut: confi-  
unt, vel, et, ut  
ſubſum pro-  
greduntur de-  
ciū alzizone  
equi, ac, uno, be-  
ing under flood,  
and the horſe  
ſwift, neſſing, &  
expell. The  
ſame otherwise  
is leſſel, and  
conſiderable.  
\* *Argonius*  
is the originaſ  
word, which ſe-  
liger textis,  
very leſſed, &  
aking how he  
textis come by it:  
on thſe bokes,  
when the text  
tells him Symos  
produced it: be-  
ing with it to  
expell. The  
horſe, the da-  
ceſt of that  
ſole ſum, it  
bore the Denies  
conduſt our con-  
traſt.

*Pallas Di-  
uid.*

*Dismay'd to Pal.  
lue.*

*Pallas againe.*

*Warr unjust  
warrers.*

And now they out-ray to your fleet. This did with flame make bold  
The generall spirit and power of Greece; when (with particular note  
O' their disgrace) *Athenia*, made *Tydeus* iffue hot.  
She found him at his chariot, refreshing of his wound  
Inflicted by blaine *Panderus*; his sweat did so abound,  
It much annoied him underneath the broad belt of his shields  
With which, and tyred with his toyle, his soule could hardly yeeld  
His bodie motion. With his hand he lifted up the belt,  
And wiptaway that clotted bloud, the fervent wound did melt.  
*Minerva* leand against his horse, and neare their withers laid  
Her sacred hand; then spake to him: Believe me *Dimed*,  
*Tydeus* exempl'd not himselfe in thee sonne; nor Great,  
But yet he was a foulder; a man of so much heat,  
That in his Ambassie for Thebes, when I forbade his minde  
To be too ventrous; and when Feasts his heart might have declin'd  
(With which they welcom'd him) he made a challenge to the best,  
And soild the best; I gave him aide, because the rust of rest  
(That would have seid another minde) he sufferd not; but wuld  
The triall I made like a man; and their soft feasts resul'd:  
Yet when I set them on, thou faint'st; guard thee, charge, exhort;  
That (I abetting thee) thou shouldest be to the Greeks a Fort,  
And a dismay to Ilions; yet thou obey't in nought:  
Afraid, or slothfull, or else both: henceforth reuoue all thought  
I hat ever thou wert *Tydeus* sonne. He answ'rd her, I know  
Thou art *Iove*'s daughter, and for that, in all just dutie owe  
Thy speeches reverenc: yet affirme, ingeniously, that feare  
Doth neither hold me spiritlesse, nor sloth. I onely bear  
Thy charge in zealous memorie, that I shoulde never warre  
With any blessed Deitie, unlesse (exceeding farre  
The limits of her rule) the Queene, that governs Chambersport  
Should preasse to field; and her, thy will, enjoyn'd my lance to hurt:  
But he whole power hath right in armes, I knew in person here  
(Besides the *Cyprian* Deitie) and therfore did forbear;  
And here have gather'd in retreat, these other Greeks you see  
With note and reverence of your charge. My dearest minde (said she)  
What then was fit is charg'd? Tis true, *Mars* hath just rule in warre,  
But just warre; otherwise he raves, noe fights; he's alter'd farre;  
He vow'd to *Juno* and my selfe, that his aide should be us'd  
Against the Troians, whom it guards; and therenp he abus'd  
His rule in armes, infring'd his word, and made his warre unjust:  
He is inconstant, impious, mad: Resolue then; firmly trust  
My aide of thee against his worst, or any Deitie:  
Add'e scourge to thy fierce horse, charge home: he fights perdidously.

This said, as that brave King, her Knight, with his horse-guiding fri  
Were set before th'charriot (for signe he shoulde defend,  
That the might serve for wagonnesse) she pluckt the waggons backe,  
And up into his seat she mounts: the Beechen tree did cracke  
Beneath the burthen; and good caufe, it bore so large a thing:

A

A Goddesse sa replcate with power, and such a puissant King:  
She snarcs the scourge up and the reines, and flut her heavenly looke  
In hels vait helme, from *Mars* his eyes: and full careare she tooke  
At him, who then had newly flaine the mightie *Periphas*,  
Renownd foane to *Ochessus*; and faire the strongeck was:  
Of all th' Aetolians, to whose spoile, the bloudie God was runne  
But when this man plague saw sh' approach of God-like *Tydeus* sonne,  
He let his mighty *Periphas* lye, and in full change he ranke  
At *Dimed*; and he at him; both meate; the God began,  
And (thirstie of his blood) he throwes a bassen lance, that bears  
Full on the breast of *Dimed*, above the reines and gorges;  
But *Pallas* tooke it on her hand, and strooke the eager kince  
Beneath the chariot: then the Knight of *Pallas* doth advance,  
And cast a laveline off a *Mars*; *Minerva* sent it on;  
That (where his arming girdle girt) his belly graz'd upon,  
Luft at the rim, and ranche the field: the lance againe he got,  
But left the wound, that stung him so, he laughte such a throat  
As if nine or ten thousand men, had bray'd out all their breaths  
In one confusione, having felte as many sudden deaues.  
The rore made both the hosts amaz'd. Up flew the God to heaven;  
And with him, was through all the ayre, as blacke a tincture driven  
(To *Dimed* eyes) as when the earth, halfe chokt' with smokking heat  
Of gloomye clouds, that stife men; and pitchie tempests threat,  
Vlserd with horrid gulls of wnde: with such blacke vapours plum'd,  
*Mars* flew *Olympus*, and broke heaven; and there his place refum'd.  
Sadly he went and saye by *Iove*, shew'd his immortall bloud,  
That from a mortall-man-made-wound, powr'd such an impious floud;  
And (weeping) powr'd out thicke complaints: O Father, stormfit thou not  
To fee us take these wronges from men? extreme griefes we have got  
Even by our owne depe counsels held, for gratifying them;  
And thou (our Counsels President) conclud'ft in this extreme  
Of fighting ever, being rul'd by one that thou halfe bred;  
One never well, but doing ill; a gire so full of head,  
That, though all other Gods obey, her mad moods full command  
By thy indulgence; nor by sword, nor any touch of hand  
Correcting her; thy reason is, she is a spark of thee,  
And therefore she may kindle rage, in men, ga.nst Gods; and she  
May make men hurt Gods; and those Gods, that are (besides) thy seed:  
First in the palms height *Cypride*; then runnes the impious deed  
On my hurt person: and could life give way to death in me;  
Or had my feete not fetcht me off, heaps of mortalite  
Had kept me confeit. *Isupiter*, with a contracted brow  
Thus answ'rd *Mars*: Thou many minds, inconstant changling thou;  
Sit not complaining thus by me, whom most of all the Gods  
(Inhabiting the starrie hill) I hate: no periods  
Being set to thy contentions, brawls, fightes, and pitching fields;  
Luft of thy mother *Junes* moods; stiffe-neckt, and never yeelds,  
Though I correct her still, and chide; nor can forbear offence,

*The combat of  
Mars and Di-  
med.*

*Mars hurt by  
Dimed.*

*Mars fled to  
heaven.*

*Mars to Jupiter.*

*Isupiter to Mars.*

Though

Though to her sonnes, this wound I know, calls of her insolence;  
But I will prove more naturall, shoulde such be said, because  
Thou com'st of me; but he had shou're to make no sacred lawes,  
Being borne to any other God, thou hadst beene alwaies from heaves  
Long since, as lowas Tartarus, beneath the Giames driven.

This said, he gave his wound in charge, to *Phebe*, who applied  
Such soveraigne medicines, that as soone, the paine was qualified,  
And he recyd as nourishing milke, when rummet is put in,  
Rummes all in heapes of tough thicke surd, though in his nature shinne  
Even soone, his wounds parted sides, ranne clost in his recure,  
For he (all deathlefle) could not long, the pangs of death endur.  
Then *Hobē* bath'd, and put on him, fresh garments, and he sat  
Exulting by his Sire againe, in top of all his state,  
So (having from the poiles of men, made his deir'd remoue)  
*Ione* and *Pallas* reascend, the starric Court of Jove.

*clite aut res  
Mer.*

The end of the fifth Booke.

## THE



## THE SIXTH BOOKE OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**T**He gods now leaving an indiffernt field,  
The Greeks prevale, the slaughter'd Trojans yield;  
Hector (by Hellenus advice) retires  
In hysse to Troy; and Hecuba, desirous  
To pray Minerva, to remove from fight  
The sonne of Tydeus, her afflected knight;  
And vane is her (for favour of such place)  
Twelve Oxen should be slain in sacrifice,  
In meane place, Glaucus and Tydides meete;  
And either other, with remembrance greet  
Of old loue twixt their fathers; which inclines  
Their hearts to friendshyp; who change armes for signes  
Of a continuall loue for either's life.  
Hector, in his returne, meets with his wife,  
And taking, in his armed armes, his sonne,  
He prophesies the fall of Ilion.

### Another Argument.

In Zeta, Hector Prophesies;  
Prayes for his sonne: will sacrifice.

**T**He stern fight freed of all the gods; conquest, with doubtfull wings  
Flew on their lances, every way, the restlesse field she flings,  
Betwixt the flouds of Symois, and Xanthus, that confin'd  
All their affaires at Ilion, and round about them shir'd.

The first that weigh'd downe all the field, of one particular fide,  
Was *Ajax*, sonne of *Telamon*: who like a bulwarke plide  
The Greeks protection, and of Troy, the knotty orders brake:  
Held out a light to all the rest, and shew'd them how to make  
Way to their conquest: he did wound the strongest men of Thrace,  
The talleft, and the biggest fet, (*Eusorian Acamas*:)  
His lance fell on his caskes plumb'd top, in stooping; the fell head  
Drove through on his foreshed to his jawes; his eyes Night shadowed.  
*Tydides* slue *Tessibranides*, *Axiles*, that did dwell  
In faire Arisbas well-built towres, he had of wealth a Well,  
And yet was kinde and bountifull: he wold a traveller pray  
To be his guest; his friendly boar stand in the broad high way;  
In which, he all sorts nobly us'd: yet none of them would stand  
Twixt him and death; but both himselfe, and he that had command  
Of his faire horfe, *Calepus*, fell livelesse on the ground,  
*Eusyalus*, *Opbelius*, and *Dresea* dead did wound;

*Tydides*, alias  
*Diodorus* (being  
son to Tydeus.)

Nor ended there his fierie course, which he again begins,  
And ran to it successfully, upon a paire of twins,  
*Eupomus*, and bold *Pedafus*, whom good *Aeolus*,  
(That first cald father, though bale borne, renown'd *Laomedon*)  
On *Nais* A barbaragot, A Nymph that (as she fed  
Her curled flockes) *Bucolion* wood, and mixt in love and bed.  
Both these were spold of armes, and life, by *Hectorades*.

Then *Polypetes*, for sterre death, *Astiaus* did stife:

*Vlysses* slue *Percosius*: *Tener*, *Aretas* :  
*Antiochus* (old *Nefors* joy) *Ablerus*: the great sonne  
Of *Atrœus*, and king of men, *Elatus*, whole abode  
He held at upper *Pedafus*, where *Satnius* river flow'd.  
The great Heroe *Leitus*, staid *Philarus* in flight,  
From further life: *Euripilus*, *Melanthes* reft of light.)

The brother to the king of men, *Adrestus* tooke alive,  
Whose horse, (affrighted with the flight) their driver now did drive,  
Amongt the low-grownne Tamiskre trees, and at an arme of one  
The chariot in the draught-tree brake, the horse brake loofe, and ron  
The same way others fled, contending all to towne:  
Himselfe close at the chariot wheel, upon his face was throwne,  
And there lay flat, roll'd up in dust: *Arides* inwards drove,  
And (holding at his breast his lance) *Adrestus* fought to save  
His head, by losing of his feet, and trulsting to his knees :  
On which, the same parts of the king, he huge, and offers fees  
Of worthy value for his life, and thus pleads their receipt:  
Take me alive, O *Atrœus* sonne, and take a worthy weight  
Of brasse, elaborate iron, and gold: a heape of pretious things  
Are in thy fathers riches hid, which (when your servant brings  
Newes of my safety to his care) he largely will divide  
With your rare bouties: *Atrœus* sonne thought this the better side,  
And meant to take it, being about to send him safe to flete :  
Which when (fare off) his brother saw, he wng'd his roiall feet,  
And came in threatening, crying out, O soft heart! what's the cause  
Thou spar'st these men thus? have not they obseru'd these gentle lawes  
Of mild humanitie to thee, with mighty argument,  
Why thou shouldest deale thus? In thy houset and with all president  
Of honorod guest ries entertain'd? not one of them shall flye,  
A bitter end for it, from heaven, and much lesse (dotingly)  
Scape our revengfull fingers: all, even th'infare in the wombe  
Shall tast of what they merited, and have no other tombe,  
Then razed Ilion, nor their race have more fruit, then the dust.  
This just cause turnd his brothers mind, who violently thrust  
The prisoner from him, in whose guts, the King of men imprest  
His alien lance, which (pitching downe his foot upon the brest  
Of him that upwards fell) he drew, then *Nefor* spake to all :

O friends and houshold men of *Aris*, let not your purfuit fall  
With those ye fell, for present spoile, nor (like the king of men)  
Let any scape unfelde; but on, dispatch them all, and then

*Titi Virgil  
im. aet.*

*Agamemnon to  
Menelaus*

*Hector to the  
Greekes*

Ye

Ye shall have time enough to spoile. This made so strong their chace,  
That all the Trojans had beeone houst'd, and never turnd a face,  
Had not the *Prisnif Helen* (an Augure most of name)  
Will'd *Hector*, and *Aeneas* that *Hector*? *Achilles* fame?  
Since on your shoulders, with good cause, the weightie burthen lies  
Of Troy and Lycia, (being both, of noblesse faculties,  
For counsell, strength of hand, and apt, to take chance at her best,  
In every turne she makes) stand fast, and falter not the rest  
(By any way searcht out for stape) to come within the ports:  
Left (led into their wifes kind armes) they there be made the sports  
Of the purfuing enemies exhort and force your bands  
To turne their faces: and while we employ our ventur'd hands  
(Though in a hard condition) to make the other stay:  
*Hector*, goe thou to Ilion, and our Queene mother pray,  
To take the richet robe the hath, the fame that's chiefly deare  
To her Court fancies: with which *Temme*, (assembling more to her,  
Of Troyes chiefe Matrons) let all goe, (for feare of all our fates)  
To *Pallas* temple: take the key, unlockt the leavie gates,  
Enter, and reach the highest towre, where her *Palladium* stands,  
And on it put the precious veile, with pure, and reverend bands :  
And vow to her (besides the gilty a sacrificing stroke  
Of twelve fat *Haiers* off a year, that never felt the yoke :  
(Most answering to her maiden fame) if she will perte us;  
Our towne, our wives, our youngest joyes and ban that plagues them thus ?  
Take from the conflict: *Dione*, that *Furie* in a fight,

That true sonne of great *Tydeus*, that cusing Lord of Flight:  
Whom I esteeme the strongest Grecie: for we have never fied  
*Achilles* (that is Prince of men, and whom a Goddesse bred)  
Like him, his furie flies so high, and all mens wraffis commands.  
*Hector* intends his brochers will, but first through all his bands,  
He made quicke way, encouraging, andall (to feare) affraide:  
All turnd their heads and made Greece turne. Slaughter flood fill dismaid  
On their parts, for they thought some God, fallen from the vanle of Barres,  
Was rush't into the Ilios side, they made such dreadfull warres.

Thus *Hector*, toyling in the waves, and thrullung backe the flond  
Of his ebb'd forces, thus takes leave: So, so, now runs your blood  
In his right current. Forwards now, Trojans? and fare cald friends?  
Awhile hold out, till for successe, to this your brave attends,  
I haife to Ilion, and procure our Counsellours and wives  
To pray, and offer *Hecatombe*, for their fate in our line.

Then faire-helmed *Hector* turn'd to Troy, and (as he trode the field)  
The blacke Buls hide, that at his backe he wore about his sheld,  
(In the extreme circumference) was with his gate so rockt,  
That (being large) it (both at once) his necke and ankles knockt.

And now betwixt the hofts were met, *Hippolachus* brane sonne  
*Glaucus*, who (in his very looke) hope of some wonder wonne :  
And little *Tydeus* mighte haire, who seeing such a man  
Offer the field, (for misflie blowes) with wondrous words began.

*Hector to He.  
Hector and Diomedes*

*Hector to the  
Greekes*

*Hector left  
the field.*

*The encounter of  
Diomed and  
Glaucus.*

What

I

Dramatis  
Personae.

Glaucus his sonne,  
his answer to  
Damed and his  
pilgrimage drawne  
conformitie  
of plaus.

The Historie of  
Bellerophon.

What art thou (strongt of mortall men) that puttest so faire before ?  
Whom these fightes never shew'd mine eyes? they have beeene evermore  
Sonnes of unhappy parents borne, that came within the length  
Of this *Mirrora*-guided lance, and durst close with the strength  
That she inspires in me. If heaven be thy divine abode,  
And thou a Deitie, thus inform'd, no more, withany god  
Will I change lances: the strong sonne of *Drida* did not live  
Long after such a conflict dard, who godly did drive  
*Nisceus* Nurles through the hill, made sacred to his name,  
And cald *Nissena*: with a goade he puncht each furious dame,  
And made them evry one cast downe their greene and leavie speares:  
This, t' homicide *Lycurgus* did, and thofe ungodly feares,  
He put the Froes in, feid their god. Even *Bacchus* he did drive  
From his *Nissena*, who was faine (with huge exclaims) to dive  
Into the Ocean: *Tebis* there, in her bright bofome tooke  
The flying Deitie, who feard *Lycurgus* threats, he shooke :  
For which, the freely living gods, so highly were incens'd,  
That *Saturns* great sonne strooke him blinde, and with his life dispense  
Eu: small time after: all because th immortals lou'd him not :  
Nor lou'd him, since he striv'd with them: and this end hath begot  
Fear in my powers to fight with heaven: but if the fruits of earth  
Nourish thy body, and thy life, be of our humane birth,  
Come neare, that thou maist soone arrive, on that life-bounding shore,  
To which I see thee hysse faire. Why doſt thou so explore,  
(Said *Glaucus*) of what race I am? when like the race of leaves  
The race of man is, that deserves, no question, nor receives  
My being any other breath: The wind in Autumne strowes  
The earth with old haues, then the Spring, the woods with new endowes :  
And to death (carthers men on earth: so life puts out againe  
Mans leavie issue: but my race, if (like the course of men)  
Thou feſt in more particular gemes: tis this, (to many knowne)  
In midle of Argos, nurfe of horse, there stands a walled towne  
*Ephyré*, where the Mansion houſe, of *Syphus* did stand,  
Of *Syphus* *Eulides*, most wife of all the land :  
*Glaucus* was sonne to him, and he beget *Bellerophon*,  
Whofe body heaven indued with strength, and put a beauty on:  
Exceeding lovely: *Pratus* yet, his caufe of loue did hate,  
And banisht him the towne, he mighte: he ruld the argive state:  
The vertue of the one, loue plac't beneath the others powre.  
His exile grew, since he denied, to be the Paramour  
Offaire *Anteia*, *Pratus* wife, who fel a raging fire  
Of secret loue to him: but he, whom wisedome did inspire  
As well as prudence (one of them, aduising him to ſhunne  
The danger of a Princeſſe loue: the other, not to runne  
Within the danger of the gods: the aſt being ſimply ill)  
Still entertaining thoughts diuine, ſubdu'd the earthly ſill.  
She (rul'd by neither of his wits) prefered her loue to both,  
And (false to *Pratus*) would ſceme true, with this abhorrd untroth,

*Pratus*

*Pratus?* or die thy ſelfe (ſaid ſhe) or let *Bellerophon* die;  
He urg'd diſhonour to thy bed: which ſince I did denie,  
He thought his violence ſhould grant, and fought by force.  
The King, incenſt with her report, refolvd upon her courſe;  
But doubted, how it ſhould be runne: he thon'd his death direſt;  
(Holding a way to neare, not ſafe) and plotted the effect,  
By ſending him with letters ſealed (that, opend, touch his life)  
To *Rheums* King of Lycia, and father to his wife.  
He went, and happily he went: the Gods walkt all his way.  
And being arriv'd in Lycia, where *Xanthus* doth diplay  
The ſilver enſignes of his waves: the King of that brode land  
Reciu'd him with a wondrous ſice, and honourable hand.  
Nine dayes he feaſted him, and kild, an Ox in every day,  
In thankfull ſacrifice to heaven, for his faire gueſt; whofe ſlay,  
With roſe fingers, brought the world, the uath wel-welcomd morne:  
And then the King did move to ſee, the letters he had borne  
From his lou'd ſonne in law; which ſcenes, he wrought thus their contents.  
*Chymara* the invincible, he ſent him to conuince:  
Sprung from no man, but mere divine, a Lyons ſhape before,  
Behinde, a dragons, in the midſt, a Goats hagg'd forme the bore;  
And flames of feruence, flew from her breath and eys:  
Yet her he ſluſt, his confidence, in ſacred prodigies  
Renderd him victor. Then he gaue his ſecond conqueſt way,  
Againſt the famous *Solyme*, when (he himſelfe would ſay  
Reporting it) he entred on, a paſſing vigorous fight.  
His third huge labour he approv'd, againſt a woman's ſpight  
That fid a field of Amazons: he overcame them all.  
Then fet they on him ſic *Dectis*, when *Force* had ſuch a fall;  
An ambul of the强ſteſt men, that ſpacious Lycia bred,  
Was lodg'd for him; whom he lodg'd ſure: they never raſid a head.  
His deeds thus ſhewing his deſer'd, from ſome Celestiall race,  
The King detain'd, and made amends, with doing him the grace  
Of his faire daughters Princely gift, and with her (for a dowre)  
Gave halfe his kingdome; and to this, the Lycians did powre  
More then was given to any King: a goodly planted field,  
In ſome parts, thicke of groves, and woods: the reſt, rich crops did yeeld.  
This field, the Lycians futurly (of future wandrings there  
And other errors of their Prince, in the unhappy Rere  
Of his ſad life) the Errant cald: the Princeſſe brought him forth  
Three children (whofe cude grievd him more, the more they were of worth)  
*Iſander*, and *Hippolechus*, and faire *Laodamia*:  
With whom, even Iſander himſelfe, left heaven it ſelfe, to lyē;  
And had by her the man at armes, *Sarpedon*, cald divine.  
The Gods then left him (left a man ſhould in their glories ſhine)  
And ſet againſt him, for his ſonne, *Iſander*, (in a strife,  
Againſt the valiant *Solyme*) Mars' reſt of light and life,  
*Laodamia* (being envied, of all the Goddesſes)  
The golden-bridle-handling Queene, the maiden Patronesse,

I 2

Sluz

*Bellerophon*  
ſure. Ad. Eras.  
This long ſeeks  
many Critics  
late, as ultimate-  
ly, being as they  
take it, in the  
heat of fight.  
Hier Phis. (a  
late obſeruer)  
being egrefit a-  
gainſt Homer,  
whoſe ignorance  
is ſhuſt, but we e, and  
prove to you, for  
(befides the au-  
thor's ex officio  
of a Poet, to say  
and quiet him  
Poem mi. h. ſtate  
epitaph, (contingent  
hypotheti- ca-  
ſure of their  
actions.) he  
Crit. makes not  
honor for his fore-  
runner presents  
but ſit as far:  
and ſet downe  
his peches, as the  
ſaddens and  
ſtrife, gettynge  
of the Trojans  
fields, ſet on a  
title before by  
Eccles. analyſas  
ſo ſerely, it  
makes amaz-  
ing, and among  
the Grecian, &  
therin gave fit  
time for thofe  
great expences  
to enter their  
adminiſtration:  
the wh. le. field  
in that part be-  
ing to ſtand like  
their Command-  
ers. And then  
were full of deco-  
rum this gallant  
ſlow and poach  
was to (audaciously)  
doubt ſtandings, I  
leave only to  
ſub. b. and let our  
criticks go  
cavil.  
*Sarpedon* in v. 1.

Sue with an arrow : and for this, he wanded evermore  
Alone through his Alcian field; and fed upon the core  
Of his sad bosome : flying all the loth'd consorts of men.  
Yet had he one surviv'd to him, of those three children;  
*Hippolochus*, the root of me : who sent me here with charge,  
That I should always bear me well, and my delects enlarge  
Beyond the vulgar : left Iham'd, my race, that farre exceed  
All that *Ephyras* famous towers, or ample *Lycia* held.  
This is my stocke, and this am I. This cheard *Tydides* heart,  
Wher pitcht his speare downe; leand, and talkt, in this affectionate part,  
Certeile (in thy great Anctor, and in mine owne) thou art  
A guest of mine, right ancient; King *Oeneus* twentie dayes  
Detain'd, with feasts, *Bellerophon*, whom all the world did prafe:  
Betwixt whom, mutuall gifts were given: my Grandfere gave to thine,  
A girdle of Phoenician worke, impurp'd wondrous fine.  
Thine gave a two-neckt fuge of gold, which though I use not here,  
Yet still it is my gemme at home. But if our fathers were  
Familiar, or each other knew, I know not, since my fire  
Left me a child, at siege of Thebes: where he left his lifes fire.  
But let us prove our Grandfires founes, and be each others guests:  
To Lycia when I come, de thou receive thy friend with feasts:  
*Peloponnesus*, with the like, shall thy wiſt preſence greet;  
Meane ſpace, thunne we each other here, though in the preſeſe we meet:  
There are now of Troy beſide, and men enough reuound,  
To right my poures, whom ever heaven ſhall let my lance confound:  
So are there of the Greeks for thee: kill wher thou canſt: and now  
For ſigns of amitie twixt us, and that all theſe may know  
We glory in th'hopiuitous rites, our Grandfires did command,  
Change we our armes before them all. From horſe then Both descend,  
Joyne hands, give faith, and take; and then did *Jupiter*\* elate  
The mind of *Glaucus*: who to thew his reverence to the ſteate  
Of vertue in his Grandfires heart, and grataulate beſide.  
The offer of ſo great a friend: exchang'd (in that good pride)  
Curts of gold for thoſe of bralle, that did on *Diomed* ſhine:  
One of an hundred Oxens price, the other but of nine.

*Glaucus*, ſpared  
Thee, and Merit  
admit't up, di-  
rectly in  
which ſeep'd  
ector of al Ho-  
mēr original  
ſong Platarch  
garniſh the ſto-  
ry, exculc'd this  
per fit fully in  
Glaucus, ſpond  
confiſt en ou-  
raging my a-re-  
ation, which I  
ſee, or the coſed  
and frēle no-  
bility of the free  
exchang'd  
Glaucus con-  
rary to other  
that for the ſap-  
peſe ſol, in  
ſe, acutal turn  
in change into a  
Prarie, you  
in ſe, ſe, ſe  
g. don't bring  
Glaucus Court.

To honourable *Priam*, lay: And here met *Hecuba*  
(The loving mother) her great forme, and with her, needs muſt be  
The faireſt of her female race, the bright *Laudice*.  
The Queene gript hard her *Hector's* hand, and ſaid; O worthiſt ſonne,  
Why leavſt thou field? is not because the curſed nation  
Afflict our countreyn, and friends? they are their mons that move  
Thy minde to come and lifthy hands (in his high towre) to love:  
But ſtay a little, that my ſelfe, may ſinch our ſweeteſt wine,  
To offer firſt to *Jupiter*: then that theſe joynts of thine  
May be refreſh: for (woe is me) how thou art toyld and ſpeat!  
I thinke for our cities generall ſtreſſe thou, for our friends fare ſent,  
Muſt now the preſeſe of fight indure: now ſcitude to call  
Vpon the name of *Jupiter*: then onely for us all.  
But wiſe will ſomething comfort thee: for to a man diſmaid,  
With carfull ſpirites, or too much, with labour overaid,  
Wine brings much relife, strengthhouſing much the body and the mind  
The great Helme-mover thus receiv'd, the antheſe of his kinde;  
My royal mother, bring no wine, leſt rather it impaire,  
Then helpe my ſtrength, and make my minde, forgetfull of th'affaire  
Committed to it. And (in poare it out in ſacrifice)  
I fear, with unwaſe hands to ſerve the pure liv'd Deities,  
Nor is it lawfull, thus imbev'd with blood and daſt, to prove  
The will of heaven: or offer vowe, to cloud-compelling *Love*.  
I onely come to uſe your priues (aſſembliing other Dames,  
Matrons, and women honour'd moſt, with high and vertuous names)  
With wine and odore; and a robe, moſt ample, moſt of price,  
And which is deaſt in your loſe, to offer iſacrifice,  
In *Pallas'* temple, and to put the preious robe ye haue,  
On her Palladiſt, ſowing all, twelve Oxen of a year,  
Whose necks were never wrung with yokes, ſhall pay her Gracie their liues;  
If ſhe will pitie our ſore d'ſomes; pitie our ſelues, our wiues;  
Pitie our children; and remoue from ſacred Ilion,  
The dreadfull ſoldier *Diasorus*; and when your ſelues are gone  
About this worke, my ſelfe willgoe, to call into the field,  
(If he will hear me) *Hellen's* lame, whom would the earth would yeld,  
And headlong take into her gulf, even quicke before mine eys:  
For then my heart, I hope, would caſt her ſole of miseries;  
Borne for the plague the hauſt bequeaþ-houſe, and brede to the deafe  
(By great *Olympus*) of Troy, our Sire, and all our race.  
This ſaid gracie *Hecuba* wept home, and ſent her maidis about

To bid the Matrones: the her ſelfe, deforſed, and ſearche out  
(Within a place th' breach'd perfumes) the richel robe ſhe had:  
Which lay with many rich ones more, muſt curioſly made  
By women of Sparta; which *Pari* brought from thence,  
Saying the broad Sea, when he made that voyage of offence,  
In which he brought home *Helen*. That robe, tranſferred ſo farre,  
(That was the undermoſt) ſhooke, it glittred like a ſtarre;  
And with it, went the to the Fane, with many Ladies more:

*Hecuba* is  
*Hector*.*Hector* is  
*Hecuba*.

*Theano Minerva Priest, and Antenor's wife, projecto Pallas.*

Amongst whom, faire cheekt *Theano*, unlockt the folded dore;  
 Chaste *Theano*, Antenors wife, and of *Cissena* race,  
 Sister to *Hecuba*, both borne to that great King of Thrace.  
 Her, th'illions made *Minervas* Priest; and her they followed all,  
 Vp to the Temples bighest towre; where, on their knees they fall;  
 Lift up their hands, and fill the Fane with Ladies pious cries.  
 Then lovely *Theano* tooke the veile, and with it she implies  
 The great *Palladium*, praying thus, Goddess of most renoune?  
 In all the haunes of Goddesses: great guardian of our towne?  
 Reuerend *Minerva*? breake the lance of *Ditem*, cease his grace;  
 Gite him to fall in shamefull flight, headlong, and on his face,  
 Before our ports of Ilion; that instantly we may,  
 Twelue unyok't Oxen of a year, in this thy Temple slay  
 To thy sole honor; take their blouds, and banishe our offence;  
 Accept Troyes zeale, her wites, and saue our infants innocence.  
 Sheraid, but *Pallas* would not grant. Meane space was *Hector* come  
 Where *Alexanders* lodgings were; that many a goodly roome  
 Had, built in them by Architects, of Troyes most curios fore;  
 And were no lodgings, but a houfe; nor no house, but a Court;  
 Or had all these containd in them; and all within a towre,  
 Next *Hectors* lodgings and the Kings. The lord of heauens chife powre,  
 (*Hector*) here entred. In his hand, a goodly lance he bore,  
 Ten cubits long; the brauen head went shining in before;  
 Helpit with a burnifht ring of gold, he found his brother then  
 Amongst the women, yet prepard, to goe amongst the men:  
 For in their chamber he was set, trimming his armes, his shield,  
 His curets, and was trying how his crooked bow wold yeeld  
 To his freight armes; amongst her maids was set the Argive Queen,  
 Commanding them in choicest workes. When *Hector* cy had seene  
 His brother thus accompanied; and that he could not bearne  
 The very touching of his armes, but where the women were;  
 And when the time so needed men: right cunningly he chid,  
 That he might doe it bitterly; his cowardise he hid  
 (That simply made him so retird) beneath an anger faind,  
 In him, by *Hector*; for the hate, the citizens sustaine.  
 Against him, for the foile he tooke in their cause; and againe,  
 For all their generall foiles in his. So *Hector* seemes to plaine  
 Of his wrath to them, for their hate, and not his cowardise;  
 As that were it that shelterd him in his effemianies.  
 And kept him in that dangerous time, from their fit aid in fight:  
 For which he chid thus, Wretched man? so timelid is thy spight,  
 That tis not honest; and their hate is just, gaist which it bends:  
 Warre burns aboue the towne for thee; for thee our slaughtered friends  
 Belye Troy with their carkaſſes, on whose heapes our high wals  
 Are overlookt by enemies: the sad soundes of their fal  
 Without, are eccho'd with the cries of wives and babes within;  
 And all for thee: and yet for them, thy honor cannot win  
 Head of thine anger: thou shouldest need, no spirit to stirre up thine;

But

But thine should set the rest on fire; and with a rage divine  
 Chaſtisē impartiall the belt, that impiously forbeares:  
 Come forth, left thy faire townes and Troy, be burn'd about thine eares.

*Pars* acknowledg'd (as before) all just that *Hector* spake;  
 Allowing iuſtice, though it were for his iuſtice sake:  
 And where his brother put a wrath, upon him by his art;  
 He takes it (for his honours sake) as sprang out of his heart:  
 And rather would have anger ſceme his fault, then cowardice:  
 And thus he anſwer'd: Since with right you ioynd checke with adviſe,  
 And I heare you, give equal care; it is not any ſpleene  
 Against the Towne (as you conceive) that makes me ſo uafeane;  
 But borrow for it: which to caſe, and by diſcouer diſguis;  
 (Within my ſelfe) I live ſo cloſe; and yet, ſince men might wreſt  
 My faſt retreat, like you; my wife (with her aduice inclinde  
 This my addrefſion to the fields, which was mine owne free minde,  
 As well as thiſtance of her words: for though the ſoyle were mine,  
 Conqueſt brings forth her wreathes by turnes: ſay then thi haſt of thine,  
 But till I arme; and I am made, a couſon for thee freight;  
 Or go, Ie overtake thy haſte. *Hector* stood at receipt,  
 And tooke up all great *Hector*: powers, attend her heauie words,  
 By which had *Pars* no reply; thi vent her grieſe affords:

Brother (if I may call you ſo, thi had become better borne  
 A dogge, then ſuch a horrid Dame, as all men craſt and ſcorne;  
 A muſchife maker, a man-plague) O wold to God the day  
 That firſt gave light to me, had become a whirlwilde in my way,  
 And borne me to ſome defaſt hill, or hid me in the rage  
 Of earths moft farre-reſounding feaſ; ere I ſhould thus engage  
 The deare lives of so many friendes: yet ſince the Gods have become  
 Helpeſle fore-feaſes of my plaiges, they might have likewife ſceme  
 That he they put in yoke with me, to bearne out their award,  
 Had become a man of much more ſpirit; and, or had nobler dar'd  
 To shield mine honour with his deed; or with his minde had knowne  
 Much better the upbraids of men: that to he might have ſhowne  
 (More like a man) ſome ſence of griefe, for both my ſhaame and his:  
 But he is feeſleſſe, nor conceiues, whatany manhood is;  
 Nor now, nor ever after will; and therefore hangs, I feare,  
 A plague aboue him. But come neare, good brother, reſt you here,  
 Who (of the world of men) stands charg'd, with moft ureſt for me;  
 (Vile wretch) and for my Lovers wrong; on whom a deſtinie  
 So bitter is impoſe by love, that all ſucceding times  
 Will put to our un-ended ſhaame) in all mens mouthes our crimes.

He anſwer'd: *Hector*, do not ſeeke to make me fit with thee:  
 I muſt not ſlay, though well; I know thy honour'd love of me:  
 My minde calls forth to aid our friendes; in whom my abſence breeds  
 Longings to ſee me: for whole ſakes, importune thou to deeds,  
 This man by all meanes, that your care may make his owne ſtake haſt;  
 And meete me in the open towne, that all may ſee at laſt;  
 He minds his lover: I my ſelfe will now go home, and ſee

*Pars* to *Hector*.*Hector* to *Hector*.*Hector* to *Hector*.

My household, my deare wife, and sonne, that little hope of me.  
 For (sister) tis without my skill, if I shall ever more  
 Retorne, and see them; or to earth her right in me restore:  
 The Gods may stoupe me by the Greeks. This said, he went to see  
 The vertuous Princele, his true wife, white arm'd *Andromache*.  
 She (with her infant sonne, and maid) was climb'd the towre, about  
 The sight of him that sough't for her, weeping and crying out.  
*Hector*, not finding her at home, was going forth; retard,  
 Stood in the gate; her woman cald; and curiously enquir'd,  
 Where she was gone; bad tell him true, if she were gone to see  
 His sisters, or his brothers wiues? or whether she shoulde be  
 At Temple with the other Dames, to implore *Athena's* ruth.  
 Her woman answer'd, since he askt, and urg'd so much the truth;  
 The truth was, she was neither gone to see his brothers wives,  
 His sisters, nor to implore the ruth of *Pallas* on their lives;  
 But (for adverteife of the bane, Troy suffer'd; and how vait  
 Conquest had made her selfe for Greece) like one distraught, made haft  
 To ample *Ilium* with her sonne, and Nuries, and all the way  
 Mournd, and dissolud in tears for him. Then *Hector* made no stay;  
 But trod her path, and through the streets (magainstly built)  
 All the great Citie past, and came, where (seeing how bloud was spilt)  
*Andromache* might see him come; who made as he would passe  
 The ports without saluting her, not knowing where she was:  
 She, with his sight, made breathlesse haft to meet him; she, whose grace  
 Brought him withall so great a dower, she that of all the race  
 Of King *Aetion*, only liv'd *Aetion*, whose house stood  
 Beneath the mountaine Placiis, cuuiron'd with the wood  
 Of Theban Hippoclate, being Court, to the Cilician land:  
 She ranne to *Hector*, and with her (tender of heart and hand)  
 Her sonne, bore in his Nuris armes: when like a heavenly signe,  
 Compact of many golden starres, the Princely childe did shaine;  
 Whom *Hector* cald *Scamandrius*; but whom the towne did name  
*Astianax*; because his fire, did only prop the same.  
*Hector* (though grief bereft his speech,) yet smil'd upon his ioy:  
*Andromache* ride out, mixt hands, and to the strenght of Troy,  
 Thus wept forth her affection: O noblest in desire;  
 Thy minde, inflam'd with others good, will set thy selfe on fire.  
 Nor pitie shal thy sonne, nor wife, who must thy widow be,  
 If now thou issue: all the field wil only runne on thee.  
 Better my shoulders underwent the earth, then thy decease;  
 For then would earth bearre joyes no more: then comes the blacke increase  
 Of grieves (like Greeks on *Ilium*) Alas, what one suruive  
 To be my refugie! one blacke day, bereft seven brothers lives,  
 By stern *Achilles*; by his hand, my father breast'd his last:  
 His high-wald rich Cilician Thebes, sackt by him, and laid waff;  
 The royal bodie yet he left unspoil'd: Religion charm'd  
 That act of spoyle; and all in fire, he burn'd him complete arm'd;  
 Built over him a royll towre: and to the monument

*Andromache*  
*refuse to Hector*

Thebes a most  
 rich city of Ci-  
 licia.

He left of him; *Th' Oreades* (that are the high descent  
 Of *Tigis*-bearing *Issiper*) another of their owne  
 Did adde to it, and set it round with Elms; by which is shoun  
 (In theirs) the barrennesse of death: yet might it serue beside  
 To shelter the said Monument from all the ruffinous pride  
 Of stormes and tempests, usde to hurt, things of that noble kind:  
 The short life yet, my mother liv'd, he sav'd; and serv'd his minde  
 With all the riches of the Realme; which not enough esteeme'd,  
 He kept her prisoner, whom small time, but much more wealth redeem'd:  
 And the in sylvaine Hippoplace, Cilicia rul'd againe;  
 But soone was over-rul'd by death: *Diana* chaff disdaine  
 Gave her a Lance, and took her life; yet all these gone from me,  
 Thou amply renderst all; thy life, makes still my father be,  
 My mother, brothers: and besides, thou art my husband too,  
 Most lov'd, most worthy. Pitie then (deare love) and do not go;  
 For thou gone, all these go againe; pitie our common jey,  
 Left (of a fathers patronage, the bulwarke of all Troy)  
 Thou leav'st him a poore widdowes charge; stay, stay then, in this Towre,  
 And call up to the wilde Figge-tree, all thy retayred powre:  
 For there the wall is easeli scald, and firtest for surprise;  
 And there, th' *Aaces*, *Idomeni*, th' *Atrides*, *Domed*, thrice  
 Have both survaid, and made attempt; I know not, if induc'd  
 By some wife Augure; or the fact was naturally infud  
 Into their wits, or courages. To this, great *Hector* said,  
 Be well assur'd wife, all these things, in my kinde care are waid:  
 But what a shame, and feare it is, to think how Troy would scorne  
 (Both in her husbands and her wives, whom long-traind gownes adorn)e  
 That I should cowardly flit off? The spirit I first did breath,  
 Did never teach me that, much lesse, sinc the contempt of death  
 Was settl'd in me; and my minde knew what a Worthy was;  
 Whose office is, to leade in fight, and give no danger passe  
 Without improvement. In this fire mult *Hectors* triall shinc;  
 Here mult his country, father, friends, be (in him) made divine.  
 And such a stormy day shall come, in minde and soule I know,  
 When sacred Troy shall shed her towres, for teares of overthrow;  
 When *Priam*, all his birth and powre, shall in those teares be drownd.  
 But neither Troyes posterite, nor much my soule doth wound:  
*Priam*, nor *Heecuba* her selfe, nor all my brothers woes  
 (Who though so many, and so good, mult all be food for foes)  
 As thy sad state, when some rude Greeke shall lead thee weeping hence;  
 These three dayes clouded, and a night, of captiue violence  
 Lodging thy temples: out of which, thicke eyes must never see;  
 But spin the Greeke wiues, webs of taste; and their Fetch-water be,  
 To Argos, from Melissides, or cleare Hyperias spring:  
 Which (howsover thou abhorst) Fate's such a shrewish thing,  
 She will be mistrise; whose curst hands, when they shall crush out cries  
 From thy oppresions, (being beheld by other enemies)  
 Thus they will nourish thy extremes. This dame was *Hectors* wife,

*Hector to An-*  
*dromache.*

*The names of*  
*two fauourites:*  
*of which, one is*  
*Thebas, the o-*  
*ther neer Argos;*  
*or according to*  
*other rela-*  
*tions, to La-*  
*tedon.*

## THE SIXTH BOOKE

A man, that at the warres of Troy, did breath the worthiest life  
Of all their armie. This againe, will rub thy fruitfull wounds,  
To misle the man, that to thy bands, could give such narrow bounds.  
But that day shal not wound mine eyes; the solide heape of night  
Shall interpole, and stop mine cares, against thy plaints, and blight.

This said, he reacht to take his sonne: who (of his armes afraid;  
And then the horse-haire plume, with which, he was so overlaid,  
Nodded so horribly) he clinged backe to his Nurfe, and cride.  
Laugher affected his great Sire; who dost, and laid aside  
His tearefull Helme, that on the earth, cast round about it, light;  
Then tooke and kist his loving sonne, and (ballancing his weight  
In dancing him) their louing vovess, to living love he ulde,  
And all the other banch of Gods: O you that haue infusde  
Soule to thi Infant; now set downe, this blessing on his starre:  
Let his renoume be cleare as mine; equall his strength in warre;  
And make his reigne so strong in Troy, that yearcs to come may yeeld  
His facts this fame, (when rich in spoyles, he leaves the conquer'd field  
Sowre with his slaughterers.) These high deeds, exceed his fathers worth:  
And let this eccho'd praise supply, the comforts to come forth  
Of his kinde mother, with my life. This said, th' Heroicke Sire  
Gave him his mother; whose faire eyes, frell stremes of loves salt fire,  
Billow'd on her soft checks, to hearc, the last of *Hector's* speech  
In which his vowed comprise the summe, of all he did beseech  
In her wiſt comfort. So she tooke, into her odorous breſt,  
Her husbande gift, who (mou'd to ſee her heart ſo much oppref)  
He dried her teares; and thus defin'd: Afflict me not (deare wife)  
With theſe vaine griefes; He doth not live, that can diſfaync my life  
And this firme boſome, but my Fate; and Fate, whose wings can flie?  
Noble, ignoble, Fate controulſ: once borne, the beſt muſt dye:  
Go home, and ſet thy hufwifrie, on theſe extremes of thought;  
And drive warre from them with thy maidis; keepe them from doing nougħt:  
Theſe will be nothing, leauē the careſ of warre to men, and me;  
In whom (of all the *Ilion* race) they take their highſt degree:

¶ Went his helme; his Princeſte home, halfe cold with kindly feares;  
When every feare turnd backe her looks; and every looke ſhed teares.  
Foſlaughterring *Hector's* houſe, ſoone reaſt, her many women there  
Wept all to ſee her in his life, great *Hector's* funeralls were;  
Neuer lookt any eye of theirs, to ſee their Lord ſaf home,  
Scape from the gripes and powers of Greecee. And now was *Paris* come  
Paris overtakes Hector.  
From his high towres, who made no ſlay, when once he had put on  
His riſcheſt armour; but flew forth: the flints he trod upon  
This ſmile: big: and exprefſive:  
which Virgil almost word for word hath tranſlated it, &c.  
Sparkled with luſter of his armes; his long-ebd ſpirits, now flowd  
The higher, for their lower ebbe. And as a faire Steed, proud  
With full-given mangers; long tied up, and now (his head-ſtaſt broke)  
He breakes from ſtable, runnes the field, and with an ample ſtoke  
Meaſures the center; neigheſ, and lifts aloft his wanton head:  
About his ſhoulders, shakes his Creſt; and where he hath beeſe fed,  
Or in ſome calme floud waſht; or (ſtung, with his high blight) he flies

Amongſt

## OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

Amongſt his femals, strength put forth, his beautie beauties.  
And like Lifes mirror, bears his gate: ſo *Paris* from the towre  
Of lofty Pergamus came forth, he ſhewd a Sun-like powre  
In carage of his goodly parts, addid; now to the ſtrife,  
And found his noble brother neare, the place he left his wife,  
Him (thus reſpected) he falutes, Right worthy, I have feare  
That your ſo ſerious haſte to field, my ſtay hath made forbear,  
And that I come not, as you wiſh. He anſwert, Honour man,  
Be conſident, for not my ſelfe, nor any others can  
Reprove in thee, the worke of fight, at leaſt, not any ſuch,  
As is an equal judge of things: for thou haſt strength as much  
As ſerves to execute a minde, very important: But  
Thy ſtrenght: too readily flies off: enough will is not put  
To thy abilitie. My heart is in my minds ſtrife, faſt,  
When Troy (out of her much diſtreſ, ſhe and her friends have had  
By thy procurement) doth deprave thy noblenesse in mine cares:  
But come, hereafter we ſhall calm the hard conciſts of theirs,  
When (from their ports the foe expulſ) high love to them hath given  
Wiſt peace, and us free ſacrifice, to all the powers of heaven.

*Paris to Hector.**Hector to Paris.**The end of the ſixth Booke.*

THE



## THE SEVENTH BOOKE OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**H**ector, by Hellens advice dash fesse  
*Adventuram combas on the boldest Greeke.*  
Nine Greeks stand up, Acceptans every one,  
But to stellis strong Ajax Telamon.  
Both, with high honour, stand i' th' important fight,  
Till Heraldis part them by appreched night.  
Leftly, they grave the dead: the Grecian crew  
A mightie wall, their Navie to protell,  
Which angers Neptune. Iove, by hapless fignes,  
In depth of night, succeeding woes divines.

### Another Argument.

*In Eris, Priams strong fesse sonne  
Combats with Ajax Telamon.*

**T**hus said, brave *Hector* through the ports, with Troyes bane-bringing  
Made issue to th' infestate field, resolv'd to fervent fight. (Knight,  
And as the weather-wielder tends, to Sea-men prosperous gales,  
With their fallow-polish'd Oares, long lifted from their faws,  
Their wearied armes, dissolv'd with toyle, can scarce strike one stroke more;  
Like those sweet winds appear'd these Lords, to Troians tir'd before.  
Then fell they to the works of death: by *Paris* valour fell  
King *Aeneas* hapless sonne, that did in Arna dwell,  
(*Menelaus*) whose renown'd Sire, a Club did ever bear,  
And of *Philemon* fawne, that had her eyes so cleare!  
This slaughterd issue: *Hector's* dart, strooke *Eionae* dead;  
Beneath his good Steele caske, it pierc'd above his gorget stead.  
*Glaucus* (*Hippodamus* his sonne) that led the Lycian crew,  
*Iphinoe*-*Dexiades*, with fodaine Javelin flew,  
As he was mounting to his horse: his shouolders tooke the speare,  
And ere he fale, in tumbling downe, his powers dissolved were.  
When gray-cyd *Pallas* had perceiv'd the Greeks so fall in fight,  
From high Olympus top the stoopt, and did on *Ilio* light.  
*Apollo* (to encounter her) to Pergamus did flye,  
From whence he (looking to the field) with Troians victorie.  
At Ioves broad Beech these godheads met, and first Ioves sonne objects,  
Why, burning in contention thus, doe thy extreame affects  
Conduct thee from our peacefull hill? is it to overway

*Pallas* to the  
Grecian syde:  
*Apollo* to the  
Troians.

*Apollo* raiseth

The

### OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

The doubtfull victory of fight, and give the Greeks the day?  
Thon never pitiest perifling Troy: yec now let me perfwade,  
That this day no more mortall wounds, may either side invad.  
Hereafter, till the end of Troy, they shall apply the fight,  
Since your immortall wiles resolve to overturne it quite.

*Pallas* replide, it likes me well, for this came I from heaven:  
But to make either army cease, what order shall be given?  
He said, we will dire the spirit that burnes in *Hectors* brest,  
To challenge any Greeke to wounds, with single powers impreft,  
Which Greeks (admiring), will accept; and make some one stand out,  
So stout a challenge to receive, with a defence as stout:  
It is confirm'd, and *Hellenes* (King *Priams* loved seed)  
By Augur, discernd th'event, that these two powers dctreed.  
And (greeting *Hector*) ask him this: Wilt thou be once advis'de?  
I am thy brother, and thy life with mine is evenly priske;  
Command the rest of Troy and Greece, to cease this publike fight,  
And what Greecke beares the greatest minde, to single strokes excite:  
I promise thee that yet thy soule shall not descend to fates,  
So heard I thy surviall cast, by the celestiall States.

*Hector* with glad allowance gave his brothers counsell eare,  
And (fronting both the hosts) advanc't, juff in the midle, his speare.  
The Troians instantly surcease, the Greeks *Atrides* staid:  
The God that bears the siluer Bow, and warres triumphant Maide,  
On Ioves Beech, like two Vultures sat, ples'd to b'hold both parts,  
Flow in, to heare, so sternly arm'd, with huge shields, helmes and darts.  
And such fresh horror as you see, driven through the wrinkled waves  
By rising *Zephyre*, under whom, the sea growes blacke, and raves:  
Such did the hatie gathering troupe, of both hosts make, to heare;  
Whose tumult sett'd, twixt them both, thus spake the challenger:

Heare Troians, and ye well arm'd Greeks, what my strong minde (diffuside  
Through all my spirits) commands me speake, *Saturnus* hath not vnde  
His promist favour for our truce, (but studying both our il)s  
Will never cease, till *Mars*, by you, his ravenous stomacke fils  
With ruind Troy, or we consume your mighty Sea-borne fleet.  
Since then, the General Peeres of Greece, in reach of one voyce meeete,  
Amongst you all, whose breast includes the most impulsive minde,  
Let him stand forthas combatant, by all the rest designde.  
Before whom thus I call high *Iove* to witness of our strife,  
If he, with home-thrust iron can reach the xposure of my life,  
(Spoiling my armes) let him at will, conney them to his tent,  
But let my body be returd, that Troyes two-sext descent  
May waife it in the funerall Pile: if I can slaugter him,  
(*Apollo* honouring me so much) Ile spoyle his conquerd lym,  
And bearc his armes to *Ilio*, wherin *Apollo* shrine  
Ile hang them, as my trophies due: his body Ile resigne  
To be disposed by his friends, in flame funerals,  
And honourd with erected tombe, where *Helleponus* faws  
Into Egæum, and doth reach, even to your nauall rode,

K

*Pallas* to *Apollo's*  
His reply.

*Hellenes*  
*Priam*, *Iorse*,  
and a Troian  
to *Affir*.

The combat pro-  
p'c'd.

simile.

*Hector*, to bet:  
b'gns.

That

That when our beings, in the earth, shall hide their period,  
Suriuers, sailing the blacke sea, may thus his name renew :  
*Epitaphium per  
anticipationem.*  
This is his monument, whose bloud, long since, did fates embrew,  
Whom, passing faire in fortitude, illustrious *Hector* slew.  
This shall posterite report, and my fame never dye.

This said, dumbe silence seid them all, they shamed to deny.  
And fear'd to undertake. At last, did *Menelau* speake,  
*Menelaus ibides*  
Checkt cheir remisfie, and so sigh'd, as if his heart would breake,  
*O vix elegie,* Aye me, but onely threatening Greeks, not worthy Grecian names :  
*negreantur*  
*propositus est h* This more and more, not to be borne, makes grow our huge defauns;  
*his imitator.*  
If *Hectors* honourable proove, be entertaind by none,  
But you are earth and water all, which (symboliz'd in one)  
Have fram'd your faint unfirie spirits: ye fit without your hearts,  
Grosly inglorious: but my selfe, will use acceptive darts,  
And arme againt him, though you thinke, I arme gainst too much ods:  
But conquests garlands hang aloft, amongst th'immortal gods.  
He arm'd, and gladly would have fought: but (*Menelau*) then,  
By *Hector*'s farre more strength, thy soule, had fled th'abodes of men;  
Had not the Kings of Greece stood up, and thy attempt restrain'd,  
And even the King of men himselfe, that in such compasse reign'd,  
Who took him by the bold right hand, and sternly pluckt him backe :  
Mad brother, tis no worke for thee, thou felest thy wilfull wracke :  
Containe though it despite thee much, noo for this strife engage  
Thy person with a man more strong, and whom all feare t'ourage :  
Yea whom *Axises* himselfe, in men-renowning warre,  
Makes doubt' encounter, whose huge strength, surpaseth thine by farre;  
Sic thou then by thy regiment, some other Grecke will rife  
(Though he be dreadlike, and no warre, will his desires suffice,  
That makes this challenge to our strength) our valours to avow:  
To whom, if he can scape with life, he will be glad to bow.  
This drew his brother from his will, who yeelded, knowing it true,  
And his glad soldierns tooke his armes, when *Axelor* did purue  
The same reprove he set on foote, and thus supplide his turne :  
What huge indignitie is this! how will our country mourne !  
Old *Peleus* that good King will weepe: that worthy Councillor,  
That trumpet of the Myrmidonians, who much did ask me for  
All men of name that went to Troy, with joy he did enquire  
Their valour and their towardness: and I made him admire:  
But that ye all feare *Hector* now, this grave eares shall heare,  
How will he lift his hands to heaven, and pray that death may bearre  
His grieved soule into the deepe! O woulde to heavens great King,  
*Minervas* and the god of light, that now my youthfull spring  
Did flourish in my willing veinces, as when at *Phebus* towces,  
About the streames of *Tardanus*, my gather'd Pylean poures,  
And dart-employed Arcadians fought, neere raging *Celadon*:  
Amogst whom, first of all stood forth, great *Ereubalan*,  
Whoth'armes of *Arisbous* wore (brave *Arisbous*)  
And (since he still fought with a club) surnamed *Clavigerus*,

*Refer to the  
Greekes.*

*referat min. la-  
ter annos,  
Quæ crux,*

All men, and faire-girt Ladies both, for honour calld him so:  
He fought not with a keep-e-off speare, or with a farre shot bow;  
But with a maffic club of iron, he brake through armed bands:  
And yet *Lycorgus* was his death, but not with force of hands;  
With sleight (encountering in a lane, where his club wanted way)  
He thrul him through his spacious waste, who fell, and upwards lay;  
In death not bowing his face to earth: his armes he did despoyle;  
With iron, *Mars* bestow'd on him; and those, in *Mars* his toile,  
*Lycorgus* ever after wore; but when he aged grew,  
Enforc't to keepe his peacefull house, their nre he did renew,  
On mighty *Ereubalan* lims; his foilder, loved well;  
And with thse armes he challeng'd all that did in Armes excell:  
All shooke, and stood dismayd, none durst, bis adverse champion make;  
Yet this same forward minde of mine, of choice, would undertake  
To fight with all his confidence, though yongest enemy  
Of all the armie we conduct: yet I fought with him, I;  
*Minervus* made me so renownd; and that molt tall strong Peere  
I flue; his bigge bulke lay on earth, extended here and there,  
Asit were covetous to spread, the center every where.  
O that my youth were now as fresh, and all my powers as sound;  
Soone should bold *Hector* be impugnd: yet you that most are crown'd  
With fortitude, of all our host; even you, me thinks are slow,  
Not free, and set on fire with lust; t'encounter such a foe.  
With this, nine royall Princes rose, *Atrides* for the first,  
Then *Domed*: th'*Atrides* then, that did th'encounter thirst:  
King *Idomen* and his consorts, *Mars*-like *Meriones*;  
*Evemors* sonne, *Eriopis*; and *Andromonides*;  
Whom all the Grecians *Thebas* calld; spong of *Andromonides* bloud;  
And wife *Vlyses*; every one, propof'd, for combat flood.  
Againe *Gerenius Nestor* spake; Let lots be drawne by all,  
His hand shall helpe the wel-arm'd Greeks, on whom the lot doth fall;  
And to his wif shall he be helpe, if he escape with life,  
The harmfull danger-breathing fit, of his adventurous strife.  
Each markt his lot, and cast it in, to *Agamemnon's* caske;  
The foildiers prayed, held up their hands, and this of love did ask,  
(With eyes advanc't to heaven) O love, so leade the Heralds hand,  
That *Ajax* or great *Tydeus* sonne, may our wilft champion stand:  
Or else the King himselfe, that rules, the rich Mycenian land.  
This said, old *Axelor* mixt the lots: the formost for survaid,  
With *Ajax Telamon* was sign'd; as all the foildiers praid,  
One of the Heralds drew it forth, who broughte and shewd it round,  
Beginning at the right hand first, to all the most renownd:  
None knowing it; every man denide: but when he forth did passe,  
To him which markt and cast it in, which famous *Ajax* was,  
He stretche his hand, and into it, the Herald put the lot,  
Who (viewing it) th'inscription knew; the Duke denied not,  
But joyfully acknowledg'd it, and threw it at his feet;  
And said, (O friends) the lot is mine, which to my soule is sweet;

*Princ  
stand up to s  
face Hector.*

*Last advised i-  
Nestor for ice  
comitant.*

*The lot fai-  
Ajax.*

## THE SEVENTH BOOKE

For now I hope my fame shall rise, in noble *Hector's* fall.  
*Hector's* death  
But whil'st I arme my selfe, do you, on great *Saturnus* call;  
 But silently, or to your selues, that not a Trojan heare:  
 Ot openly (if you think good) since none alive we feare;  
 None with a will, if I will not, can my bold powers affright,  
 At least for plaine fierce swinge of strength, or want of skill in fight:  
 For I will well prove that my birth, and breed in Salamine,  
 Was not all confecciate to meat, or meere effects of wine.

This said, the well-given soldiars prayed: up went to heaven their cyne;  
 O *Jove*, that *Ida* doest protect, most happie, most divine;  
 Send victory to *Ajax* side; fame, grace, his goodly lim:  
 Or (if thy love, blesse *Hector's* life, and thou hast care of him)  
 Below on both, like power, like fame. This said, in brighte armes shone  
 The good strong *Ajax*: who, when all his warre attire was on,  
*Ajax armed, &  
his shield  
in white  
is made of  
ox-hides to the  
bottom.*  
 Marcht like the hugely figur'd *Mars*, when angry *Jupiter*,  
 With strength, on people proud of strength, sends him forth to inferre  
 Wreakfull contention; and comes on, with preſence full of feare;  
 So th' Achev rampire, *Telamon*, did twixt the hofſt appear:  
*Telamon*,  
*the cur-*  
*rie.*  
*Hinc illud.*  
*Dominus illepi*  
*securumque A-*  
*tax.*  
*The shield of A-*  
*jax, like a tower*  
*Tribus the cur-*  
*rie.*  
*Hinc illud.*  
*Domini illepi*  
*securumque A-*  
*tax.*  
*Hector to Aix.*  
*Hector to Aix.*

Smil'd, yet terrible aspect; on earth with ample pace,  
 He boldly stalkt, and shooke aloft, his dart, with deadly grace.  
 It did the Grecians good to ſee; but heartquakes shooke the joyns  
 Of all the Trojans; *Hector's* ſelfe, ſelt thoughts, with horrid points,  
 Tempt his bold boſome; but he now muſt make no counterſlight;  
 Nor (with his honour) now refufe, that had provokt the fight.  
*Ajax came neare, and like a tower, his shield his boſome bard.*  
*Tribus the cur-*  
*rie.*  
*Hinc illud.*  
*Domini illepi*  
*securumque A-*  
*tax.*  
*Hector to Aix.*

*Ajax* came neare; and like a tower, his shield his boſome bard.  
 The right ſide brasse, and ſeven Oxen hides, within it quilted hard:  
*Old Tchymus the belt currier, that did in Hyla dwell,*  
*Did frame it for exceeding prooſe, and wrought it wondrous well.*  
 With this stood he to *Hector* cloſe, and with this Brave began:  
*Now Hector thou ſhalt clearly know, thus meeting man to man,*  
*What other leaders arme our hofſt, beſides great *Ida's* ſonne:*  
*Who, with his hardie Lyons heart, hath armies overunne.*  
 But he lyes at cur crooked ſtern'd ſteet, a Rival with our King  
 In height of ſpirit; yet to Troy, he many knights did bring,  
 Cocquall with *Axides*; all able to ſustaine  
 All thy bold challenge can import: begin then, words are vaine.

The Helme-great *Hector* anſwer'd him; Rennownd *Telamon*,

Prince of the Soulidiers came from Greece; assay not me like one,  
 Yong and immartial, with great words, as to an Amazon dame;  
 I have the habit of all fights; and know the bloudie frame  
 Of every slaughter: I well know the ready right hand charge;  
 I know the left, and every ſway of my ſecurefull targe;  
 I triumph in the crueltie, of fixed combat fight,  
 And manage horſe to all deſignes; I think then with good right,  
 I may be confident as farre, as this my challenge goes,  
 Without being taxed with a vaunt, borne out with empty ſhoes.  
 But (being a ſoldier ſo renoumd) I will not worke on thee,  
 With leaſt advantage of that ſkill, I know doth strengthen me;

And

## OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

And ſo with privatice of sleight, winne that for which I ſtrive :  
 But at thy beſt (even open ſtrength) if my endeavours thrive.  
 Thus ſent he his long Iavelin forth, it brooke his foes huge ſhield,  
*The combat,*  
 Neere to the upper ſkirt of brasse, which was the eighth it held.  
 Sixe folds th' untamed dart brooke through, and in the seventh tough hide,  
 The point was checquet; then *Ajax* threw, his angry Lance did glide  
 Quite through his bright orbicular targe, his curace, ſhirt of maile,  
 And did his manly ſtemocks mouth, with dangerous taient aſſaile :  
 But in the bowing of himſelfe, blacke death too ſhort did ſtrike;  
 Then both to plucke their Iavelins forth, encountring Lion-like;  
 Whose bloudy violence is increaſed, by that raw food they eate :  
 Or Bores, whose ſtrength, wilde nourishment, doth make ſo wondrous great.  
 Againe, *Priamides* did wound, in midſt, his ſhield of brasse,  
 Yet pierc't not through the upper plate, the head reflected was :  
 But *Ajax* (following his Lance) ſmote through his target quite,  
 And stayd bold *Hector* rushing in, the Lance held way outright,  
 And hurt his necke, out gulf'd the bloud: yet *Hector* ceaſt not ſo,  
 But in his ſtrong hand tooke a Flim (as he did backwards go)  
 Blaſke, ſharpe, and big, layd in the field: the ſevenfold targe it ſmit,  
 Full on the boſſe; and round about, the braffe did ring with it.  
 But *Ajax* a ſare greater ſtone, lift up, and (wreathing round,  
 With all his body layd to it) he ſent it forthro wound.  
 And gave unmeaſur'd force to it; the round ſtone broke within  
 His runderl target: his lovd knees, to languiſh did begin:  
 And he leand, ſtretche out on his ſhield; but *Hector* rais'd him ſtright.  
 Then had they layd on wounds with ſwords, in ſie of cloſer fight,  
 Vnlike the Heralds (meſſengers of gods and godlike men)  
 The one of Troy, the other Greece, had held betwixt them then  
 Imperiall ſcepters: then the one (*Idam*, grave and wife)  
 Said to them; Now no more my ſonneſ: the Sovereigne of the ſkies  
 Doth love you both; both ſoldiars are, all witneſſe with good right,  
 But now night layes her mace on earth, tis good to obey the night.  
*Idam?* (*Telamon* replide,) to *Hector* ſpeake, not me :  
 He that calld all our Achev Peeres, to ſtation fight, twas he,  
 If he firſt ceaſe, I gladly ſeeld: great *Hector* then began :  
*Ajax*, ſince *Jove* to thy big forme, made thee ſo ſtrong a man,  
 And gave thee ſkill to uſe thy ſtrength; ſo much, that for thy ſpear,  
 Thou art moſt excellent of Greece, now let us fight forboare:  
 Hereafter we ſhall warre againe, till *Jove* our Herald be,  
 And grace with conqueſt, which he will, heavens yeeld to night, and we  
 Goe thou and comfort all thy Fleet; all friends and men of thine,  
 As I in Troy my favoures, who in the Fane divine  
 Have offerd Orlions for me; and come, let us impart  
 Some enigmes of our ſtrife, to few, each others ſuppled hart:  
 That men of Troy and Greece may ſay, thut their high quarrell ends:  
 Thoſe that encountring, were ſuch foes, are now (beeing ſeparate) friends.  
 He gave a word, whiche handle was, with ſilver ſtuds through driven,  
 Scabard and all, with hangers rich: By *Telamon* was given.

K 3

*Hector to Ajax.*
*Hector gives A-*  
*jax a word:*  
*Ajax, Hector a*  
*grade, but*  
*which gift were*  
*afterward cauſe*  
*of both their*  
*death.*

*scrips: for  
victory,  
Virgil's imit.*

*Cœnacium à  
sororibus.  
Nelior to the  
Grecis.*

*Antenor coun-  
sels to the Tro-  
ians.*

*Paris replies.*

*Priam to the  
Troians:*

A faire well glossed purple waft. Thus *Hector* went to Troy,  
And after him a multitude, fild with his safeties joy;  
Despairing he could ever scape the puissant fortitude  
And unimpeached *Ajax* hands. The Greeks like joy renude,  
For their reputed victory, and brought him to the King;  
Who to the great *Saturnides*, preferd an offering:  
An Oxe that fed on five faire springs; they fleyd and quartred him,  
And then (in pieces cut) on spits, they rosted every lim:  
Which neatly drest, they drew it off: worke done, they fell to feast:  
All had enough; but *Telamon*, the King fed past the rest,  
With good large pieces of the chine. Thus, thirst and hunger staid,  
*Nestor* (whose counsels late were best) vowed new, and first he said:  
*Atrides*, and my other Lords, a fote of Greeks are dead,  
Whose blake blood neare Scamanders streame, inhumane *Mars* hath shed:  
Their foules to hell descended are: it fits thee then our King,  
To make our soldiery cease from warre: and by the dayes first spring,  
Let us our selves, assembled all, the bodies bear to fire,  
With Mules and Oxen neare our fleet; that when we home retire,  
Each man may carry, to the sonnes, of fathers slaughtered here,  
Their honour bodes: one tombe for all, for ever let us reare,  
Circling the pile without the field: at which we will erect  
Wals, and a raveling, that may safe, our fleet and us protect.  
And in them let us fashion gates, solid and bard about,  
Through which our horse and chariots, may well get in and out.  
Without all, let us dig a dike, so deepe it may availe  
Our forces gainst the charge of horse, and foot, that come to assaile:  
And thus th' attempts, that I see swell in Troys proud heart, shall fail.  
The King do his advice approve: so Troy doth Court conuent,  
At *Priams* gate, in th' illion towre, fearfull and turbulent:  
Amongst all, wife *Antenor* spake; Troians and Dardan friends,  
And Peeres assistants, give good eare, to what may care commands  
To your consents, for all our good: resolve, let us restore  
The argive *Hellen*, with her wealth, to him the had before:  
We now defend but broken faiths. If therefore ye refuse,  
No good event can I expect, of all the warres we use.

He craft, and *Alexander* spake, husband to th' Argive Queen:  
*Antenor*, to mine cares thy words, harsh and ungracious bee:  
Thou canst use better if thou wilt: but if these truly fit  
Thy serious thoughts; the gods, with age, have refy thy graver wit:  
To war-like Troians I will speake, I clearly doe deny  
To yeld my wife: but all her wealth, Ile render willingly,  
What ever I from *Argos* brought, and vow to make it more,  
Which I have ready in my houfe, if peace I may restore.

*Priam*, firmamdi *Dardanides* (godlike in counsels grave)  
In his sonnes favour well advised, this resolution gave;  
My royll friends of every state, there is sufficient done,  
For this late counsell we have calld, in th'offer of my sonne,  
Now then let all take needfull food, then let the watch be set,

And

And every court of guard held strong: so when the morne doth wet  
The high rash battlements of Troy, *Ideas* shall be sent  
To th' Argive fleet, and *A straw* sonnes, t'unfold my sonnes intent,  
From whose fact our contention springs: and (if they will) obtaine  
Retrif from heat of fight; till fire confine our soldiery slaine:  
And after, our most fatall warre, let us importune still,  
Till *Iove* the conquest have dispofed, to his unconquer'd will.

All heard, and did obey the King, and (in their quarters all,  
That were to seft the watch that night) did to their suppers fall:  
*Ideas* in the morning went, and th' Achive Peeres did finde

In counsell at *Atrides* ship: his audience was affign'd  
And in the midst of all the Kings, the vocall Herald said:  
*Atrides*: my renowned King, and other kings his aide,  
Propose by me, in their commands, the offers *Paris* makes,  
(From whose joy all our woes proceed) he Princely undertakes  
That all the wealth be brought from Greece (would he had died before)  
He will (with other added wealth) for your amends restore:  
But famous *Menelaus* wife, he still meanes to enjoy,  
Though he be urg'd the contrary, by all the Peeres of Troy.  
And this difles, I have in charge, that if it please you all:  
They wil both fides may cease from warre, that rites of funeral  
May on their bodies be perform'd, that in the fields lye slaine:  
And after to the will of fate, renue the fight againe.

All silence held at first: at last, *Tyndides* made reply:  
Let no man take the wealth, or Dame; for now a childs weake eye  
May for the imminent blake end of *Priams* Emperie.

This sentence quicke, and briefly given, the Greeks did all admire:  
Then said the King, Herald, thou hearst, is him, the voice entire  
Of all our Peeres, to answer thee, for that of *Priams* sonne:  
But, for our burning of the dead, by all meanes I am wonne  
To satisfie thy King therin, without the flendrefit gaine  
Made of their spoyleyed carkaless; but freely (being slaine)  
They shall be all confund'd with fire: to witness which, I cite  
High thundring *Iove*, that is the king, of *Iaches* beds delight.

With this, he held his scepter up, to all the skie thron'd powers:  
And grave *Ideas* did renarme to facred Illions towres,  
Where Ilians, and Dardanians did stille their counfels plie,  
Expecting his returne: he came, and told his Legacie.  
All, whirlwilde like, assembled then: some, bodies to transport,  
Some to hew trees: On th'other part, the Argives did exhort  
Their Souldiers to the same affaires: then did the new fir'd Sunne  
Smite the broad fields, ascending heauen, and th' Ocean smooth did runne:  
When Greece and Troy mixt in such peace, you scarce could either know:  
Then walft they off their blood and dust, and did warme tears bestow  
Vpon the slaughtered, and in Carries, couied them from the field:  
*Priam* commanded none shoulde mourne, but in still silence yeld  
Their honor'd carkaless to fire, and only grieve in heart.  
All burnd: to Troy, Troyes friends retire: to fleet, the Grecian part:

K 4

*Ideas to the  
Grecian fleet.*

*Ideas to the  
Grecs.*

*Diedmed to Ilius.*

*Ag membra to  
Idaea.*

Yet

Yet doubtfull night obscur'd the earth, the day did not appear:  
When round about the funerall pyle, the Grecians gatherd were;  
The pyle they circled with a tombe, and by it rais'd a wall,  
High towres to guard the fleet and them : and in the midst of all  
They built strong gates, through which the horse, and chariots passage had:  
Without the rampire a broad dike, long and profound they made,  
On which they Pallefadors pitcht ; and thus the Grecians wrought.  
Their huge works in so little time, were to perfection brought,  
That all Gods, by the Lightner set, the frame thereof admir'd;

Mongst whom, the earthquake-making God, this of their King enquir'd;  
Father of Gods, will any man, of all earths graffie sphere,  
Aske any of the Gods contents, to any actions there,  
If thou wilt see the shag-hair'd Greeks, with headstrong labours frame  
So huge a worke, and not to us, due offerings first enflame ?  
As farre as white *Auroras* dewes, are sprinkled through the aire,  
Fame will renouew the hands of Greece, for this divine affaire:  
Men will forget the sacred worke, the Sunne and I did raise,  
For King *Laomedon* (bright Troy) and this will bearne the praise.

*Reptue to  
Iupiter.*

*Iove to Neptune.* *Iove* was extremely mou'd with him, and said, What words are these,

Thou mightie shaker of the earth, thou Lord of all the seas?  
Some other God, of farrelesse power, might hold conceits dismaid,

With this rare Grecian stratageme, and thou rest well apaid;

For it will glorifie thy name, as farre as light extends:  
Since, when these Greeks shall see againe their native foile and friends,  
(The bulwarke batter'd) thou maist quite devoure it with thy waves,  
And cover (with thy fruitleſſe sands) this fatall flore of graves:

That what their fierie industries, have so divinely wrought,

In rasing it; in rasing it, thy power will prove it noughe.

Thus spake the Gods among themselves : set was the fervent Sunne;

And now the great worke of the Greeks was absolutely done.

Then flew they Oxen in their tents, and strength with food reviv'd;

When out of *Lemnos* a great fleet of odorous wine arriv'd;

Sent by *Eaneus*, *Iasons* sonne, borne of *Hippophile*.

*A fleet of wine  
of a thousand  
tunnes, sent by  
Eaneus, Iason's  
sonne.*

The fleet contained a thousand tunne : which mult transported be

To *Atrieus* sonnes, as he gave charge; whose merchandise it was.

The Greeks bought wine for shining Steele, and some for sounding brasse,  
Some for Oxhides, for Oxen sonne, and some for prisoners.

A sumptuous banquet was prepar'd, and all that night the Peeres,  
And faire-hair'd Greeks confund'd in feal: so Trojans, and their aide.  
And all the night *Iove* thunder'd loud : pale feare all thoughts dimaid.  
Whiles they were glutinous in earth, *Iove* wrought their banes in heaven:  
They pow'd full cups upon the ground; and were to offerings dru'en,  
In stead of quaffings: and to drinke, none durst attempt, before  
In solemne sacrifice they did almighty *Iove* adore.

Then to their rests they all repair'd: bold zeale there feare bereav'd:  
And sudden sleeps refreshing gift, securely they receiv'd.

*The end of the seventh Booke.*

THE



## THE EIGHTH BOOKE OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**V**hen *Iove* to all the Gods had given command,  
That none, to either host, should helpfull stand;  
*To Ida he descendt: and sees from thence*  
*Iuno and Pallas both the Greeks defendt:*  
*Whoſe purpose, his command by Iringiver,*  
*Doth intervent; then came the silent Even;*  
*When Hector charge fires should consume the night.*  
*Left Greeks in darknesseooke suspetted flight.*

### Another Argument.

*Is Theta Gods a Connell have,*  
*Troyes conquest, glorious Hectors Brav.*



He chearfull Ladie of the light, deckt in her saffron robe,  
Disperſt her beames through every part of this enflowred globe,  
When thundring *Iove* a Court of Gods, assembled by his will,  
In top of all the topfull heights, that crowne th'Olympian hill.

He speake, and all the Gods gave ear: Heare how I stand inclinde,  
That God nor Goddesse may attemp, to infringe my sovereigne minde  
But all give suffrage, that wish speed, I may these discords end.  
What God soever I shall finde, indeuour to defend

Or Troy or Greece, with wounds to heaven, he (ham'd) shall reaſcend;  
Or (taking him with his offence) Ile call him downe as decepe  
As *Tartarus* (the brood of night) where *Boreas* doth steep  
Tortment in his profoundest finks; where is the floore of brasie,  
And gates of iron; the place, for depthes farre doth hell surpass,  
As heaven (for height) exceedeth the earth; then shall he know from thence,  
How much my power pass all the Gods, hath sovereigne eminence.  
Indanger is the whiles and fee: let downe our golden chaine,  
And, at it, let all Deities, their utmost strengthes constraine,  
To draw me to the earth from heaven: you never shall preuaile,  
Though with your most contention, ye dare my state affaile:  
But when my will shall be difpoide, to draw you all to me;  
Even with the earth it ſelfe, and feas, ye ſhall enforced be.

Then will I to Olympus top, our vertuous engine binde,  
And by it every thing ſhall hang, by my command inclinde:  
So much I am ſupreme to Gods; to men ſupreme as much.  
The Gods ſat ſilent, and admir'd; his dreadfull ſpeech was ſuch.

*Pari, briskeſt  
of the Morning*

*gave to the beach  
of Diicit.*

*Virgil makes  
this diverse his  
plot, adding  
his part in  
preceptum  
tum tendit;  
sub umbras,  
See. Homers  
golden chaine.*

*P. 1. to Pow.* At last, his blue eyd daughter spake, O great *Saturnides*,  
O Father, O heauens highest King, well know we the execle  
Of thy great power, compar'd withall yec the bold Grecian state.  
We needs must mourne, since theye must fall; beneath to hard fate:  
For if thy grave command enjoyne, we will abstaine from fight:  
But to afford them such advice, as may relieve their plig,  
We will (with thy consent) be bold; that all may not sustaine  
The fearfull burthen of thy wrath, and with their shames be slaine.  
*I. to Pow.* He smil'd, and said, Be confident, thou art belou'd of me:  
I speake not this with serious thoughts, but will be kinde to thee.  
*I. to Pow.* This said, his brasse hou'd winged horse, he did to chariot bind,  
Whose crest was fring'd with manes of gold, and golden garments shin'd.  
On his rich shoulders, in his hand, he tooke a golden scourge,  
Divinely fashon'd, and with blowes, their willing speed did urge,  
Mid way betwixt the earth and heaven; to Ida then he came,  
Abounding in delicious springs, and nurce of beasts untame;  
Where (on the mountaine Gargarus) men did a Fane erect  
To his high name, and altars sweet; and there his horse he checkt;  
Dissolv'd them from his chariot, and in a cloud of jeate  
He cover'd them, and on the top, tooke his triumphant seat;  
*I. to Pow.* Beholding *Priam's* famous towne, and all the Fleet of Greece,  
The Greeks tooke breakfast speedily, and arm'd at every peece:  
So Trojans; who though fewer farre, yet all to fight tooke arms:  
Dire need enforc't them to avert, their wives and childrens harmes.  
All gates flew open, all the holt, did ilise, foot and horse,  
In mightie tumult: strait one place, adjoin'd each adverse force: (pofd:  
Then shields with shields met, darts with darts, strength against strength op:  
The boſſe pik't targets were thrust on, and thunderd as they cloſd  
In mightie tumult, groane for groane, and breath for breath did breath:  
Of men then slaine, and to be slaine, earth flowd with fruits of death.  
While the faire mornings beautie held, and day increas in heighs;  
Their Javelins mutually made death, transport an equall freight:  
But when the hot Meridian point, bright *Phœbus* did ascend,  
Then *Iove* his golden Balances did equally extend:  
And of long-reft-conferring death, put in two bitter fates  
For Troy and Greece he held the midſt: the day of finall dates  
Fell on the Greeks: the Greeks hard lots, fukke to the flowrie ground.  
The Trojans leapt as high as heaven, then did the claps resound,  
Of his fierce thunder; lightning leapt, amongst each Grecian troope:  
The fight amaz'd them; pallid feare made boldest stomacks stoop.  
Then *Idomen* durst not abide; *Atrides* wen his way,  
And both th' *Aiaxes*: *Nefor* yet, against his will did stay  
(That grave Protector of the Greeks) for *Paris* with a dart  
Enrag'd one of his charioſe horse, he smote the upp'r part  
Of all his skull, even where the haire, that made his foretop, sprung;  
The hurt was deadly, and the paine, so sore the courſer stung,  
(Pierc't to the braine) he stamp't and plung'd: one on another beares:  
Entangled round about the beame; then *Nefor* cut the geres

With

*Anexy victoria*  
*The Meridian*  
*Ura le Jovis*  
*Urg. trans-*  
*flatus Macro-*  
*bibus 5.**Ioves* thunder a-  
nights the Gre-  
cians.

With his new drawne authentique sword; meane while the firſt horſe  
Of *Hector* brake into the pеaſſe, with their bold rulers force:  
Then good old *Nefor* had becene slaine, had *Dionedes* not ſpied;  
Who to *Vlyſſes*, as he fled, impotunely cried:  
Thou, that in counſels doſt abound, O *Lacriades*;  
Why flyſt thou? why thus cowardlike, flunſt thou the honourd pеaſſe?  
Take heed thy backe take not a dart: stay, let us both intend  
To drive this cruel enemye, from our deare aged friend.  
He ſpeake: but warie *Ithacus*, would finde no patient eare:  
But fled forth right, even to the fleet: yet though he ſingl'e were,  
Brave *Dionedes* mixt amongst the fight, and stood before the ſteeds  
Of old *Neleides*, whose elate, thus kingly be hecdes:  
O father, with theſe youthes in fight, thou art unequall plac't,  
Thy willing ſinewes are unknit, grave age purſues thee fall,  
And thy unruly horſe are flow; my chariot therefore ſife,  
And tie how ready Trojan horſe, can ſit him that purſues,  
Purſue the flier, and every way, performe the varied fight:  
I forſt them from *Achilles* ſonne, well ſkild in caufe of flight:  
Then let my Squire lead hence thy horſe: mine thou ſhall guard, whilſt I  
(By theſe advancē) affay the fight, that *Hector's* ſelfe may try  
If my lance doe with the defects, that faile best mindes in age,  
Or finde the palley in my hands, that doth my life engage.

This, noble *Nefor* did accept, and *Dionedes* two friends,  
*Eurymedon*, that valour loves, and *Sthenelus*, alcreds,  
Old *Nefor's* coach: of *Dionedes* horſe, *Nefor* the charge ſustains,  
And *Tydiades* ſonne took place of fight, *Neleides* held the rains,  
And ſcourg'd the horſe, who twifly ran, dire& in *Hector's* face,  
Whom fierce *Tydiades* bravely charg'd: but, he turn'd from the chace,  
His javeline *Enipeus* ſmit, mighty *Thebæus* ſonne,  
And was great *Hector's* chariotrē, it through his breſt did runne,  
Near to his pappe, he fell to earth, backe flew his frightened horſe,  
His strength and ſoule were both diſſolv'd, *Nefor* had deepe remorse  
Of his miſhap: yet leſt he him, and for another fought:  
Nor long his ſeeds did want a guide: for ſtraight good fortune brought  
Bold *Archeptolemus*, whose life, did from *Iphīus* ſpring:  
He made him take the reines and mount, then foulies were ſet on wing:  
Then high exploits were undergone, then Troians in their wals  
Had becene infolded like meeke lambs, had *Iove* winkt at their fal,  
Who hurld his horrid thunder forth, and made pale lightnings ſic  
Into the earth, before the horſe, that *Nefor* did apply.  
A dreadfull flaſh burnt through the aire, that dazled horſe did ſtrike:  
The faire reines fell from *Nefor's* hand, who did (in feare) intreat  
Renownd *Tydiades*, into flight, to turne his tories heate.  
For knowest thou not, ſaid he, our aide is not ſopplide from *Iove*?  
This day he will give fame to Troy, which when it fits his love,  
We ſhall enjoy, let no man tempe his unreliſh will,  
Though he exceed in gifts of strength: for he exceeds him ſtill.

*Dimed to Vlyſſe**Vlyſſes flies, and*  
*Dionedes*  
*flies to the re-*  
*ſone of Nefor.**Dimed charges*  
*Hector.**Reſer to*  
*Dionedes.*

Father:

THE EIGHTH BOOKE

“... ‘tis true; but both my heart and soule  
Are most extremely grieved to thinke how *Hector* will controule  
My honour with his vants in Troy: that I was terror-sicke  
With his approach: which when he boastes, let earth devoure me quicke.  
Ah warlike *Tydeus* sonne (said he) what needless words are these?  
Though *Hector* shold report thee faint, and amorous of thy case,  
The Troians nor the Trojan wifes, would never give him trust,  
Whiles youthfull husbands thy free hand, hath smotherd so in dust:  
This said, he turn'd his one-hou' d horse, to flight, and troope did take;  
When *Hector* and his men with shouts, did greedily pursue make,  
And pour'd on darts, that made aire sigh: then *Hector* did exclaime,  
*O Tydeus* sonne, the Kings of Greece do most renowne thy name  
With highest place, feasts, and full cups, who now will doe thee shame:  
Thou shalt be like a woman wifte, and they will say, Depart  
Immortal minion, since to stand, *Hector* thou hast no hart.  
Nor canst thou scale our turrets tops, nor leade the wifes to fleet  
Of valiant men, that wilfie fear fit, my aduerse charge to meet.  
This, two waies moud him, stile to flye, or turne his horse and fight:  
Thrife thrust he forward to assault, and every time the freight  
Of loves fell thunder draue him backe: which he propo'd for signe  
(To shew the change of victory) Troians should victors shone.  
Then *Hector* comforted his men, All my aduenturous friends,  
By men, and of your famous strength, thinke of the honourd ends:  
I know, benevolent *Jupiter*, did by his becke profeſſe  
Conquest, and high renowne to me, and to the Grekes distrefſe,  
O fooleſ, to raise ſuch ſilly forteſ, not worth the leaſt account,  
Nor able to reſiſt our force, with eaſe our horſe may mount,  
Quite ouer all their hollow dike: but when their fleet I reach,  
Let memory to all the world, a famous bonfire teach:  
For, I will all their ſhips inflame, with whose infieſtive ſmoke  
(Feare, ſhrunkē and hidden neere their keels) the conquered Greeks ſhall choke.  
Then cherifht he his famous horſe: O *Xanthus*, now ſaid he,  
And thou *Pedargus*: *Aithon* to, and *Lampus*, deare to me;  
Make me ſome worthy recompence, for ſo much choice of meat,  
Gien you by faire *Andromache*, bread of the pureſt wheate,  
And with it (for your drinke) mixt wine, to make ye wiſhed cheare,  
Still ſerviug you before my ſelfe (her husband yong and deare.)  
Purſue and ſet your ſwiftelſt ſped, that we may take for priſe  
The ſhield of old *Neleides*, which Fame lifts to the ſkies,  
Euen to the handles, telling it, to be of maſſie gold:  
And frō the ſhoulders let us take, of *Diomed* the bold,  
The royall curace *Vulcan* wrought, with art ſo exquifite.  
Theſe if we make our ſacred ſpoyle, I doubt not, but this Night,  
Euen to their nauie to enforce, the Greeks vnturned flight.  
This *Iuno* tooke in high diſdaine, and made Olympus ſhake,  
As ſhe but ſtird within her throne, and thus to *Neptune* ſpake;  
O *Neptune*, what a ſpite is this! thou God ſo huge in power,  
Affiſts it not thy honour'd heart, to ſee rude ſpoile devoure

The names of  
treasures borne.

*Zetum equis.*

Refloſt  
aſſoſt gold.

and to the  
one.

OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

109

These Greeks that have in Helice, and Aege, offred thee  
So many and ſo wealthy gifts, let them the victors be;  
If we that are the aids of Greece, would beate home theſe of Troy,  
And hinder broad cyd *Iove* proud will, it would abate his joy.

*Nephele to Iane*

He (angry) told her, ſhe was rafh, and he would not be one,  
Of all the refl, ſhould ſtrike with *Iove*, whose power was matcht by none:  
Whiles they conſider thus, all the ſpace, the trench containd before,  
(From that part of the fort that fault, the nauie-anchoring ſhore)  
Was fild with horſe and targatiers, whi therc for refuge came,  
By *Mars*-Swift *Hector*'s power engag'd, *Iove* gave his strength the fame:  
And he with ſpoilefull fire had burnt the fleet: if *Iulus* grace  
had not inspide the King himſelfe, to run from place to place,  
And stir up euerie ſoldiers power, to ſome illuſtrious deed;  
First visiting their leaders tents, his ample purple weed  
He wore, to ſhew all who he was, and did his ſtation take  
At wife *Vulcē*s ſable barker, that did the barrell make  
Of all the fleet, from whence his ſpeech, might with more eaſe be diuen  
To *Ajax* and *Achilles* ſhips, to whose chiefe charge were giuen  
The Vanguard and the Rereguard bothe, both for their force of hand,  
And trutfy boſomes. There arraſt'd, thus urg'd he to withstand  
Th' infiſting Troians; O what shame, ye campis hearded Lords,  
Is this to your admired forme? where are your glorious words?  
In Lemnos vaunting you the beſt of all the Grecian hof?:  
We are the ſtrongeft men (ye ſai'd) we will command the moſt;  
Eating moſt ſleſh of high hornd beeuces, and drinking cups full crownd;  
And every man a hundred foes, two hundred will confound;  
Now all our strength, daid to our worſt, one *Hector* cannot tame,  
Who preſently with horrid fire, will all our fleet inflame.  
O Father *Iove*, hath euer yet, thy moſt unſuſtied hand  
Afflicted, with ſuch ſpoyle of foulſ, the King of any land?  
And taken ſo much fame from him? when I did never fail  
(Siace under moſt unhappy ſtarres, this fleet was under fail)  
Thy glorious altars, I profeſſe; but above all the gods,  
Have burnt fair thighs of beeuves to thee, and praid to raz th'abodes  
Of rape-defending lions; yet grant (almighty *Iove*)  
One favour, that we may at laſt, with life from hence remove:  
Not under ſuſh inglorious hands, the hands of death employ,  
And where Troy ſhould be ſtoopt by Greece, let Greece fall under Troy.

To this even weeping King, did *Iove*, remorſefull audience give,  
And ſooke great beauen to him, for ſigne, his men and he ſhould live:  
Then quickly caſt he off his hawk, the Eagle prince of aire,  
That perfects his unſpoted vowes, who ſeid in her repaire  
A ſucking hind calfe, which ſhe truft, in her enforſe feeres,  
And by *Ioves* altar let it fall, among th'amaz'd Peeres,  
Wherc the religiuous Achive Kings, with ſacrifice did pleafe  
The author of all Oracles, divine *Saturnides*.

Now when they knew the bird of *Iove*, they turn'd courageous head:  
When none (though many Kings put on) could make his vaunt, he led

*Nephele to Iane*

*Agamemnon* in  
laſt or in raiſing  
his armes.

*Agamemnon's*  
complaint of  
the Greeks.

*Aſſoſt gold*

*Iove casts off his*  
*Eagle wings:*  
*Grecks right*  
*buds, that ſtrud*  
*aſſoſt gold.*

These

*Troyes to Agamemnon.*

*Diod.* *Tyades* to renewd assault: or issud first the dike,  
Or first did fight: but farre the first, stone dead his lance did strike  
Arm'd *Argelaw*, by descent, surname *Phradmonides*:  
He turn'd his ready horse to flight; and *Dismedes* lance did seise  
His backe betwixt his shoulder blades, and looke out at his brest;  
He fell, and his armes rang his fall. Th' *Atrides* next addreſt  
Themſelves to fight; th' *Aiaces* next, with vehement strength endue:  
*Idomeneus* and his friend, stout *Merion*, next purſe: *Teucer*  
And after theſe *Euriphus*, *Eumeus* honord race:  
The ninth, with backward wretched bow, had little *Teucer* place;  
He ſtill fought under *Aiax* ſhield; who ſometimes held it by,  
And then he looke out, and let his arrow flye:  
And whomfover in the preafe, he wounded, him he ſlic,  
Then under *Aiax* ſeven-fold ſhield, he preſently withdrew:  
He far'd like an unhappy child, that doth to mother run  
For ſuccour, when he knowes full well, he ſome ſhrewd turne hath done.  
What Troians then were to their deaths, by *Teucers* shafts impreſt:  
Hapleſte *Orſylachus* was firſt; *Ormenus*, *Opeleſt*,  
*Dector*, and hardy *Cronius*, and *Lycopond* divines  
And *Amopon*, that did ſpring, from *Polyemonis* line,  
And *Menalippus*: all on heapes, he tumbled to the ground.  
The King rejoyc't to ſee his shafts, the Phrygian ranks conſound:  
*A: menon to Teucer.* Who ſtraight came neare, and ſpake to him; O *Teucer* lovely man,  
Strike ſtill to ſure, and be a grace to every Grecian;  
And to thy father *Telamon*, who tooke thee kindly home,  
(Although not by his wife, his ſonne) and gave thee foſter roome,  
Even from thy childhood; then to him, though far from hence remou'd,  
Make good fame reach; and to thy ſelfe, I vowe what ſhall be prov'd:  
If he that dreadfull *Egi* bears, and *Pallas* grant to me  
Th' expugnance of well-builded Troy, I firſt will honour thee,  
Next to my ſelfe with ſome rich gift, and put it in thy hand:  
A three-foot veſſell, that for grace, in ſacred Fanes doth stand:  
Or two horſe and a chariot, or elſe a lovely Dame,  
That may aſcend on bed with thee, and amplifie thy name.

*Teucer* right nobly anſwerd him: Why (moft illuſtrious King)  
I being thus forward of my ſelfe, doſt thou adjoyne a fling?  
Without which, all the power I have, I caſte not to employ:  
For, from the place where we repulſt the Troians towards Troy,  
I all the purple field have ſtreu'd, with one or other ſlaine:  
Eight shafts I ſhot, with long Steele heads, of which not one in vaines:  
All were in youthfull bodies fixt, well ſkild in warres constraint:  
Yet this wild dog, with all my aime, I have no power to taint.  
This ſaid, another arrow forth from his ſtiffe ſtring he ſent,  
At *Hector*, whom he long'd to wound, but ſtill amifle it went:  
His ſhaft ſmit faire *Gorgonides*, of *Priamus* princely race,  
Who in *Æpinis* was brought forth (a famous towne in Thrace)  
By *Cassandra*; that, for forme, was like celeſtiall breed.  
And as a crimson Poppie flower, furcharged with his ſeed,

And

*Virg. in Pallinus te invictus eff.*

And vernal humours falling thicke, decline his heauie brow;  
So, of one ſide, his helmets weight, his fainting head did bow:  
Yet *Tenier* would another ſhaft at *Hector* life difpoſe;  
So faire, he ſuch a marke would hit: but ſtill beſides it goes:  
*Apollis* did avert the ſhaft: but *Hector*'s charioete  
*Bold Archebolerus* he ſmit, as he was ruffing neere  
To make the fight: to earth he fell, his ſwift horſe backe did ſlie,  
And there, were both his strength and ſoule, exilde eternally.  
Huge griefe, for *Hector*'s slaughtered friend, pincht in his mighty mide:  
Yet was he forcf't to leave him there, and his void place refiug'd  
To his ſad brother, that was by, *Cebrennes*: whofe care  
Receiuing *Hector*'s charge, he ſtraight the weightie reines did beare;  
And *Hector* from his ſlaining coach (with horrid voice) leſte on,  
To wreake his friend on *Teniers* hand; and up he tooke a ſtone,  
With which heare the Archer name, who, from his quiver, drew  
A sharp-pil'd ſhaft, and knockt it ſure: but, in great *Hector*, flew  
With ſuch fell ſpeed, that in his draught, he his right ſhoulder strooke,  
Where twixt his necke and breaſt, the ioynt, his native cloſure tooke:  
The wound was wondrous full of death, his ſiring in ſunder fleſs,  
His nummed hand fell ſtrenghieſt downe, and he upon his knees.  
*Ajax* neglected not to aid, his brother thus depreft:  
But came and ſat him with his ſhield; and two more friends addreſt  
To be his aide, tooke him to ſetes, *Meſſenias*, *Ecbias ſonne*,  
And gay *Aſaker*: *Tenier* figh'd, for all his ſervice done.  
Then did *Olympis*, with freſh strength, the Trojan powers revive;  
Who to their treachers once againe, the troubled Greeks did drine.  
*Hector* brought terror with his strength, and euer fought before:  
As when ſome highly ſtomackt bound, that hunts a lylvan Bore,  
Or Kingly Lion, loies the hanch, and pincheth oft behind,  
Bold of his feet, and ſtill obferves the game, to turne inclind,  
Not utterly diſolu'd in flight. So *Hector* did purſe;  
And whofeuer was the laſt, he euer did ſubdue.  
They fled, but when they had their dike, and Palleſadoes paſt,  
(A number of them put to ſword) at ſhips they ſtai'd at laſt:  
Then mortall exhortations flew, then all with hands and eyēs,  
Advanc't to all the Gods, their plagues, wrung from them open cries.  
*Hector* with his ſoule rich man'd horſe, affanting alwayes rode;  
The eyēs of *Gorgon* burnt in him, and warres vermillion God.  
The Goddesſe that all Goddesſes (for knowe armes) out ſtai'd,  
Thus ſpake to *Pallas*, to the Greeks, with gracious ruth inclin'd.  
O *Pallas*, what a griefe is this? is all our ſuccour paſt  
To theſe our perifling Grecian friends? at laſt withheld at laſt?  
Even now, when one mans violence, muſt make them perih all,  
In ſatisfaction of a Fate, ſo full of funeral?  
*Hector* *Priamides* now raves, no more to be endur'd.  
That bath alreadie on the Greeks, to many harmes inur'd.  
The Azure Goddesſe anſwerd her; This man had ſurely found  
His fortitude and life diſolu'd, even on his fathers ground,

*Hector with a ſhame as Teucer.**Hector's terrible affeſt.**Teucer to Pallas.*

## THE NINTH BOOKE

By Grecian valour; if my Sire, infested with ill moods,  
Did not so done on these of Troy, too jealous of their bloods:  
And ever, an unjust repulse, stands to my willing powres;  
Little remembering what I did, in all the desperate houres  
Of his affected Hercules: I ever rescued him,  
In labours of Eurus, untouched in life or lims,  
When he (heaven knows) with drowned eyes, loopt up for help to heaven:  
Which euer at command of love, was by my sapppliance giuen.  
But had my wifedome reacht so farre, to know of this evnt,  
When to the solid ported depths of hell his sonne was sent,  
To hale out hatefull Plutes dogge, from darksome Erebus,  
He had not scapt the stremes of Styx, so deepe and dangerous:  
Yet love hates me, and flews his loue, in doing Thetis will,  
That kift his knees, and strok' his chin, praid, and importun'd still,  
That he would honour with his aide, her citie-raizing sonne,  
Dimplaide Achilles: and for him, our friends arethus undone.  
But time shall come againe, when he (to do his friends some aid)  
Will call me his Glaukopides; his sweetes and blew eyd maid.  
Then harnesse thou thy horfe for me, that his bright Pallace gates  
I soone may enter, arming me, to order these debates:  
And I will trix if Priams sonne, will still maintaine his cheare,  
Whern in the crimson paths of warre, I dreadfully appear,  
For some proud Trojan shall be sure, to nourish dogges and fowls,  
And pauie the shote with fat and flesh, deprynd of liues and soules.

Pallas a messe

Janib r wag  
ewifse

Juno to Iris.

Iris to heauen cu.

Inno prepard her horfe, whose manes, Ribands of gold galant,  
Pallas her partie coloured robe, on her bright shoulders cast,  
Diuinely wrought with her owne hands, in theatrie of her Sire:  
Then put she on her ample breast, her under-arming tire,  
And on it her celestiall armes: the chariot streight she takes,  
With her huge heauie violent lance, with which she slaughter makes  
Of armes, fatal to her wrath: Saturnia whipt her horfe,  
And heaven gates, guarded by the Howres, op't by their proper force:  
Through which they flew. Whom when love saw (set neare th'Idalian spring)  
Highly dispaide: he Iris cald, that hath the golden wings,  
And said, Flie Iris, turne them backe, let them not come at me:  
Our meetings (feuerally disposed) will nothing gracious be.  
Beneath their o'rethronwe chariot, Ile shiner their proud steeds:  
Hurle downe themselves, their wagon breake, and for their stubborne deeds,  
Inten whole yeares they shall not heale, the wounds I will imprese  
With horrid thunder, that my maid may know, when to addrefse  
Armes against her father. For my wife, the doth not so offend,  
Tis but her use to interrupt, what euer I intend.  
Iris, with this, left Idas hils, and up t'Olympus flew,  
Met (nearc heauen gates) the Goddesses, and thus their haste with-drew.  
What courfe intend you? why are you, wrapt with your fancies storme?  
Love likes not ye should aid the Greeks, but threats, and will performe,  
To crush in pieces your swift horfe, beneath their glorious yokes,  
Hurle downe your selues, your chariot breake, and those impoysoned strokes

His

## OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

His wounding thunder shall imprint, in your celestiall parts,  
In ten full Springs ye shall not cure: that she that tames proud hearts  
(Thy selfe, *Saturnia*) may be tangte, to know for what, and when,  
Thou dost againt thy father fight; for sometimes children  
May with discretion plant themselves, againt their fathers wils:  
But not where humors onely rule, in workes beyond their skilz.  
For, *Iuno*, she offends him not, nor vexeth him so much:  
For, 'tis his use to crose his will, her impudence is such:  
The habite of offence in this, she onely doth contract,  
And lo grieves or incenstion leife, though nere the leife her fact:  
But thou most grieve him (dogged Dame) whom he rebukes in time,  
Left silence should pervert thy will, and pride too highly clime  
In thy bold bosome (desperate girl) iſcironously thou darc  
Lift thy unweilde lance gainft love, as thy pretences are.

She left them, and *Saturnia* said, Ay me thou feed of love,  
By my advice we will no more, unfit contention move  
With Jupiter for mortall men; of whom, let this man dye,  
And that man live, who ever he purpos with destinie:  
And let him (plotting all events) dispose of either holt,  
As he thinks fittest for them both, and may become us most.

Thus turnd she backe, and to the Howres, her rich man d horfe resignd,  
Who them immortall mangers bound; the charioe they inclin'd  
Beneath the Christall wals of heaven, and they in golden thrones  
Conforted other Deities, replete with paffions.  
Iove, in his bright-wheel chariot, his fire horfe now beats,  
Up to Olympus; and aspir'd the gods eternall fears:  
Great Neptune lood's his horfe, his Carre, upon the altar plac't,  
And heavenly-linnen Coverings, did round about it cast.  
The fare-scer us'd his throne of gold: the vast Olympus shooke  
Beneath his feet, his wife, and maid, spart their places tooke;  
Nor any word afforded him: he knew their thoughts, and said,  
Why doe you thus torment your selues: you need not fit dismaird  
With the long labours you have us'd, in your victorious fight,  
Defroying Trojans: gainft whose lives, you heape such high despight.  
Ye should have held your glorious course, for be assur'd, as farre  
As all my powres (by all means urg'd) could have sustaynd the warre:  
Not all the host of Dcties, should have redid my hand  
From vowd inflictions on the Greeks: much leſſe, you two withstand.  
But you before you saw the fight, much leſſe the slaughter there,  
Had all your goodly ligaments, paſſett with thaking feare;  
And never had your charioe borne, their charge to heaven againe:  
But thunder should haue fmit you both, had you one Trojan slaine.

Both Goddesses let fall their chins, upon their Iovie breasts,  
Set next to love, contriving still, afflicted Troyes urefts:  
*Pallas* for anger could not speake, *Saturnia*, contrary,  
Could not for anger hold her peace, but made this bold reply;

Nor to be ſuffered Jupiter, what needſt thou ſtill enforce  
Thy matchleſſe power? we know it well: But we muſt yeld remorſe

Facile facit  
quod temper  
facit.

Juno to Pallas.

Juno to Iris.

Scruplic.

Juno to Jupiter.

To them that yeld us sacrifice; nor needst thou thus deride  
Our kinde obedience, nor our grieves, but bearre our powers applide  
To iust protection of the Greeks, that anger tombe not all  
In Troyes soule gulfe of perjurie, and let them stand, should fall.

*Hector to his friends.*  
Grieve not (*Laid Iove*) at all done yet: for if thy faire eyes please,  
This next red morning they shall see the great *Saturnides*  
Bring more destruction to the Greeks: and *Hector* shall not cease,  
Till he have rowed from the Fleet, swift foot *Aeacides*:  
In that day, when before their ships, for his *Patrebus* flaine,  
The Greeks in great distresse shall fight, for so the Fates ordaine,  
I weigh not thy displiced spleene, though to th'extremest bounds  
Of earth and eas it carry thee, where endlesse night confounds  
*Iaper*, and my dejected Sire, who sit so farre beneath:  
They never see the flying Sunne, nor hearre the winds that breath,  
Neare to profoundest *Tartarus*: nor thither if thou went,  
Would I take pity of thy moods, since none more impudent.

To this, she nothing did reply: and now *Sols* glorious light  
Pell to the sea, and to the land, drew up the drowse night:  
The Troians grieved at *Phaewe* fall, which all the Greeks desir'd:  
And sable night (so often wifte) to earths firme throne aspir'd.

*Hector* (intending to consult) neare to the guise flood  
Farre from the Fleet, led to a place, pure, and exempt from bloud,  
The Troians forces from their horfe, all lighted, and did heare  
Th'Oration *Iove*-lov'd *Hector* made, who held a goodly speare,  
Eleven full cubits long, the head was brasse, and did reflect  
A wanton light before him still, it round about was decke  
With strong hoopes of new burnisht gold. On this he leand, and said:

*Hector to his friends.*  
Hearre me my worthy friends of Troy, and you our honord aid:  
A little since, I had conceit, we shoulde have made retreat,  
By light of the inflamed fleet, with all the Grecches echeate;  
But darknesse hath prevented us, and saf'd, with speciall grace,  
The Achives, and their shone-hal'd fleet. Let us then render place,  
To sacred Night, our suppers dresse, and from our chariot free  
Our faire-man'd horfe, and meate them wcl: then let there convoid be,  
From forth the citie prefently, Oxen, and well fed sheepe;  
Sweet wine, and bread, and fell much wood, that all night we may keepe  
Plenty of fires, even till the light bring forth the lovely morne;  
And let their brightness glate the skies, that night may not suborne  
The Grecches escape, if they, for flight: the seas broad backe woulde take  
At least they may not part with cafe, but as retreat they make,  
Each man may bear a wound with him, to cure when he comes home,  
Made with a shaft or sharnd speare, and others feare to come,  
With charge of lamentable warre, aginst fouldiers bred in Troy.  
Then let our Heralds, through the towne, their offices employ,  
To warne the youth, yet short of warre, and time-white fathers, past,  
That in our god-built towres they see, strong courts of guard be plac't,  
About the wals, and let our Dames, yet flourishing in years,  
That (having beauties to keepe pure) are most inclin'd to feares,

(Since

{ Since darknesse in distresfull times, more dreadfull is then light  
Make loftie fires in every house: and thus, the dangerous night,  
Held with strong watch; if th'ennemie have ambafadores laid  
Neare to our wals (and therefore seeme, in flight the more dismayd,  
Intending a surprize, while we, are all without the towne)  
They every way shall be impogn'd, to every mans renoume.  
Performe all this brave Trojan friends: what now I have to say,  
Is all exprest; the chearfull morne, shall other things display;  
It is my glory (putting trust, *Iove*, and other Gods)  
That I shall now expulse these dogges, fates sent to our abodes;  
Who bring ostenys of destine, and blacke their threatening fier.  
But this night let us hold strong guards: to morrow we will meet  
(With fierce-made warre) before their ships, and Ile make knowne to all,  
If strong *Tyrides*, from their ships can drive me to their wall,  
Or I can pierce him with my sword, and force his bloudie spoyle;  
The wifled morne (shall shew his power, if he can shunne his soyle,  
I running on him with my Lance, I thinke when day ascends,  
He shall ly wounded by the first, and by him many friends.  
O that I were as sure to live, immortall, and sustaine  
No frailties, with increasing yeares, but evermore remaine  
Ador'd like *Pallas*, or the Sunne; as all doubt dye in me,  
That heavens next light shall be the last, the Greeks shall ever see:  
This spech all Trojans did applaud, who from their traces losde  
Their sweating horfe, which severally with headstalls they reposde,  
And fastned by their chariots; when others brought from towne,  
Fat sheepe and oxen, infantly, bread,winc, and hewed downe  
Huge store of wood: the winds transferred, into the friendly skie,  
Their suppers favour, to the which, they late delightfully,  
And spent all night in open field; fires round about them shinde;  
As when about the siluer Moone, when ayre is free from winde,  
And stars shine cleare, to whose sweet beames, high prospects, and the brows *Jovis Tropaeum.*  
Of all steepe hilis and pinnacles, thrift up themselves for showes;  
And evnen the lowly vallies joy, to glitter in their sight,  
When the unmeasur'd firmament, bursts to discloze her light,  
And all the signes in heauen are seene, that glad the shepheards heart;  
So many fires disclosoe their beames, made by the Trojan part,  
Before the face of *Ilos*; and her bright turrets show'd.  
A thousand cours of guard kept fires: and evry guard allow'd  
Fiftie stont men, by whom their horfe, eate oates, and hard white corne,  
And all did wilfully expect, the siluer-throned morne:

*The end of the eighth Book.*



## THE NINTH BOOKE OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**T**O Agamemnon (arging hopeless flight)  
Stand Diomed, and Neftor opposite:  
By Neftors counsell, Legars are dismiss'd,  
To Thetis sonne, who still denies t'affift.

### Another Argument.

Iota singt the Ambassie,  
And great Achilles sterne replie.

**A** held the Trojans sleepe guard; the Greeks to flight were giuen:  
The feble confort of cold feare (strangely infusde from heaven)  
Griefe, not to be endur'd, did wound all Greeks of greatest worth.  
And as two lateral-sited winds (the West wind and the North)  
Meete at the Thracian seas blacke brest, ioyne in a sudden blore,  
Tumble together the darke waves, and powre upon the shore  
A myghtie deale of froth and weed, with which men manure ground:  
So Iove and Troy did drive the Greeks, and all their minds confound:  
But Agamemnon most of all, was tortur'd at his heart,  
Who to the voycefull Heralds went, and bad them cite, apart,  
Each Grecian leader severally, not openly proclaine,  
In which laboured with the first; and all together came.  
They sadly fare; the King arose, and pour'd our teares as fast  
As from a loftie rocke, a spring, doth his blacke waters cast:  
And deeply sighing, thus bespake, the Achives, O my friends,  
Princes and leaders of the Greeks; heavens adverſe King extends  
His wrath, with too much detriment, to my ſo iuft daigne;  
Since he hath often promifit me, and bound i with the ſighe  
Of his bent forehead, that this Troy, our vengefull hands ſhould race,  
And ſafe retурne: yet now ingag'd, he plagues us with disgrace;  
When all our truſt to him hath drawne, ſo much bloud from our friends.  
My glory, nor my brothers wreake, were the proffed ends,  
For which he drew you to thie toyles; but your whole countries shame,  
Which had benee huge, to bear the rape of ſo divine a Dame,  
Made in despite of our revenge: and yet not that had mov'd  
Our poures to thie deſignes, if Iove, had not our drifts approv'd;  
Which ſince we ſee he did for bloud, tis desperate fightin us  
To ſtrive with him; then let us fli: tis flight he urgeth thus.

Agamemnon to  
the Greeks.

Long

Long time ſtil silence held them all; at laſt did Diomed rife:  
*Atrides*, I am firſt muſt croſſe thy indiſcreet wife,  
As may become me, being a King, in this our marciall court.  
Be not diſpleide then, for thy ſcife, didk broadly miſreport  
In open field my foemen, and calld me faint and weake;  
Yer I was ſilent, knowing the time, both any rites to breake,  
That appertained thy publicke rife: yet all the Greeks knew well  
(Of every age) thou diſt me wrong. As then thou diſt refel  
My valour firſt of all the hoſts, as of a man diſmift:  
So now, with fit occation giuen, I firſt blame thee afraid.  
Inconſtant *Saturne* ſome hath giuen, inconſtant ſpirits to thee,  
And with a ſcepter over all, an imminent degree:  
But with a ſcepters ſovereigne grace, the chiche pouere, Fortitude,  
(To bridle thee) he thought not beſt, thy breake ſhould be endue.  
Vnhaſſe King, think it thou the Greeks are ſuch a filly fort,  
And ſo excefſive impotent, as thy weake words import?  
If thy minde moſt thee to be gone, the way is open, go:  
Mycean ships ehone ride neare, that brought thee to thi wo;  
The reſt of Greece will ſtay, nor ſtirre, till Troy be overcome,  
With full cytzon; or if not, but (dothes of their home)  
Will put on wings to fli with thee; my ſelfe and *Sthenelus*  
Will fight, till (triumph ſavouring Troy) we bring home Troy with us.  
This, all applauded, and admird, the ſpirit of Diomed;  
When Neftor (riſing from the refl) hit ſpeech that ſeconded:  
*Tydiades*, thou art (quæſtioneſſe) our moſt stronge Greek, in warre,  
And graueſt in thy counſels too, of all that equal are  
In place with thee, and ſtand on strength; Nor is there any one  
Can blame, or contradic thy ſpeech: And yet thou haſt not gone  
So farre, but we muſt further ge, th' art yong, and well mighte be  
My yonge ſonne, though ſtill I yeeld, thy words hath highe degree  
Of wildeſome in them to our King; ſince well they diſt become  
Their right in queſtion, and reſute, inglorious going home;  
But I (well knowne thy ſenior fare) will ſpeake, and handle all  
Yet to purpoſe: which none ſhall checke; no not our Generall.  
A hater of ſocietie, uniuſt, and wilde is he,  
That loves intellim warre; being ſtuſt with manlieſſe crueltie:  
And therefore in perfwading peace, and home flight, we the leſſe  
May blame our Generall; as one loath to wrap in more diſtreſe  
His loued ſouldiers: but because they bravely are refuſ'd  
To caſt liues after toyles, before, they part in ſhame involv'd;  
Provide we for our honour ſtay, obey blacke night, and fall  
Now to our ſuppers; then appouit, our guards without the wall,  
And in the bottome of the dike; which guards I wiſh may ſtand  
Of our braue youth. And (*Atræw ſonne*) ſince thou art in command  
Before our other Kings, be firſt, in thy commands effect:  
It well becomes thee; ſince tis both, what all thy Peeres expect;  
And in the roiall right of things is no impaire to thee;  
Nor (hall it stand with leſſe then right, that they invited be

Diomed to Aga-  
memnon: and  
takes ſi time to  
enfow his wifē  
done by Aga-  
memnon in the  
fourth Booke.

Neftor appre-  
diſtinctly coun-  
ſel, and gets  
farther.

To

To supper by thee; all thy tents, are amply stor'd with wine,  
*Vixim Thraciu* Brought daily in Grecce ships from Thrace, and to this grace of thine  
All necessaries thou hast fit, and store of men to wait;  
And many meeting there; thou maist heare every mans conceit,  
And take the best: it much concerneſ all Greeks to us advise  
Of gravell nature; ſince ſo neare, our ſhips, our enemies  
Have lighted ſuch a ſort of fires: with which, what man is joy'd?  
Looke, how all bearc themſelues this night, ſo live, or be deſtroy'd.  
All heard, and follow'd his aduice: there was appointed then  
Seven Captaines of the watch, who forth, did march with all their men.  
The first was famous *T brayſmed*, aduiffull *Nefor's ſonne*;  
*Aſcalaphus* and *Almen*, and mightie *Merion*;  
*Alphareus* and *Deipyros*, and louely *Lycomed*;  
Old Creæs joy: These ſeven bold Lords, an hundred ſouldiers led  
In euerie ſeuerd company; and every man hiſke:  
Some placed on the rampires top, and ſome amideſt the dike:  
All fires made, and their ſuppers tooke: *Aſrides* to his tent  
Invited all the Peeres of Grecce; and food ſufficient.  
Appofde before them; and the Peeres appofde their hands to it.  
Hunger and thirſt being quickly quenched, to counſell ſtill they ſit.  
And firſt ſpake *Nefor*, who they thought, of late, aduife ſo well,  
A father grave, and rightlie wife, who thus his tale did tell.  
Molt high *Aſrides*, ſince in thee, I have intent to end.  
From thee will I begin my ſpeech, to whom *Iove* doth command  
The Empire of ſo many men, and puts into thy hand  
A Scepter, and eſtabliſh lawes, that thou maift well command  
And counſell all men under thee. It therefore doth behove  
Thy ſelfe to ſpeak moft, ſince of all, thy ſpeeches molt will moue;  
And yet to heare as well as ſpeak: and then performe as well  
A free juſt counſell; in thee ſtill, muſt ſticke, what others tell.  
For me, what in my judgement ſtands, the moft convenient  
I will aduife, and am affur'd, aduice more competent  
Shall not be giuen: the general proofe that hath before beeene made  
Of what I ſpeak, conſumes me ſtill; and now may well perſuade,  
Because I could not then, yet ought, when thou (moft roiall King)  
Even from the tent, *Aſbiles* loue, diſdiȝt violently bring,  
Againſt my counſell, urging thee, by all meaneſ to relent:  
But you (obeying your high minde) would venture the event,  
Diſhonouring our ablef Grecce, a man th immortals grace:  
Againe, yet let's deliberate, to make him now embracie  
Affection to our general good, and bring his force to field:  
Both which, kinde words and pleaſing gifts, muſt make his vertues yeeld:  
O father (anſwered the King) my wrongſhou teſt me right;  
Mine owne offence, mine owne tongue grants; one man muſt stand in fight  
For our whole armie; him I wrongd, him *Iove* loues from his heart:  
He ſhewes it in thus honouring him; who liuing thus apart,  
Proues us but number: for his want, makes all our weakneſſe ſcene:  
Yet after my confeſt offence, fothing my humorous ſpleene,

*Agamemnon to  
Nefor.*

Ile ſweeten his affeſts againe, with preſents infinite,  
Which (to approve my firme intent) Ile openly recite,  
Seven ſacred Tripods fire from fire, ten talents of fine gold,  
Twenty bright caldrons, twelve yong horſe, well ſhap't, and well controld,  
And victors too; for they haue wonne the prize at many a race:  
That man ſhould not be poore, that had, but what their winged pace  
Hath added to my treaſury; nor feele ſweet golde defect.  
Seven Lesbian Ladys he shall haue, that were the moft ſelect,  
And in their needles rarely ſkild: whom (when he tooke the towne  
Of famous Lesbos) I did chule, who wonne the chiefe renoune,  
For beauty from their whole faire ſex, amideſt whom Ile reſigne  
Faire *Bryſis*, and I deeply ſwear (for any faſt of mine  
That may diſcourſe her reſent) ſhe is untoucht, and refiſt  
As he reſigned her. To theſe gifts (if love to our requeſts  
Vouchſafe performance, and afford, the worke for which we waite,  
Of winning Troy) with braffe and gold, he ſhall his naue freight;  
And (entring when we be at ſpoyle) that princely hand oþis  
Shall chufe him twenty Trojan Dames, excepting *Tyndarū*,  
The faireſt Pergamus inſolds: and if we make retreat  
To *Argos* (cald of all the world, the Naull, or chiefe ſeat)  
He ſhall become my ſonne in law, and I will honour him.  
Enen as *Oreſte*, my ſole ſonne, that doth in honours ſwim.  
Three daughters in my wel-built court, unmarried are, and faire,  
*Ladie*, *Chrysobœma*, that hath the golden haire,  
And *Iphianassa*: of all three, the worthiſt let him take  
All joyntureleſſe, to *Peleu* Court: I will her joynture mak,  
And that ſo great, as never yet, did any maide preferre;  
Seven cities right magniſcent, I will beſtow on her:  
Enope, and Cardamile, Hyra for herbes renound;  
The faire *Aſpea*, *Pedafins*, that doth with grapes abound:  
Antæa, girded with greene meades: *Phera*, ſirnam'd Divine,  
All whos bright turrets, on the ſea, in fandy Pylos ſhine:  
Th'inhabitants in flockes and heards, are wondrous confluſe;  
Who like a god will honour him, and him with gifts preſent,  
And to his throne will contribute, what tribute he will rate,  
All this I gladly will perorme, to pacifie his hate:  
Let him be milde and tractable: tis for the God of ghosts,  
To be unruſt, implacable, and ſeeke the bloud of hoaſts;  
Whom therefore men doe much abhorre: then let him yeld to me,  
I am his greater, being a King, and more in yeeres then he.  
Nefor King (aid *Nefor*) theſe rich gifts, muſt make him needs relent:  
Chue then fir legates iſtantly, to greete him at his Tent;  
But ſtay, admitt my choife of them, and let them ſtraiſt be gone:  
Iove-loued *Phoenix* ſhall be chiefe, then *Aiax Telamon*,  
And Prince *Vlyſſer*, and on them, let theſe two heralds wait,  
Grave *Odius* and *Euribates*. Come Lords, take water ſtraiſt,  
Make pure your hands, and with ſweet words, appeafe *Aebilles* mind,  
Which we will pray, the king of gods, may gently make inclin'd.

*Gifts offered to  
Aſbileſ.*

*Nefor make:  
choice of Am-  
bassadors. A...  
chiles.*

All lik't his speech, and on their hands, the Heralds wato red:  
 The youths, crownd cups of sacred wine, to all distributed :  
 But, haung sacrificed and drunke, to every mans content,  
 (With many notes by *Nestor* given) the Legate forward went :  
 With courtisn in fit geslures vs'd, he did prepare them well,  
 But most *Vlysses*, for his grace, did not so much excell :  
 Such rites becomm Ambassadours: and *Nestor* urged thefe,  
 That their most honours might reflect, enrag'd *Achilles*.  
 They went along the shore, and praid, the God that earth doth binde  
 In brackish chaines, they might not faile, but bow his mighty dñe.

*Achilles* at his  
Harpe.

*Achilles* late of  
Maficke.  
How he sings  
the needs of  
Hellas.

*Achilles* gentle  
creed & Vlysses,  
Siz, &c.

*Principes* p.  
*servitio muneris*  
*sicutus, us. alibi,*

*service before  
meat.*

The quarter of the Myrmidons, they reacht, and found him set  
 Delighted with his solemine harpe, which curiously was free  
 Wth works conceited, through the verge: the bawdricke that embrac't  
 His lofty necke, was siluer twiss: this (when his hand laid waste  
*Actionis* citie) he did chuse, as his especiaill prie,  
 And (louing sacred mulcicke well) made it his exercise:  
 To it he sung the glorious deeds, of great Heroes dead,  
 And his true minde, that practis faid, sweet contemplation fed.  
 Wth him alone, and opposite, all silent far his friend,  
 Attentive, and beholding him, who now his song did end:  
 Th'Ambassadours did forwards preasse, renown'd *Vlysses* led,  
 And stood in view: their fodaime light, his admiration bred,  
 Who with his Harpe and all arose: so did *Menestius* sonne  
 When he beheld them: their recipit, *Achilles* thus begun.

Health to my Lords, right welcome men, assure your selues you be,  
 Though some necessarie I know, doth make you viuite me,  
 Incift with just caufe gauntf the Greeks. This said, a feuerall feate  
 With purple cuhions he fet forth, and did their eafe intreare :  
 And laid, Now friend, our greatest bolle, with wine unmixt, and neat,  
 Appofe these Lords, and of the depth, let euery man make prooef:  
 These are my best-esteemed friends, and underneath my roose.

*Patreclus* did his deare friends will, and he that did desire  
 To cheare the Lords (come faint from fight) fet on a blasing fire,  
 A great brasie pot, and into it, a chine of mutton pue,  
 And fat Goates flesh: *Automedon*, held, while he pieces cut  
 To roast and boyle, right cunningly: then of a well fed swine,  
 A huge fat shoulder he cuts out, and spits it wondrous fine;  
 His good friend made a goodly fire: of which the force once paſſt,  
 He laid the spit low, neare the coales, to make it brownie at laſt:  
 Then sprinkled it with sacred salt, and tooke it from the racking:  
 This roasted and on drefſer set, his friend *Patreclus* takes  
 Bread in faire baskets; which fet on, *Achilles* brought them meat;  
 And to diuineſſ *Iliacus*, took his oppofed ſeat  
 Upon the bench: then did he will his friend to ſacrifice;  
 Who call ſweet incief in the fire, to all the Deities.  
 Thus ſell they to their ready food: hunger and thirſt allaid,  
*Ajax* to *Phenix* made a ſighe, as if too long they ſtaid,  
 Before they told their Legacie. *Vlysses* ſaw him winke,

And

And (filling the great bowle with wine) did to *Achilles* drinke.  
 Health to *Achilles*, but our plights ſtand not in need of meate,  
 Who late ſuppt at *Atrides* tent, though for thy love we eate  
 Of many things, whereof a part would make a compleat eafe :  
 Nor can we joy in theſe kinde riues, that have our hearts opprefſt  
 (O Prince) with fear of utter spoile: this made a queſtion now  
 If we can ſave our fleet or not, unleſſe thy ſelfe endow  
 Thy powers with wanted fortitude: now Troy and her conſorts,  
 Bold of thy want, have pitcht their tents cloſe to our fleet and forts;  
 And made a firmament of fires, and now no more they ſay  
 Will they be priſon'd in their wals, but force their violent way  
 Euen to our ſhips; and *Love* himſelfe, hath with his lightnings showd  
 Their bold aduentures happy ſignes; and *Hector* growes ſo proud  
 Of his huge strength, borne out by *Love*, that ſcarefully he rauens;  
 Prefumyng neither men nor gods, can interrupt his braues.  
 Wild rage invades him, and he prayes, that ſoonē the ſacred morne  
 Would light his ſtrife; boalſting then, our ſtreamers ſhall be tornē,  
 And all our nauall ornaments, fall by his conqueiring ſtroke;  
 Our ſhips ſhall burne, and we our ſclues, lyckifid in the smoke.  
 And I am ſeriouſly afraid, heauen will perorme his threats,  
 And that tis fatall to us all, farre from our native ſeats  
 To perish in viatorious Troy: but ſire, though it be late,  
 Deliuer the afflieted Greeks from Troyes tumultuous hate.  
 It will hereafter be thy griece, when no ſtrength can ſuffice  
 To remedy theaſt threats of our calamities;  
 Conſider theſe affaires in time, while thou maift uſe thy powre,  
 And haue the gracie to turne from Grecce, fates unrecouered houre.  
 O friend! thou knowest, thy roiall Sire, forwarde what ſhould be done:  
 That day he ſent thee from his Court, to honour *Atrœs* ſonne :  
 My ſonne (ſaid he) the victory, let *Love* and *Pallas* ſeue  
 At their high pleafures; but doc thou, no honour'd meane refuſe  
 That may advance her; in fit bounds, containe thy mighty mind,  
 Nor let the knowledge of thy strength, be factioſly inclind,  
 Containing mifchieſe, be to fame, and generall good profeſſe;  
 The more wil all forteſ honour thee; Benignitie is best.  
 Thus charg'd thy fire, which thou forgetſt: yet now theſe thoughts appeaſe:  
 That torture thy great ſpirit with wrath: which if thou wilt ſurceafe,  
 The King will merit it with gifts; and if thou wilt giue eare)  
 Ile tell how much he offers thee, yet thou ſeemſt angry here.  
 ſeeue Tripods that no fire muſt touch, twiſe ten pants fit for flame:  
 Ten talents of fine gold, twelve horse, that euer overcame,  
 And brought huge priſes from the field, with ſwiftneſſe of their ſeet:  
 That man ſhould beare no poore account, nor wants gold quickning ſweet,  
 That had but what he won with them: ſeven worthiſt Lesbian Dames,  
 Renown'd for ſkill in houſwifrie, and beare the foueraigne names,  
 For beauty, from their generall ſexe; which at thy ouerthrow  
 Of wel-built Lesbos he did chufe, and theſe he will beſtow;  
 And with theſe, her he tooke from thee, whom (by his ſtate ſince then)

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He fweares he toucht not, as faire Dames use to be toucht by men.  
 All these are ready for thee now: and if at lengthe we take,  
 By helpes of gods, this wealthy towne, thy shippes shall burthen make  
 Of gold and brasfe at thy desires, when we the spoyle divide:  
 And twenty beautious Troian Dames, thou shalt selec<sup>t</sup> beside,  
 (Next Hellen) the most beautifull; and (when return'd we be  
 To Argos) be his sonne in law: for he will honour thee  
 Like his O<sup>r</sup>eles, his sole sonne, maintaing in height of blisse:  
 Three daughters beautifie his Court, the faire Chrysothemis,  
 Ladice, and Iphianesse, of all the fairest take  
 To Peleus thy grave father's Court, and never joyniture make:  
 He will the joynure make himselfe, so great, as never Sire  
 Gave to his daughters nuptials: seuen cities left entire,  
 Cardimile, and Enope, and Hyla full of flowers,  
 Anthea, for sweet meadowes prais'd, add Phera, deckt with towers,  
 The bright Epea, Pedassus, that doth god Bacchus please,  
 All on the sandy Pylos loyle, are seated neare the seas:  
 Thy inhabitants, in droves and flockes, exceeding wealthy be,  
 Who like a god with worthy gifts, will gladly honour thee;  
 And tribute of especial rate, to thy high scepter pay:  
 All this he freely will performe, thy anger to allay.  
 But if thy hate to him be more, then his gifte may repreſſe,  
 Yet pity all the other Greeks, in such extreme diffreſſe;  
 Who with religion honour thee: and to their desperate ill,  
 Thou ſhalt triumphant glory bring, and Hector thou maift kill,  
 When pride makes him encounter thee: ful with a banefull ſpirite,  
 Who vaunts, our whole fleet brought not one, eſqual to him in fight.

*Axius aduersarius  
Illiadum Graecorum*

Swift-foot Atreus replide: Divine Laertes ſonne,  
 'Tis requisite I ſhould be ſhort, and flew what place hath wonne  
 Thy ferious ſpeech: affirming nougnt but what you ſhall approve  
 Eſtabliſh in my ſetled heart; that in the ref I move  
 No murmur nor exception: for like hell mouth I loath,  
 Who holds not in his words and thoughts, one indiſtinguiſht troth:  
 What fits the freeſneſſe of my mind, my ſpeech ſhall make diſplaide,  
 Nor Atreus ſonne, nor all the Greeks ſhall winne me to their aid:  
 Their ſuit is wretchedly enforc't to free their owne defaires,  
 And my life never ſhall be hir'd, with thankleſſe deſperate praieres:  
 For never had I benefit, that ever foild the foe;  
 Even ſhare hath he that keeps his tent, and he to field doth go  
 With equal honour cowards die, and men moft valiant:  
 The much performer, and the man, that can of nothing vaunt.  
 No overplus I ever found, when with my minds moft ſtrife.  
 To doe them good, to dangerous fight I have expos'd my life.  
 But even as to unfeathered birds, the carefull dam brings meat,  
 Which when ſhe hath beſtow'd, her ſelfe hath nothing left to eat:  
 So when my broken ſleepes have drawne, the nights extreſte length,  
 And ended many bloody daies, with ſtill-employed strength,  
 To guard their weakeſſe: and preſerve, their wifes contents infract;

And

I have beeene robd before their eyes, twelve cities I haue ſackt,  
 Afflaid by ſea; eleven by land, while this ſiege held at Troy:  
 And of all theſe, that was moft dear, and moft might crowne the joy  
 Of Agamemnon, he enjoyd, who here behinde remain'd:  
 Which when he tooke, a few he gave, and many things retain'd:  
 Other, to Optimates and Kings, he gave, who hold them fast;  
 Yet mine he forcen'd onely I, fit with my loſſe disgrac't.  
 But ſo he gaine a lovely Dame, to be his beds delight,  
 It is enough; for what cauſe elſe, do Greeks and Trojans fight?  
 Wh<sup>y</sup> brought he hiſter ſuch an hoſt? was it not for a Dame?  
 For faire hair'd Hellen and doth love, alone the hearts inflame  
 Of the Atrides to their wiues, of all the men that moue:  
 Every discreet and honeſt minde carres for his private love,  
 As much as they as I my ſelfe, lou'd Briss as my life,  
 Although my capiuie, and had will, to take her for my wife.  
 Whom, ſince he forc't, preuenting me, in vain he ſhall prolong  
 Hopes to appeafe me, that know well the deepneſſe of my wrong.  
 But good Vlyſſes, with thy ſelfe, and alyon other Kings,  
 Let him take ſtomacke to repell Troyes fierie threatnings:  
 Much hath he done without my helpe, buit him a goodly fort,  
 Cut a dike by it, pitcht with paies, broad, and of deepe import:  
 And cannot all theſe helps repreſſe, this kil-man Heſtors fight?  
 When I was arm'd among the Greeks, he would not offer fight  
 Without the shadowe of his wals; but to the Scæan ports,  
 Or to the holy Beech of Iove, come backt with his conſorts;  
 Where once he stood my charge alone, and hardly made retreat;  
 And to make new prooe of our powers, the doubtis not ſo great.  
 To morrow then with ſacrifice, perform'd t' imperiall Iove  
 And all the Gods, Ile lance my fleet, and all my men remove;  
 Which (if thou wilt uſe ſo thy fight, or think'ſt it worth respect)  
 In forehead of the morne thine eyen (hall ſee with failes creſt  
 Amidſt the filbie Helleſpont, helpt with laborious oares:  
 And if the ſea-god ſend free faile, the fruitfull Pthian shores  
 Within three daies we ſhall attaine; where I haue ſtore of prie,  
 Left, when with prejudice I came to theſe indignities;  
 There haue I gold as well as here, and ſtore of ruddie brasfe,  
 Dames slender, elegantly girt, and Steele as bright as glaſſe;  
 Theſe will I take as I retire, as (hares I firmly ſave;  
 Though Agamemnon be ſo bafe to take the gifts he gave:  
 Tell him all this, and openly, on your honors charge,  
 That others may take ſhame to heare his luſts command ſo large:  
 And if there yet remaine a man, he hopeth to deceiue,  
 (Being di'd in endleſſe impudencie) that man may leare to leave  
 His truſt and Empire: but alas, though like a VWolfe he be,  
 Shameleſſe and rude, he durſt not take my prie, and looke on me.  
 I never will partake his works, nor counſels, as before;  
 He once deceiv'd and injur'd me, and he ſhall never more  
 Tye my affections with his words; enough is the increaſe

M 2

Of

Of one successe in his deceirs; which let him ioy in peace,  
 And bear it to a wretched end; wife *Iove* hath reft his braine,  
 To bring him plagues; and theſe his gifts, I (as my foes) disdaine.  
 Even in the numbrēſſe of calme death, I will revengefull be,  
 Though ten or twentie times ſo much, he would beſtow on me:  
 All he hath here, or any where, or *Orchomen* contains,  
 To which men bring their wealth for strength; or all the ſtore remaines  
 In circuit of Egyptian Thebes, where much hid treasure lies,  
 Whose wals containe an hundred ports, of ſo admir'd a ſize,  
 Two hundred ſouldiers may affront, with horſe and chariots paſſe.  
 Nor, would he amplifie all this, like ſand, or duff, or grasse;  
 Shou'd he reclame me, till his wreake, payd me for all the paines,  
 That with his contumely burn'd, like poyson in my veines.  
The fire and  
heat in poysone  
burnt in my veins.  
 Nor shall his daughter be my wife, although ſhe might contend  
 With golden *Venus* for her forme; or if ſhe did tranſend  
 Blew eyd *Minsrva* for her works: let him a Grecke ſelect  
 Fit for her, and a greater King. For if the Gods protect  
 My faſetic to my fathers court, he ſhall chufe me a wife.  
 Many faire Achiue Princesſes of unimpeached life,  
 In Heile and in Pthia live, whose Sires do cities hold,  
 Of whom I can have, whom I will. And more, an hundred fold.  
 My true minde in my countrey likes, to take a lawfull wife,  
 Then in another nation; and therē delight my life  
 With thoſe goods that my father got, much rather then dic here.  
 Nor all the wealth of wel-built Troy, poſſeft when peace was there:  
 All that *Apollo*'s marble Fane, in ſtony Pythos holds,  
 I value equall with the life, that my free breaſt infolds:  
 Sheepe, Oxen, Tripods, creſt-decke horſe, though loſt, may come againe:  
 But when the white guard of our teeth, no longer can conteine  
 Our humane foule, away it flies; and once againe, never more  
 To her fraile manſion any man, can her loſt powres reſtore.  
 And therefore ſince my mother-queene (ſam'd for her ſilver ſeet)  
 Told me two fates about my death, in my direktion mee:  
 The one, that if I here remaine, I affit our victorie,  
 My ſafe returne ſhall never live, my fame ſhall neuer die:  
 If my returne obtaine ſuccesse, much of my fame decayes,  
 But death ſhall linger his approach, and I live many dayes.  
 This being reveal'd, twere fooliſh pride, t'abridge my life for praise.  
 Then with my ſelfe I will aduife, others to hoife their failes;  
 For, gaſt the height of Ilion, you neuer ſhall preuale:  
*Iove* with his hand proteceth it, and makes the ſouldiers bold.  
 This tell the King in cuery part: for ſo graue Legats ſhould;  
 That they may better counſels uſe, to faue their fleet and friends  
 By their owne valours: ſince this courſe, drownd in my eger ends,  
*Phenix* may in my tent repole, and in the morne, ſteare courſe  
 For Pthia, if he thinkē it good; if not, Ille uſe no force.  
 All wondered at his ſterne reply; and *Phenix* full of feares,  
 His words would be more weake then juſt, ſupplide their wants with teares.

If

If thy returne incline thee thus, (*Peleus* renowned joy)  
 And thou wilt let our ſhips be burn'd, with harmefull fire of Troy,  
 Since thou art angry, O my ſonne; how ſhall I after be  
 Alone in thicke extremes of death, relinquished by thee?  
 I, whom thy royll father ſent, as orderer of thy force,  
 When to *Atrides* from his Court, he left thee, for this courſe;  
 Yet young, and when in ſkill of armes, thou diſt not ſo abounds;  
 Nor haſt thou the habite of diſcourse, that makes men ſo renound:  
 In all which, I was ſey by him, rinfraſt thee as my ſonne,  
 That thou might ſpeak when ſpeech was fit, and do, when deeds were done;  
 Not fit as dumbe, for want of words; idle, for ſkill to move:  
 I would not then be left by thee, deare ſonne, begot in love,  
 No not if God would promife me, to raz the prints of time  
 Car'd in my boſome, and my browes; and grace me with the prime  
 Of manly youth, as when at firſt, I left sweet *Helle* shore  
 Deckt with faire Dames, and fled the grudge, my angry father bore;  
 Who was the faire *Amyntor* cald, furnam'd *Ormenides*:  
 And for a faire-haird harlots fake, that his affeſts could pleafe,  
 Contemned my mother his true wife; who caſtelle urged me  
 To uſe his harlot *Clytie*, and ſtill would clasp my knee  
 To doe her will, that ſo my Sire might turne his love to hate  
 Of that lewd Dame; conuerting it, to comfort her estate.  
 At laſt, I was content to proue, to do my mother good,  
 And reconcile my fathers love, who ſtraight fuſpicioſ ſlood,  
 Purſuing me with many a curſe, and to the Furie praidre  
 No Dame might love, nor bring me ſeed: the Deities obayd  
 That governē hell: infernall *Iove*, and ſterne *Proterpine*.  
 Then durſt I no longer date, with my ſterne father be:  
 Yet did my friends, and neare allies: incloſe me with deſires  
 Not to depart, kild ſheepe, bores, beeves, roſt them at ſolemne fires:  
 And from my fathers tunis we dranke exceeding ſtore of wine.  
 Nine nights they guarded me by turnes, their fires did caeleſte ſhine,  
 One in the porch of his ſtrong hall, and in the portall one,  
 Before my chamber: but when day, beneath the tenth night ſhone,  
 I brake my chambers thick fram'd dores, and through the hals guard paſt,  
 Vnſene of any man or maid. Through Greece, thea rich, and vaſt,  
 I fled to Pthia, nurse of ſheepe: and came to *Peleus* Court,  
 Who entertaind me heartily, and in as gracious fort  
 As any Sire his onely ſonne, borne when his strength is ſpent,  
 And bleſt with great poſſeſſions, to leau to his deſcent.  
 He made me rich, and to my charge, did much command command:  
 I dwelt in th' umroſt region, rich *Pthia* doth extenſe,  
 And governed the Dolopians, and made thee what thou art,  
 O thou that like the gods art fram'd: ſince (dearlest to my heart)  
 I ſuſt thee ſo, thou lov'dſt none elſe; nor any where wouldſt eatε,  
 Till I had crownd my knee with thee, and car'd thee tendrefte meatε,  
 And given thee wine ſo much, for love, that in thy infancy,  
 (Which ſtill diſcretion muſt protecť, and a continual cyc)

*Phoenix Orat. iij.  
to Achilles.*

*Morem ſexum  
obſerua, quæ de  
preferuſe inuen  
ter teni menti  
z. g.*

*Prayer, from  
a copy of  
Tott's  
Ætolian  
History, 1611,  
and 1612.*

My bofome lovingly sustain'd; the wine thine could not bear: Then, now my strength needs thine as much, be mine to thee as deare; Much have I suffered for thy love, much labour'd, wished much; Thinking since I must have no heire, (the gods decrees are such) I would adopt my selfe my heire: to thee my heart did give What any Sire could give his sonne, in thee I hopt to live: O mitigate thy mighty spirits: it fits not one that moves The hearts of all, to live unmov'd, and succour hates, for loves: The gods themselves are flexible, whose vertues, honors, powers, Are more then thine: yet they will bend their breasts as we bendlours. Perfumes, benigne devotions, favors of offringes burn'd, And holy rites, the engines are, with which their hearts are turnd, By men that pray to them; whose faith, their sinnes have falsified: For, prayers are daughters of great *love*; lame, wrinkled, ruddie eyd, And ever following injury, who (strong and sound of feet) Flyes through the world, afflicting men: believing prayers, yet (To all that love that seed of *love*) the certaine blessing get To have *love* heare, and helpe them too: but if he shall refuse, And stand inflexible to them, they flye to *love*, and use Their powers against him, that the wrongs he doth to them, may fall On his own head, and pay those paines, whose cure he failes to call. Then great *Achilles* honour thou, this sacred seed of *love*, And yeeld to them; since other men of greatest minds they move: If *Agamemnon* would not give the selfe same gifts he vowed, But offer other afterwards; and in his fil-bent brows Entombe his honour and his words, I would not thus exhort (With wrath appeadfe) thy aide to Greece, though plagu'd in heaviest fort: But, much he prelenty will give, and after, yeeld the rest: T'affire which, he hath sent to thee, the men thou lovest best, And most renownd of all the host, that they might soften thee: Then let not both their paines and prayers, lost and despised be, Before which, none could reprehend, the tumult of thy heart: But now to rest inexcipie, were much too rude a part. Of ancient worthies we have heard, when they were more displeasde, (To their high fames) with gifts and prayers, they have beene still appeasde: For instance, I remember well, a fact perform'd of old, Which to you all my friends Ile tell: The Curets warres did hold With the well-fought Etolians, where mutuall lives had end About the citie *Calidon*, wh<sup>t</sup> Etolians did defend Their flourlifing country, which to spoyle, the Curets did contend. *Diana* with the golden throne (with *Oeneus* much incenc't, Since with his pleanteous lands first fruits, she was not reverenc't; Yet other gods, with Hecatombes, had feasts, and she alone, (Great *loves* bright daughter) left unfeast'd, or by oblivion, Or undic knowledge of her dues) much hurt in heart she swore: And she entag'd, excited much: she sent a sylvan Bore From their greene groves, with wounding tuskes, who usually did spoile King *Oeneus* fields: his lofty woods, laid prostrate on the soile;

*Another note  
upon the  
Ætolians*

*Upon C. L. 1611.*

Rent by the roots, trees fresh, adord, with fragrant apple flower's: Which *Meleager* (*Oeneus* sonne) slue with assembled pow'rs Of hunters, and of fiercest hounds; from many Cities brought: For, such he was, that with few lives, his death could not be bought. Heapes of dead humanes, by his rage, the funeral piles appide Yet (flane at lat) the Goddess's bird, about his head, and hide A wondrous tumult; and a warre, betwixt the Curets wrought And brave Etolians. All the while, fierce *Meleager* fought, If iurd the Curets: neare the wals, none durst advance his crest Though they were many: but when wrath inflamed his haute brest, (Whiche oft the firme minde of the wife, with passion doth infest) Since twixe his mother Queene and him, arose a deadly strife: He left the Court, and privately, liv'd with his lawfull wife: Fair *Cleopatra*, femall birth, of bright *Marpissa* paire, And of *Ideus*, who, of all, terrestrial men, did raigne (At that time) king of fortitude; and, for *Marpissa* sake, Against wanton *Phebus*, king of flames, his bow in hand did take, Since he had ravish her, his joy; whom her friends, after, gave The surname of *Alcyone*; because they could not fave Their daughter from *Alcyone's* Face: in *Cleopatra's* arms Lay *Meleager*, feeding on, his anger for the harmes His mother praid might fall on him; who, for her brother flaine By *Meleager*, grievd, and praid, the Gods to wreake her paine, Within the horrore could be pour'd, upon her furious birth: Still knockt the with her impious hands, the many-feeding earth; To urge sterne *Pluto* and his Queene, t'incline their vengefull care; Fell on her knees, and all her breast, dewed with her fierie teares To make them massacre her sonne; whose wrath enrag'd her thus. *Erynnis* (wandering through the ayre) heard, out of *Hrebos*, Prayrs, fit for her unpleased minde; yet *Meleager* lay, Obscurd in furie, then the bruit of the tumultuous fray, Rung through the turrets as they feald, then came the Etolian Peeres, To *Meleager* with low lutes, to rise and free their feares: Then sent they the chife Priests of Gods, with offered gifts t'atone His differing furie; bad him chuse, in sweet-solid *Calidon*, Of the mole fat and yeelid soyle, what with an hundred steares, Might in an hundred dayes be plowde; halfe, that rich vintage beares, And halfe of naked earth to plow: yet yeelded not his ire. Then to his loftie chamber-doore, ascends his royll Sire With ruthfull plaintes: shooke the strong barres; then came his sisters cries; His mother then, and all intreat: yet stll more stiffe he lyes: His friends, most reverend, most esteem'd; yernone impreffion tooke, Till the high turrets where he lay, and his strong chamber shooke With the invading enimie: who now forct dreadfull way Along the citie: then his wife (in pitifull dismay) Befought him weeping: telling him, the miseries sustaint By all the citizens, whose towne, the enemie had gain'd; Men slaughterd, children bondslaves made; sweet Ladies forct with lust:

Fires climbing towres, and turning them to heaps of fruitlesse dust.  
These dangers softned his steele heart: up the stout Prince arose,  
Indue his bodie with rich armes, and freed th' *Ætolians* woes:  
His smother'd anger giving ayre, which gifts did not all wage,  
But his owne perill. And because, he did not dis-ingege  
Their lives for gifts, their gifts he lost. But for my sake (deare friend)  
Be not thou bent to see our plights, to these extremes defend,  
Ere thou affisst us; be not so, by thy ill angel, turn'd  
From thine owne honour: it were shame, to see our navie burn'd,  
And then come with thy timelesse aide. For offer'd presents come,  
And all the Greeks will honour thee, as of celestiall roome.  
But if without these gifts thou fight, forc't by thy private woe,  
Thou wilt be nothing so renown'd, though thou repell the foe.

*Achilles* 10  
212xx

*Achilles* answer'd the last part, of his oration, thus:  
*Phoenix*, renown'd and reverend, the honors urge on us  
We need not, *Iove* doth honour me, and to my saffie sees,  
And will whiles I retaine a spirit, or can command my knees.  
Then do not thou, with teares and woes, impassion my affects,  
Becoming gracious to my foe: nor fits it the respects  
Of thy vow'd love, to honour him, that hath dishonour'd me;  
Lest such loose kindnesse lose his heart, that yet is firme to thee.  
It were thy praise to hurt, with me, the hurter of my state;  
Since halfe my honour and my Realme, thou maist participate.  
Let these Lords then returne th'event, and do thou here repose,  
And when darke sleepe breakes with the day, our counsels shall disclose  
The course of our retурne or stay. This said, he with his eye  
Made to his friend, a covert signe, to hasten instantly  
A good soft bed, that the old Prince, soone as the Peere were gone,  
Might take his rest; when souldier-like, brave *Ajax* *Telamon*  
Spake to *Vlysses*, as with thought; *Achilles* was not worth  
The high direction of his speech; that stood so sternly forth,  
Vnmov'd with th'other Orators: and spake, not to appease  
*Peltades* wrath, but to depart: his arguments were these:

High-iuffed *Laertides*: let us infist no more  
On his perswasion; I perceive the world would end before  
Our speeches end, in this affaire: we must with utmost haste  
Returne his answer, though but bad: the Peeres are elsewhere plac't,  
And will not rife till we returne; great *Thetis* sonne hath stor'd  
Proud wrath within him, as his wealth, and will not be implor'd;  
Rude that he is, nor his friends love, respects, do what they can:  
Wherin past all, we honour'd him. O unremorsefull man!  
Another for his brother slaine, another for his sonne,  
Accepts of satisfaction: and he the deed hath done  
Lives in belov'd societie, long after his amends;  
To which his fosc high heart for gifts, with patience condescends:  
But theca wilde and cruell spirit, the Gods for plague have given,  
And for one girle, of whose faire sexe, we come to offer seven,  
The most exempt for excellency, and many a better prize:

Then

Then put a sweet minde in thy breast, respect thy owne allies,  
Though others make thee not remisse: a multitude we are,  
Sprung of thy roiall familie, and our supremest care  
Is to be most familiar, and hold most loue with thee,  
Of all the Greeks, how great an host, souuer here there be.

He answer'd, Noble *Telamon*, Prince of our soldiery here:  
Out of thy heart I know thou spekest, and as thou holdst me deare:  
But still as often as I thinke, how rudely I was us'd,  
And like a stranger for all rites, fit for our good, refus'd:  
My heart doth swell against the man, that durst be so profane  
To violate his sacred place: not for my private bane.

But since wracke vertues general lawes, he shamelesse did infringe:  
For whose sake I will loose the reines, and give mine anger swinge,  
Without my wifesdes least impeach. He is a foole, and base,  
That pities vice plagu'd minds, when paine, not love of right giues place.  
And therefore tell thy King, my Lords, my just wrath will not care  
For all his cares: before my tents, and navie charged are  
By warlike *Hector*; making way, through flocks of Grecian liues,  
Enlightened by their nauall fire: but when his rage arrives  
About my tent, and fable barkes, I doubt not but to shild  
Them and my selfe: and make him flie, the there-strong bounded field.

This said, each one but kist the cup, and to the shipp's retir'd,  
*Vlysses* first. *Patreclus* then, the men and maidis requir'd  
To make grave *Phœnix* bed with speed, and set he nothing lacks:  
They strait obeyd, and thercon laid, the subtle fruit of flax,  
And warme sheep-sels for covering: and there the old man slept,  
Atending till the golden Morne, her usuall station kept.

*Achilles* lay in th'inner roome of his tent richly wrought,  
And that faire Ladie by his side, that he from Lesbos brought,  
Bright *Diamonda*, *Phorbas* seed: *Patreclus* did embrace  
The beautious *Iphis*, given to him, when his bold friend did raze  
The lofie Syrus, that was kept, in *Enyclus* hold.

Now at the tent of *Ariens* sonne, each man with cups of gold  
Receiv'd th'Ambassadours return'd, all clusterd neare to know  
What newes they brought: which first the King, would have *Vlysses* show.  
Say most praise-worthy *Ibsacu*, the Grecians great renowne,  
Will he defend us? or not yet, will his proud stomacke downe?

*Vlysses* made replie, Not yet, will he appeased be,

But growes more wrathfull, prizing light, thy offred gifts and thee;

And wils thee to consult with us, and take some other course

To save our armie and our fleet: and fayes, with all his force,

The morne shall light him on his way, to *Pribis* wilshed foile:

For never shal high-seated Troy, be fackt with all our toile:

*Iove* holds his hand twixt us and it: the souldiers gather heart.

Thus he replies: which *Ajax* here, can equally impart,

And both these Heraldis: *Phœnix* stayes, for so was his desire

To go with him, if he thought good; if not, he might retire.

All wondred he shold be so sterne: at last bold *Domed* spake:

*Agenammon* to  
*Vlysses*.

*Vlysses* to *Aga-*  
*menmon*.

Would

Would God, *Atrides*, thy request, were yet to undertake;  
 And al thy g̃ts unoffred him, he's proud enough beside:  
 But this ambassage thou hast sent, will make him burst with pride.  
 But let us suffer him to stay, or go at his desire:  
 Fight, when his stomach serves him best; or when *love* shall inspire:  
 Me, while our watch being strongly held, let us a little rest.  
 After our food: strength lives by both; and vertue is their guest.  
 Then, when the rose-finger'd Morn, holds out her silver light,  
 Bring forth thy host, encourage all; and be thou first in fight.  
 The Kings admir'd the fortitude, that so divinely mov'd  
 The skilful horfeman *Diomed*; and his advice approv'd:  
 Then with their nighty sacrifice, each tooke his feuarall tent;  
 Where all receiv'd the soveraigne gifts, soft *Somnus* did present.

The end of the ninth Booke.

## THE



## THE TENTH BOOKE OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**T**H Atrides watching, wake the other Peeres:  
 (And in the Fort, consulting of their feares :  
 Two Kings they send, most stout, and honorab' moft,  
 For roiall skorts, into the Trojan hofe:  
 Who meeting Dolon (Hectors briued Spie)  
 Take him, and learme how all the Quarters lyce.  
 He told them, in the Thracian regiment  
 Of rich King Rheiſus, and his roiall Tent;  
 Striving for safety; but they end his strife,  
 And rid poore Dolon of a dangerous life.  
 Then with diſgrifive wiles, they ſc̃e their force  
 On Rheiſus life, and take his ſnowie horſe,

### Another Argument.

Kappa the Night exploits applies;  
 Rheiſus and Dolons tragedies.

**T**He other Princes at their Ships, soft finger'd ſleepe did bind,  
 But not the Generall; *Somnus* filkes, bound not his laboring minde,  
 That turnd, and returnd, many thoughts: And as quickel lightnings flie  
 From well-deckt *Iulus* ſovereigne, out of the thickned ſkie,  
 Preparing ſome exceeding raine, or haile, the fruit of cold :  
 Or downe-like Snow, that ſodainly makes all the fields looke old;  
 Or opes the gulſie mouth of warre, with his enſulphurd hand  
 In dazzling falhes, pour'd from clouds, on any puniſh land :  
 So from *Atrides* troubled heart, through his darke ſorrows, flew  
 Redoubled ſighes: his intrailes ſhooke, as often as his view  
 Admir'd the multitude of fires, that gile the Phrygian ſhade,  
 And heard the ſounds of ſiles, and thwrmes, and tumults ſouldiers made.  
 But when he ſaw his fleet and hofe, kneeleto his care and love,  
 He rent his haire up, by the roots, as ſacrifice to *love*:  
 Burnt in his fire ſighes, ſtill breath'd out of his roiall heart,  
 And firſt thought good, to *Nefers* care, his ſorrows to impart:  
 To trye if roiall diligence, with his approv'd advise,  
 Might falſion counſels, to prevent their threatened miseries.

*Agamemnon's care.*  
*These are the lightnings before snow, &c.*  
*that Scavys*  
*Criscus (a winterly tax-*  
*ed) cureth*  
*his ſelf, by as*  
*mild; books*  
*annation, &c.*

So up he roſe, attir'd himſelfe, and to his ſtrong ſeet ti'd  
 Rich ſhooes, and caſt upon his backe, a ruddy Lyonſhde,  
 So ample, it his ankles reaſt: then tooke his roiall ſpear,  
 Like him was *Menelaus* pierc't, with an induſtrious feare,

*Agamemnon:*  
*before rising in*  
*the night.*  
*He ſeareth not*  
*Lions hide.*

## THE TENTH BOOKE

*Menelæus  
Loparis*

*Menelæus  
Agamemnon*

*Agamemnon  
Menelaus*

*Directions for  
command in  
wars extremity.*

*Agamemnon's  
armes,  
and readynes  
to use them.*

Not far sweet slumber on his eyes; lest bitter Fates shoule quite  
The Greckes high fauours, that for him, resol'd such endlesse fight:  
And first a freckled Panters hide, hid his broad backe aethwart :  
His head, his brasen helme did arme, his able hand his darts,  
Then made he all his hafte to rafe, his brothers head as rare,  
That he who most exceld in rule, might helpe t'effect his care.  
He found him at his shps crooke sterne, adorning him with armes,  
Who joyd to see his brothers spirits awak't without alarms :  
Well weighing th'importance of the time. And first the yonger spake :  
Why brother, are ye arming thus? it to undertake  
The fending of some ventrous Greekes: t'explore the foes intent ?  
Alas I greatly feare, not one will giveth that worke content,  
Expold alone to all the feares that flow in gloomy night :  
He that doth this, must know death well, in which ends evry frigjt.  
Brother (said he) in these affaires, we both must use aduice;  
*Love* is against us, and accepts great *Hector's* sacrifice,  
For I have never seene, nor heard, in one day, and by one,  
So many high attempts well urg'd, as *Hector's* power hath done  
Against the hapless sons of Greece: being chiefly deare to *Love*,  
And without cause, being neither fruit of any Goddesses loue,  
Nor helpfull God: and yet I feare the deepenesse of his hand,  
Ere it be rac't out of our thoughts, will many yeres withstand.  
But brother, hie thee to thy shps, and *Idomen* diseafe  
VVith warlike *Ajax*: I will hafte to graue *Neloides*,  
Exhorting him to rife, and giue the sacred watch command,  
For they will specially embrase incitemet at his hand;  
And now his sonne, their capitaine is, and *Idomen* good friend  
Bold *Merion*, to whose discharge, we did that charge command.  
Commandst thou then (his brothers askt) that I shall tarry here  
Attending thy resol'd approach, or else the meffage bear,  
And quickly make returne to thee? He answere: Rather stay,  
Lest other wif we faile to meet: for many a different way  
Lies through our labyrinthian host; speake euer as you goe,  
Command strong watch, from Sire to sonne, urge all t'obserue the foe,  
Familiarly, and with their prafe, exciting evry eye,  
Not with unseason'd violence, of proud authority:  
We must our patience exercise, and worke, our selues with them,  
*Love* in our births combind such care, to eitheris Diadem.  
Thus he dismift him, knowing well, his charge before he went,  
Himselfe to *Nefor*, whom he found in bed within his tent :  
By him, his damascne cures hung, his shield, a paire of darts,  
His shining caske, his arming waste: in these he led the hearts  
Of his apt fouldiers to sharpe warr, not yeelding to his years.  
He quickly started from his bed, when to his watchfull eares  
Vntimely feet told som approach: he tooke his lance in hand,  
And spake to him, Ho, what art thou? that walk'st at midnight? stand,  
Is any wanting at the guards? or lack'st thou any Peere?  
Speake, come not silent towards me: say what intendist thou heere?

Hee

## OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

He answere, O *Neloides*, grace honour of our host :  
Tis *Agamemnon* thou maist know, whom *Love* afflicteth most  
Of all the wretched men that liue, and will, whilst any breath  
Gives motion to my toyled limbs, and bears me up from death.  
I walke the round thus, since sweet sleepe cannot inclose mine eyes,  
Nor shut those Organs care breakes ope, for our calamities.  
My feare is vehement for the *Greckes*: my heart (the fount of heate)  
With his extreme affects, made cold, without my breast doth beat.  
And therefore are my sinewes stroake with trembling: every part  
Of what my friends may feele, hath acht, in my dispersed heart.  
But if thou thinkst of any course may to our good redound,  
(Since neither thou thy selfe canst sleepe) come, walke with me the round.  
In way whereof we may confer, and looke to evry guard :  
Left watching long, and wearinselfe, with labouring so hard,  
Drowne their opprested memories, of what they haue in charge.  
The libertee we give the foe, (alas) is ouer large.  
Their campe is almost mixt with ours, and we haue forth no spies,  
To learne their drifts; who may perchance, this night intend surprise.  
Graue *Nefor* answere: Worthy King, let good hearts bearre our ill:  
*Love* is not bound to perfect all, this bulg *Hector's* will;  
But I am confidently giuen, his thoughts are much dismaid  
With feare, left our distresse incite *Abilles* to our aid :  
And therefore will not tempt his fate, nor ours with further pride.  
But I will gladly follow thee, and stirre up more beside :  
*Tydides*, famous for his lance, *Vlysses*, *Telamon*,  
And bold *Phyleus* valiant heire or else if any one  
Would hafe to call King *Idomen*, and *Ajax*, since their saile  
Lyce remoud' with much good speed, it might our hafte availe.  
But (though he be our honord friend,) thy brother I will blame,  
Not fearing if I anger thee: it is his utter shame.  
He should committall paines to thee, that should himselfe employ,  
Past all our Princes, in the care, and cure of our annoy;  
And be so fare from needing spurres, to these his due respects,  
He should apply our spirit himselfe, with pray'rs, and urg'd affects.  
Necesseis (a law to lawes, and not to be endur'd)  
Makes proffe of all his facultes, nor found, if not inur'd.

Good father (said the King) sometimes, you know I haue desir'd  
You would improue his negligence, too oft to easie retrid :  
Nor is it for defect of spirit, or compasse of his braine;  
But with obseruynge my estate, he thinks, he shoulde abstaine  
Till I commanded, knowing my place: unwilling to assume,  
For being my brother, any thing might proue he did presume.  
But now he rose before me faire, and came, t'auoid delates :  
And I haue sent him for the man, your selfe desir'd to rafe :  
Come, we shall finde them at the guards, we plac't before the fort :  
For thither my direction was, they shoulde with speed refort.

Why now (said *Nefor*) none will grudge, nor his just rule withstand,  
Examples make excitements strong, and sweeten a command.

*Agamemnon to  
Nefor.*

*Nefor to Aga-  
memnon.*

*Agamemnon's  
excuse of his  
libertes.*

Thus

## THE TENTH BOOKE

Thus put he on his arming trousse, faire shooes upon his feet,  
About him a mandilion, that did with buttons meet,  
Of purple, large, and full of folds, curld with a warmefull nap,  
A garment that gaist cold in nights, did souldiers use to wrap:  
Then tooke he his strong lance in hande made sharpe with proved steele,  
And went along the Grecian fleet. First at *Vlffes* keele,  
He cald; to breake the fiken fumes, that did his senles bind:  
The voyce through th'Organs of his eares, straight rung about his mind.  
Forth came *Vlffes*, asking him; Why stirre yet thus so late?  
Sustaine we such enforcive caufe? He answred, our elate  
Dore force this perturbation; vouchsafe it worthy friend,  
And come, let us excite one more, to counsell of fome end  
To our extremes, by fight, or flight. He, backe, and tooke his shield,  
And both tooke courfe to *Diomed*, they found him laid in field,  
I arte from his tent: his armour by, about him was dispread  
A ring of souldiers; every man his thid beneath his head:  
His speare fixt by him as he slept, the great end in the ground:

The point, that brifled the darke earth, cast a reflection round,  
Like palid lightnings thrownne from *Troie*; thus this Heroe lay,  
And under him a big Ox hide: his royll head had stay  
On Arras hangings, rolled up: whereon he slept so fast,  
That *Nefor* flid him with his foot, and chid to see him cast  
In such deepe sleepe, in such deepe woes, and ask him why he spent  
All night in sleepe, or did not heare the Trojans neere his tent?  
Their Campe drawne close upon their dike, small space twixt foes and foes?

He, starting up, said, Strange old man, that never takst repose;  
Thou art too patient of our royle, have we not men more yong,  
To be imployd from King to King? thine age hath too much wrong.

Said like a King, replied the Sire: for I have sonnes renwond,  
As there are many other men, might goe this toilefome round:  
But you must see, imperious *Nefor*, hath all at her command:  
Now on the eager razors edge, for life or death we stand.

Then goe (thou art the yonger man,) and if thou love my easse,  
Call swift foot *Ajax* up thyfelfe, and young *Phyleides*.

This said, he on his shoulders cast a yellow Lyons hide,  
Big, and reaht earth, then tooke his speare, and *Nefors* will applide:  
Raide the Heroes, brought them both. All met, the round they went,  
And found not any Captaine there asleep or negligent:

But waking, and in armes, give eare to every lowest sound.  
And as keene dogs keepe sheep in Cotes, or folds of hurdles bound:  
And grin at every breach of ayre, envious of all that moves:  
Still listning when the ravenous beast stalks through the hilly groves:  
Then men and dogs stand on their guards, and mighty tumults make,  
Sleepe wanting weight to close one winke: so did the Captaines wake,  
That kept the watch the whole nad night: all with intentive care  
Converted to the enemies tents, that they might timely heare  
If they were stirring to surprise: which *Nefor* joyd to see.

Why so (deare sones) maintaine your watch, sleepe not a winke (said he)

Rather

## OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

Rather then make your fames the scorne of Trojan perjurie.

This said, he formost past the dike, the others seconded;  
Even all the Kings that had beene cald, to counsell, from the bed:  
And with them went *Meriones*, and *Nefors* famous sonne:  
For both were cald by all the Kings, to consultation.

Beyond the dike they chulde a place, neare as they could from bloud;  
Whers yet appear'd the fals of fome, and whence (the crimlon flood  
Of Grecian lives being powr'd on earth, by *Hector's* furious chafe)  
He made retreat, when night repour'd grim darknesse in his face.  
There sat they downe, and *Nefor* spake: O friends remaines not one,  
That will relie on his bold minde, and view the campe alone,  
Of the proud Trojans? to approve, if any stragling mate  
He can surprise neare th'arm't tents; or leарne the briefe elate  
Of their intentions for the time, and mixe like one of them  
With their outguards, expilating, if the renown'd extreme,  
They force on us, will serve their turnes; with glory to retire,  
Or still encampe thus farre from *Troy*? This may he well enquire,  
And make a brave retreat untouched; and this would winne him fame  
Of all men canipited with heaven; and every man of name  
In all this host shall honour him, within enriching meed;  
A black Ewe and her sucking Lambe (rewards that now exceed  
All other bell possessions, in all mens choice requestes)  
And still be bidden by our Kings, to kinde and royll feasts.

All reverenc' onc another's worth; and none would silence breake,  
Left worst should take best place of speech: at last did *Diomed* speake:

*Nefor*, thou ask'it if no man here, have heart so well inclin'd  
To worke this stratageme on *Troy*: yes, I have such a minde:  
Yet if some other Prince would joyn'e; more probable will be  
The strengthened hope of our exploit: two may together see  
(One going before another still) lie danger every way;  
One spirit upon another works; and takes with firmer stay  
The benefit of all his powers: for though one knew his course,  
Yet might he well distrust himselfe, which th'other might enforce.

This offer evrye man assynd, all would with *Diomed* go:

The two *Astes*, *Merion*, and *Menelaus* too:  
But *Nefor* sonne enforcit it much, and hardie *Ithacus*,  
Who had to every venturous deed, a minde as venturous.

Amongst all these thus spake the King, *Tydides*, most belov'd;  
Chuse thy associate worthily; a man the most approv'd  
For life and strength in theſe extremes. Many thou ſtand forth:  
But chooſe not thou by height of place, but by regard of worth;  
Left with thy nice respect of right, to any mans degree,  
I thou wrangſt thy venture, chusing one leaſt fit to joyne with thee,  
Although perhaps a greater King: this ſpake he with ſulpeſt,  
That *Diomed* (for honours ſake) his brother would ſelect.

Then ſaid *Tydides*: Since thou giuſt, my judgment leave to chuse,  
How can it ſo much truth forget, *Vlffes* to refute?  
That beates a minde ſo moft exempt, and vigorous in the effect

N 2

*Diomed*: boſt;  
" *Vlffes*.

Of

*Nefor* to the  
Grecian Princes

*Diomed*.  
*Nefor*.

The grave coun-  
ſel of Agamem-  
non to Diomed.

Or in high labours, and a man, *Pallas* doth most respect?  
We that return through burning fire, if I with him combine:  
His fets strength in so true a course, with counsels so divine.  
*Vlysses* loth to be esteem'd a lover of his praise,  
WV. th' such exceptions humbled him, as did him higher raise:  
And said; *Tyndides*, prafe me not, more then free truth will bear.  
Nor yet empire me; they are Greeks, that give judicall care.  
But come, the morning hafts; the starres are forward in their course,  
Two parts of night are past, the third is left t' employ our force.  
Now borrowed they for huse some armes: bold *Thrasymedes* lent  
Adventurous *Diomed* his sword (his owne was at his tent)  
His ihelme, and helme, tough and well tann'd, without or plume or crest,  
And caid a murrioun archers heads it used to invest.

*Meriones* lent *Ithacus*, his quiver and his bow;  
His helmet fahiond of a hide: the workeman did bestow  
Much labour in it, quilting it, with bow-strings, and without,  
With snowiutskes of white-mouth'd Bores, t' was armed round about  
Right cunningly: and in the midift, an arming cap was plac't,  
Tt wth the fixt ends of the tusks, his head might not be ract:  
This (long since) by *Autolyces*, was brought from Elion,  
Wher he laid waste *Amynors* houfe, that was *Ormenus* sonne.

In Scandia, to *Cytherius*, furnam'd *Ampydamas*,  
*Autolyces* did give this helme: he, when he feasted was  
By honourd *Molas*, gave it him, as present of a guest:

*Molas* to his sonne *Merion*, did make it his bequest.  
With this *Vlysses* arm'd his head; and thus they (both addrest)

Tooke leave of all the other Kings: to them a glad ostent,  
(As they were entring on their way) *Minerva* did present:

A Hernshaw conserete to her; which they could ill discerne

Through sable night; but by her clang, they knew it was a Heruc.

*Vlysses* joy'd, and thus invok't: Hearc me great seed of *Iove*,

That ever doft my labours grace, with prefence of thy love:

And all my motions doft attend; still love me (sacred Dame)

Especially in this exploit, and so protect our fame,

We both may safely make retreat, and thrifitly imploy

Our boldnesse in some great affaire, banefull to them of Troy.

Then praid illustrate *Diomed*: Vouchsafe me likewaise care,

O thou unconquer'd Queene of armes: be with thy favours acare,

As to my royll fathers steps, thou wentif a bountious guide,

When th' Achives, and the Peeres of Thebes, he would have pacifide;

Sent as the Greeks Ambassador, and lefft them at the flood

Of great *Aelopis*; whose retreat, thou mad'st to swim in blood

Off his enambulst enemies: and if thou so proteft:

My bold endeavours; to thy name, an Heifer, most select;

That never yet was tam'd with yoke, broad fronted, one year old;

He borne in zealous sacrifice, and set the horns in gold.

The Goddesse heard, and both the Kings, their dreadlesse passage bore,

Through slaughter, slaughtered carkaſles; armes; and discolord grec.

Nor

Nor *Hector* let his Princes sleepe, but all to counfelle cald:  
And askt, What one is here will vow, and keepe it unappald,  
To have a gift fit for his deed, a charior and two horſe,  
That paffe for speed the rest of Greece? what one dares take this course,  
For his renoume (besides his gifts) to mixe amongst the foe,  
And learme if still they hold their guards? or with this overthrow  
Determine flight, as being too weake, to hold us longer warre?

All silent stood, at laſt stood forth one *Dolon*, that did dare  
This dangerous worke; *Eumeedes* heire, a Herald much renoumed:  
This *Dolon* did in gold and brasse, exceedingly abound;

But in his forme was quite deform'd; yet passing wift to run:

Amongſt five fifters he was left, *Eumeedes* onely son:

And he told *Hector*, his free heart would undertake t' explore  
The Greeks intentions; but (laid he) thou ſhalt be fwoyne before,  
By this thy ſcepter, that the horſe of great *Aeacides*  
And his ſtrong chariot, bound with brasse, thou wilt (before all theſe)  
Refigne me as my valours prieſt; and ſo I reſt unmov'd  
To be thy ſpice, and not returne before I have approvd  
(By venturing to *Adries* ſhip, where their conſults are held)  
If they refole ſtill to refiſt, or ſlie as quite expeld.

He put his ſcepter in his hand, and cald the thunders God  
*Saturnius* husband) to his oath, thofe horſe ſhould not be rod  
By any other man then he; but he for ever joy  
(To his renoume) their ſervices, for his good done to Troy.

Thus ſwore he, and forſwore himſelfe; yet made bare *Dolon* bold:

Who on his ſhoulders hung his bow, and did about him fold

A white wolves hide, and with a helme of Weafels ſkins did arme

His weafels head; then tooke his dart, and never turnd to harme

The Greeks with their related drifts: but being paſt the troopes

Of horſe and foot, he promptly runs; and as he runs he ſtoopeſ

To undermine *Achilles* horſe; *Vlysses* straight did ſee,

And laid to *Diomed*, this man makes foooting towards theſe,

Out of the tents; I know not well, if he be uſe as ſpice,

Bent to our fleet; or come to rob the slaughterd enemie.

But let us ſuffer him to come a little further on!

And then purſue him. If it chance, that we be overgone

By his more ſwiftneſſe; urge him ſtill to run upon our fleet,

And (lefte he ſcape vs to the towne) ſtill let thy Iaveline meet

With all his offers of retreſt. Thus ſlept they from the plaine

Amoſt the slaughterd carkaſles; *Dolon* came on amaine,

Suspecting nothing; but once paſt, as farre as Mules drawd

Oxen plough, being both paſt on, neither admitted law,

To plow a deepe ſoil furrow forth, ſo farre was *Dolon* paſt,

Then they purſue, which be perceiv'd, and ſtaid his ſpedleſſe haſt;

Subly ſuppoſing *Hector* ſeat to countermand his ſpice:

But in a Javelins throw or leſſe, he knew them enemie.

Then laid he on his nimble knees, and they purſue like wind.

As when a brace of Greyhounds are laid in with Hare or Hind;

*Hector* to the  
Trojans.

*Dolon* offers to  
be explorer.

*Hector* ſwore  
to *Dolon*.

*Dolon* arm'd.

*Vlysses* to *Diomed*.

Sim.

Close-

Close mouth'd; and skild to make the best of their industrious course,  
Serve either turne, and set on hard, lofe neither ground nor force.  
So constantly did *Tydeus* sonne, and his towne-raizing Peere,  
Purſue this spie; ſtill turning him, as he was winding neare  
His coverr: till he almoft mixt, with their out-courts of guard.

*Dolons to Dolon.*  
Then *Pallas* prompted *Diomed*, left his due worth's reward  
Should be empard, if any man did vant he firſt did ſheathe  
His ſword in him, and he be cald, but ſecond in his death:  
Then ſpake he (threathning with his lance) or ſlay, or this comes on,  
And long thou canſt not run, before thou be by death ou-gone.

This ſaid he threw his laveline forth: which miſt, (as *Diomed* would)  
Above his right arme making way, the pile ſtucke in the mould:

*Dolons to Dolon.*  
He staid and trembled, and his teeth did chatter in his head.  
They came in blowing, feiſd him fast, he, weeping offered  
A wealthy ranfome for his life, and told them he had bracie,  
Much gold, and iron, that fit for uſe, in many labours was,  
From whole rich heapeſes his father wou'd a wondrous portion give,  
It, at the great Achaian fleet, he heard his ſonne did live.

*Dolons to Dolon.*  
*Vlyſſes* bad him cheare his heart. Thinke not of death, ſaid he,  
But tell us true, why tunſt thou forth when others ſleeping be?  
Is it to ſpoyle the carkaſſes? or art thou choicely ſent  
T'explore our drifts? or of thy ſelfe, ſeekſt thou ſome wiſt event?

*Dolons to Dolon.*  
He trembling anſwerd: Much reward did *Hector* oþ propose,  
And urg'd me much againſt my will, t'indevour to diſcloſe,  
If you determin'd ſtill to ſtay, or bent your courſe for flight,  
As all diſmaid with your late foile, and wearied with the fight:  
For which exploit, *Pelides* horſe, and chariot he diſweare  
Lonely ever ſhould enjoy. *Vlyſſes* ſmil'd to heare

*Vlyſſes to Dolon.*  
So ſafe a twaine have any hope, ſo high a priſe t'aspire,  
And ſaid, his labors diſaffect, a great and precious hire:  
And that the horſe *Pelides* rein'd, no mortall hand could uſe  
But he himſelfe, whose matchleſſe life, a Goddeſſe diſproduſe;  
But tell us, and report but truth, where leſt thou *Hector* now?  
Where are his armes? his famous horſe? on whom doth he beſtow  
The watches charge? where ſleepe the Kings? intend they ſtill to lyē  
Thus neare encamp't? or turne ſuſſid with their late victory?

*Dolons relation.*  
All this, ſaid he, Ile tell moſt true. At Ilas monement  
*Hector* with all our Princes ſits, t'advice of this event;  
Who chufe that place remov'd, to ſhan the rude confuſed ſounds  
The common ſoldiers throw about: but, for our watch, and rounds,  
Whereof (brave Lord) thou makſt demand; none orderly we keepe:  
The Trojans that haue roofes to ſave, onely abandon ſleepe,  
And privately without command, each other they exhort  
To make prevention of the worſt; and in this ſlender fort  
Is watch and guard maintaynd wth us. Thauxiliarie bands  
Sleepe ſoundly, and commit their careſ to the Trojans hands;  
For they haue neither wifes with them, nor children to protecť;  
The leſſe thy need to care, the more, they ſuccour dull negleſt.

But

*Iliacs.*  
But tell me (ſaid wife *Iliacus*) are all theſe forreign powers  
Appointed quarters by themſelves, or elſe commixt with yours?  
And this (aid *Dolon*) too (my Lords) Ie ſeriously unfold:

The *Paeon* with the crooked bowes, and *Cares*, quarters hold  
Next to the ſea, the Leigees, and Caucos joyn'd with them,  
And brave Pelagiens; Thimbers meade, remov'd more from the ſtreame,  
Is quarter to the Licians; the loſſie Mifian force;

The Phrygians and Meonians, that fight with armed horſe.

But what need theſe particulars? if ye intend ſurprise  
Of any in our Trojan campe; the Thracian quarter lies  
Vermot of all, and uncommixt with Trojan regiments,  
That keepe the voluntary watch: new pitchte are all their tents:  
King *Rhoſas*, *Bioness* ſonne, commands them; who hath feedſ  
More white then ſnow, huge, and well ſhape; their firie pace exceeds  
The winds in ſwiftneſſe: theſe I ſaw: his Chariot is with gold  
And pallid ſilver richly fram'd, and wondrous to behold.

His great and golden armour is not fit a man ſhould weare;  
But for immortall ſhoulders fram'd: come then, and quickly bear  
Your happy prifoner to your fleet: or leau'e him here fast bound  
Till your well urg'd and rich returne, prove my relation found.

*Tydiſes* dreadfully repled: Thinke not of paſſage thus,  
Though of right acceptable newes, thou haſt advertiſed us;  
Our hands are holds more ſtricthen lo: and ſhould we ſet thee free  
For offered ranfome, for this ſcape, thou ſtill wouldest ſcouting be  
About our ſhips; or do ſeache, in plaine oppoſed armes;  
But if I take thy life, no way, can we repente thy harmes.

With this, as *Dolon* reacht his hand to ſe a ſuppliants part,  
And ſtooke the beard of *Diomed*; he ſtrooke his necke athwart,  
With his forſt ſword; and both the nerues he di in ſunder wound;  
And ſuddenly his head, deceiv'd, fell ſpeaking on the ground:  
His weſels helme they tooke, his bow, his wolves ſkinne, and his lance;  
Which to *Minerva*, *Iliacus*, did zealouslie advance  
With lifted arm into the aire, and to her thus he ſpake;

Goddeſſe, triumph in thine owne ſpoyles to thee we firſt will make  
Our invocations, of all powers, thic'nd on th'Olympian hill;  
Now to the Thracians, and their horſe, and beds, conduct us ſtill.  
With this, he hung them up aloft, upon a Tamricke bow,  
As eyfull Trophies: and the ſprings that di about it grow,  
He poined from the leavie armes, to make it easier viewd,  
When they ſhould haſtily retire, and be perhaps purſued.

Forth went they, through blacke bloud and armes; and preſently aspir'd  
The guardleſſe Thracian regiment, fast bound with ſleepe, and tir'd:  
Their armes lay by, and triple ranks, they as they ſlept di keep'e,  
As they ſhould watch and guard their King; who, in a fatall ſleepe,  
Lay in the midſt; their chariot horſe, as they coach fellowes were,  
Fed by them; and the famous ſteeds that di their Generall beare,  
Stood next him, to the hinder part of his rich chariot tyed.

*Vlyſſes* ſaw them firſt, and ſaid, *Tydiſes*, I haue ſpyed

N 4

## THE TENTH BOOKE

The horse that Dolom (whom we slew) assur'd us we shold see:  
 Now use thy strength; now idle armes are most unfit for thee:  
 Prise thou the horse; or kill the guard; and leave the horse to me.  
 Minerva with the Azure eyes, breath'd strength into her King,  
 Who fill'd the tent with mixed death: the soules, he set on wing,  
 Issued in grones, and made ayre swell, into her stormie flood:  
 Horror, and slaughter had one power; the earth did blush with bloud.  
 As when a hungry Lyon flies with purpose to devour  
 On flocks unkept, and on their liues doth freely use his power:  
 So Tydeus sonne affaid the foe; twelve soules before him flew;  
 Vlysses waited on his sword; and euer as he flew,  
 He drew them by their strengthlesse heelies, out of the horses sight;

*Dionedes*  
*Diomedes*

That when he was to leade them forth, they shold not with affright  
 Bogle, nor snore, in treadring on the bloody carkasess;  
 For being new come, they were unusde to such sterne sights as these.  
 Through fourre ranks now did Diomed the King himselfe attaine,  
 Who (noring in his sweetest sleepe) was like his souldiers slaine.

An ill dream by Minerva sent, that night stood by his head,

Vwhich was Oenides royall sonne, unconquer'd Diomed.

Meane while Vlysses loofd his horse; tooke all their reines in hand,  
 And led them forth; but Tydeus sonne did in contention stand  
 With his great minde, to do some deed of more audacie;  
 If he shold take the chariou, where his richarmes did lie,  
 And draw it by the beame away, or beare it on his backe;  
 Or if of more dull Thracian liues, he shold their bofomes sacke.

In this contention with himselfe, Minerva did suggest,  
 And bid him thinke of his retreat; lest from their tempted rest,  
 Some other God shold stire the foe, and lend him backe dismaid.

He knew the voyce; tooke horse, and fled; the Trojans heavenly aid  
 (*Apollo* with the silver bow) stood no blinde sentinel  
 To their secure and drowfe host; but did discover well  
 Minerva following Diomed, and angrie with his act,  
 The mighty host of Istan, he entred, and awak't  
 The coulter germane of the King, a counsellour of Thrace,  
 Hypocoon; who when he rose; and saw the desert place  
 Where Rhesus horse did use to stand, and th' other dismal harmes;  
 Men strugling with the pangs of death; he shriekt out thicke alarms;  
 Cald Rhesus? Rhesus? but in vaine: then still, arme, arme, he cride:  
 The noise and tumult was extreme, on every startled side  
 Of Troycs huge host; from whence in thronges all gather'd, and admir'd,  
 Who could performe such harmfull facts, and yet be safe retir'd.

Now, coming where they flew the scout, Vlysses staid the steeds  
 Tydides lighted, and the spoiles (hung on the Tamricke reeds)  
 He tooke and gaue to Istan; and up he got againe,  
 Then flew they joyfull to their fleet: Nestor did first attaine  
 The sounds the horse hoofes strooke throughaire, and said, My royll Peeres?  
 Do Ibut dote? or say Itrue? me thinks about mine eares  
 The sounds of running horses beat. O wold to God they were

Our

## OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

Our friends thus soone returnd with spoyles: but I have heartie feare,  
 Lest this high tumult of the foe doth their distresse intend.  
 He scarfe had spoke, when they were come: Both did from horse descend,  
 All, with embrases and sweet words, to heaven their worth did raise.  
 Then Nestor spake; Great Ithacus, even heape with Grecian praeie;  
 How have you madethese horse your prize? pierc't you the dangerous host,  
 Where such gemmes stand? or did some God your high attempts accost.  
 And honour'd you with this reward? why, they be like the Rayes  
 The Sunne effuseth. I have mixt with Trojans all my dayes;  
 And now, I hope you will not say, I alwayes lye abord  
 Though an old souldier I confesse: yet did all Troy afford  
 Never the like to any fence, that ever I posset:  
 But some good God, no doubt, hath met, and your high valours blest.  
 For he that shadous heaven with clouds, loves both, as his delights:  
 And he that suppes earth with bloud, can not forbearre your fightes.

*Vlysses* answere, Honord Sir, the willing Gods can give  
 Horse much more worth,then these men yeild, since in more power they live:  
 These horse are of the Thracian breed, their King Tydides flue,  
 And twelve of his most trusted guard: and of that meaner crew  
 A skowr for thirteenth man we kild, whom Hector sent to spie  
 The whole estate of our deffigies, if bent to fight or flie.

Thus (followed with whole troops of friends) they with applaunes paſt  
 The spacious dike, and in the tent, of Diomed they plact  
 The horse without contention, as his deffervings meed:  
 Vwhich (with his other horse set up) on yellow wheat did feed.  
 Poore Doloms (spoiles Vlysses had, who shar'd them on his sterne,  
 As trophies vow'd to her that stac the good-abiding Herme.

Then entred they the meere maine sea, to cleaneſe their honourd sweat  
 From off their feet, their thighs and necks: and when their vehement heat  
 Was calm'd, and their swolne hearts refreſht; more curios bathes they uſ'd,  
 Where odorous and diſſolving Oyles, they through their lims diſſufe.  
 Then, taking breakfast, a big boule, full with the pureſt wine,  
 They offerd to the maiden Queene, that hath the azure eyne.

*The end of the tenth Book.*

THE



# THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**A**Trides forth their men, whom Eris doth inflame,  
Leade forth their men, whom Eris doth inflame.  
Hector (by Iris charge) takes deadleſſe breath,  
Whiles Agamemnon plies the workes of death:  
With the first beares his imperiall head.  
Himelfe, Vlyſſes, and King Diomed,  
Eurypylus, and Aeneatlius ſonne,  
(Forſore with wounds) the furious skirmiſh ſunne.  
With martiall fight, when great Achilles viewe,  
A little his deſire of fight renewe:  
And forth he ſends his friends, to bring him word  
From old Neclides, what wounded Lord  
He in his chariot from the ſkirmiſh brought:  
Which was Machaon. Nestor then beſought  
He would perwade his friend to wreake their harmes,  
Or come himſelfe, decke in dreadfull arme.

## Another Argument.

Lambda preſents the Generall,  
In fight the worſhipt man of all.

**F**lora, out of reſtfull bed, did from bright *Tythen* riſe,  
To bring each deaþleſſe eſſence light, and ſire, to mortal eyes;  
When love lent *Eri* to the Greeks, fulſaining in her hand  
Sterne lignes of her deſignes for warre: ſhe tooke her horrid stand  
Upon *Vlyſſes* huge blacke Barke, that did at anchor ride,  
Amidſt the fleet; from whence her ſounds, might ring on every ſide;  
Both to the tents of *Telamon*, and th'authors of their ſmarts;  
Who held, for fortitude and force, the nayles utmoſt parts.  
The red-eyd Goddefe ſeateth there, thunderd th'Orthian ſong,  
High, and with horror, through the eares of all the Grecian throng;  
Her vetric with ſpirits invincible, did all their breſts infiſe;  
Blew out all darkneſſe from their lims, and ſet their hearts on fire;  
And preſently was bitter warre, more ſweet a thouſand times.  
Then any choice in hollow keeles, to greet their native climes.  
*Atrides* ſummon'd all to armes; to armes himſelfe diſpoſe:  
First on his legs he put bright Greaves, with ſilver buttons cloſe;  
Then with rich Curace arm'd his breast, which *Cyniras* beſtow'd  
To gratifie his royll guest, for even to Cyprus flow'd

Thun-

Th'unbounded fame of thoſe deſignes, the Greeks propoſe for *Troy*,  
And therefore gave he him thoſe armes, and wiſht his purpose joy.  
Ten rowes of azurc mixt with blacke: twelve golden like the Sunne:  
Twife ten of tin, in beaten paths, did through this armour runne.  
Three Serpents to the gorget crept, that like three raine-bowes ſhined,  
Such as by *Jove* are fixt in clouds, when wonders are divin'd.  
About his ſhoulders hung his ſword, whereof the hollow hilt  
Was faiſhion'd all with ſhining barres, exceeding richly gile:  
The ſaberd was of silver plate, with golden hangers gracie:  
Then took he up his weighty ſhield, that round about him caſt  
Defenſive shadowes: ten bright zones, of gold-affecting braſe  
Were driven about it; and of tin (as full of gloſſe as glaſle)  
Sweld twenty boſſes out of it: in center of them all,  
One of blacke metall had engraven (full of extreme appall)  
An ugly Gorgon, compaſſed with terror and with feare:  
At it, a filver Bawdricke hung, with which he uſde to bear  
(Wound on his arme) his ample ſhield, and in it there was wouen  
An azure Dragon, curld in folds, from whiche one necke, was cloven  
Three heads contortred in an orbe: then plac't he on his head  
His fourre plum'd caske, and in his hands, two darts he managed,  
Arm'd with bright Steele, that blaz'd to heaven: then *Tuno* and the maid  
That conquers Empires, trumpets ſerv'd, to summon out their ſide,  
In houor of the Generall: and on a ſable cloud  
(To bring them ſurious to the field) ſate thundring out aloud.

Then all enjouyd their charioetes, to ranke their chariot horſe  
Close to the dike: forth marcht the foot, whose front they did re-enforce  
With ſome horſe troupes: the bartell then was all of Charioteers,  
Lin'd with light horſe: but *Iupiter*, diſturb'd this forme with ſcares,  
And from ayres upper region, did bloody vapours raine,  
For ſad oſtent, much noble life, ſhould ere their times be ſlaine.  
The Troian hoaſt, at *Iliu* tombe, was in *Battalia* led  
By Hector and *Polydamas*, and old *Anchises* ſeed,  
Who God-like was eſteem'd in *Troy*; by grave *Antenor* race,  
Divine *Agenor*, *Polybus*, unmarried *Acamas*,  
Proportion'd like the ſtates of heaven: in front of all the field,  
*Troyes* great Piramides did bear, his alwaies equall ſhield,  
Still plying th'ordering of his power, And as amids the ſkie  
We ſometimes ſee an ominous ſtarre, blaze cleare and dreadfully,  
Then run his golden head in clouds, and ſtraight appear againe:  
So *Hector* otherwhiles did grace the qant-guard, ſhining plaine,  
Then is the rere-guard hid himſelfe, and labou'red every where,  
To order and encourage all: his armour was ſo cleane,  
And he applide each place to ſart, that like a lightning throwne  
Out of the ſhield of *Iupiter*, in every eye he ſhone.  
And as upon a rich mans crop, of barley or of wheate,  
(Oppoſide for twithellte at their worke,) a ſort of reapers ſweate,  
Bear downe the furrowes ſpeedily, and thicke their handfuls fall:  
So at the joyning of the hoaſts, ran slaughter through them all;

None

number compa-  
reſſa.

Cimix.

None toopt to any fatnting thought, of foule inglorious flight,  
But equal bore they up their heads, and fard like wolves in fight:  
*Sterne Eris*, with such weeping sights, rejoyc't to feed her eyes,  
Who onely shew'd her selfe in field, of all the Deities.  
The other in Olympus tops, sate silent, and repin'd,  
That *Iove* to doe the Trojans grace, shoud beare so fixt a mind.  
He car'd not, but (enthron'd apart) triumphant sat in sway  
Of his free power; and from his seat, tooke pleasure to display  
The citie so adorn'd with towres, the sea with vessels fill'd;  
The splendor of resplendent armes, the killer and the kill'd.  
As long as bright *Aurora* rul'd, and sacred day increast,  
So long their darts made mutuall wounds, and neither had the best:  
But when in hill eniron'd vales, the timber-feller takes  
A sharpe fer stonckake to his meat, and dinner ready makes,  
His sinewes fainting, and his spirits, become surcharg'd and dull;  
Time of accustom'd eafe arriu'd, his hands with labour full:  
Then by their valours Greeks brake through, the *Trojan* ranks, and chear'd  
Their generall Squadrons through the hoast: then first of all appear'd  
The person of the King himselfe, and then the Trojans lost  
*Eyanor*, by his royll charge, a leader in the host:

Who being slaine, his charioeteer (*Oleus*) did alight,  
And stood in skirmish with the King; the King did deadly smite  
His forehead with his eager lance, and through his helme it ranne,  
Enforcing passage to his braine, quite throughth hardned pan;  
His braine mixt with his clotted bloud, his body strewd the ground:

There left he them, and presently he other objects found;  
*Iulus* and *Antiphus*, two lones King *Priam* did beget;  
One lawfull, th'other wantonly; both in one chariot met  
Their royall foe, the bafer borne, *Iulus* was charioeteer,  
And famous *Antiphus* did fight: both which, King *Peleus* heire,  
(Whilome in *Ida* keeping flockes) did deprehend and bind  
With pliant Oisters, and for prize, them to their Sire resign'd.  
*Atrides* with his well aim'd lance, smote *Iulus* on the brest  
Aboue the nipple, and his sword, a mortall wound imprest  
Beneath the care of *Antiphus*: downe from their horse they fell.  
The King had seen the youths before, and now did know them well,  
Remembering them the prisoners, of swift *Aesciles*,  
Who brought them to the fable fleet, from *Ida* foodieles.

And as a Lyon having found the furrow of a Hind,  
Where she hath calv'd two little twins; at will and eafe doth grind  
Their joyns snatch in his follide jawes, and crusheth into mist  
Their tender lives, their clam (though neare) notable to resist,  
But shooke with vementem feare her selfe, stics through the Oaken chace  
From that fell savage, drown'd in sweat, and seekes some covert place:  
So when most unmatched strength, the Grecian Generall bent  
Gaint these two Princes, none durst ayd, their native Kings descent,  
But fled themselves before the Greeks, and where these two were slaine,  
*Pyfander* and *Hypoleucus*, (not able to restraine

Troye.

Priestesse of  
None.Assassins  
of Agamemnon.

Adu. 41.

Troye.

Their

Their head-strong horfe, the filken reines, being from their hands let fall)  
Were brought by their warlike guides, before the General.

*Antimachus* begot them both; *Antimachus* that tooke  
Rich gifts, and gold of *Hellen* love, and would by no meanes brooke  
Just restitution: shold be made, of *Melanthe* wealth,

Brefly him, with his ravifher Queene, by *Alexander* sleath.

*Atrides*, Lyon-like did charge his foynes, who on their knees  
Fell from their chariot, and besought, regard to their degrees;

Who, bcing *Antimachus* his sonnes, their father would afford  
A worthy ranosome for their lives, who in his house did hoord

Much hidden treasure, braffe, and gold, and steele, wrought wondrous choicce.  
Thus wept they, ofing smoothing terms, and heard this rugged voice

Breath'd from the unearthing King: If you be of the breed  
Of stout *Antimachus*, that laid the honourable deed

The other Peeres of *Ilos*, in counsell had decreed,  
To render *Hellen* and her wealth; and would haue basely slaine

My brother and wife *Ithacus*, Ambassadours t'aigne

The most due motion: now recche wreake for his shamefull part.  
This said, in poore *Pyfander* breaf, he fixt his wreakefull dart;

Who upward spread th' opprefsed earth: his brother croucht for dread,  
Adu as he lay, the angry King cut off his armes and head,

And let him like a football lye, for every man to spurne.

Then to th'extremest heate of fight, he did his valour turne,  
And led a multitude of Greeks, where foot did foot subdue,  
Horse slaughterd horse, Ned featherd flight, the batterd center flew  
In clouds of dust about their eares, rais'd from the horses hooves,  
That beat a thunder ouer earth, as horrible as *Ioves*.

The King (perlwading speedy chace) gaue his perswasions way  
With his owne valour, flaunting still: as in a stormy day,

In thicke-set woods a rauenous fire, wraps in his fierce repaire,  
The shakenn trees, and by the rootes doth tolfe them into airc:

Ever so beneath *Atrides* sword, flew up Troyes flying heeles:  
Their horse drew empie chariots, and fought their thundring wheeles  
Some fresh directions through the field, where lefft the purfuit drives:  
Thicke fell the Trojans, much more sweet to Vultures, then their wives.

Then *Iove* drew *Hector* from the darts, from dust, from death and blood,  
And from the tumult: still the King, firme to the purfuit stood,  
Till at old *Ilos* monument, in midst of all the field,

They reacht the wild Figtree, and long'd to make their towne their shield.  
Yet there they rested not, the king still cride, Puttie, puttie,

And all his unrepron'd hands, did bloud and dust embrue.

But when they came to *Scars* ports, and to the Beech of *Iove*,

There made they stand, there every eye, fixt on each other, strove  
Who should outlooke his mate amaz'd: through all the field they fled.

And as a Lyon, when the night becomes most deafe and dead,  
Inuades Ox heards, affrighting all, that he of one may wreake

His dreadfull hunger; and his necke, he first of all doth breake;

Then laps his bloud and entrailes up: so *Agamemnon* pride

O

The

*Agamemnon*  
*Pyfander* and  
*Hippothous*.

Pax.

Simile.

The manage of the Trojan chace, and still the last man di'd,  
The other fled, a number fell by his imperall hand :  
Some groveling downwards from their horse: some upwards strew'd the sand.  
High was the tunc of his lance: but having beat them clo'e  
Beneath their walls, the both worlds Sire did now againe repole  
On fountaine flowing Idas tops, being newly slid from heaven,  
And held a lightning in his hand: from thence his charge was given  
To Iris with the golden wings: Thaumantia, sic (said he)  
And tell Troyes Hector, that as long, as he irrag'd shall see  
The souldier-loving Aries sonne, amongst the foremost fight,  
Depopulating troupes of men: so long he must excite  
Some other to resist the foe, and he no armes aduance.  
But when he wounded takes his boarfe, attain'd with shaft or lance:  
Then will I fill his arme with death, even till he reach the fleet,  
And peacefull night treades busie day, beneath her sacred feet.

The wind-foot swift Thaumantia, obeyd and us'd her wings  
To famous Ilios, from the mount, enchauste with silver springs :  
And found in his bright chariot, the hardy Trojan Knight :  
To whom he spake the words of love, and vanish't from his sight:  
He leapt upon the sounding earth, and shooke his lengthfull dart,  
And every where he breath'd exhorts, and stir'd up every heart :  
A dreadfull fight he set on foot, his souldiers straight turn'd head :  
The Grecians stood firme, in both the hosts, the field was perfected.  
But Agamemnon formest still, did all his side exceed,  
And would not be the first in name, unlesse the first in deed.

Now sing faire Presidents of verse, that in the heavens embowre,  
Who first encountring with the King, of all the adverſe powre :  
Iphidamas, Antenor sonne, ample and bigly ser,:  
Brought up in pasture-springing Thrace, that doth soft sheepe beget :  
In grave Cissus noble house, that was his mothers Sire;  
(Faire Ianeo) and when his breast was heightned with the fire  
Of gaisome youth; his grand-Sire gave his daughter to his love :  
Who straight his bridall chamber left, Fame, with affection strove,  
And made him furnish twelve faire ships, to lende faire Troy his hand.  
His shipe he in Percepe left, and came to Troy by land :  
And now he tryed the fame of Greece, encouraging with the King,  
Who threw his royal lance and mist : Iphidamas did fling,  
And strooke him on the arming wastle, beneath his coate of brasse,  
Which forst him stay upon his arme, so violent it was :  
Yet pierc't it not his wel wrought zone; but when the laiz head  
Tried hardnes with his silver wattle, it turnd againe like lead,  
He follow'd, grasping the ground end: but with a Lyons wile,  
That wretches away a hunters staf'e, he caught it by the pile,  
And pluckt it from the cafters hand, whom with his sword he strooke  
Beneath the earc, and with his wound, his timelife death he tooke:

Iphidamas flaine

Agamemnon  
He fell and slept an iron sleepe; wretched young man, he di'de  
Farre from his newly-married wite, in aide of forraine pride,  
And saw no pleasure of his love; yet was her joynture great:

An

An hundred Oxen gave he her, and vow'd in his retreat  
Two thousand head of sheep & Goats, of which he store did leave:  
Much gave he of his loves frift, fruits, and nothing did receive.

When Coss (one that for his forme, might feast an amorous eye,  
And elder brother of the flaine) beheld this tragedie:  
Deepe sorrow late upon his eyes, and (standing laterally,  
And to the Generall undiscern'd) his lavelin he let flie:  
That twixt his elbow and his wrist, transfixt his armeselfe armes:  
The bright head shan'd on th' other side. The unexpected harme  
Imprest some horror in the King: yet so he cast not fight,  
But rulor on Coss with his lance, who made what haſte he might  
(Seizing his slanther'd brothers foot) to draw him from the field,  
And cald the ablet to his aide; when under his round shield  
The Kings brasie lavelin, as he drew, did strike him helpeſſe dead:  
Who made Iphidamas the blocke, and cut off Coss head.

Thus under great Atreides arme, Antenor issue thriv'd,  
And to suffice preſcifit fate, to Nestor mansion dir'd.  
He with his lance, sword, mightie stones, pour'd his Heroicke wreake  
On other Squadrons of the foe, whiles yet warme bloud did breake  
Through his cleſt veines: but when the wound, was quite exhaust and crude,  
The eager anguill did approve his Princely fortitude.  
As when moſt ſharpe and bitter panges, distracte a labouring Dame,  
Which the divine Ithibis, that rule the painfull frame  
Of humane child-birth poure on her: th' Ithibis that are  
The daughters of Semiramis: with whose extreme repara  
The woman in her travell strives, to take the worſt it gives:  
With thought it muſt be, tis loves fruit, the ead for which ſhe lives;  
The meaſe to make her ſelfe new borne: what comforts will redound:  
So Agamemnon did ſuſtaine, the torment of his wound.  
Then tooke he chariot, and to Fleet, bad haſte his chariotere;  
But firſt pour'd out his highest voice, to purchafe every care:  
Princes and Leaders of the Greeks, brave friends, now from our fleet  
Do you expell this boyfroun ſway: love will not let me meet  
Illustrate Hector, nor give leave, that I ſhall end the day  
In fight againſt the Ilios power: my wound is in my way.

This faid, his readie chariotere, did ſcourge his ſpriftfull horſe,  
That freely to the fable fleet, perforn'd their fierie courſe:  
To bear their wounded Sovereigne, apart the Martiall thrust,  
Sprinkling their powerful breasts with foame, and knowning on the duff.

When Hector heard of his retreat, thus he for fame contends:  
Troians, Dardanians, Lycians, all my cloſe-fighting friends,  
Thinke what it is to be renoun'd: be ſouldiers all of name:  
Our ſtrongleſt enimie is gone; love vowe to doons fame:  
Then in the Grecian faces drive, your one-hov'd violent ſteeds,  
And farre above their beſt, be beſt, and gloriſe your deeds.

Thus as a dog given Hunterſts, upon a brace of Bores,  
His white-toothd hounds, puffs, blowts, breaths terms, & on his emprefe pores  
All his wilde art to make them pinch; ſo Hector urg'd his hoſt

O 2

Agamemnon to  
the Greek  
Princes.

Hector to the  
Trojans.

To

## THE ELEVENTH BOOKE

To charge the Greeks, and he himselfe, most bold, an d active most:  
He brake into the heat of fight: as when a tempest raves,  
Scoops from the clouds, and all on heape, doth curse the purple waves?  
Who then was first, and last, he kild, when *Iove* did grace his deed,  
*Aesopus*, and *Antenor*; *Opys*, and *Clytus* feed.

Prince *Dolops*, and the honor'd Site, of sweet *Baryalus*;  
(*Opheltes*) *Aegiale* next; and strong *Hippomus*:  
*Orus*, *Elysimus*, all of name. The common soldiars fell,  
As when the hollow flood of aire, in *Zephires* cheeks doth swell,  
And sparseth all the gathered clouds, white. *Norn* power did draw,  
Wraps waves in waves, hurls up the squash, beat with a vehement flaw:  
So were the common soldiars wrackt, in troops, by *Hectors* hand.  
Then ruine had inforc't such works, as no Greeks could withstand:  
Then in their fleet they had beene hough'd, had not *Larites* sonne  
Stird up the spirit of *Diomed*, with this impreſſion.

*Tyrides*, what do we sustaine, forgetting what we are?  
Stand by me (dearest in my love) twere horrible impaire  
For our two valours to endure, a custome flight,  
To leave our nacie still ingag'd, and but by fits to fight.

He answرد, I am bent to stay, and any thing sustaine:  
But our delight to prove us men, will prove but short and vaine;  
For *Iove* makes Trojans instruments; and virtually then,  
Wields armes himselfe: our croſſe affaires, are not twixt men and men.

This said, *Tibimbrus* with his lance, he tumbled from his horſe,  
Necare his left nipple wounding him: *Vlysses* did enforce  
Faire *Molion*, minion to this King, that *Diomed* subdue:  
Both sent they thence, till they return d: who now the King purſue  
And furrowed through the thickend troops: As when two chaced Bores  
Turne head gainſt kennels of bold hounds, and race way through their gores:  
So (turnd from flight) the forward Kings, shew'd Trojans backward death:  
Nor fled the Greeks but by their wils, to get great *Hector* breath.

Then tooke they horſe and chariot, from two bold citie foes,  
*Merops* *Percosius* mightie sonnes: their father could diſcloſe,  
Beyondall men, hid Auguries; and would not give consent  
To their egression to these warres: yet wilfully they went  
For Fates, that orderable death, enforc't their tragedies:

*Tyrides* flut them with his lance, and made their armes his prize.

*Hippochrus*, and *Hippodamus*, *Vlysses* reft of light:  
But *Iove*, that out of *Ida* looke, then equalſide the fight;  
A Grecian for a Trojan then, paid tribute to the Fates;  
Yet royll *Diomed* flue one, even in thoſe even debates,  
That was of name more then the rest; *Poms* renowned ſonne,  
The Prince *Agastrophus*, his lance, into his hip did runne;  
His Squire detain'd his horſe apart, that hindred him to flic,  
Which he repented at his heart; yet did his feete applyle,  
His ſcape with all the ſpeed they had, alongt the formoſt bands;  
And therē his loved life diſſolv'd. This, *Hector* understands,  
And rufſt with clamor on the King, right ſoundly ſeconded

With

## OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

With troupes of Trojans which percei'd, by famous *Diomed*,  
The deepe conceit of *Ioves* high will, ſtiſhed his roiall haire,  
Who ſpake to neare fought *Ihabemus*; the fate of this affaire  
is bent to us: come let us ſtand, and bound his violence.

Thus threw he his long Javelin forth, which ſmote his heads defence  
Full on the top, yet pierc't no ſkin; braffe tooke repulſe with braffe,  
His helme (with three folds made, and ſharpe) the gift of *Phebus* was.  
The blow made *Hector* take the troupe; funke him upon his hand,  
And strooke him blinde: the King purſue before the formoſt band,  
His darts recovery: which he found, laid on the purple plaine:  
By which time, *Hector* was reviv'd, and taking horſe againe,  
Waſ fare commixt within his strength, and fled his darkome grave.  
He followed with his truſy lance, and this eluſive Brave :

Once more be thankful to thy hecles, (proud dog) for thy ſcape :  
Mifchance ſat necre thy boſome now; and now another rape  
Hath thy *Apollo* made of thee, to whom thou well maill pray,  
When through the ſinging of our darts, thou diuſt ſuch guarded way :  
But I ſhall meet with thee at length, and bring thy lateſt houre,  
If with like favour any God, be fautor of my powre:  
Meane while, ſome other ſhall repay what I diuſpend in thee.

This ſaid, he ſet the wretched foul, of *Pearis* iſſue free;  
Whom his late wound, not fully flue: but *Priams* amorous birth,  
Againſt *Tyrides* bent his bow, hid with a hill of earth,  
Part of the ruined tombe, for honord *Ilus* built:  
And as the Curace of the ſlaine (engraven and richly gilt)  
*Tyrides* from his breſt had ſpoiled, and from his ſhoulders raft  
His target and his ſolide helme, he shot, and his keene shaft  
(That neuer flew from him in vain) diuſled upon the ground  
The Kings right foot: the ſpleenfull knight laught sweetly at the wound,  
Crept from his couert, and triumph: Now art thou maill'd, ſaid he,  
And would to God my happy hand had ſo much horſe dme,  
To haue infixt it in thy breſt, as deceas in thy foot,  
Euen to th' expulſure of thy ſoule: then bleſt had beene my ſhoote  
Of all the Trojans: who had therē breath'd from their long uncreſt,  
Who feare thee as the braying Goats abhorre the king of beaſts.

Vndant *Diomed* replide: You Braver, with your bow,  
You ſlick-hair'd louer: you that hunt and ſcreele at wenches ſo:  
Durst thou but ſtand in armes with me, thy ſilly archerie  
Would give thee little cauſe to vaunt, as little ſuffer I  
In this ſame tall exploit of thine, perform'd when thou werſt hid:  
As if a woman or a child, that knew not what it did,  
Had toucht my foot: a cowards ſteele hath neuer any edge :  
But mine (t'affirme it ſharpe) ſtill layes dead carkaſſes in pledge:  
Touch it, it renders lieueleſſe straight: it ſtrikes the fingers ends  
Of hapleſſe widowes in their checks, and children blind of friends:  
The ſubjeſt of it makes earth red, and arie with fightes inflames:  
And leaues lims more embrac't with birds, then with enamour'd Dames.

Lance ſam'd *Vlysses* now came in, and ſtept before the King,

O3

Kneel'd

*Diomed* to  
*Vlysses*.

*Diomed* to  
*Vlysses*.

*Turk's* *Diomed*.

*Diomed*.

*Diomed*.

Kneeld opposite, and drew the shaft: the eager paine did stinge  
Through all his body: straight he tooke his royal chariot there,  
And with direction to the fleet, did charge his charioeteere.

Now was *Vlysses* desolate, feare made no friend remaine:  
He thus spake to his mighty mind: What doth my state sustaine?  
If I should fye this ods in feare, that thus comes clustering on,  
Twere high dishonour: yet were worse to be surprisid alone:  
Tis *love* that drives the rest to flight, but that's a faint excuse,  
Why doe I tempt my minde so much? pale cowards figh't refuse.  
He that affects renowne in warre, must like a rocke be fixt,  
Wound, or be wounded: valours truth puts no respect betwixt.

In this contention with himselfe, in flew the shadie bands  
Of targateers, who sieg'd him round, with mischiefe-filled hands.  
As when a crew of gallants watch the wild muse of a Bore,  
Their dogs put after in full cry, he rusheth on before:  
Whets, with his lather-making jawes, his crooked tuskes for blood:  
And (holding firme his usfull haunts) breakes through the deeped wood.  
They charging, though his hot approach be never so abhord:  
So, to assaile the *love*-lov'd Grecie, the *Ilians* did accord,  
And he made through them: first he hurt, upon his shoullder blade,  
*Diores*, a blameleſſe man at armes: then sent to endleſſe shade  
*Trojan* and *Eumenos*: and strooke the strong *Cerisidamas*,  
As from his chariot he leapt downe, beneath his targe of brasse:  
Who fell, and crawlid upon the earth, with his sustaining palnes,  
And left the fight: nor yet his lance, left dealing Mariali almes:  
But *Socus* brother by both sides, yong *Carops* did impresse:  
Then Princely *Socus* to his aide, made brotherly accesse,  
And (comming neare) spake in his charge; O great *Laertes* sonne,  
Inflatiue in flye stratagems, and labours never done:  
This hour, or thou shalt boast to kill the two *Hypasides*,  
And prize their armes, or fall thy ſelfe, in my revolvs d'acceſſe.

This ſaid, he threw quite through his shield, his ſell and well-driven lance:  
Which held way through his curaces, and on his ribs did glance,  
Pierowing the fletch alongſt his ſides: but *Pallas* did repell  
All inward paſſage to his life. *Vlysses* knowing well  
The wound undeadly, (lefting backe, his foot to forme his stand)  
Thus ſpoke to *Socus*. O thou wretch, thy death is in this hand:  
That ſlay it my viſtory on Troy: and where thy charge was made  
In doubtfull terms (or this or that) this ſhall thy life invade.

This frightened *Socus* to retrace, and in his faint reverſe,  
The lance betwixt his ſhoulders fell, and through his breſt did perce:  
Downe fell he ſounding, and the King, thus playd with his miſeſe:  
O *Socus*, you that ranke by birth, the two *Hypasides*:

Now may your houſe and you perceiue, death can ouſhie the flyer:  
Ah wretch, thou canſt not ſcape my vowed: old *Hypasida* thy Sirc,  
Nor thy well honord mothers hands; in both which lyes thy worth,  
Shall cloſe thy wretched eyes in death; but Vultures dig them forth,  
And hide them with their darkſome wings: but when *Vlysses* dies,

Divinest

Divinest *Grecs* ſhall tombe my corſe, with all their obſequies.

Now from his bodie and his ſhield, the violent lance he drew,  
That Princevly *Socus* had infixt, which drawne, a crimson dew  
Fell from his boſome on the earth: the wound did dare him fore.  
And when the furious *Trojans* law, *Vlysses* forced gore:  
(Encouraging themselves in groſſe) all his deſtruſion vow'd;  
Then he retr'd, and ſummond aide: thriſe ſhowed he allow'd,  
(As did denote a man ingag'd) thriſe *Menelaus* earc  
Obſerv'd his aid-guſſeting voice: and *Ajax* beeing neare,  
He told him of *Vlysses* ſhouts, as if he were encloſe  
From all affiſtance: and aduife, their aids might be diſpoſe  
Againſt the Ring that circled him: left, charg'd with troopes alone  
(Though valiant) he might be oppref, whom *Grecs* fo built upon.

He led, and *Ajax* ſeconded: they found their *love*-lov'd King  
Circled with foes. As when a den of bloodie *Lucernes* cling  
About a goodly paſtured Hart, hurt with an hunteſt bow,  
Whose ſape, his nimble feet inſorce, whilst his warme blood doth flow,  
And his light knes have power to move: but (maſtred of his wound,  
Emboſt within a ſhadie hill) the *Lucernes* charge him round,  
And teare his fleſh: when instantly, fortune ſends in the poures  
Of ſome ſterne *Lion*, with whose fight, they ſlie, and he devours:  
So charg'd the *Ilians* *Ithacus*, many and mighty men:  
But then made *Menelaus* in, and horrid *Ajax* then,  
Bearing a target like a tower: cloſe was his violent stand,  
And every way the foſe diſperſe: when, by the roiall hand,  
Kinde *Menelaus* led away, the hurt *Laerites* ſonne,  
Till his faire ſquire had brought his horſe: viſtory *Telamon*  
Still plied the ſoe, and put to ſword, a yong *Priamides*;

*Doricles*, *Priams* baſtard ſonne: then did his lance imprefe  
*Pandocus*, and ſtrong *Pyrfus*; *Lyander* and *Palentes*,  
As when a torrent from the hil, (wolne with *Saturnian* ſhoweres,  
Fals on the fieldes, beares blaſted Oaks, and witherid roſine floweres,  
Loſe weeds, and all diſperſed filth, into the Oceans force:  
So matchleſſe *Ajax* beat the field, and ſlaughterd men and horſe.  
Yet had not *Heſtor* heard of this, who fought on the left wing  
Of all the horſ, neare those ſweet herbes, *Scamanders* flood doth ſpring:  
Where many foreheads trode the ground, and where the ſkirmiſh burnd  
Neare *Nefor*, and King *Idamen*, where *Heſtor* ouer-turnd  
The Grecian ſquadrons; authoring, high ſervice with his lance,  
And ſkilfull manadge of his horſe: nor yet the diſcrepane  
He made in death betwixt the hoſts, had made the *Grecs* retire,  
If faire-haird *Heſtors* ſecond ſpoile; had not repreſt the fire  
Of bold *Machamis* fortitude, who with a three-forkt head  
In his right ſhoulder wounded him: then had the *Grecians* dread,  
Left in his strength declin'd, the foſe, ſhould slaughter their hurtfriend:  
Then *Crete* King urg'd *Noeſides*, his chariot to accend,  
And getting neare him, take him in, and bear him to their tents;  
A Surgeon is to be preſervd, with phyſicke ornaments.

Before a multirude : his life, gives hurt lives native bounds,  
With tweet inspersion of fit balmes, and perfect search of wounds.  
Thus spake the royal *Idomen*: *Nelides* obeyd,  
And to his chariot presently, the wounded Greek convaide  
*The songe of Escalpine*, the great Phystion:  
To fleet they flew. *Cebriones* perciv'd the slaughter done  
By *Ajax* on the other troops, and spake to *Hector* thus:  
Whiles we encounter Grecians here, sterne *Telamonius*  
Is yonder raging, turning up in heapes our horse and men:  
I know him by his spacious shidd: let us turne chariot then.  
Where both of horfe and foot the fight, most hotly is propofde;  
In mutuall slaughters: harke, their throats, from cries are never clofde.  
This said, with his shrill scourge he strooke the horfe that fast enfuide,  
Stung with his lasses, roffing thidle, and caraffes imbrude:  
The chariot tree was drownd in bloud, and th'arches by the seat,  
Disperid from the horfes hoves, and from the wheelbands bear.  
Great *Hector* long'd to breake the ranks, and startle their close fight:  
Who horribly amaz'd the Greeks, and plied their sudden fright  
With busie weapons, ever wingd, his lance, sword, weightie stones:  
Yet charg'd he other Leaders bands, not dreadfull *Telamon*,  
With whom he wifely flound foulre blowes: but *Ajax* (that weighs above  
All humanc pow'r) to *Ajax* breast, divine repreffions drove,  
And made him thin, who flound himfelfe: he ceaft from fight amaz'd:  
Caf on his backe his even-fold shield, and round about him gaz'd,  
Like one turnd wilde, loock on himfelfe in his distract retreat:  
Knee before knee did scarcely move: as when from heards of Neare  
Whole threaves of Bores and mungrels chafe, a Lion skulking neare,  
Loth he shold taint the wel-prifd fat, of any stall-fed steere,  
Consuming all the night in watch; he (greddie of his prey)  
Oft thrusting on, oft thrufft off: so thicke the lavelins play  
On his bold charges, and so hot, the burning fire-brands flaine,  
Whiche he (though horrible) abhors, about his glowing eyne;  
And early his great heart retires: so *Ajax* from the foe,  
For feare their fleet shold be inflam'd: gainft his twolne heart did go.  
As when a dull mill asse comes neare a goodly field of corne  
Kept from the birds by childrens cries; the boyes are overborne  
By his incnible approach, and simply he will eat:  
About whom many wands are broke, and still the children beat;  
And still the lete providing Asse, doth with their weaknesse beare,  
Not stirring till his panch befull; and scarcely then will steere.

*Another simile  
expressing the  
number of *Ajax*'s  
retreat.*

So the huge sonne of *Telamon*, amongst the Troians fard,  
Bore flowers of darts upon his shield, yet scord to flic, as Icard;  
And so kept softly on his way; nor would he mend his pace  
For all their violent purfuits, that still did arme the chafe  
With singing lances: but at last, when their Cur-like prelumes,  
More urg'd, the more forborne, his spirits did ratifie their fumes,  
And he revokt his active strength, turnd head, and did repell  
The horse troopes that were new made in: twixt whom the fight grew fell;

And by degrees he stolc retreat, yet with such puissant stay  
That none could passe him to the fleet: in both the armes Iway  
He stood, and from strong hands receivd, sharpe lavelins on his shidle,  
Whene many flucke, throwne on before, many fell shott in field,  
Ere the white bodie they could reach, and flucke, as telling how  
They purp' d to have pierc't his shidle: his penil pierc'd now  
The eyes of Prince *Eurypilus*, *Everons* famous sonne;  
Who came clofe on ward with his dart strok'e Duke *Apisos*,  
Whose furname was *Phanfadis*, even to the concrete bloud  
That makes the liver: on the carb, out gush'd his vital bloud.  
*Eurypilus* made in, and caid his shouolders of his armes:  
Which *Paris* seeing, he drew his bow, and wreake in part the harmes  
Of his good friend *Phanfadis*: his arrow he let flic,  
That smote *Eurypilus*, and brake, in his attainted thigh:  
Then tooke he troope, to shun blacke death, and to the fliers cride;  
Princes, and Leaders of the Greeks, stand, and repulse the tide  
Of this our honour-wracking chafe: *Ajax* is drownd in darts,  
I feare pafcage: starne honour'd friends, help out his ventrous parts.  
Thus spake the wounded Greeks, the sound cast on their backs their shidle,  
And raised their darts: to whose relief, *Ajax* his person wields:  
Then stood he firmely with his friends, retiring their retire:  
And thus both hosts indiffernt joy'd, the fight grew hot as fir.

New had *Nelides* sweating freeds, brought him, and his hurt friend  
Amongst their fleet, *Brises*, that wilily did intend  
(Standing afterne his call neckt ship) how deepe the skirmish drew  
Amongst the Greeks, and with what ruth, the infecution grew:  
Saw *Hector* bring *Machaon* hurt, and from within did call  
His friend *Patreclus*; who like *Mars*, in forme celestiall  
Came forth with first sound of his voyce (first spring of his decay)  
And aske his Princely friends defre: Dear friend, said he, this day  
I doubt not will enforce the Greeks, to swarne about my knees,  
I see uniffernd Need imployd, in their extremities.  
Go sweet *Patreclus* and enquire, of old *Nelides*,

Whom he brought wounded from the fight, by his backe parts, I gueſſe  
It is *Machaon*: but his face, I could not well defcrie,  
They past me in such earnest speed. *Patreclus* preſently  
Obeyd his friend, and ran to know. They now defended were,  
And *Nelides* ſquire, *Eurimides*, the horſes did ungear:

Theymſelves stood neare th'extremest shore, to let the gentle aire  
Dry up their sweat, then to the tent; where *Hecamed* the faire  
Set chaires, and for the wounded Prince, a potion did prepare.

This *Hecamed*, by wars hard fate, fell to old *Nelides* share,  
When *Hector* ſoane fackt *Tenedos*: She was the Princely ſeed  
Of worthy King *Arſynon*, and by the Greeks derred  
The prize of *Nelides*: ſince all men, in counſell he furſt,  
First, a faire table the appofd, of whiche, the feet were gracie  
With blew with metall, mixt with blacke: and on the ſame the pnt  
A braſe fruit diſh, in which the ſerv'd, a wholſome Onion cut,

*Eurypilus to the  
Greeks.*

*Adieu to Pe-  
troclus.*

For pittance to the portion, and honey newly wrought;  
 And bread, the fruit of sacred meal: then to the boord she brought  
 A right faire cup, with gold studs driven; which *Nestor* did transfer  
 From *Pylas*; on whose swelling sides, four handles fixed were;  
 And upon every handle sete, a paire of doves of gold;  
 Some billing, and some pecking meat. Two gilt feet did uphold  
 The antique body: and withall, so weightie was the cup,  
 That being propold brim full of wine, one scarfe could lifte it up:  
 Yet *Nestor* drunke it with ease, spite of his yeares respect.  
 In this the Goddess-like faire Dame, a potion did confect  
 With good old winte of *Prannius*, and scrapt into the wine  
 Cheefemade of Goats milke; and on it, sperit flow' exceeding fine:  
 In this sort for the wounded Lord, the potion she prepar'd,  
 And bad him drinke: for companie, with him old *Nestor* shar'd.

Thus physically quencht they thirst, and then their spirites reviv'd  
 With pleasant conference. And now, *Patroclus* being arriv'd,  
 Made stay at th'entrie of the tent: old *Nestor* seeing it,  
 Rose, and receiv'd him by the hand, and faine would have him sit.  
 He set that curtesie aside; excusing it with haft,  
 Since his much to be reverenc't friend, sent him to know who past  
 (Wounded with him in chariot) so swiftly through the shore;  
 Whom now, said he, I fee and know, and now can stay no more:  
 You know good father, our great friend, is apt to take offence:  
 Whole fierie temper will inflame, sometimes with innocence.

*Hecanwred*, When will *Peleus* sonne, some roiall pittie shew  
 On his thus wounded countrmen? Ah, is he yet to know  
 How much affliction tyres our holt? how our espciall aide  
 (Tainted with lances, at their tents) are miserably laid?  
*Vlysses*, *Domed*, our King, *Euryplius*, *Machaon*:  
 All hurt, and all our worthiest friends; yet no compassion  
 Can supple thy friends friendlesse breast. Doth he revere his eye  
 Till our fleet burne, and we our selves, one after other dye?  
 Alas, my forces are not now, as in my younger life.  
 Oh would to God I had that strength, I us'd in the strife  
 Betwixt us and the *Elians*, for Oxen to be driv'n;  
 When *Iliomnius* lost his soule, was by my valour given  
 As sacrifice to destinie; *Hippocrate* strong sonne,  
 That dwelt in *Ela*, and fought first, in our contention,  
 We forrag'd (as proclaimed foes) a wondrous wealthie boot,  
 And he, in rescue of his Herds, fell breathlesse at my foot.  
 All the Dorpe Bores with terror fled; our prey was rich and great,  
 Twise five and twentie flocks of sheepe; as many herds of neat,  
 As many goats, and nasse swine; an hundred fiftie mares  
 All forrell, most with sucking foals; and these foone-monid warres,  
 We drove into *Neileus* towne, faire *Pylas*, all by night.  
 My fathers heart was glad to see, so much good fortune quite  
 The forward minde of his young sonne, that usde my youth in deeds.  
 And would not smother it in moods. Now drew the Suns bright steeds

Light

Light from the hils, our heralds now, accited all that were  
 Endamag'd by the *Elians*, our Princes did appear,  
 Our boote was parted; many men, th' *Epeians* much did owe,  
 That (being our neighbors) they did spoyle; afflictions did so flow  
 On us poore *Epeians* though but few. In brake great *Hercules*:  
 To our sad confuses of late years, and wholly did supprese:  
 Our hapleffe Princes: twice five fomcs, secondand *Aelcius* bred,  
 Only my selfe am left of all; the rest subdu'd and dead.  
 And this was it that made so prond, the late *Epeian* bands:  
 On their neare neighbours, being opprest, to lay injurious hands:  
 A heard of Oxen for himselfe, a mighty flocke of sheepe,  
 My Sire selected, and made choice of shepheards for their keep:  
 And from the general spoyle, he culd three hundred of the best:  
 The *Elians* ought him infinite, most play'd of all the rest.  
 Foure wager-winning boars he lost, and chaires interventred  
 Being led to an appointed race. The prize that was presented,  
 Was a religious threestooft time: *Aegisthus* was the King  
 That did destaine them, and definis their keeper sorrowing  
 For his lov'd change, left with fadle words. Then both for words and deeds  
 My Sire being swichly incens, thus judg his proceedings  
 To satisfaction, in first choice of all our wealthy-prize:  
 And as he shar'd much, much he left, his subiects suffic,  
 That none might be opprest with power or want his portion due:  
 Thus for the publike good we shar'd. Then we to temples due  
 Our complete godes: and to heaven, we thankfull rigthes did burne  
 For our rich conquest. The third day, ensuynge our returne,  
 The *Elians* flew on us in heapes: their generall Leaders were  
 The two *Antilochus*, two boars, untramed in the feare  
 Of horrid warre, or use of strength. A certayne Cite flaines  
 Vpon a lofty Promant, and in th'extreme confins  
 Of sandy *Pylas*, scared where *Alpheus* floud deeth run,  
 And cald *Tbrayff*: this they sieg'd, and gladly wold have won:  
 But (having past through all our fields), *Minervus* as our spic,  
 Fell from *Olympus* in the night, and arm'd us instantly:  
 Nor misfreted the unwillng men, nor unprepar'd for force.  
 My Sire yet wold not let me arme, but hid away my horse,  
 Esseeming me no souldier yet: yet shun'd I nothing leſſe  
 Amongst our Gallants, though on foot, *Minervus* mightinell  
 Led me to fight, and made me bear a souldiers worthy name.  
 There is a floud falle into sea, and his crookt courfe doth frame  
 Cloſe to *Arena*, and is cald bright *Mynus* stream:  
 There made we halt: and there the Sun cast many a glorious beame  
 On our bright armours, horse and foot, inser'd together there:  
 Then marcht we on: By fierie noone, we saw the sacred cleare  
 Of great *Alpheus*; where to *Tove*, we did faire sacrifice:  
 And to the azure God that rules the under-liquid skies:  
 We offerd up a sollemn Bull, a bull 'c *Alpheus* name,  
 And to the blew cyd maid we burn'd, a heifer never tame.

Now

Now was it night, we sũpt, and slept, about the flood in armes,  
 The ſoc laid hard ſiege to our towne, and ſhooke it with alarms;  
 But for preuention of their ſpleenes, a mighty worke of warre  
 Appear'd behind them. For as ſoone as *Phabum* ſerie *Catre*,  
 Caſt nighte oule darknes from his wheeles (muoking remeſe and *loves*),  
 And the unconquer'd made his birth) we did theuerent approue;  
 And gaue them battell: firſt of all, I ſlie (the armie law)  
 The mighty ſouldier *Mulius*, Augens ſonne in law,  
 And ſpoyle him of his one-hou'd horſe: his elder daughter was  
 Bright *Agamede*, that for ſkil, in ſimples did ſophie;  
 And knew as many kinde of drags, as earths broad center bred:  
 Him charg'd I with my braue arm'd lance, the duſt receiu'd him dead:  
 I (leaping to his chariot) amonſt the formoſt preſe:  
 And the great hearted *Elyas*, ſlid frightened, ſeeing their beſt:  
 And loſt iſt ſouldier taken downe, the Generall of their horſe,  
 I lowd like a blacke whirlwind, and diſt for prize enforſe  
 Full ſixtie charioſt, euer one furniſh'd with two arm'd men;  
 Who eate the earth, flaine with my lance; and I had ſlaughtere then  
 The two young boyes, *Molione*, if their world circling ſire,  
 (Great *Neptune*) had not left their lives, and covered their ſore  
 Wirth unþerit clouds: their *love* beforew'd a haughty victorie,  
 Vpon us *Pyleans*. For ſo longwe diſt the chafe apply,  
 Slaughtering and making ſpoyle of armes: till ſweet *Buprasias* ſeile,  
*Alefia*, and *Olenia*, were ſaund with our recouie.  
 For therc *Minerva* turn'd our power, and there the laſt I flew:  
 As when our battell joynd, the firſt: the *Pyleans* then withdrew  
 To *Pyllos* from *Buprasias*. Of all the Immortals then,  
 They moſt thank *Iove* for victories, *Nefor*, the moſt of men.  
 Such was I cuer, if I were, employd with other Peeres,  
 And I had honour of my youth, which dies not in my yeeres.  
 But Great *Achilles* only joyes, habilitie of a g.  
 In his braue Prime, and doth not daine t'impart it where tis lackt.  
 No doubt he will extremely mourne, long after that blacke horſe,  
 Wherin our ruine ſhall be wrought, and rue his ruthleſſe powre:  
 O friend, my memorie revives, the charge *Menelias* gaue  
 Thy towardneſſe, when thou ſetſt forth, to keepe out of the grave  
 Our wounded honour; I my ſelfe, and wife *Vliffes* were  
 Within the roome, where every word, then ſpoken we diſteare:  
 For we were come to *Peleus* Court, as we diſt muſtering paſſe  
 Through rich *Achaia*, where thy Sire, renouwd *Menelias* was,  
 Thy ſelfe and great *Ascidies*, when *Peleus* the King  
 To thunder-loving *Iove* did burne an Ox for offering.  
 In his Court, yard: a Cup of gold, crownd with red wine he held  
 On th'hoſtly Incenſorice pour'd. You, when the Ox was feld,  
 Were drefſing his diuided lims, we in the Portall stood.  
*Achilles* ſeeing us come to neare, his honourable blood  
 Was ſtrooke with a reſpective shame, roſe, tooke us by the hands,  
 Brought us both in, and made us ſit, and uſde his kinde commands;

For

For ſeemely hoſpitable rightis; which quickly w're appoſt.  
 Then (after needfulneſſe of food) I firſt of all diſcloſd  
 The royll cause of our repaire, mor'd you and your great friend,  
 To conuert our renouwd deſigues: both ſtraight diſcondefd,  
 Your fathers knew it, gave conſent, and grave iuſtruction  
 To both your valours. *Peleus* charg'd his moſt unequalled ſonne,  
 To governe his victorious strength, and ſhine paſt all the reſt  
 In honour, as in meere maine force. Then were thy partings bleſt  
 With deare aduices from thy Sire. My loved ſonne, ſaid he,  
*Achilles*: by his grace of birth, ſuperior is to thee,  
 And for his force more excellent, yet thou more ripe in yeares:  
 Then with ſound counſels (ages fruits) imploie his honord years,  
 Command and over-rule his moodeſ; his nature will obey  
 In any charge diſcretely given, that doth his good affay.  
 Thus charg'd thy Sire, which thou forgetſt, yet now at laſt approve  
 (With forced reſeruacion of theſe) thy attraction of his love.  
 Who knowes if ſacred influence may bleſſe thy good intent,  
 And enter with thy gracious words, even to his full conſent?  
 The admouition of a friend, is ſweet and vehement.  
 If any Oracle he ſhuu, or if his mother Queene  
 Hath brought him ſome inſtitut from *Iove*, that fortifies his ſpleene;  
 Let him retigne command to thee, oſt all his *Myrmidons*,  
 And yceld by that meanes ſome reſpite to our conſuſions;  
 Adorning thee in his bright armes, that his reſembled forme  
 May haply make thee thought himiſſe, and calme this hoſtile ſtorme:  
 That ſo a little we may eaſe our overcharged hands;  
 Draw ſome breath, not expire it all: the foe but faintly stands  
 Beneath his labours; and your charge being fierce, and freshly given,  
 They eaſily from our tents and fleet, may to their wals be driven.

This movd the good *Patroclus* mind, who made his utmoſt hafte,  
 To informe his friend, and at the fleet of *Ithaca* he paſt,  
 (At whicheſter markets were diſpoſd, counſels and martiall courts,  
 And where to th'Altars of the gods, they made divine reſorts)  
 He met renouwd *Euryptole*, *Everous* noble ſonne,  
 Halting; his thigh hure with a shaft: the liquid ſweate did run  
 Downe from his ſhoulders, and his browes: and from his raging wound  
 Forth flow'd his melancholy blood, yet ſtill his minde was found:  
 His fight, in kinde *Patroclus* breath, to ſacred pittic turnd,  
 And (nothing more immartiall, for true ruth) thus he mournd;  
 Ah wretched progenie of Greece, Princes dejected Kings:  
 Was it your fate to nouriſh beaſts, and ſerve the outcaſt wings  
 Of Savage Vultures here in Troy? Tell me, *Everous* fame  
 Doe yet the Greekes withstand his force, whom yet no force can tame?  
 Or are they hopeleſſe thrown to death, by his riſiſleſſe lance?  
 Divine *Patroclus* (he replide) no more can Greece advance  
 Defensive weapons, but to fleet, they headlong must retire:  
 For thoſe that to this hour have held our fleet from hoſtile fire,  
 And are the bulwarks of our hoſt, lye wounded at their tents;

P

And

And Troyes unvanquishable powre, still as it toyles, angments,  
But take me to thy blake sturd shipp, fave me, and from thy thigh  
Cure out this arrow; and the bloud that is ingor'd and drye,  
Walh with warme water from the wound: then gentle salves apply,  
Which thou knowest best; thy Princely friend hath taughte thee surgerie,  
Whom (of all Centaures the most just) *Chyron* did institute:  
Thus to thy honourable hands, my eale I prosecute,  
Since our Phytiians cannot helpe: *Machaon* at his tent  
Needs a Phyitian himselfe, being Leach and patient:  
*And Podalirius* in the field, the sharpe conflict sustaines:  
Strong *Menelaiades* replide, How shall I eas thy paines?  
What shall we doe *Euryptilus*? I am to use all haffe,  
To signifie to *Thetis* sonne, occurrents that have past  
At *Nestors* honourable sute, but be that worke atchiev'd,  
When this is done, I will not leave thy tormentes unreliev'd.  
This said, athwart his backe hooft, beneath his breast, his arme,  
And nobly helpe him to his tent: his servante seeing his harme,  
Disprest Ox-hides upon the earth, wheron *Machaon* lay:  
*Patreclus* cut out the sharpe shaft, and clearly walft away  
With luke-warme water the blake bloud: then twixt his hands he brushe  
A sharpe and mitigatorie roote: which when he had infulde  
Into the greene well-cleansed wound, the paines he fel before  
Were well, and instantly allaid, the wound did bleed no more.

*The end of the eleventh Booke.*

## THE



## THE TWELFTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*T*he Trojans at the trench, their poures engage,  
Though greeted by a bird, of bad presage.  
In five parts they divide, their poure, to skale,  
*And Prince Sarpedon* forced downe the pale;  
Great Hector from the *Terr*, tears out a bone,  
*And with so dead a strength, he set it gone*  
*At those broad gates the Grecians made to guard*  
*Their times and spoiles: that, broken, and subard,*  
*They yeld way to his power; when all contend*  
*To reach the ships: which all at last ascend.*

### Another Argument.

*My, work the Trojans all the grace,*  
*And dash the Grecian Fort asfaze.*

*P*atreclus, thus emploied in cure, of hurt *Boripilus*  
Both holstare all for other wounds, doubly contentious;  
One, awlays labouring to expell; the other to invade: (made  
Nor could the broad dike of the *Grecians*, nor that strong wall they  
To guard their fleet, be long untackt, because it was not rais'd,  
By grave direction of the Gods; nor were their Deities praiid  
(When they began) with Hecatombes, that then they might be sure  
(Their strength being season'd wi th heaves) it shold have force t'endure;  
And so, the safeguard of their fleet, and all their treasure there  
Infallibly had bene confirmd; when now, their bulwarks were  
Not onely without poure of checke, to their assaulting foe  
(Even now, as soone as they were built) but apt to overthrow.  
Such, as in very little time, shall barre all their fight,  
And thought, that ever they were made: as long as the despight  
Of great *Ajaxides* held up, and *Hector* went not downe:  
And that by those two meaneas stood safe, King *Priam's* sacred towne:  
So long their rampire had some use (though now it gave some way)  
But when *Troyes* best men suffered Fate, and many *Grecians* did pay  
Deare for their sufferance; then the rest, home to their countrey turnd,  
The tenth year of their warres at *Troy*, and *Troy* was sackt and burn'd.  
And then the Gods fell to their Fort: then they their poures employ  
To ruine their worke, and left loose, of that then they, of *Troy*.  
*Neptune* and *Phœbus* tumbl'd downe, from the *Idaian* hills,  
An inundation of all floods, that thence the broad sea fils

*Neptune* and  
*Phœbus* over-  
turne the Gre-  
cian rampire.

The names of the rivers about Troy.  
*Rheus, Heptaporus, Rhodanus, Scamander (the arde), Carcas, Simois, Granicus, Alpheus*: of them all  
*Apollo open'd the rough mountes, and made their justic fall.*  
 Ravilli the duscie champion, where, many a helme and sheld,  
 And halfe-god race of men were shew'd: and that all these might yeld  
 Full tribute to the heavenly worker: *Neptune* and *Phebus* won  
*Iove* to unburthen the blacke wombes, of clouds (sild by the Sunne)  
 And poure them into all their streames, that quickly they might fend  
 The huge wall swimming to the Sea. Nine dayes their lights did spend  
 To nightes, in tempests; and when all, their utmost depth had madde,  
*Iove, Phebus, Neptune*, all came downe, and all in state did wade  
 To ruine of that impious fort: Great *Neptune* went before,  
 Wrought with his trident, and the stones, trunkes, roots of trees he torc  
 Out of the rampire: tost them all, into the Hellefoint;  
 Even all the proud toiles of the *Greeks*, with which they durst confront  
 The to be shunned Deities: and not a stone remain'd,  
 Of all their huge foundations, all with the earth were plain'd.  
 Which done; againe the Gods turn'd backe, the silver-flowing floods,  
 By that vast channell, through whose vaults, they pour'd abroad their broods,  
 And cover'd all the ample shore, againe with duscie sand:  
 And this the end was of that wall, where now so many a hand  
 Was empid of stones and darts, contending to invade;  
 Where *Clamor* spent so high a throat; and where the fell blows made  
 The new, built wooden turrets gone. And here the *Greeks* were pent,  
 Tam'd with the iron whip of *Iove*: that terrors vehement  
 Shooke over them by *Hector's* hand, who was (in every thought)  
 The terror-master of the field, and like a whirlwinde fought;  
 As fresh, as in his mornes first charge. And as a savage Bore  
 Or Lion, hunted long, at last, with hounds and hunters store,  
 Is compact round; they charge him close: and stand (as in a towre  
 They had inchaft him) pouring on, of darts an iron shewre:  
 His glorious heart yet, nought appald, and forcing forth his way:  
 Here overthrowes a troope, and there, a running ring doth stay  
 His utter passage: when againe, that stay he overthrowes,  
 And then the whole field fires his rage: so *Hector* wearies blows,  
 Runnes out his charge upon the Fort: and all his force would force  
 To passe the dike. Whiche being so deepe, they could not get their horse  
 To venter on: but trample, snore, and on the very brinke,  
 To neigh with spirit, yet still stand off: nor would a humanc think  
 The passage safe; or if it were, twas leſſe safe for retreat,  
 The dike being every where so deepe; and (where twas leaſt deep) ſet  
 With stakes exceeding thicke, ſharpe, ſtrong, that horse could never paſſe;  
 Much leſſe their chariots, after them: yet for the foot there was  
 Some hopefull service, which they wilte. *Polydamas* then ſpake;  
*Hector*, and all our friends of *Troy*, we indifferently make  
 Offer of paſſage with our horse: ye ſee the stakes, the wall,  
 Imposſible for horse to take: nor can men fight at all,

*Hector* ſat  
 whiſpering, and  
 ſayes.

*Polydamas*  
 ſound ſoulell to  
*Hector*.

The place being ſtreight, and much more apt, to let us take our bane,  
 Then give the enemy: and yet, if *Iove* decree the wane  
 Of Grecian glory utterly: and ſo bereave their hearts,  
 That we may freely charge them thus, and then will take our parts:  
 I would with all ſpeed, with th'iaſſault: that ugly shame might thēd  
 (Thus farre from home) theſe Grecians blouds. But if they once turne he:  
 And ſally on us from their fleet, when in ſo deepea dike  
 We ſhall lye ſtruggling, not a man of all the hoaſt is like  
 To live, and carry backe the newes: and therefore be it thus:  
 Here leave we horſe, kept by our men, and all on foot let us  
 Hold cloſe together, and attend the grace of *Hector's* guide,  
 And then they ſhall not bearre our charge, our conqueſt ſhall be di'de:  
 In their lives purples. This advice plead *Hector*, for twas found:  
 Who firſt obey'd it, and full arm'd, betooke him to the ground:  
 And then all left their chariots, when he was feene to leade;  
 Ruffling about him, and gave up, each chariot and ſeed  
 To their directors to be kept, in al procl'mt of warre:  
 There, and on that ſide of the dike. And thus the reſt prepare  
 Their onſet: In five regiments, they all their power divide:  
 Each regiment allow'd three Chiefeſ; of all which, even the pride,  
 Serv'd in great *Hector's* Regiment: for all were ſet on fire  
 (Their paſſage beaten through the wall) with hazardous deſire,  
 That they might once but fight at fleet. With *Hector*, Captaines were,  
*Polydamas*, and *Cebrenos*, who was his chariotere:  
 But *Hector* found that place a worfe. Chiefeſ of the ſecond band,  
 Were *Paris*, and *Alcaſthous*, *Agenor*. The command  
 The third ſtrong Phalanx had, was given, to th' Augure *Hellenus*;  
*Diophobus*, that God-like man, and mighty *Aſius*;  
 Even *Aſius Heracides*, that from *Arisba* rode  
 The huge bay horſe, and had his houſe, where river *Sellics* flow'de.  
 The fourth charge, good *Aeneas* led, and with him were combine  
*Archelochus*, and *Acamas* (*Antenor's* deareſt kinde)  
 And excellent at every fight. The fifth brave compaie,  
*Sarpedor* had to charge, who chufde, for his commands ſupply:  
*Aſteropae* great in armes, and *Glaucus*, for both theſe  
 Were beſt of all men, but himſelfe: but he was fellowleſſe.  
 Thus fitted with their well wrought ſhields, downe the ſteep dike they go:  
 And (thirtie of the wals affauſt) believe in overthrow:  
 Not doubting but with headlong fal, to tumble downe the Greckes  
 From their blacke navie: in which truft, all on; and no man ſeckes  
 To croſſe *Polydamas'* aduice, with any other course,  
 But *Aſius Hyrcanides*, who (proud of his bay horſe)  
 Would not forſake them; nor his man, that was their manager,  
 (Foole that he was) but all to ſleet: and little knew how neare  
 An ill death ſat him, and a ſure; and that he never more  
 Muſt looke on lofty *Ilion*, but lookeſ, and all, before,  
 Put on th'all-covering miſt of Fate, and then did hang upon  
 The lance of great *\*Dencalides*: he fatally ruiſh'd en

*such make  
of great  
part  
was and  
the rest*

The left hand way; by which the Greeks, with horse and charior,  
Came usually from field to fleet: close to the gates he got,  
Which both unbard and ope he found, that so the easier might  
An entry be for any friend, that was behind in flight;  
Yet not much easier for a foe: because there was a guard  
Maintained upon it, past his thought; who still put for it hard,  
Eagerly shovting: and with him, were five more friends of name,  
That would not leave him, though none else would hant that way for fame  
(In their free choice) but he himselfe, *Oreles, Iamenes,*  
*And Acamas, Aides, Thoon, Genomus,*  
Were those that followed *Aias*: within the gates they found  
Two eminently valorous, that from the race renouwd  
Of the right valiant *Lapithes*, deriv'd their high descent.  
Terce *Leontes* was the one, like *Mars* in detriment;  
The other mighty *Polepat*, the great *Pirithous* sonne.  
He stood within the lofty gates, and nothing more did shun,  
The charge of *Aias* and his friends, then two high hill-bred Okes,  
Well rooted in the binding earth, obey theayrie strokes  
Of wnde and weather, standing firme, gainst every seasons spight:  
Yct they poure on continued shouthes, and beare their shields upright:  
When in the meane space *Polyper*, and *Leontess* cheard  
Their soldiars to the flects defence: but when the rest had heard  
The Trojans in attempt to skale, Clamor and flight did flow.  
Amongst the Grecians: and then (the rest dismayd) these two  
Met *Aias* entring, thrust him backe, and fought before their dores:  
Nor far'd they then like Okes, that stood, but as a brace of Bores  
Coucht in their owne bred hill, that heare a fort of hunters shewe,  
And hounds in hot traile comming on; then from their dens breake out,  
Traverse their force, and suffer not, in wildnesse of their way,  
About them any plant to stand: but thickers, offering slay,  
Breake through, and rend up by the rootes, wher gnatthes into airc,  
Which *Tumult* fits, with shouthes, hounds, horns, and all the hot affaire  
Beates at their bofomes: so their armes, rung with assailing blowes;  
And so they sturd them in repulse, right well affur'd that those  
Who were within, and on the wall, would adde their parts; who knew  
They now fought for their tents, fleet, lives, and fames; and therefore threw  
Stones from the wals and towres, as thicke, as when a drift winde hakes  
Blacke clouds in pieces, and plucks snow, in great and plumbe flakes,  
From their tott bofomes, till the ground be wholy cloth'd in white;  
So earth was hid with stones and darts: darts from the Trojan fight,  
Stones from the Greeks, that on the helmes and bofisie Trojan shields  
Kept such a trapping, it amaz'd great *Aias*, who now yeelds  
Sighes, beates his thighes: and in a rage, his fault to *Iove* applies.  
O *Iove* (said he) now cleare thou shew'st, thou art a friend to lyes;  
Pretending, in the flight of Greece, the making of it good,  
To all their ruines: which I thought, could never be withstood,  
Yet they, as yellow Walpces, or Bees (that having made their nest  
The gapping cranny of a hill) when for a hunters feast,

*spurcure is  
deadlynes  
for it.*

*Asia aliam  
imparatu.*

## Hunters

Hunters come hot and hungrie in; and dig for honey comes:  
They lie upon them, strike and sing: and from their hollow homes  
Will not be beaten, but defend their labours fruit, and brood:  
No more will these be from their port, but either lose their blood  
(Although but two, against all us) or be our prisoners made;  
All this, to do his action grace, could not firme *Iove* perfwade,  
Who for the generall counsell stod, and (gainst his singular brave)  
Bestow'd on *Hector* that dayes fame. Yet he, and these behave  
Themselves thus nobly at this port: but how at other ports,  
And all alongst the stony wall, sole force, gainst force and forts,  
Rag'd in contention twixt both hofts: it were no easie thing,  
(Had I the bosome of a God) to tune to life, and sing.  
The Trojans fought not of themselves, a fire from heaven was throwne  
That ranne amongt them, through the wall, meere added to their owne.  
The Greeks held not their owne: weake griefe, went with her wither'd hand,  
And dipt it deeply in their spirits, since they could not command  
Their forces to abide the field, whom harsh *Necessite*  
(To save those shippes shoud bring them home) and their good forts supply  
Drove to th'expulsive fight they made, and this might stoope them more  
Then *Need* it selfe could elevate: for even Gods did deplore  
Their dire estates, and all the Gods, that were their aids in warre. (sat,  
Who (though they could not cleare their plights) yet were their friends ther  
Still to uphold the better fort: for then did *Polepat* passe  
A lance at *Damasus*, whose helme, was made with cheekes of brasse,  
Yet had not prooffe enough, the pyle, drove through it, and his skull;  
His braine in blood drown'd; and the man, so late lo spiritfull,  
Fell now quite spirit-less to earth. So emptied he the veines  
Of *Pylon*, and *Ormenus* lives: and then *Leontess* ga'nes  
The lices end of *Hippomachus*, *Anismachus* his sonne;  
His lance fell at his gircle stead, and with his end, begun  
Another end: *Leontess*, left him, and through the preafe  
(His keene sword drawne) ranne desperately, upon *Antibates*;  
And livelesse tumbled him to earth. Nor could all these lives quench  
His fierie spirit, that his flame, in *Menons* blood did drench,  
And rag'd up, even to *Jamens*, and young *Oreles* life,  
All heapt together, made their peace, in that red field of strife.  
Whose faire armes while the victors spoyld, the youth of *Iion*  
(Of which there serv'd the most and best) stil boldy built upon  
The wisedome of *Polydamus*, and *Hectors* matchlesse strength;  
And follow'd, fid with wondrous spirit, with will, and hope at lengt:  
(The Greeks wll wun) to fire their fleet. But (having past the dike,  
And willing now, to passe the wall) this prodigie did strike  
Their hearts with lame deliberate slay: A high-slowne-Eag'e forde  
On their troops left hand, and sustaint, a Dragon all engord,  
In her strong feres, of wondrous size, and yet had no such checke  
In life and spirit, but still shewfought; and turning backe her necke  
So stung the Eagles gorge, that downe, she cast her fervent prey,  
Amongst the multitude; and tooke, upon the winds, her way;

## THE TWELFTH BOOKE

Crying with anguish. When they saw, a branded Serpent sprawle  
So full amongst them; from above, and from *Ioves* fowle let fall:  
They tooke it an ostent from him; stood frighted; and their cause  
*Polydamas* thought just, and spake; *Hector*, you know, applause  
Of humour hath beene faire from me; nor fits it, or in warre,  
Or in affaires of Court, a man, imploud in publick care,  
To blanch things further than their truth, or flatter any powre:  
And therefore for that simple course, your strength hath of late sou're  
To me in counsels: yet againe, what flaws in my thoughts best,  
I must discouer: let us ceasse, and make their flight our rest  
For this dayes honour; and not now, attempt the Grecian fleet;  
For this (I feare) will be th' event; the prodige doth meet  
So full with our affaire in hand. As this high flying fowle,  
Vpon the left wing of our host (implying our controwle)  
Hover'd abou's us; and did trusse, within her golden feres  
A Serpent so embrew'd, and bigge, which yet (in all her feares)  
Kept life, and fervent spirit to fight, and wrought her owne release,  
Nor did the Eagles Ayrie, feed: So though we thus fare preafe  
Vpon the Grecians; and perhaps, may overturn their wall,  
Our high minds ayming at their fleet; and that we much appall  
Their truffed spirits; yet are they, so Serpent-like dispend  
That they will fight, though in our feres; and will at length be los'd  
With all our out-cries; and the life of many a Trojan breast,  
Shall with the Eagle fie, before, we carry to our nef  
Them, or their navie: thus expouds, the Augure this ostent;  
Whose depth he knows; & thefes should feare. *Hector*, with countenance bent  
Thus answred him, *Polydamas*, your depth in augurie  
I like not; and know passing well, thou dost not satisfie  
Thy selfe in this opinion; or if thou think'st it true,  
Thy thoughts, the Gods blinde; to advise, and urge that as our due,  
That breakes our duties; and to *Iove*, whose vow and signe to come  
Is past directly for our speed; yet light-wing'd birds must be  
(By thy aduise) our Oracles, whose feathers little stay  
My serious actions: What care I, if this, or th'other way  
Their wilde wings sway them: if the right, on which the Sunne doth rise,  
On, to the left hand, where he sets? Tis *Iove* high counsell flies  
With those wings that shall bearre up us; *Iove*; that both earth and heaven,  
Both men and Gods sustaines and rules: One augurie is giuen  
To order all men, best of all; fight for thy countries right.  
But why fearst thou our further charge? for though the dangerous fight  
Strew all men hereabout the fleet, yet thou needst never feare  
To bearre their Fates; thy warie heart, will never trust theee, where  
An enemies looke is; and yet fight; for, if thou darst abstaine,  
Or whisper into any care, an abstinence so vaine  
As thou aduisest; never fear, that any foe shall take  
Thy life from thee, for tis this lance. This said, all forwards make,  
Himselfe the first; yet before him, exulting *Clamor* flew;  
And thunder loving *Jupiter*, from loustic *Ida* blew

## OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

A storne that usherd their assault, and made them charge like him.  
It drove directly on the fleet, a drift so fierce and dim,  
That it amaz'd the *Grecians*: but was a greate divine,  
To *Hector* and his following troops, who wholly did incline  
To him, being now in grace with *Iove*: and so put boldly on  
To raze the rampire: in whose height, they fiercely set upon  
The Parrapets, and pul'd them downe, rasc't every formost fight;  
And all the Butterties of stone, that held their towres upright,  
They tore away, with Crows of Iron, and hopp't to ruine all.

The *Greeks* yet stood, and still repair'd, the forefigthes of their wall  
With hides of Oxen, and from thence, they pour'd downe stones in shoures  
Vpon the underminers heads. Within the formost towres,  
Both the *Axes* had command, who answred every part,  
Thrasaulters, and their souldiers; represt, and put in heart:  
Repairing valour as their wall: spake some faire, some reprov'd;  
Who ever made not good his place: and thus they all forts mow'd;

O countrenmen, now red in aid, would have excelle be spent:  
The excellent must be admir'd, the meanest excellent;  
The worst, do well: in changing warre, all shouldest not be alike,  
Nor any idle which to know, fits all; left *Hector* strike  
Your minds with frightes, as ears with threate; forward be all your hands,  
Vrgo one another: this doubt downe, that now betwixt us stands,  
*Iove* will go with us to their wals. To this effect, alow'd  
Spake both the Princes: and as high (with this) the expulsion flow'd.  
And as in Winter time, when *Thor*, his cold sharpe javelins throws  
Amongst us mortals; and is mow'd, to white earth with his sno's:  
(The winds asleepe) he freely poures, till highest Prominent,  
Hill tops, low meiddows, and the fields, that crowne with molt contents  
The toiles of men: sea ports, and shores, are hid, and every place,  
But floods (that sno's faire tender flakes, as their owne brood, embrace)  
So both sides cover'd earth with stones, so both for life contend,  
To shew their sharpnesse: through the war, uprose stood up an end.  
Nor had great *Hector* and his friends, the rampire over runne,

If heavens great Counsellor, high *Iove*, had not inflam'd his sonne  
*Sarpedon* (like the forrests king, when he on Osten flies)  
Against the *Grecians*: his round targe, he to his arme applies  
Brasse-leav'd without: and all within, thicke Oxe-hides quilted hard:  
The verge nail'd round with rods of gold, and with two darts prepar'd;  
He leads his people: as ye see, a mountaine Lion fare,  
Long kept from prey: in forcing which, his high minde makes him dare,  
Assault upon the whole full fold: though guarded never so  
With well-arm'd men, and eager dogges; away he will not go,  
But venture on; and either soach, a prey, or be a prey:  
So far'd divine *Sarpedon* minde, refol'd to force his way  
Through all the fore-fights, and the walk; yet since he did not see  
Others as great as he, in name, as great in minde as he:  
He spake to *Glauclus*: *Glauclus*, say, why are we honor'd more  
Then other men of *Lycia*, in place? with greater store

Simeon.

*Sarpedon*, brach  
to *Glauclus*, ne-  
ver equalis'd  
any (in its  
kind) of all the  
hostes sum.

Of meats and cups? with goodlier roofs? delightome gardens? walks?  
More lands, and better? so much wealth, that Court and countrey talkes  
Of us, and our possessions; and every way we go,  
Gaze on us as we were their Gods! this where we dwell, is so:  
The shores of *Xanthus* ring of this; and shall not we exceed,  
As much in merit, as in noise? Come be we great in deed  
As well as looke; shine not in gold, but in the flames of fight;  
That so our neat-arm'd *Lycians*, may say; See, these are right  
Our Kings, our Rulers; these deserve, to late, and drinke the best;  
These govern not ingloriously: these, thus exceed the rest,  
Do more then they command to do. O friend, if keeping backe  
Would keepe backe age from us, and death; and that we might not wracke  
In this lyes humane sea at all: but that deferring now  
We shund death euer; nor wold I, halfe this vaine valour shew,  
Nor glorifica folly so, to wish stee to advance.  
But since we must go, though not here, and that, besides the chance  
Propold now, there are infinite fates, of other sort in death,  
Whiche (neither to be fled nor scape) a man must finke beneath:  
Come, tric we, if this for be ours: and either render thus,  
Glorie to others, or make them, resigne the like to us.

*Sarpedon and  
Glaucus charge  
to g. Teucer.*

This motion, *Glaucus* shiffted not, but (without words) obeyd;  
Fore-right went both, a myghtie troope, of *Lycians* followed.  
Which, by *Menechus* observd, his haire stood up on end,  
For at the towre where he had charge, he saw *Galemis* bend  
Her horrid brows in their approach. He threw his looks about  
The whole fightes neare, to see what Chiese, might helpe the miseric out  
Of his poore soldiers: and beheld, where both th' *Aiaxes* fought,  
And *Teucer*, newly come from fleet: whom it wold profit nought  
To call, since tumult on their helmes, shields, and upon the ports  
Laid such lowd claps; for every way, defences of all sorts  
Were addin, as *Teury* tooke a way; and *Clamor* flew so high  
Her wings strooke heaven, and drown'd all voice. The two Dukes yet so nigh  
And at the offer of assault, he to th' *Aiaxes* sent

*Thross* the Herald, with this charge: Runne to the regiment  
Of both th' *Aiaxes*, and call both, for both were better here,  
Since here will slaughter, instantly; be more enforc't then there.

The *Lycian* Capteines this way make, who in the fightes of stand,  
Have often shew'd much excellencie: yet if laborious hand  
Be there more needfull then I hope, at laft afford us some,  
Let *Ajax* *Telamonius*, and th' Archer *Teucer* come.

The Herald hasted, and arriv'd; and both th' *Aiaxes* told,  
That *Peteus* noble sonne desir'd, their little labours would  
Employ it selfe in succouring him. Both their supplies were best;  
Since death assaile'd his quarter most: for on it fiercely prest  
The well-prov'd mighty *Lycian* Chiefs. Yet if the service there  
Allow'd not both, he praid that one, part of his charge would bear,  
And that was *Ajax* *Telamon*, with whom he wist would come,  
The Archer *Teucer*. *Telamon*, left instantly his roome

To strong *Lycomedes*, and willd, *Ajax Oikades*  
With him to make up his supply, and fill with courages  
The Grecian hearts till his returne, which shoulde be instantly  
When he had well relied his friend. With this, the companie  
Of *Teucer* he tooke to his aide: *Teucer*, that did descend  
(as *Ajax* dyd) from *Telamon*: with these two did attend  
*Pandion*, that bore *Teucers* bow. When to *Menechus* towre  
They came, alongt the wall; they found him, and his heartened powre  
Toylling in making strong their fort. The *Lycian* Princes set  
Blache whirlwind-like, with both their powers, upon the Parapet.  
*Ajax*, and all, refisht them, *Clamor* amongst them role:  
The slaughter, *Ajax* led; who first, the last deare fight did close  
Of strong *Epicles*, that war friend to *Ioves* great *Lycian* sonne.  
Amongt the high munition heape, a mighty marble stome  
Lay highest, neare the Pinnacle, a stome of such a paife,  
That one of this timesstrongest men, with both hands, could not raise:  
Yes this did *Ajax* rowfe, and throw; and all in herds did drue  
*Epicles* four-e-topt caske and skull, who (as ye see one dñe  
In some deepe river) left his height, life lefke his bones withall.

*Teucer* shot *Glaucus* (rulshing up, yerghigher on the wall)  
Where naked he disernd his arme, and made him steale retreat  
From that hot seruice; lost some Grecie, with an infiting threat,  
(Beholding it) might right the rch. *Sarpedon* much was griev'd  
At *Glaucus* parting, yet fought onyond his grese heart relied  
A little with *Alcmaeon* blood, surname'd *Thestorides*,  
Whose life he hurld out with his lance; which following through the prease,  
He drew from him. Downe from the towre, *Alcmaeon* dead it strooke;  
His faire armes ringing out his death. Then fierce *Sarpedon* tooke  
In his strong hand the battlement, and downe he tore it quite:  
The wall stript naked, and broad way for entry and full fight,  
He made the many. Against him, *Ajax* and *Teucer* made;  
*Teucer*, the rich bole on his breast, did with a shaft invade:  
But *Inipiter* averted death; who would not see his sonne  
Die at the tails of th' Achive shipp; *Ajax* did fetch his run,  
And (with his lance) strooke through the targe of that brave *Lycian* King;  
Yet kept he it from further passe, nor did it any thing  
Dismay his minde, although his men flood off from that high way,  
His valour made them; which he kept, and hopt that stormy day  
Should ever make his glory cleare. His mens fault thus he blamed:  
O *Lycians*, why are your hot spritis so quickly disflam'd?  
Suppose me ablest of you all: tis hard for me alone,  
To ruine such a wall as this; and make Confusion,  
Way to their Navie, lend your hands. What many can didispatch,  
One cannot think: the noble worke of many, hath no match.

The wife Kings just rebuke did strike a reverence to his will  
Through all his soldiers; all stood in; and gaunt all th' Achives still  
Made strong their Squadrons; insomuch, that to the adverse side,  
The worke shewd mighty; and the wall, then twas within deside,

*Glaucus* mour-  
ded by *Teucer*.

*Sarpedon* kille-  
d by *Glaucus*.

*Teucer* to his  
soldiers.

*Telamon* N. to  
I. for diupris.

No easie service, yet the Grecians could neither free the wall  
 Of thise braue *Lycians*, that held firme the place they first did scale :  
 Nor could the *Lycians* from their fort, the sturdy Grecians drive,  
 Nor reach their fleet. But as two men, about the limis strue  
 Of land that toucheth in the fields their measures in their hands,  
 They mett their parts out curiously, and either stately stands,  
 That so farre is his right in law, both hugely set on fire  
 About a passing little ground: so greedily aspire  
 Both the foes, to their severall ends, and allexhant their most  
 About the very battlements (for yet no more was lost.)  
 With sword and fire they vext for them, their targets hugely round,  
 With Oxchides lind; and bucklers light, and many a ghastly wound  
 The stern Steele gave, for that one prize, whereof though some receiv'd  
 Their portions on their naked backs; yet others were bereav'd  
 Of braue lives, face-turnd, through their shelds: towres, bulwarks every where  
 Were freckled with the bloud of men; nor yet the Grecians did bear  
 Bare back-turnd faces; nor their foes, would therefore be out-fact.  
 But as a Spintred poore and just, ye sometimes see strait lac't  
 About the weighing of her web, who (carefull) having charge,  
 For which she wold prouide some meaneas, is leth to be too large:  
 In giving, or in taking weight, but ever with her hand,  
 Is doing with the weights and wool, till both in just poise stand:  
 So evenly stood it with these foes, till *Iove* to *Hector* gave  
 The turning of the skales, who first, against the rampire drave,  
 And spake so loud that all might heare: O stand not at the pale  
 (Braue Troian friends) but stand your hands up, and breake through the wall,  
 And make a bonfire of their fleet. All heard, and all in heapes  
 Got skaling ladders, and aloft. In mane space, *Hector* leapes  
 Vpon the port, from whose out-part, he tore a maffe stone  
 Thicke downwards, upward edg'd; it was so huge an one  
 That two vast \*yeomen of most strength (such as these times beger)  
 Could not from earth lift to a Cart: yet he did brandish it  
 Alone (*Saturnius* made it light) and swinging it as nought,  
 He came before the plankie gates, that all for strength were wrought,  
 And kept the Port: two fold they were, and with two rafter bars,  
 High, and strong lockt: he raid the stone, bent to the hurle so hard,  
 And made it with so maine a strength, that all the gates did cracke;  
 The rafters left them, and the folds one from another brake:  
 The hinges peice meale flew, and through the serpent little rocke  
 Thundered a paßage; with his weight, th'inwall his breast did knocke.  
 And in rulst *Hector*, fierce and grimme as any stormy night,  
 His brasse armes, round about his breast, reflected terrible light.  
 Each arm held up, held each a dart: his presence cald all up  
 The dreadfull spirits his being held, that to the threatened wall  
 None but the gods might checke his way: his eycs were furnaces;  
 And thus he look't backe, cald in all: all fir'd their courages,  
 And in they flow'd: the Grecians fled, their fleet now, and their freight  
 Ask all their refuce: Greece went downe, *Tumultus* was at his height:  
*The end of the twelfth Booke.*

*Athenian & perdiannimata  
 perdiannimata  
 this compa-  
 ratus (in  
 Spain) and yet  
 in the Republic  
 of i. g. think  
 all up, si quis  
 est in te w. rds.  
 Satis p. c.  
 apud, ex quo  
 in loco, lea-  
 ving out a ver  
 word more ex  
 pressive with his  
 old rule, uno  
 pedes, &c.  
 A simile fapti  
 er in other  
 in which, com  
 paring migh-  
 istings with mea  
 nes, & the mea  
 ness illustrating  
 the migh-  
 isting:  
 both meeting in  
 one end of the  
 tfe, and credit our  
 Hom. is beyond  
 comparison and  
 admiration  
 Hesiod to the  
 Tr. i. 100.*

*\*2) d'argenteus  
 duovi plebei.*

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## THE XIII BOOKE OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

## THE ARGUMENT.

N *Eptume* (in pity of the Grecies hard plight)  
*Like Calchas, bath t' Aiaces, doth excite,*  
*And others; to repelte the charging foe,*  
*Idomeneus bravely doth before*  
*His kingly forces; and doth sacrifice*  
*Odrysseus to the Definies;*  
*With divers others, faire Deiphobus,*  
*And his prophetic brother Hellenus*  
*Are wounded. But the great Priamides,*  
*(Gathering his forces,) horseth their addresse*  
*Against the enemy; and then the field,*  
*A mighty death on either side doth yeeld.*

## Another Argument.

*The Grecies with Troyes bold power dismaid,*  
*Are clear'd by Neptunes secrete aide.*

I *Ore helping *Hector*, and his host; thus close to th' Achive fleet,*  
*He let them then their own strengthes try, & season there their sweet*  
*With ceassele toills, and grievances. For now he turnd his face,*  
*Lookt downe, and viewd the far-off land, of welrode men in Thrace.*  
*Of the renoun'd, milk-nourish men, the *Hippemoligians*,*  
*Long-liv'd, most just, and innocent. And clost-fought *Mysians*:*  
*Not turnd he any more to Troy, his ever-shining eyes :*  
*Because he thought, not any one of all the Deities,*  
*(When his care left th' indifferent field) would side on either side.*  
*But this securtie in *Iove*, the great Sea-Resor spide,*  
*Who sat aloft, on th' utmost top, of Iadie *Samosbrace*,*  
*And viewd the fight. His chosen state stood in so brave a place,*  
*That *Priamus* citie, th' Achive shipes, all *Ida* did appear,*  
*To his full view, who from the feet, was therefore seated there.*  
*He tooke much ruth, to see the Grecies, by Troy, sustaine such ill;*  
*And (mighily incitent with *Iove*) hoopt strait from that steep hill,*  
*That shooke as he flew off so hard, his paingre prest the height.*  
*The woods, and all the great hills neare, trembled beneath the weight*  
*Of his immortal moving feet: thrice steps he only took,*  
*Before he far off *Iada* reacht; but with the fourth, it shooke*  
*With his dread entrie. In the depth of those feas, he did hold*  
*His bright and glorious pallace bift, of never rusting gold;*  
*And there arriv'd, he put in Coach, his beazien-footed steeds,*

*Neptunes pro  
 pte.*

The horfe  
Neptune,

All golden man'd, and pac't with wings; and all in golden weeds  
He cloth'd himselfe. The golden courge, (modestly done)  
He tooke, and mounted to his charie, and them selfe began  
To drive his charie through the waves. From whence were every  
The whales exulted under him, and knew their King. the sea  
For joy did open; and his horse, so swift, and lightly flew :  
The under axeltree of brasse, no drop of water drew.  
And thus these deathlesse Coursers brought their king to th' Achive ships.

Geographia.

Twixt th' Iber Cliffs, and Tenedos, a certaine Caverne creeps  
Into the deepe seas gulphic breast, and there th' earth shaker staid  
His forward steeds. tooke them from coach, and heavenly fodder laid  
In reach before them. Their braffe hoofes he girt with givess of gold  
No to be broken, nor dissolv'd, to make them firmly hold  
A fit attendance on their King. Who went to th' Achive host,  
Whiche (like to tempests, or wild flames) the clustring Trojans tooft,  
Insatiable valorous, in Hectors like command;

Hightounding, and resounding shoutes: for Hope cheard every hand,  
To make the Grecian fleet now their prize, and all the Grecians defroy.

But Neptune circler of the earth) with fresh heart did employ

The Grecian hands. In strength of voyce, and body, he did take

Calebas resemblance, and (of all) th' Aiaxes first bespake;

Who of themselves were fise enough: Aiaxes? you alone

Sustaine the common good of Greece, in ever putting on

The memory of Fortitude: and flying shamefull flight.

Elsewhere, the desperete hands of Troy could give me no affright,  
The brave Grecianes have withstanded their worst: but this our mighty wall

Being thus transcended by their powre & graue. Fear doth much appall

My carefull spirits, lest we feele some fatall mischiefe here;

Where Hector raging like a flame, doth in his charge appearre,

And boasts himselfe the best gods sonne. Be you conceited so,

And fir so, more then humane spirits, that God may feeme to doe

In your deeds: and with such thoughts cheard others to such exhort,

And such resistance, theis great minds, will in as great a fort,

Strengthen your bodies, and force checke, to all great Hectors charge,

Though nere so spirit-like, and though Iove still, (past himselfe) enlarge

His sacred actions. Thus he toucht, with his forkē scepters point,

The brests of both; fid both their spirits, and made up every joyte

With powre responfive: when hawk-like, swift, and fet harpe to fye,

That fiercely stooping from a rocke, inaccesible and hie,

Cuts through a field, and sets a fowle, (not being of her kinde)

Hard, and gets ground still: Neptune so, left their two, eitheris mind

Beyond themselves rais'd. Of both which, Oileus first discern'd

The masking Deitic: and said, Aiax? some god hath wond

Our poures to fight, and save our fleet. He put on him the new

Oft' Augure Calebas: by his pace (in leaving us) I knew

(Without all question) twas a god: the gods are easly knowne:

And in my tender brest I feele a greater spirit blowne,

To execute affaires of fight: I finde my hands so free

As to the  
Aiaxes.

Simile.

Aiax Oileus to  
Aiax Tenedos

rum

To all high motion, and my feet, seeme featherd under me.  
This, Telamonius thus reciv'd: So, to my thoughts, my hands  
Burne with desire to tosse my lance; each foot beneath me stands  
Barc on bright fire, to use his speed: my heart is raised so hie,  
That to encounter Hectors selfe, I long infatiate.

While shef thus talkt, as, over joyd, with studie for the fight,  
(Whiche God had sturd up in their spirits) the same God did excite  
The Greeks that were behind at fleet, refreshing their free hearts  
And joynsts, being even disolv'd with toile, and (seeing the desperate parts  
Playd by the Troians, past their wall) Grief strooke them; and their eyes  
Sweat teares from under their sad lids: their instant definies  
Never supposing they could scape. But Neptune stepping in,  
With easie sturd up the able troopes; and did at first begin  
With Tener, and Peneus; th' Heroc Leitus;  
Diopirus, Meriones, and yong Antilochus:

All expert in the deeds of armes: O youths of Greece (said he)  
What change is this? in your brave fight, I onely looke to see  
Our fleet whole safeties, and if you, neglect the harmfull field;  
Now shines the day, when Greece to Troy, must all her honours yeeld.  
O griefe! so great amiracle, and horrible to fight;

As now I see; I never thought, could have prophand the light:  
The Troians brave us at our shippes, that have beeне heretofore,  
Like faint and fearefull Decre in woods, distractred evermore  
With every sound: and yet scape not, but prove the torse up fare

Of Lynxes, Wolves, and Leopards, an never borne to warre.  
Nor durst these Troians at first figh, in any least degree,  
Expect your strenght; or stand one shooke, of Grecian Chivalrie.  
Yet now, farre from their wal's they dare, fight at our fleet maintaine;

All by our Generals cowardise, that doth infect his men;

Who (but adys with him) for that, will needs themselves neglect;

And suffer Slaughter in their shippes. Suppose there was defect

(Beyond all question) in our King, to wrong Execler.

And he, for his particular wreake, from all affiance cease:

We must not easie t'affist our selves. Forgive our Generall then;

And quickly too: apt to forgive, are all good minded men.

Yet you (quite void of their good minds) give good, in you quite lost,

For ill in others: though ye be, the worthiest of your host.

As old as I am, I would scorne, to fight with one that flies,

Or leaves the fight, as you do now. The Generall slothfull lies,

And you (though slothfull too) maintaine, with him, a fight of splene.

Out, out, I hate ye from my heart, ye rotte[m] minded men.

In this, ye addic an ill that worsc, then all your sloths dislikes.

But as I know, to all your hearts, my reprehension strikes;

So thither let just shame strike too: for while you stand still here,

A mightie fight swarms at your fleet, great Hector rageth there,

Hath burst the long barre and the gates. Thus Neptune rowld these men;

And round about th' Aiaxes did, their Phalanxes maintaine,

Their station firme, whom Mars himselfe (had he amongst them gone)

The two  
Aiaxes  
to one another.

Hector to the  
Grecian.

Grecian mind  
memory to offer.

Could not disparage; nor *Troj*es Maide, that sets men fiercer on:  
 For now the best were chosen our, and they receiv'd th' advance  
 Of *Hector* and his men so full, that lance, was lin'd with lance;  
 Shelds, thickned with opposed shelds, targets to targets nail'd:  
 Helmes stukke to helmes; and man to man, grew, they so clofe affaid:  
 Plum'd casks, were hang'd in either plumes all joynd so clofe their stands,  
 Their lances stood, thrust out so thicke, by such all-dazing hands.  
 All bent their firme breasts to the point, and made sad fight their joy  
 Of both: *Troy* all in heaps stroake first, and *Hector* first of *Troy*.  
 And as a round peice of a rocke, which with a Winters flood  
 Is from his top torn; when a shou're, powr'd from a bursten cloud,  
 Hath broke the naturall bond it held, within the rough steepe rocke;  
 And jumping, it flics downe the woods, refounding every shooke;  
 And on, uncheekt, it headlong leaps, till in a plaine it stay:  
 And then (though never so impel) it stirs not any way.  
 So *Hector*, berterd threathes, to go to sea in blood,  
 And reach the *Grecian* shaps and tents, without being once withstood:  
 But when he fell into the strengths, the *Grecians* did maintaine,  
 And that they fought upon the square, he stod as fetterd then.  
 And so, the adverle sonnes of *Greece*, laid on with swords and darts,  
 (Whose both ends shal) that they repeld, his worst; and he converts  
 His threats, by all meanes, to retreats; yet, made as he retir'd  
 Oonly rencourage those behinde; and thus those men inspir'd:

*Hector* to his friends.

*Diphobus* his sonne.

*Achers* valour.

*Trojans?* *Dardanians?* *Lycians?* all war-like friends, stand close;  
 The Greeks can never bear me long, though to war-like they oppose;  
 This lance (be sure) will be their spoile: if, even the best of Gods,  
 (High-thundering *Juno* husband) stirs, my spirit with true abodes.  
 With this, all strengths and minds he mov'd, but yong *Diphobus*,  
 (Old *Priams* sonne) amongst them all, was chiefly vertuous.  
 He bore before him his round shield; tripte lightly through the prease,  
 At all parts cover'd with his shield: And him *Meriones*  
 Charg'd with a glittering dart, that tooke, his bul-hide orbie shiled,  
 Yet pierc't it not, but in the top, it selfe did pece-meale yeeld.  
*Diphobus* thrust forth his targe, and fear'd the broken ends  
 Of strong *Meriones* his lance, who now turn'd to his friends;  
 The great Heroes, scorning much, by such a chance to part  
 Wit lance and conquest: forth he went, to fetch another dart  
 Left at his tent. The rest fought on, the *Clamor* heightned there  
 Was most unmeafur'd; *Tenor* first, did stell the *Massacre*,  
 And slue a goodly man at armes, the souldier *Imbrion*,  
 The sonne of *Mentor*, rich in horse, he dwelt at *Pedasus*  
 Before the sonnes of *Greece* sieg'd *Troy*; from whence he married  
*Medescaste*, one that sprung, of *Priam* bastarded bed.  
 But when the Greeke shippes (double oar'd) arriv'd at *Ilion*,  
 To *Ilion* he return'd, and prov'd, beyond comparision  
 Amongst the *Trojans*; he was lodg'd, with *Priam*, who held deare  
 His naturall sonnes no more then him; yet him, beneath the eare  
 The sonne of *Telamon* attain'd, and drew his lance: He fell

As when an Ash on lone his top, (it selfe topt wondrous well)  
 The steele hewes downe, and he presents his young leaues to the spoyle:  
 So fell he, and his faire armes ground, which *Tenor* long'd to spoyle,  
 And in he ran, and *Hector* in, who sent a thinning Lance  
 At *Tenor*, who ( beholding it) slipe by, and gaue it chance  
 On *Abris* sonne, *Amphimachus*, whose breast it strooke; and in  
 Flew *Hector*, at his sounding fall, with full intent to win  
 The tempting helmet from his head; but *Axes* with a dart,  
 Reacht *Hector* at his rushing in, yet toucht not any part  
 About his body; it was hid quite through with horrid brasle,  
 The bole yet of his targe it tooke, whose firme shuffe staid the pass,  
 And he turnd fast from both the trunks: both which the Grecians bore  
 From off the field; *Amphimachus*, *Menelaus* did restore,  
 And *Stichius*, to th' *Achaeus* strength: th' *Aaces* (that were pleasd  
 Still moft, with most hot services) on Troian *Imbrion* seald:  
 And, as from sharply-bitten bounds, a brace of Lyons force  
 A new slainne Goate, and through the woods, bare in their javes the corse  
 Aloft, lift up into the aire, so, up into the skies  
 Bore both th' *Aaces*, *Imbrion*, and made his armes their prize.

Yet (not content) *Oileades*, intrig'd to see there dead  
 His much belov'd *Amphimachus*, he hewd off *Imbrion* head,  
 Which (swinging round) bowle-like he tooft, amonst the Troian prease,  
 And full at *Hector* feet it fell. *Amphimachus* deceas  
 (Being nephew to the god of waves) much vex'd the Deities mind,  
 And to the ships and tents he marcht: yet more, to make inclinde  
 The Grecians, to the Trojan bane. In hasting to which end,  
*Idomeneus* met with him, returning from a friend,  
 Whoschamme late hurt, his men brought off, and having given command  
 To his Phiytians for his cure, (much fir'd to put his hand  
 To Troyes repule) he left his tent. Him (like *Audrenous* sonne,  
 Prince *Theas*, that in *Pleuron* rulde, and lofty *Calidem*,  
 Th' *Esolian* poures, and like a god, was of his subiects lou'd).  
*Nepheus* encountered: and but this, his forward spirit mov'd.

*Idomeneus*, Prince of Crete? O whither now are fled  
 Those threats in thee, with which the rest, the Trojans menaced?

Or *Obreas* (he replide) no one of all our host stands now  
 In any question of reproofe: (as I am let to know)  
 And why is my intelligence false? We all knew how to fight,  
 And (Feare disanimating none) all doe our knowledge right.  
 Nor can our armes accule our flooth, nor one from worke we milfe:  
 The great god onely workes our ill, whose pleasure now it is,  
 That farre from home, in hostile fields, and with inglorious fate,  
 Some Greces shoulde perifl. Burdoe thou, O *Theas* (that of late  
 Haft prov'd a souldier, and was wont, where thou haft Sloth beheld,  
 To chide it, and exhort to paines) now hate to be repeld.  
 And set on all men. He replied, I would to heaven, that he  
 Who ever this day doth abhaine from battell willingly,  
 May never turne his face from *Troy*, but here become the prey,

Simile.

Simile.

Neptune to *Obreas*.

And score of dogs. Come then, take armes, and let our kinde affay  
 loyne both our forces; though but two, yet being both combine,  
 The worke of many singe hands, we may performe; we finde  
 That Vertue coaugmented thrives, in men of litle minde:  
 But we have singly matcht the great. This said, the god again  
 (With all his confiscts) visited, the ventrous fight of men.  
 The King turnd to his tent; rich armes put on his breast, and tooke  
 Two darts in hand, and forth he flew; his hastes on made him looke  
 Much like a fierie Metcor, with which, *torus sulphurie hand*  
 Opes heaven, and burles about the aire, bright flashes, shewing aland  
 Abodes; that ever run before, tempest, and plagues to men.  
 So, in his swift pace, shew'd his armes: he was encountring them  
 By his good friend *Meriones*, yet neare his tent, to whom  
 Thus spake the powre of *Idomen*: What reason makes thee come,  
 (Thou sonne of *Molone*, my moff lov'd) thus leaving fight alone?  
 Is't for some wound? The Iavelins head, (full sticking in the bone)  
 Desir'st thou ease of? Bring'st thou newes? or what is it that brings  
 Thy presence hither? Be assur'd, my spirit needs no stings  
 To this hot conflict. Of my selfe thou seest I come, and laſt  
 For any tents love, to deferue the hardfull taint of *Slayb*.

He answred, Only for a dart, he that retreat did make,  
 (Were any left him at his tent;) for, that he had, he brake  
 On proud *Deiphobus* his shield. Is one dart all? (said he)  
 Take one and twenty, if thou like, for in my tent they be;  
 They stand there shining by the wals: I tooke them as my prize  
 From those false Trojans I have slaine. And this is not the guise  
 Of one that loves his tent, or fights, a farr off with his foe:  
 But since I love fight, therefore doth my martiall starre below  
 (Besides those darts) helmes, targets boſt, and corſets bright as day.

So I (said *Merion*) at my tent, and ſable bark, may ſay,  
 I many Trojan ſpoiles retain: but now, not neare they be,  
 To ſerve me for my preſent uſe; and therefore aske I theec.  
 Nor that I lacke a fortitude to ſtore me with my owne:  
 For ever in the formoft fightes, that render men renoune,  
 I fight, when any fight doth ſtrirre, and this perhaps, may well  
 Be hid to others, but thou knowſt, and I to thee appeale.

I know (replide the King) how much, thou weight'ſt in every worth,  
 What needſt thou therefore utter this? If we ſhould now chuse forth  
 The worthieſt men for ambuſches in all our fleet and holt:  
 (Fo ambuſches are ſervices that trye mens vertues moſt,  
 Since there, the ſearfull and the firme, will, as they are, appearē:  
 The ſearfull alerig full his hue, and refis not any wherē;  
 Nor is his ſpirit capable, of th'ambuſch conſtanſie,  
 But riſeth, changeg full his place, and crouched curiouſie  
 On his bent banches; haſte his height, ſcarfe ſceme above the ground.  
 For feare to be ſceme, yet muſt ſee: his heart with many a bound,  
 Offing to leape out of his breast, (and ever fearing death)  
 The col:neſſe of it makes him gnash, and haſte ſhakes ouer his teeth.

Where

Where men of valour, neither ſcare, nor ever change their looks,  
 From lodging th'ambuſch till it rife; but ſince there muſt be ſtrokē,  
 With to be quickly in their midſt) thy strengthand hand in thine,  
 Who ſhould reprove? For if, farre off, or fighting in the preſe,  
 Thou ſhouldſt be wounded, I am ſure, the dart that gave the wound  
 Should not be drawne out of thy backe, or make thy occle the ground;  
 But mett thy belly, or thy breſt; in thriſting further yet  
 When thou art farther, till the firſt, and before him thou get.  
 But on; like children, let not us, ſtand bragging thus, but do;  
 Left ſome bare, and paſt meafe chide, that we ſtand fail and weoc.  
 Go, chufe a better dart, and make, *Mars*: yeald a better chance.

This ſaid, *Mars*-wiſt *Meriones*, with haſte, a brazen lance  
 Tooke from his tent; and overtooke (moſt carefull of the wares)  
*Idomen*. And fiſh two, in field, as harmfull *Mars*,  
 And *Terror*, his beloved ſome, that without terror fightes;  
 And is of ſuch strength, that in warre, the firghter he affrightes;  
 When, out of *Traſte*, they both take armes, againſt *Ephyras* bands;  
 Or gaunt the great foal'd *Plogons*; nor ſavour their owne hands,  
 But give the geſce to others fail. In ſuch fort to the fight,  
 March theſe two managers of men; in ſhakers full of light.

And firſt ſpake *Merion*: On which part (ſome of *Dencalus*)  
 Serves thy minde to invade the fight? iſt beſt to ſet upon  
 The *Troians* in our banckes aide, the right or left-hand wing,  
 For all parts I ſuppeſe employd. To thin the *Cretan* King,  
 Thus answred: In our naves midſt, are others that affit,  
 The two *Aines*, *Tenicer* too, with ſhabis, the expertest  
 Of all the *Greekes*, and though small, is great in fighte of hand.  
 And theſe (though huge he be of strength) will ſerve to fill the hand  
 Of *Hector* life, the *Prismis*, that ſtudier for blowes:  
 It ſhall be cold aede of height, for him (even ſuffring throws  
 For knobs fail) to our labour them: and (beating their tough hands)  
 Enflame our fleet: if ſlowe himſelfe, caſt not his fer-brands  
 Amongſt our navie; that affaire, no man can bring to field:

Great *Ajax Telemomius*, to none alive will yeeld.  
 That yeelds to deaſh; and whose life takes, *Ceres* nutritiōn  
 That can be cut with any iron, or paſt with mightie ſtones.  
 Not to *Meriones* himſelfe, he yeelds for combats ſet,  
 Though cleare he muſt give place for pace, and free ſwinge of his feet.  
 Since then, the banck (being our place, of moſt care) is made good  
 By his high valour, let our aid, ſet all poures be with food,  
 That charge the left wing: and to that, let us direc our course,  
 Where quickly ſeele we this hot foe, or make him ſeal our force.

This ordred, wiſt *Meriones*, went, and forewent his King;  
 Till both arriv'd, where one enjouyd: when in the *Greeks* left wing,  
 The *Troians* law the *Cretan* King, like fire in fortitude;  
 And his attendants in bright armes, ſo gloriouſly inclide,  
 Both clearing the ſmaller troops; all at the King addrefſe,  
 And ſo the skirmiſh at their ſtemmes, on both parts were increaſt.

Q. 4

That

That, as from hollow bustling winds, engendred stormes arise,  
When dust doth chiefly clog the wayes, which up into the skies  
The wanton tempest ravineth, begetting *Nights of Day*;  
So came together both the foes: both lusted to assay,  
And work with quicke steele, either death. Mans fierce *Corruptresse Fights*  
Set up her bristles in the field, with lances long and light,  
Which thicke, fell foule on eithers face: the splendor of the steele,  
In new skowl'd carres, radiant carks, and burnisht shields, did seele  
Th'affasiers eyes up. He sustaine d, a huge spirit that was glad  
To see that labour, or in soule, that stood not striken fad.  
Thus these two disagreeing Gods, old *Saturns* mightie sonnes,  
Afflicted these herouic men, with huge oppreßions.  
*Jove* honouring *Aescides* (to let the *Greeks* still tie  
Their want without hem) would bestow (yet still) the victorie  
On *Hector*, and the *Troian* powre; yet for *Aescides*,  
And honour of his mother Queene, great Goddesse of the seas,  
He would not let proud *Ilias* see, the *Grecians* quite deſtroyd:  
And therfore from the hoarie deepe, he ſuffer'd ſo imployd  
Great *Neptune* in the *Grecian* aide, who grievd for them, and ſtornd  
Extremely at his brother *Jove*. Yet both, one Goddeſſe form'd,  
And one foile bred: but *Jupiter*, precedence tooke in birth,  
And had more\* knowledge: for which caufe, the other came not forth  
Of his wet kingdome, but with care, ofnot being ſene rexeite  
The *Grecian* host, and like a man, appear'd, and made the fight.  
The ſame Gods made men valours great; but equald them with warre  
As harmfull, as their hearts were good; and ſtretch thoſe chains as faire  
On both ſidesas their ſims could beare: in which they were involv'd  
Puff brea.h., or loofing, that their knees, might therfore be diſolv'd.  
Then, though a halfe gray man he were, *Cretes* ſoveraigne did excite  
The *Grecians* to blowſ; and flew upon, the *Troians*, even to flight:  
For he, in fight of all the host, *Oibryoneus* flew,  
That from *Cabæus*, with the fame, of thoſe warres, thither drew  
His new-come forces, and requir'd, without respect of dower,  
Cassandra, fair ſit of *Priams* race, auſſuring with his powre,  
A mighty labour: to expell, in their diſpute from *Troy*,  
The ſonne of *Greece*. The King did vow (that done) he ſhould enjoy  
His goodlieſt daughter. He (in truſt, of that faire purſue) fought,  
And at him threw the *Cretian* King, a lance, that ſingl'd out  
This great aſſumer, whom it ſtooke, juſt in his navel ſtead,  
His brazen curcts helping nougħt, reſign'd him to the dead.  
Then did the conquerour exclaime, and thus iuſtled then:  
*Oibryoneus*, I will praife, beyond all mortall men,  
Thy living vertues; if thou wile, now perfect the brave vow  
Thou madſt to *Priam*, for the wife, he promif'd to bellow.  
And where he ſhould have kept his word, there we affire thee here,  
To give thee for thy Princeſſe wife, the faireſt, and moſt deare,  
Of our great Generals female race, which from his *Argive* hall,  
We all will wait upon to *Troy*; if with our aids, and all,

Thou

Thou wilt but rage this well-built towne. Come therefore, follow me,  
That in our ſhips we may conclude, this royll match with thee:  
Ile be no jot worſe then my word. With that he tooke his feet,  
And dragg'd him through the fervent fight; In which, did *Aſius* meet  
The viſtor, to inflict revenge. He came on foot before  
His horſe, that on his ſhoulders breath'd; ſo cloſely evermore  
His coachman led them to his Lord, who held a huge deſire  
To ſtrike the King, but he ſtooke firſt; and underneath his chin,  
At his throats height, through th'other ſide, his eager lance drove in;

*Aſius* faine.

And downe he bulld, like an Oake, a Poplar, or a Pine,  
Hewn downe for ſhipwood, and ſo lay: his fall did ſo decline  
The ſpirit of his chariotere; that left he ſhould incenfe  
The viſtor to empaire his ſpoile, he durſt not drive from thence  
His horſe and chariot: and so pleaſd, with that reſpective parz  
*Antilochus*, that for his feare, he reache him with a dart,  
About his bellies midſt; and downe, his ſad corſe fell beneath  
The richly-built chariot, ther labouring out his breath.  
The horſe *Antilochus* tooke off, when (grievd for this event)  
*Diphobus* drew paſſing neare, and at the viſtor ſent  
A ſhining lavelin, which he faw, and ſhund; with gathering round  
His body, in his all-round ſhield; at whose top, with a ſound,  
It overflow; yet ſeizing there, it did not idle lie  
From him that wing'd it; his ſtrong hand, ſill drave it mortally  
On Prince *Hippomenus*; it did pierce, his liver, underneath  
The veines it paſſeth: his ſhrunke knees, submitted him to death.  
And then did low'd *Diphobus*, miraculously vant:

Now *Aſius* lies not unreveng'd, nor doth his ſpirit want  
The joy I wiſh it; thought be, now entring the ſtrong gate  
Of mighty *Pluto*: ſince this hand, hath ſent him downe a mate.

This glorie in him grievd the *Greeks*, and chiefly the great minde  
Of martiall *Antilochus*; whom (thought to grieve inclind)  
He left not yet his friend, but ranne, and bid him with his ſhield;  
And to him came two louely friends, that freed him from the field:  
*Micileus*, ſonne of *Echium*; and the right nobly borne  
*Alestor*, bearing him to fleet, and did extremely mourne.

*Idomenes* funke not yet, but held his nerues entires  
His minde much leſſe deficient, being led with firme deſire  
To hide more *Troians* in dim night, or ſinke himſelfe, in guard  
Of his lou'd countrymen. And then, *Alcatbus* prepar'd  
Worke for his valour, offring fate, his owne deſtruction.  
A great Heroe, and had grace, to be the loved ſonne  
Of *Agisses*, ſonne in law, to Prince *Aeneas* Sire;  
*Hippodamia* marrying: who moſt enflam'd the fire  
Of her deare parents loue; and tooke, precedencie in her birth,  
Of all their daughters; and as much, exceeded in her worth  
(For beauty anwerd with her minde; and both, with hufwifrie)  
All the faire beauteie of yong Dameſ, that uide her compaines;  
And therefore (being the worthiſt Dame) the worthiſt man did wed

*Antilochus*  
Daughters the  
moſt faire, and  
of *Aſius*.

*Diphobus* at  
*Antilochus*, and  
with *Hippomenus*.

*Diphobus* is  
Brave.

Of

## THE THIRTEENTH BOOKE

Of ample Troy. Him *Neptune* stoopt, beneath the roiall force  
Of *Idomen*, his sparkling eyes, deluding; and the course  
Of his illustrious lineaments,<sup>60</sup> out of nature bound,  
That backe, nor forward, he could stirre, but (as he grew to ground)  
Stood like a pillar, or high tree, and neither movd, nor feard.  
When strait the roiall *Cretans* dart, in his mid breast appear'd,  
It brake the curets that were proofe, to every other dart,  
Yet now they cleft and rung; the lance, stukke shaking in his heart:  
His heart with panting made it shake. But *Mars* did now remit  
The greatnesse of it, and the King, now quiting the bragge fit  
Of glory in *Deiphobus*, thus terribly exclaim'd:

*Ed ventus to Deiphobus.*  
*Deiphobus*, now may we thinke, that we are evenly fam'd,  
That three for one have sent to *Dias*. But come, change blows with me,  
Thy vaunts for him thou slew fit were vaine: Come wetch, that thou maist see  
What illue love hath; *Iove* begot, *Minos*, the strength of *Crete*:  
*Mino* begot *Decalos*; *Decalos* did begot.  
Me *Idomen* now *Cretas* King, that here my shippes have brought,  
To bring thy selfe, thy father, friends, all *Ilios* pompe to nought.

*Hecatobus*, *tert. virg. de*  
*gatid. Phili.*  
*T. him Diapho*  
*ta.*

*Deiphobus* at two wayes stood, in doubt to call some one  
(With some retreat) to be his side, or trike the chance alone.  
At last, the first seem'd best to him, and backe he went to call,  
*Achilles* sonne to friend; who stood, in troope the last of all,  
Wher still he serv'd: which made him still, incense against the King,  
That, being amongst his best, their Peere, he gract not any thing  
His wrong'd deserts. *Deiphobus*, spake to him, standing neare:  
*Aeneas*? Prince of *Troians*? if any touch appear

Of glory in the: thou must now, afflit thy sisters Lord,  
And one, that to thy tendref youth, did carefull guard afford,  
*Alcathous*, whom *Cretas* King, hath chiefly slaine to thce;  
His right most challenging thy hand: come therefore follow me:  
Thus much excited his good minde, and set his heart on fire,  
Against the *Cretans*: who child-like, dissolv'd not in his ire,  
But stood him firme: As when, in his, a strength-relying Bore,  
Alone, and hearing hunters come (whom *Zemus* flies before)  
Up thrusts his bristles, whets his tusks, sets fire on his red eyes,  
And in his brave prepar'd repulse, doth dogs and men despise.  
So stood the famous for his lance; nor fround the coming charge  
That resolute *Aeneas* brought; yet (since the odds was large)  
He cald, with good right, to his side, war-skild *Ascalaphus*,

*Iaumentus* eis  
*bis friends to aid*  
*Ampharus*, *Meriones*, the strong *Deiphobus*,  
And *Nestors* honorable sonne: Come neare, my friends (said he)  
And add ye aids to me alone: *Fear* taints me worthily,  
Though firme I stand, and shew it not: *Aeneas* great in fight,  
And one, that bears youth in his flowre (that bears the greatest might)  
Comes on, with ayne, direct at me: had I his youthfull lim  
To bearre my minde, he shoud yeld *Fame*, or I would yeld it him.  
This said, all held, in many soules, one radie helpefull minde,  
Clapt shiclds and shoulelders, and stood close. *Aeneas* (not inclin

With

## OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

With more presumption then the King) cald aid as well as he:  
Divine *Agenor*, *Helen* love, who followed instantly,  
And all their forces following them: as after Bell-weatheres  
The whole flocke follow to their drinke; which sight the shepherd cheare.

Nor was *Aeneas* joy lefe, mov'd, to see such troupe attend:  
His honord person; and all that fought close about his friend.

But two of them, past all the rest, had strong desire to sled

The blood of either; *Idomen* and *Cyberes* feed.

*Aeneas* first bedlow'd his lance, which th'other seeing, shund;

And that (thrown from an idle hand) stukke trembling in the ground.

But *Idomen* (ditching'd at him) had no such vaine successe,

VWhich *Oenomaus* entrails found, in which it did imprefce

His sharpe pile to his fall: his palms torc his returning earth.

*Idomen* strait stept in, and pluckt his lavelin forth,

But could not spoyle his goodly armes, they preft him so with darts.

And now the long toyle of the fight, had spent his vigorous parts,

And made them iſſe apt to avoid the foe that shoud advance;

Or (when himself advanc't againe) to run and fetch his Lance.

And therefore in thisse fights of sled, he spent the cruel day:

When comming soſly from the flaine) *Deiphobus* gave way

To his bright lavelin at the King, whom he could never brooke,

But then he loft his swy too: his lance yet, deadly tooke.

*Acalaphus*, the sonne of *Mars*, quite through his shoulder flew

The violent head, and downe he fell. Nor yet by all meanes knew

Wide throated *Mars*, his sonne was falser, but in *Olympus* top,

Sad canapied with golden clouds. *Ioves* counsell had shut up

Both him and all the other gods, from that times equall taske,

VWhich now about *Ascalaphus*, Strife set: his shaining caske

*Deiphobus* had forſt from him: but instantly leapt in

*Mars*-swift *Meriones*, and strooke, with his long lavelin,

The right arm of *Deiphobus*, which made his hand let fall

The sharp-top helmet, the peſt earth, rebounding therewithall.

When, Vulture-like, *Meriones* roght in againe, and drew

(From out the low parts of his arme) his lavelin, and then flew

Backe to his friends. *Deiphobus* (hat with the blonds excelle

Falne from his wond) was carefully convaient out of the preſe,

By his kinde brother, by both fides, (*Polaris*) till they gat

His horſe and chariot, that were still fit for his retreat:

And bore him now to *Ilios*. The all fought fierclie on,

And set a mighty fight on foot. When next, *Achilles* sonne,

*Aphareus* *Calx* (hat ran upon him) strooke

Iuft in the throat with his keepe Lance, and smot his heaf for foole

His upright carage: and his shield, his helme, and all with him

Fell to the earth: where rainous death made prize of every lim.

*Antilochus* (discovering well, that *Troyans* heart tooke checke)

Let flye, and cut the hollow veine, that runs up to his necke,

Along his backe part, quite in twaine: downe in the dust he fell,

Vpwards, and with extended hands, bid all the world farewell.

*Aeneas* and *Idomen* in con-

fit.

*Acalaphus*, the  
sonne of *Mars*  
fame by *Aeneas*.

*Deiphobus*  
wound'd by  
*Meriones*.

Anti-

simile.

Hellenus woun-

deth.

scopid.]

*Antilochus* rulst nimble in, and (looking round) made prize  
Of his faire armes; in which affaire, his round fet enemies  
Let flic their lances, thundring on his advanced targe,  
But could not get his fleshe: the god that shakes the earth, tooke charge  
Of Nestors sonne, and kept him safe: who never was away,  
But still amongst the thickest foes, his busie lance did play;  
Observing ever when he myght, far-off, or neare, offend;  
And watching *Ajax* sonne, in prease, he spide him, and did send  
(Clefe comming on) a dart at him, that smote in midle of his shidle,  
In which, the sharpe head of the lance, the blew-hair'd god made yeeld,  
Nor plead to yeeld his pupils life, in whose shidle, halfe the dart  
Stucke like a truncheon, burnd with fire; on earth lay th'other part.  
He seeing no better end of all, retir'd; in feare of worfe,  
Burthim, *Meriones* pursued, and his lance found full course  
To th'others life: it wounded him betwixt the privie parts  
And navill, where (to wretched men, that wars most violent smartes  
Mutundergo) wounds cheifly vex. His dart, *Meriones*  
Purfude, and *Adamas* so striv'd with it, and his maiseafe,  
As doth a Bullocke puse and storme; whom in distained bands,  
The upland heardsmen strive to craf: so (faine beneath the hands  
Of his sterne foe) *Ayades* did struggle, pant, and rave,  
But no long time; for when the Lance was plucked out, up he gaue  
His tortur'd soule. Then Troyes turne came; when with a Thracian sword  
The temples of *Deipyrus*, did *Hellenus* afford  
So huge a blow, it strooke all light out of his cloudy eyes,  
And cleft his helmet, which a Grecke, (therе fighting) made his prize,  
(It fell so full beneath his feet.) *Ayrides* grievd to see  
That fight; and (threatning) strooke a lance at *Hellenus*, and he  
A bow, halfe drew at him; at once, one flew both shaft and lance:  
The shaft, *Ayrides* curtes strooke, and farre away did glancē:  
*Ayrides* dart, of *Hellenus*, the thrift our bow-hand strooke,  
And through the hand, slukke in the bow; *Agenors* hand did plucke  
From forth the nailed prisoner, the Iavelin quickly out;  
And fairely with a little wóoll, eawrapping round about  
The wounded hand, within a scarte, he bare it, which his Squire  
Had ready for him: yet the wound would needes he should retire.  
*Pisander* to reuenge his hurt, right on the King ran he,  
A bloody fate suggested him, to let him run on thee  
O \* Menelau, that he might, by thee, in dangerous warre,  
Be done to death. Both comming on, *Ayrides* Lance did erre:  
*Pisander* strooke *Ayrides* shidle, that brake at point, the dart  
Not running through, yet he rejoylet, as playing a victors part.  
*Ayrides* (drawing his faire sword) upon *Pisander* flew:  
*Pisander*, from beneath his shidle, his goodly weapon drew,  
Two-edg'd, with right sharpe steele, and long, the handle Olive tree,  
Well polisht; and to blowes they goe; upon the top strooke he  
*Ayrides* horſe, hair'd, featherd helme, *Ayrides* on his brow  
(About th'extreme part of the noſe) laid ſuch a heauic blow,

That

That all the bones craſht under it, and out his eyes did drop  
Before his feet, in bloudy duff; he after, and shrunk up  
His dying body: which the foot of his triumphing fo  
Opened, and flood upon his breſt, and off his armes did goe:  
This infiltation uſde the while: At length forſake our fleet,  
(Thus ye iſſe Trojans) to whom warre, never enough is ſweat:  
Nor want ye more impieties; with which ye haue abuſde  
Me, (ye bold dogs) that your chiefe friends, so honourably uſde:  
Nor feare you horſpitale *Iove*, that lets ſuch thunders goe:  
But build upo't, he will builb your towres, that clamber ſo;  
For ravifhing my goods, and wife, in flowre of all her yeares,  
And without caufe; nay when that faire and liberall hand of hers  
Had uſde you to moft lovingly; and now againe ye would  
Caff fire into our fleet, and kill our Princes if ye could.  
Gotoo, one day you will be curb'd (though never ſo ye thift).  
Rude warre) by warre. O Fathet *Iove*, they ſay thou art the firſt  
In wiſdom, of all gods and men; yet all this comes from thee,  
And ſtill thou gratifiest themen, how lewd ſo ere they be,  
Though never they be cloid with finnes: nor can be lauitate  
(As good men ſhould) with this vile warre. Satiecie of ſtate,  
Satiecie of ſleepe and love, Satiecie of eaſe,  
Of muſicke, dancing, can finde place; yet harbl warre ſhill muſt pleafe  
Paff all theſe pleafures, even paſt theſe. They will be cloyd with theſe  
Before their warre joyes: never warre, gives Troy ſatieties.

This ſaid, the bloudy armes were off, and to his ſouldiers throwne,  
He mixing in firſt fight againe: and then *Harpalion*,  
(Kinde King *Pylemens* ſonne) gave charge, who, to thofe warres of Troy,  
His loved father followed; nor ever diſt enjoy  
His contrieſ fight againe, he strooke the targe of *Ayreas* ſonne,  
Fall in the midſt, his ſavelins ſteele, yet had no power to runne  
The target through, nor had himſelfe, the heart to fetch his lance,  
But tooke him to his strength, and caſt on every ſide a glance,  
Left any his deare ſides ſhould dart: but *Merios* as he fled,  
Seat after him a brazen Lance, that ranne his eager head,  
Through his right hippe, and all along the bladders region,  
Beneath the bone, it ſentl him, and fet his ſpirit gone,  
Amongſt the hands of his beſt friends; and like a worme he lay,  
Stretcht on the earth, with his blacke bloud, embred and flow'd away,  
His corſe the *Paphlagonians* did faidly waite upon,  
(Repold in his rich chariot) to ſacred *Ilion*.

The King his father following, diſolv'd in kindely teares,  
And no wreake fought for his flaine ſonne. But, at his slaughterers  
Inceſed *Paru* ſpent a Lance (ſince he had beeene a guest  
To many *Paphlagonians*) and through the preafe it preſt.  
There was a certaine Auguresfonne, that did for wealth excell,  
And yet was honest; he was borne, and did at Corinth dwelle:  
Who (though he knew his harmefull ſate) would needs his ſhip ascend,  
His father (*Polyides*) oft, would tell him that his end

R

Would

*Menelaus* might  
redicled in injudic-  
tious.

*Meriones* ſaties  
*Harpalion*.

Would either seise him at his houle, upon a sharpe disease,  
Or else amongst the Grecian shippes, by Trojans slaine. Both these:  
Together he desir'd to shun; but the disease (at last,  
And bringing death in it) he left, and warres quicke stroke embrac't.  
The Lance betwixt his eare and cheeke, ran in; and drave the minde  
Of both those bitter fortunes out: *Nigh strooke his whole pow'rs blide.*

Thus fought they like the spirit of fire, nor *Iove-loud Hector* knew  
How in the flicts left wing, the Greeks his downe-put soldiars flew  
Almost to victorie: the God that shakes the earth, so well  
Helpt with his owne strength, and the Greeks so fiercely did impell.  
Yet *Hector* made the first place good, where both the ports and wall,  
(The thicke ranke of the Grecian shields broke) he entred, and did skall,  
Where on the gray seas shore, were drawne the wall being thicke but sleight)  
*Proteus* shippes, and those of *Ajax*, where the fight

Of m. n. and horre were sharpest set. There the Boeotian band,  
Long rob'd *Taenae, Locrians*, and (brave men of their bands)

The *Pthian*, and *Epeian* troupes, did sprightlyfully assaile

The god like *Hector* rulinh in, and yet could not prevaine  
To his repulfe, though choisest men of Athens there made head:

Amongst whom, was *Menechus* chiefe, whom *Polydamas* followed:  
*Sthichus* and *Bias*, huge in strength. The *Epeian* troupes were led

By *Meges*, and *Philides* care, *Amphion, Dracius.*

Before the *Pthians*, *Medon* marcht, and *Meneptolemus*;  
And these (with the Boeotian powres) bore up the flicts defence.

*Oileus*, by hisbrothers side, stood closte, and would not thence

For any moment of that time: but as through fallow fields,  
Blacke Oxen draw a well-joynd plough, and either, evenly yelds

His thriflie labour; all heads coucht so closte to earth, they plow

The fallow with their horns, till out the swete begins to flow;

The stretcht yokes cracke, and yet at laft, the furrow forth is driven:  
So toughly stod these to their taske, and made their worke as even.

But *Ajax* *Clamoniua*, had many helpfull men,

That when sweat ran abut his knees, and labour flow'd, would then  
Helpē bearis his mighty seven-fold shield: when swift *Oileades*

The *Locrians* left, and would not make those murthrous fightes of prease,  
Because they wore no bright steele caskies, nor bristl'd plumes for show,  
Round shields, nor darts of solid Alm; but with the trusty bow,  
And jacks, well d quilted with soft wooll, they came to Troy, and were

(In their fit place) as confident as those that fought so neare;

And reache their foes so thicke with shafts, that these were they that brake  
The Trojan orders first; and then, the brave arm'd men did make  
Good worke with their close fightes before. Behind whom, having shot,  
The *Locrians* hid still; and their foes, all thought of fight forgot,  
With shewes of those farre striking shafts, their eyes were troubled so:

And then, assur'dly, from the shippes, and tents, th'insulting foc,

Had miserably fled to Troy, had not *Polydamas*

Thus speake to *Hector*. *Hector* still, impossible tis to passe

Good counsell upon you: but say, some god prefers thy deeds.

By *Lions* (for to  
knowe) *he attains  
the st. of enemies.*

The arms of le  
Copte ne, at  
the fight  
of the wall,  
and  
their soldiars.

Smite, wherein  
the two sides  
are compared to  
two young i  
Oxe.

The Le. of  
which Oileus  
stabbed, were  
all archers.

*Polydamas* to  
*Hector.*

In counsels wouldest thou passe us too? In all things none exceeds.  
To some, God gives the power of warre; to some the sleight to dance;  
To some, the art of instruments; some doth for voice advance:  
And that far-seeing God grants some, the wisdome of the minde,  
Which no man can keepe to himselfe: that (though but few can finde)

Doth profit many, that prefers, the publicke weale and state:

And that, who hath, he best can prize: but, for me, Ile relate

Only my censure what's our belt. The very crowne of warre  
Doth burne about thee; yet our men, when they have reacht thus farre,  
Suppose their valours crown'd, and ceasse. A few still stirre theirfeet,

And so a few with many fight, perfit thinnly through the fleet.

Retire then, leave speach to the rout, and all thy Princes call;

That, here, in counsels of mortall weight, we may relolve of all.

If having likelihooe to beleeve, that God will conquest give,  
We shall charge through; or with this grace, make our retreat, and live:

For (I must needs affirme) I feare, the debt of yesterday

(Since warre is such a God of change) the *Grecians* now will pay.

And since th'infatiate man of warre, remaines at fleet, if there

We tempt his safetie: no houre more, his hot soule can forbearc.

This found stuffe *Hector* lik't, approvd, jump't from his chariot,

And said, *Polydamas*? make good, this place, and luffer not

One Prince to passe it; I my selfe, will ther go, where you see

Those friends in skirmish; and returne (when they have heard from me,

Command, that your advice obeys) with utmost speed: this faid,

With day-bright armes, white plume, white starke, his goodly lims arraid,

He parted from them, like a hill, remouing, all of snow:

And to the *Troian* Peeres and Chiefs, he flew; to let them know

The counsell of *Polydamas*. All turnd, and did rejoice;

To haft to *Pantus* gentle sonne, being calld by *Hector* voyce.

Who (through the forcefights making way) lookt for *Deiphobus*,

King *Hellenus, Asias, Hyrasias, Afinus*:

Of whom, some were not to be found, unhurt, or undeceast;

Some onely hurt, and gone from field. As further he addrest,

He found within the flicts left wing, the faire-hair'd *Hilens* loue,

By all meanes moving men to blowz; which could by no meanes mode

*Hector* forbearcance; his friends misse, to put his powres in storme:

But thus in wonted terms he chid: You, with the finest forme,

Impostor, womans man: Where are (in your care markt) all these?

*Deiphobus, King Hellenus, Afinus Hyrtacides?*

*Otryoneus, Asias?* now haughtie *Ilios*

Shakes to his lowest groundworke: now, just ruine falle upon

Thy head, past rescue. He replied, *Hector*, why chid'st thou now

When I am guileless? other times, there are for easie I know,

Then these, for she that brought thee forth, not utterly left me

Without some portion of the spirit, to make me brother thee.

But since thou first brought'st in thy force, to this our navall fight:

I, and my friends, have easilie fought, to do thy service right.

But all those friends thou seek'st are slaine, excepting *Hellenus*,

K 2

*Polydamas ad-*  
*vise to Hector.*

*Hector* for his  
goods forme  
comprised a  
lik of frow.

*Hector* did th  
Farrs.

Who

(Who parted wounded in his hand) and so *Deiphobus*,  
Iove yet averted death from them. And now leade thou as farre  
As thy great heart affects; all we, will second any warre  
That thou endurest: And I hope, my owne strength is not lost,  
Though least, Ile fight it to his best; nor further fights the most.

This calm'd hot *Hector's* spleene, and both, turn'd where they saw the face  
Of ware most fierce: and that was, where, their friends made good the place  
About renown'd *Polydamas*, and god-like *Polyphes*,  
*Palmus*, *Aescianus*, *Morus*, that, *Hippotion* did beget;  
And from *Scania* wealthie fields, but even the day before  
Arriv'd at *Troy*; that with their aide, they kindly might restore  
Some kindness they receiv'd from thence: and in fierce fight with these,  
Phalces and tall, *Orithous* flood, and bold *Cebriones*.  
And then the doubt that in advice, *Polydamas* disclosed,  
To fight or fly, Iove tooke away, and all to fight disipd.  
And as the floods of troubled aire, to pitchie stormes increase  
That after thunder sweeps the fields, and ravish up the seas,  
Encountering with abhorred roares, when the engrossed waves  
Boile into flame, and endelly, one after other raves;  
So rankt and guarded, *Thyllians* marcht; some now, more now, and then  
More upon more, in shining Steele, now Capitaines, then their men.  
And *Hector*, like man-killing *Ares*, advanc't before them all,  
His huge round target before him, through thickn'd, like a wall,  
With hides well coucht, with store of brasse; and on his temples shin'd  
His bright helme, on which danc't his plume: and in this horrid kind,  
(All hid within his world-like shield) he euery troope assaid  
For entrie; that in his despite, stood firme, and undismaid.  
Which when he saw, and kept more off, *Ajax* came stalking then,  
And thus provokt him: O good man, why fight st thou thus our men?  
Come nearer; not *Ares* want in warre, makes us thus naviue-bound,  
But Ioves direct scourge, his arm'd hand, makes our hands give you ground:  
Yet thou hopist (of thy selfe) our spoyle: but we have likewise hands  
To hold our owne, as you to spoyle: and ere thy countermards  
Stand good against our ransackt fleet, your hugely-peopl'd towne  
Our harts shall take in; and her towres, from all their heights pull downe:  
And I must tell thee, time draws on, when, flying, thou shalt crie  
To *Iove*, and all the Gods, to make, thy faire-mand' horses fye  
More swift then Falkons; that their hoofes, may rouse the dust, and beare  
Thy body, hid, to *Ilion*. This said, his bold words were  
Confirm'd, a soone as spoke; Ioves bird, the high flowne Eagle tooke  
The right hand of their host, whose wings, high acclamations strooke,  
From forth the glad breasts of the Greeks. Then *Hector* made replie:  
Vaine-spoken men, and glorious; what hast thou said? would I  
As surely were the sonne of *Ioua*, and of great *Iuno* borne;  
Adorn'd like *Pallas*, and the God, that lifts to earth the Mornie;  
As this day shall bring harmfull light, to all your host; and thou,  
(If thou darst stand this lance) the earth, before the ships shal strow,  
Thy boosome torn up; and the dogs, with all the fowle of *Troy*.

Be sariate with thy fat and flesh. This said, with shlowting joy  
His first troupes follow'd, and the last, their shrowts with shrowts repel'd:  
Greece answred all, nor could her spirits, from all shew rest conceald.  
And to so infinite a height, all acclamations strove,  
They reacht the splendors, stucke about, the unreacht throne of *love*.

## COMMENTARIVS.

*Αγανάκτησεν δέ τοις Ιππομολγορούς, &c.* illustrium Hippemolgorum: Γανέλεγετος, Latc Viscentium, &c. Laurentius Valla, and Eobanus Helius, (who I think translated Homer into Hexameters out of Valla's prose) take αγανάκτησεν, the Epithete to Ιππομολγορούς, for a nation so called, and Ιππομολγορούς, occurs, translates, ut que sine ullis divitijs, equino vicitat latere; intending gens Agavorum: which he takes for those just men of life likewise, which Homer commends: utterly mistaking αγανάκτησεν signifying preclarus, or illustris, whose generis case plurall is used here: and the word, Epithete to Ιππομολγορούς, together signifying Illustrium Hippemolgorum, and they being bred, and continually fed with milke (which the next word γανέλεγετος signifies) Homer calls moistissim, long-lived, and innocent, in the words αγανάκτησεν διεγείτο τον αριθμόν αγανάκτησεν signifying longeuius; ab epithetico, & αγανάκτησεν vita. But of some inops, being a compound ex privat, & αγανάκτησεν and from thence had Valla his interpretation: ut que sine ullis divitijs, but where in equino latere? But not to shew their errors, or that I understand how others take this place different from my translation, I use this note, so much as to intimate what Homer would have noted, and doth teach, that men brought up with that gentle, and soft spirit-begetting-milke, are long lived, and in nature most iust and innocent. Which kind of food, the most ingenious and grave Plutarch, in his oration, De esu carnium, seemes to prefer before the food of flesh: where he saith, By this meanes also, Tyrants laid the foundations of their homicides: for, (as amongst the Athenians) first, they put to death the most notorious and vilest Scaphant Epitedcius; so the second & third: then being accustomed to bloud, they slew good, like bad: as Niceratus, the Emperor Theramenes, Polemarchus the Philosopher, &c. So at the first, men killed some harmefull beast or other, then some kinde of fowle, some fis: till taught by these, and stirred up with the losse of their pallass, they proceeded to slaughter of the laborious Ox: she was clothing, or adorning herse, the house guarding cocke, &c. and by little and little cloyed with these warre, and the food of men, men fell to her, &c.

*β Αριπ. δε τοις Αιαστούς, &c.* Circum autem Aiaces, &c. To judgement of this place, Spondanus calleth all sound iudgements to condemnation of one Panzedes a Judge of games on Olympus: whose brother Amphidamas being dead, Gamma (or his sonne) celebrated his funerals, calling all the most excellents to contention, not onely for strength and swiftnesse, but in learning likewise, and force of wisdom. To this generall contention came Homer, and Hesiodos: who casting downe verses on both parts, and of all measures, (Homer by all consens questionlesse obtaining the garland.) Panzedes bade both recite briefly their best: for which Hesiodos cited these verses: which as well as I can, in briefe, I have translated out of the beginning of his second Booke of workes and daies.

When Atlas birth, (the Pleiades) arise,  
Harvest begin; plow, when they leave the skies.

Twise twenty nights and daies, thele hide their heads :  
The yeare then turning, leave againe their beds,  
And shew when first to whet the harvest steele.  
This likwise is the fields law, where men dwell  
Neare *Neptunes* Empire: and where farre away,  
The winding valies, flye the flowing sea,  
And men inhabite the fat region.  
There, naked plow, sow naked, nak'd cut downe;  
If *Ceres* labours, thou wilt timely use,  
That timely fruits, and timely revenerues,  
Serve thee at all parts, lest at any, *Need*  
Send thee to others grudging dores to feed, &c.

These verses (*however Spondaus stands for Homers*) in respect of the peace and thrift they represent, are like enough to carry it for Hesiodus, even in these times judgments. Homers verses are these.

— Thus Neptune rowld these men;  
And round about th' *Aiaces* did their Phalanxes maintaine,  
Their sttation firme, whom *Aias* himselfe, (had he amogst them gone)  
Could not disparte; nor *Ioves* Maid, that sets men fiercer on.  
For now the best were chosen out, and they receiv'd th' advance  
Of *Hector* and his men so full, that Lance was lin'd with lance,  
Shields thickned with oppofed shields, targets to targets nail'd:  
Helmes stucke to helmes; and man to man grew; they fo cloſe affai'l'd:  
Plum'd caskes were hang'd in eithers plumes: all oynd fo cloſe their stands;  
Their lanches flood, thrifht home fo thicke, by such ill-darling hands.  
All bent their firme breasts to the point, and made sad fight their ioy  
Of both: Troy all in heapes strooke first, and *Hector* first of Troy.  
And as a round piece of a rocke, &c.

Which martial verses, though they are as high as may be for their place, and end of our Homer: are yet infinitely short of his best in a thousand other places. Nor think I the contention of any part true; Homer being affirmed by good Authors, to be a hundred yeeres before Hesiodus; and by all others much the older, Hesiodus being nearer in blood to him. And thus, for some varietie in your delight, I thought not amisse to insert here.

*Sper-bern*, the Commentators translate in this place, funda, most untruly: there being no sling spoken of in all these Iliads; nor any such service used in all these wars, which in my last annotation in this booke, will appearre more apprensible. But here, and in this place, to translate the word funda (though most commonly it signifieth samowd) is most ridiculous. *Zor-bern*, likewise signifying, orna-  
mentum quoddam muliebre: which therefore I translate a starfpe: a fitter thing  
to hang his arme in then a sling; and likely that his Squire carried about him, either  
as a favour of his owne Mistresse, or his Masters, or for eithers ornament:  
skarfes being no unsaall weare for soldiery.

*A Reliquet Suu vno, &c. Relinquitur demum sic, &c. At lenges forsake our fleet, &c. Now come we to the continuance (with cleare notes) of Menelaus ridi- culous character. This very beginning of his infatuation, (in the manner of it preparing it,) and the simply uttered upbraids of the Trojans following, confirming it most ingeniously, First, that the Trojans ravished his wife in the flower of her years;*

Spienit (vel circa mentem) superare ceteros homines atque Deos: wherein he affirmeth, that men say so, building (poore man) even that unknowne secret to himselfe, upon others, and now, I hope, sheweth himselfe empis enough. But, if you [should] say I strive to illustrate the Sun, and make cleare a thing plaine, bear how darke, and perplex aridile it sheweth yet to our good Spondanus, being an excellent scholler, and Homers Commentor. Whose words upon this speech, are these: Facundiam Menelai cum acumine, antea praedicavit Homerus (intending in Antenors speech, lib. 3. unto which I pray you turne) cuius hic luculentum exemplum habes. Vehemens autem est eius hoc loco oratio, ut qui iniuriarum sibi a Troianis in uxoris raptu illatarum recordetur, qua praesente cortadim in Greca imperio exacerbat. Primum itaque in Troianos invehitur, & eorum furorem tandem aliquando cohibentiri communihat. Deinde, per Apostrophem, ad Iovem conqueritur, de inexplicibili pugnandi ardore, quibus Troiani vehementer inflammantur. *Would any man believe this serious blindnesse in so great a scholler? Nor is he alone so taken in his eyes, but all the rest, of our most profphaned and holy Homers Traducers.*

*Kai di geor dros edw, dyc. Et benè torta ovis lana (or rather, benè torto ovis flore.) Definitio funde (faith Spondanus) vel potius periphrastica descriptio. The definition, or rather paraphrastical description of a sling: a most unofferable exposition, not a sling being to be heard of (as I before affirmed) in all the services express in these Iliads. It is therefore the true periphrasis of a light kind of armour called a Jacke, that all our archers used to serve in of old; and were ever quilted with wool; and (because *di geor* significat as well qui facilis motu versatur & circumagit, as well as benè vel pulchre tortus) for their lightness and aptness to be worn, partaketh with the word in that signification. Besides, note the words that follow, which are: *taupe adiutoris, & tauri adiutoris, &c.* frequentia facientes, and à tergo facientes, shooting, striking, or wounding so thicke, and at the backs of the armed men; not hurling: here being no take of any stones, but ouely (*auscavimus* *sunt*), conturbabant enim fugite. And when saw any man slings lined with wool? to keape their stones warme? or to dally their deliverie? and I am sure they hurled not shafts out of them. The agreement of the Greeks with our English, as well in all other their greatest vertues, as this skill with their bows, other places of these Annotations shall clearly demonstrate, and give (in my conceit) no little honour to our Country.*

The end of the thirteenth Booke.

THE



## THE X IIII BOOKE OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

A Trides, to behold the skirmish, brings  
Old Nestor, and the other wounded kings.  
Iuno (receiving of the Cyprian Dame  
Her Ceson, whence her sweet enticements came)  
Defends to Somnus, and gets him to bind  
The powers of Love with sleepe, to free her minde.  
Neptune affisst the Greeks, and of the foes,  
Slaughter infiels a mightie overthow.  
Aiax, so sore, strikes Hector with a stone,  
It makes him spit blood, and his serfes sets gone.

### Another Argument.

In E with sleepe, and bed, heauen Queene,  
Even love himselfe, makes overseene.

Ot wine, nor feasts, could lay their soft chains on old Nestors eare  
To this high Clamor; who requir'd, Macbaoms thoughts to bear  
His care in part, about the cause, for methinke still (said he)  
The cric increaseth. I must needs, the watch towre mount to see  
Which way the flood of warre doth drive. Still drinke thou wine, and eare  
Till faire-hair'd Heamead hath given, a little water heat,  
To cleanse the quitture from thy wound. This said, the goodly sheld  
Of war-like Thrasimil, his sonne (who had his owne in field)  
He tooke; snatcht up a mighty lance; and so stipt forth to view  
Caufe of that Clamor. Instantly, th'unworthy caufe he knew,  
The Grecians wholly put in rout; the Troians rowting still,  
Close at the Greeks backs, their wall rac't: the old man mournd this ill;  
And as, when with un wieldie waves, the great Sea forefeele winds,  
That both wayes murmur, and no way, her certaine current finds,  
But pants and swels confusidly; here goes, and there will stay,  
Till on it, airc casstone firme winde, and then it rolls away:  
So stood old Nestor in debate, two thoughts at once on wing  
In his discourse; if first to take, direct course to the King,  
Or to the multitude in fight. At last, he did conclude  
To visit Agamemnon first: meane time both hosts imbrewh'd  
Their steel in one anothers blood, nought wroughts their healths but harms:  
Swords, huge stones, double-headed darts, still thumping on their armes.  
And now the love-kept Kings, whose wounds, were yet in cure, did meet  
Old Nestor, Diomed, Ithacu, and Atreus sonne, from fleet,

This Grecian  
(after the first  
few battles)  
not to raid as  
one of our Te-  
mists.

Saxic.

Bent

Bent for the fight, which was farre off, the ships being drawne to shore  
*Agamemnon, &c.* And Di-  
 omed wounded,  
 g. tow'rs be-  
 yond.

On heaps at first, till all their sterns, a wall was raifd before;  
 Which (though not great) it yet suffid, to hide them, though their men  
 Were something streightened; for whose scope, in forme of battell then,  
 They drew them through the spacious shore, on another still;  
 Till all the bosome of the Strand, their fable bulks did fill:  
 Even till they tooke up all the place, twixt both the Promontories.  
 These Kings (like *Nefor*) in desire, to know for what those cries  
 Became so violent; came along (all leaning on their darts)  
 To see, though not of power to fight; sad, and suspicous hearts  
 Distempiring them, and (meeting now, *Nefor*) the King in feare  
 Cryed out, O *Nefor* our renowne! why shewes thy prefence here?  
 The harmfull fight abandoned? now *Hector* will make good,  
 The threatening vow he made (I feare) that till he had our blood,  
 And fird our flet, he never more, wold turne to *Ilion*.  
 Nor is it long, I fee, before, his whole will, will be done.  
 O Gods, I now feall the Greeks, put on *Achilles* ire,  
 Against my honour; no meane leſt, to keepe our fleet from fire.  
*Nefor to Aga.* He answerd; Tis an evident truth, not *Iove* himſelfe can now,  
 (With all the thunder in his hands) prevent our overthrow.  
 The wall we thought invincible, and trusted more then *Iove*,  
 Is ſcal'd, rac't, enterd, and our poures (driven up) paſt breathing, prove  
 A moſt inevitable fight: both slaughter ſo commixt,  
 That for your life, you cannot put, your diligent ſt thought betwixt  
 The Greeks and *Troians*; and as cloſe, their throats cleave to the ſkie.  
 Consult we then (if that will ſerve) for fight, adwife not I;  
 It fits not wounded men to fight. *Atrides* anſwerd him,  
 If ſuſt a dike be paſt, and rac't; that (as your ſelfe ſaid well)  
 We all ſteemeſd invincible, and wou'd, paſt doubt repell  
 The world, from both our fleet and us: it doth direſtly ſhow,  
 That here *Iove* vours our ſhames, and deaths. I evermore did know  
 His hand from ours, when he helpt us: and now I fee as cleare  
 That (like the bleſſed Gods) he holds, our hated enemies deare,  
 Supports their armes, and pinnionsours. Concluſe then, tis in vaine  
 To ſtrive with him. Our ſhips drawne up, now let us lanch againe,  
 And keepe at anchor, till calme Night; that then (perhaps) our foes  
 May calmē their stormes, and in that time, our ſcape we may diſpoſe:  
 “It is not any ſhame to flic, from ill, although by night:  
 “Knowne ill, he better does that flics, then be it takes in fight.

*Vlyſſes* frown'd on him, and ſaid; Accuſt, why talk'ſt thou thus?  
*Vlyſſes bitter-  
 arwr to Aga.* Would thou hadſt led ſome barbarous hoſt, and not commanded us  
 Whom *Iove* made ſouldiers from our youth, that age might ſcorne to flic  
 From any charge it undertakes; and every dazled eye  
 The hornd hand of warre might cloſe. Thus wouldest thou leaue this towne  
 For which our many miseries felt, entitle is our owne?  
 Peace, leſt ſome other Greeke give care, and heare a ſentence ſuch  
 As no mans pallate ſhould prophanē; at leaſt, that knew how much

His own right weigh'd, and being a Prince, and ſuſh Prince as beares  
 Rule of ſo many Greeks as thou. This counſell lothes mine eares,  
 Let others toy in fight and criſes, and we ſo light of heeles  
 Vpon their very noſe, and groanes, to hoife away our keeles:  
 Thus we ſhould fit the wiſh of Troy, that being ſomething neare  
 The victory, we give it cleare: and we were ſure to beare  
 A slaughter to the utmoſt man: for no man will ſuſtaine  
 A ſtroke, the fleete gone, but at that, looke ſtill, and with him ſlaine:  
 And therefore (Prince of a men) be ſure, thy censure is unſit.

*O Ithacus* (replied the King) thy bitter terms have ſmit  
 My heart in fundr. At no hand, gaſt any Princes will  
 Doe I command this; would to God that any man of ſkill,  
 To give a better counſell wou'd, or bold, or younger man:  
 My voynce ſhould gladly goe with his. Then *Dioned* began.  
 The man not faire is, nor ſhall aſke much labour to bring in.  
 That willingly would ſpeak his thoughts, if ſpoken they might win  
 Fit care, anduffer no empaire, that I diſcover them,  
 Being yongel of you: ſince, my Sire, that heir'd a Diadem,  
 May make my ſpeech to *Diaedens*, decent enough, though he  
 Lyes in his lepulcheſ at Thebes. I boast this pedigree, <sup>b</sup>  
*Porthbeu*, three famous fonneſ begot, that in high Galidon,  
 And *Pleuron* kept, with ſtate of Kings, their habitation.

*Agrivs*, *Melus*, and the third, the horſeman *Ocnemus*,  
 My fathers father, that exceld in actions generous,  
 The other two: but theſe kept home, my ſire being driven  
 With wandring, and adventrous spirits, fo to the King of heaven;  
 And thi other gods ſet downe their wil: and he to Argos came,  
 Where he began the world, and dwelt; there marrying a dame,  
 One of *Atratus* female race: He kept a royll house,  
 For he had great demeanes, good land, and (being induſtrious)  
 He planted many orchard grounds about his hauſe, and bred  
 Great ſlore of heepe. Besides all this, he was well qualifid,  
 And paſt all Argives for his ſpear: and theſe digreſſive things  
 Are ſuch as you may well indure; ſince (being derid from Kings,  
 And Kings not poore, nor verrefleſe) you cannot hold me baſe,  
 Nor ſcorm my words: which oft (though true) in meane men, meet disgrace:  
 How ever, they are theſe in ſhort. Let us be ſene at fight,

And yeeld to ſtrong *Nefor*, though wounded; that our fight  
 May ſet thofe men on, that of late, haue to *Achilles* ſplene  
 Beene too indulgent, and left blowes: but be we onely ſene  
 Not come within the reach of darts, left wound on wound we lay :  
 (Whichever reverend *Nefor* ſpeech implide) and fo fare him obey:  
 This counſell gladly all obſerv'd; went on, *Atrides* led;

Nor *Neptune* this advantage loft, but cloſely followed;  
 And like an aged man appear'd, *Atrides*, whose right hand  
 He feſd, and ſaid; *Atrides*, this doth paſſing fitly ſtand  
 With ſterne *Achilles* wakefull ſpirit, that he can ſtand afterne  
 His ſhip; and both in fight and death, the Grecian bane diſcernē.

*Sixt man to 2.  
 Uſſes.*

*Dioned to A.*  
*Agamemnon and  
 Ite riſe.*

*Dioned to A.*  
*Agamemnon and  
 Ite riſe.*

*Neptune, &c.  
 Agamemnon and  
 A. ſtand.*

*Epistles to A  
S. Marcellus.*

Since, nor in his breast glows one sparke of any humane minde,  
But, be that his owne bane; let God by that losse make him finde  
How vile a thing he is: for know, the blest gods have not given  
Thee ever over, but perhaps, the Troians may from heaven  
Receive that justice. Nay tis sure, and thou shal se their fals:  
Your fleet soone freed, and for fightes here, they glad to take their wals.  
This said, he made knowne who he was and parted with a cri,  
As if ten thoufand men had joynd in battaile then, so his  
His throat flew through the host: and so, this great earth-shaking god  
Chear'd up the Greekes hearts, that wyl their painesno period.  
*Saturnis* from *Olympus* top, saw her great brother there,  
And her great husbands brother too, exciting every where  
The glorious pirus of the Greeks, which, as the joyd to see :  
So (on the fountfull *Idas* top) *Loves* sight did disagree  
With her contentment, since she feard that his hand would descend,  
And cheke the sea-gods practises. And this she did contend  
How to prevent, which thus seemd best: to decke her curiously,  
And visite the Idalian hill, that so the Lightners eye  
She might enamour with her lookes, and his high temples steepe,  
(Even to his wisedome) in the kinde, and golden ioyce of sleepe.  
So tooke she chamber with her sonne, the god of ferrary,  
With firme doores made, being ioyned close, and with a privy key,  
That no god could command but *Love*, where (entred) she made fast  
The shining gates, and then upon her lovely body cast  
*Ambrosia*, that first made it cleare, and after, laid on it  
An odorous, rich, and sacred oyle, that was so wondrous sweet,  
That ever, when it was but toucht, it sweetned heaven and earth.  
Her body being cleand with this, her Tresses shew forth,  
And combid, (her combe dipt in the oyle) then wrapt them up in curlcs :  
And thus (her deathlesse head adornid) a heavenly veyle she huries  
On her white shoulders; wrought by her that rules in housewifenes,  
Who wove it full of antique workes, of most divine device.  
And this, with goodly clasp of go'd, the fastn'd to her breast :  
Then with a girdle (whole rich shiere, a hundred studs imprest)  
She girt her small waist. In her eares (tenderly pierc't) she wore  
Pearles, great and orient: on her head, a wreath not worn before  
Cast beames out like the sunne. At last, (she to her feet did tie  
Faire shooes, and thus entire attir'd, she shin'd in open skie :  
Cald the faire *Paphian* Queene apart, from th'other gods, and said,  
*Lov'd* daughter? shoud I aske a grace, shoud I, or be obeyd ?  
Or wouldest thou crosse me! being incenst, since I crosse thee, and take  
*Venus* to *Juno*. The Greeks part, thy hand helping Troy? She answerd, that shall make  
No difference in a different cause: aske (ancient Deitie)  
What most contens thee; my minde stands inclin'd as liberally  
To grant it, as thine owne to aske, provided that be  
A favour fit, and in my powre. She (given deceiptfully)  
Thus said; then give me those two powres, with which both men and gods  
Thou vanquishest, *Love*, and *Desire*. For now, the periods

Of

Of all the many feeding earth, and the original  
Of all the gods, *Oceanus*, and *Tbeits*, whom we call  
Our mother, I am going to greet: they must be in their court,  
And brought me up, receiving me in most respectfull sort  
From *Pheas*, when *Love* under earth, and the unfruitfull seas  
Cast *Saturne*. Then I goe to see, intending to appeale  
Iarres growne betwixt them, having long abstaind from speech and bed,  
Which jarres, could I so reconcile, that in their angers stead  
I could place love, and so renew their first societie;  
I should their best lov'd be esteem'd, and honor'd endlesly.  
She answerd, Tis not fit nor iust thy will should be denied,  
Whom *Love* in his imbraces holds. This spoken, she untied,  
And from her odorous bosome tooke her Celfond, in whole sphere  
Were all enticements to delight, all *Loves*; all *Longings* were,  
*Kinde conference*, *Faire speech*, whose powre, the wifel doth inflame :  
This, she resigning to her hands, thus urg'd her by her name.  
Receive this bridle, thus faire wrought, and put it twixt thy breifs :  
Where all things to be done, are done, and whatsover rests  
In thy desire, retorne with it. The great eyd *Inno* simild,  
And put it twixt her breasts. *Loves* Queene, thus cunningly beguiled,  
To *Loves* court flew. *Saturnia* (straight swooping from heaven height)  
*Pieris*, and *Emathia*, (thos countries of delight)  
Soone reacht, and to the snowy mounts, where Thracian soldiern dwelt,  
(Appreaching) past their tops untoucht. From *Athos* then she fel,  
Pat all the broad sea, and arriv'd in Lemnos, at the towres  
Of god-like *Thous*; where she met the Prince of all mens powres,  
*Death* brother, *Sleepe*, whose hand she tooke, and said, thou king of men,  
Prince of the gods too: if before, thou heardist my suits: againe  
Give helpefull care, and through all times, ileoffer thankes to thee.  
Lay slumber on *Loves* fiery eyes: that I may comfort me  
With his embraces. For which grace, I legrace thee with a throne  
Incorruptible, all of gold, and elegantly done  
By *Mulciber*: to which, he forg'd a footstool for the easse  
Of thy soft feete; whe wine and feaste thy golden humours please.  
*Sweete Sleep* replied; *Saturnia*, there lives not any god  
(Besides *Love*) but I would becalme: I, if it were the flood  
That fathers all the Deities, the great *Oceanus*.

Put *Love* we dare not come more heare, then he commandeth us.  
Now you command me, as you did, when *Loves* great minded sonne,  
*Alcides* (having sackt the towne of stubborne *Ilion*)  
Tooke faile from thence; when by your charge, I pour'd about *Loves* mind  
A pleasing slumber; calming him till thou draw'st up the wind,  
In all his cruelties, to sea; that set his sonne allore,  
In *Cous*, farre from all his friends, which (waking) vext so sore  
The supreme godhead, that he cast the gods about the skie,  
And me (above them all) he fought: whom he had utterly  
Hurld from the sparkling firmament; if all gods taming *Nigbys*,  
(Whom, flying, I besought for aid) had sufferedd his despight,

S

And

*Continues**Epistles to S. C.*

And not prefer'd me, but his wrath, with my offence dispenc't,  
For feare t'offend her; and so easst, though neuer so incenſt :

And now another ſuch escape, you wiſh I ſhould prepare.

She anſwerd, what hath thy deepe reſt to doe with his deepe eage?

*Iuno to ſimone.* As though Joves love to Ilion, in all degrees were ſuch,  
As twas to Hercules his ſonne? and ſo would ſtorme as much  
For their diſpleaſure, as for his? away, I will remove  
Thy feare, with giving thee the dame, that thou diſt ever love;  
One of the faire young Graces borne, divine Paphithea.

This ſtarted ſomnus into ioy, who anſwerd, Swearē to me,  
By thole inviſible ſprings, that feed the Stygian lake :  
With one hand touch the nouriſhing earth, and in the other take  
The marble ſea; that all the gods, of the infernal state,  
Whiche circle Saturne, may to us, be wiſtneſſes; and rate  
What thou haſt vow'd: that with all truth, thou wiſt beſtow on me,  
The dame (I grant) I ever lovd, divine Paphithea.

*The ſaſt of Juno to ſimone.* She ſwore, as he enioynd in all, and ſtrengthened all his ioyes,  
By naming al th' infernal gods, furnand the Iſtance.

The oath thus taken, both tooke way, and made their quicke repaire  
To Ida from the towne, and Ile, all hid in liquid aire.

At Leſton firſt, they leſt the ſea; and there, the land they trod :  
The fountiſhful ſource of ſlavages, withall her woods did nod,

Beneath their feet: there ſomnus ſtaid, left Joves bright eye ſhould ſee,  
And yet (that he might ſee to love) he climb'd the goodlieſt tree,  
That all th' Idalian mountaine bred, and crownd her progenie :  
A firre it was, that ſhot paſt aire, and kiſt the burning ſkie.

There fate he hid in his darke armes, and in the ſhape, withall,  
Of that continuall praiing bird, whom all the Deities call  
Chalæu; but men Cymmindis name. Saturnia tript apace,  
Up to the top of Gargarus, and ſhewd her heavenly face

To Jupiter; who ſaw, and lovd, and with a horne fire,  
(Being curiouſ in her tempting view) as when with firſt deſire,

(The pleaſure of it being ſtolne) they mixt, in love and bed.

And (gazing on her ſill) he ſaid: Saturnia, what hath bred

*Jupiter to Juno.* This baſte in thee, from our high court? and whether tends thy gate?

That void of chariot fit, for thy ſovereigne ſtate,

Thou lackeft here? Her ſtudied fraud, replied, My iourney now  
Leaves ſtate and labours to do good. And where, in right I owe

All kindeſſe to the Sire of gods, and our good mother Queene,  
That nurſt and kept me curiouſly, in court, (ſince both haue beeſe

Longiſme at diſcord) my deſire is to atrone their hearts;

And therefore goe I now to ſee those earths extreameſt parts,  
For whofeſfare ſtate, I ſpar'd my horſe, the ſkaling of this hill,

And leſt them at the foot of it: for they muſt taſte their fill

Ofravaile with me; that muſt draw my coach through earth and ſea;

Whofe farre intended reach, reſpect, and care not to diſplease

Thy graces: made me not attempt, without thy gracious leave.

The cloud, compelling god, her guile, in this ſort did receive;

*Juno.*

*Iuno, thou ſhalt haue after leaue, but ere ſo fare thou stray,*  
Convert we our kinde thoughts to love; that now, doth every way  
Circle, with vitorie, my poures: nor yet with any dame,  
(Woman, or goddeſſe) did his fires, my boſome to enflame  
As now, with thec: not when it lou'd, the parts so generouſe  
*Ixiōns wife had, that brought forth, the wife Pariſhoo;*  
Nor when the louely dame, *Acrisius* daughter ſtird  
My amorous poures, that *Pēſeſu* bore, to all men elſe preſerdes  
Nor when the dame that *Phēniſu* got, ſurpriſd me with her ſight;  
Who, the divine, ſoul'd *Rhadamantus*, and *Mīnos* brought to light;  
Nor *Semelē*, that bore to me, the joy of mortall men,  
The ſprightly *Bacchus*; Nor the dame, that *Thebes* renowned then,  
*Alembra*, that bore *Hercules*; *Latona*, ſo renouw'd;  
Queene *Cere*, with the golden haire, nor thy faire eyes did wound,  
My entrails to ſuch depth as now, with thirſt of amorous cafe.

The cunning dame ſcam'd much incenſt, and ſaid, what words are theſe,  
Vnſufferable *Sūrurus* ſonne? What? here? in *Ida*'s height?  
Deſirſt thou thiſ? how fits it uſ? or what if in the ſight  
Of any god, thy will were pleaſd? that he, the reſt might bring  
To wiſtneſſ thy incontinence, t'were a diſhonour'd thing.  
I would not ſhew my face in heauen, and riſe from ſuch a bed.  
But if loue be ſo deare to thee, thou haſt a chamber ſted,  
Which *Vulcanus* purpoſely contri'v'd, with all fit fecrecie:  
There ſleepe at pleasure. He replied, I feare not if the eye  
Of either god, or man obſerue; ſo thickc a cloud of gold  
He cast about us, that the ſunne (whoſe furtheſt can behold)  
Shall never finde us. This reſolu'd, into his kinde embrace,  
He tooke his wife: beneath them both, faire *Tellus* ſtrewd the place  
Vvith fresh ſprung herbes, ſo loſt, and thicke, that up aloft it bore  
Their heavenly bodies: with his leaves, did dewy *Latona* ſtore  
Th'Elysian mountaine; Saffron floweres, and *Hyacinthi* helpt make  
The ſacred bed; and there they ſlepte: when ſuddenli there brake,  
A golden vapour out of ayre, whence ſhining dewes did fall,  
In which they wrapt them cloſe, and ſlepte, till *Iove* was tam'd withall.

Meane ſpace flew ſomnus to the ſhips, found *Neptune* out, and ſaid,  
Now, chearfullly affiſt the *Greeks*, and give them glorious head;  
At leaſt, a little, while *Iove* ſleeps, of whom through euer lime,  
I pour'd darke ſleepes; *Saturnia* loue, hath ſo illuſion'd him.

This newes made *Neptune* more ſecure, in giving *Grecians* heart;  
And through the firſt fight, thus he ſtird, the men of moſt deſert.

Yet *Grecians*: hal! we put our ſhips, and conqueſt in the hands,  
Of *Priams* *Hector*, by our ſloth? he thinks ſo, and commands,

With pride according, all becauſe, *Achilles* keeps away.

Alas, as we were nougħt but him? we little need to ſtay,  
On his affiſtance, if we would, our owne strengths call to field,  
And mutually maintaine repulſe. Come on then, all men yeeld  
To what I order; we that bear, beſt armes in all our hoſt;  
Whose heads fuſtaine the brighteſt helms; whose hands are briſt'l d moſt

*love infiuſed  
with his loue & iuſe.*

*Iunes modeſty to  
Jove in ſauuſe.  
Iugeſt t. Iuaſo.*

*Iudeſt t. Iuaſo.*

*Saturnus ſe  
Neptune.*

*Neptune to the  
Greeks.*

## THE FOVRTEENTH BOOKE

With longest lances, let us on; But stay, Ile leade you all;  
Nor thinke I, but great *Hector's* spirits, will suffer some spall,  
Though they be never so inspir'd: the ablest of us then,  
That on our shoulders worst shields beare, exchange with worser men  
That fight with better. This propof'd, all heard it, and obeyed:  
The kings (euen those that suffered wounds, *Vlysses*, *Diomed*,  
And *Agamemnon*) helpe instruct, the complete army thus;  
Togood, gave good armes; worse, to worse; yet none were mutinous.

*Hector leads the Greeks.*

Thus (arm'd with order) forth they flew, the great Earth-shaker led;  
A long sword in his snowy hand, which when he brandished,  
It lightn'd still: there was no law, for him, and it; poore men  
Mift quake before them. Theſe thus man'd, illuſtrious *Hector* then  
His hoit brought up. The blew-hair'd god, and he, stretcht through the preſe  
A grievous fight: when to the ſhips, and tents of *Greece*, the feas  
Brake loofe, and rag'd. But when they joyn'd, the dreadfull *Clamor* roſe  
To luch a height; as not the ſea, when up, the North-spirit blows  
Her raging billows, bellows fo, againſt the beaten Shore:  
Nor ſuch a rustling keeps a fire, driven with violent blore,  
Through woods that grow againſt a hill: nor ſo the feruent ſtoxes  
Of almoft-burſting winds reflounds, againſt a grove of *Okes*;  
As did the clamor of thefe hofts, when both the battell cloſd.  
O all which, noble *Hector* firſt, at *Aiax* breast diſpoſd  
His javelin, ſince ſo right on him, the greatſoul'd ſoldier bore;  
Nor miſt it, but the bawdricks both, that his brode boſome wort,  
To hang his shield and ſword, it ſtrooke; both which, his ſteſh preferu'd:  
*Hector*, disclaiming that his lance, had thus, as good as (weru'd)  
Trude to his strength, but going off, great *Aiax* with a ſtone,  
(One, of the many props for ſlaps, that there lay tramp'd on)  
Stroke his broad breafe, above his shield, just underneath his throat;  
And thooke him pœcemeale. When the ſtone, ſprung backe againe, and ſmote  
(Earth, like a whirwind gathering duff, with whirring ſicrely round,  
For ſeruour of his unspent strength, in ſetting on the ground:  
And, as when *Tores* bolt, by the roots, rends from the earth an *Oke*,  
His fulphure casting with the blow, a strong, unfavoury ſmoke;  
And on the falne plant none dare looke, but with amazed eyes,  
(*Tores* thunder being no laughing game) ſo bowd ſtrong *Hector's* thyes;  
And ſo, with toſt-up heels he fel: away, his lance he flung,  
His round ſhield followd; then his helme, and out his armour rung.  
The *Greeks* then ſhowted, and ranne in, and hop't to hale him off;  
And therefore pow'd on darts, in stormes, to keepe his aide aloofe;  
But none could hurt the peoples guide; nor ſirre him from his ground:  
*Hector's* friends *Sarpedon*, Prince of *Lycia*, and *Glaucus*, ſo renownd,  
Divine *Agenor*, *Iens* ſonne, and wife *Polydamas*,  
Rush't to his refcue, and the reſt: no one, negleſtive was  
Of *Hector's* ſafetie; all their shields, they coucht about him cloſe;  
Raide him from earth, and (giving him, in their kinde armes repole)  
Irom off the labour, carried him, to his rich charioſ,  
And bore him mourning towards *Troy*: but when the flood they got

Of

## OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

Of gulpy *Xanthus*, that was got by deathleſs *Jupiter*,  
There tooke they him from chariot, and all besprinkled there  
His temples with the ſtreame; he breath'd, lookt up, affaid to rife,  
And on his knees ſtaid, ſptring bloud: againe then, cloſd his eyes,  
And backe againe his body fell; the maine blow had not done  
Yet with his ſpirit. When the *Greeks* law worthy *Hector* gone,  
Then thought they of their work, then charg'd with much more cher: the ſoe  
And then (farte firſt) *Oileades*, began the overthowr,  
He darted *Sarpius Enops* ſonne, whom famous *Nes* bore,  
(As ſhe was keeping *Enops* flockes) on *Sarpius* rivers ſhore:  
And ſtrooke him in his belies rimme, who upwards fell, and raide  
A mighty skirmiſh with his fall: and then *Panibades* feſd  
*Prithenor Arelicides*, with his reuenge diſfull ſpear,  
On his right ſhoulder, ſtrooke it through, and laid him breathleſſe there.  
For which he inſolent brag'd, and cryd out: Not a darte  
From great foul'd *Panibus* ſonne, I thinke, ſhall ever vainlier part,  
But ſome *Grecians* boſome it ſhall take, and make him give his goſt.  
This bragge the *Grecians* ſtomackt much, but *Telamonius* moſt,  
Who stood moſt neare *Protheneor's* fall: and ou't he ſent a Lance,  
Which *Panbus* ſonne (declining) ſcap't, yet tooke it to ſad chance,  
*Arebellochus*, *Antenor's* ſonne, whom heaven did deſtinate  
To that ſterne end, twixt necke and head, the javelin wrought his fate,  
And ran in at the upper ioynt, of all the blacke long bone,  
Cut both the nerves, and ſuch a lode of strength laid *Aiax* on,  
As, that ſmall part he feſd, overwaid all th' under lims, and ſtrooke  
His heelies up ſo, that head, and face, the earths poſſeſſions tooke,  
When all the low parts ſprung in airc, and thus did *Aiax* quit  
*Panibades* Brave. Now, *Panbus* ſonne, let thy propheticke wit,  
Conſider, and diſcloſe a truth, if this man doe not weigh  
Even with *Prithenor*? I conceive, no one of you will ſay,  
That either he was base himſelfe, or ſprung of any base,  
*Antenor's* brother, or his ſonne, he ſhould be by his face;  
One of his race, paſt queſtion, his likeneſſe ſhewes he is.

*Polydamas' inſultation.*

This ſpake he, knowing it well enough. The *Troians* ſtorm'd at this,  
And then ſlaue *Acamas* (to ſave his brother yet ingag'd)  
*Borisus*, dragging him to ſpoyle, and thus the *Greeks* inrag'd.  
O *Greeks*? even borne to bearce our darts, yet ever breathing threats,  
Not alwayes under tears, and toyles, ye ſee our fortune ſweats,  
But ſometimes you drop under death: ſee now your quicke among  
Our dead, intranc't with my weake Lance, to prove I haue ere long  
Revengd my brother: tis the wilh of every honell man,  
His brother ſlaine in *Mars* his field, may reſt wreake in his Phane.  
This ſtird frelh envy in the *Greeks*, but urg'd *Peneleus* moſt,  
Who buil'd his Lance at *Acamas*, he ſcap't: nor yet it lost  
The force he gaue it, for it found the flocke-rich *Eborbas* ſonne,  
*Ilionew*, whiche deare Sire, (paſt all in *Hew*)  
Was lou'd of *Hermes*, and enricht, and to him onely bore  
His mother, this now slaughtered man. The dart did undergo're

*Aiax insults of Polydamas.*

S 3

His

His eye-lid, by his eyes deare rootes; and out the apple fell,  
 The eye pierc'd through: nor could the nerve that itacis the necke, repell  
 His strong wing'd lance; but necke and all, gave way, and downe he dropt.  
*Peneleus* then unleath'd his sword, and from the shouolders chopt  
 His lucklesse head; which downe he threw, the helme still sticking on:  
 And still the Lance, fixt in his eyes, which, not to see, alone,  
 Contented him; but up againe, he snatcht, and shewd it all,  
 With this sterne Bravz; *Ilians*, relate, brave *Ilienes* fall,  
 To his kinde parents, that their roofes, their teares may over-runne,  
 For so the house of *Pramachus*, and *Alegenor*s sonne,  
 Muft with his wifes eyes, overflow: sh: never seeing more  
 Her deare Lord, though we tell his death, when to our native shore,  
 We bring from ruind Troy our fleete, and men so long forgone.  
 This said, and scene, pale Feare possesse all those of Ilion:  
 And ev'ry man cast round his eye, to see, where death was not,  
 That he might sic him. Let not then, his gracie hand be forgoit,  
 (O Muses you that dwell in heaven) that first embrude the field  
 With Trojan spoyle, when *Neptune* thus had made their irons yeeld:

First *Ajax Telamonius*, the Myrian Captaine flew  
 Great *Hyrria Cyriades*. *Amilochus* o'rethrew  
 Phales and Mermer, to their spoyle. *Meriones* gave end  
 To *Morbus* and *Hippotion*. *Tener*, to Fate did send,  
*Prothous* and *Periphetes*. *Atrides* Javelin chac't  
 Duke *Hyperenor*, wounding him, <sup>a</sup> in that part that is plac't  
 Betwixt the short ribs and the bones, that to the triple gut  
 Have pertinence. The lavelins head, did out his entrailes cut,  
 His forct soule breaking through the wound: nights black hand clostde his eies:  
 Then *Ajax*, great *Oileus* sonne, had divers victories:  
 For when *Saturnius* tuss'd flight, of all the Grecian race,  
 Not one with swiftnesse of his feet, could so enrich a chace.

*axis Oileus  
virtus for  
junctus.*

## COMMENTARIVS.

<sup>a</sup> *Opere nostra*. Princips populorum (the end of Vlysses speech in the beginning of this booke) which a scripion our Spond. takes to be given in scorne: and that all Vlysses speech is *excoriam*, or scoffing, which is spoken altogether seriously and bitterly to this title at the end, which was spoken *narrus*, molliter, or benignie, of purpose to make Agamemnon bearre the better the inficie of his other auertise.

<sup>b</sup> *Kai t' oiai & oiai*, & ego quoad genus glorior esse. The long digression that follows this, in the speech of Diomed (being next to Agamemmons reply to Vlysses) bewrayes an affection he had by all any-thing-sit-means, to take of his pedigree: and by reason of that humor, hath shewne his desire elsewhere, to learn the pedigrees of others: as in the first booke, in his enquirie of Glauclus pedigree. And herein is express part of his character.

<sup>c</sup> *Ergo iudicet os d' e' r' s' h' a' n' s'*. &c overpassing, for speed, many things in this booke that cry out for the praise of our Homer, and note of that, which in most readers I know will be lost: I must onely insist still on those parts that (in my poore

poore understanding) could never yet finde apprehension in any of our Commentors or translators: as in this simile againe of the whirlwinde; to which the stone that Aiax hurled at Hector, is resembled. *Valla* and *Eobanus*, *Sale* in French, so understanding, Hector turned about with the blow, like a whirlwinde. *Vallas* words are these (translating *valla* & *eo banus*, & *sale* in *france*): which ad verbum say *tum turbat* in every common translation; *Trochum autem sicut concutit feriens, rotatusque est undique.* Quod ita *Hector velut turbo, quem Strombum dictum, rotato corpore, &c.* *Eobanus* converting it thus:

—*Stetit ille tremens, ceu turbo rotatus.*  
 Which though it harpe upon the other, makes yet much no semeske, saying, Hector stood trembling, being wheeled about like a whirlwinde. He stood, yet was turned about violently. How grosse both are, I thinke, the blindef see: and must needs acknowledge a monstrosy unworthiness in these men to touch our Homer, esteeming it an extreme losse to the world, to have shun and the like undiscovered. For (as I apprehend it) being exprest so better then in my silly conuersation (and the stone, no Hector likewised to the whirlwinde) it is above the wit of a man to imitate our Homers wit, for the most fierie illustration both of Ajax strength, and Hectors: of Ajax for giving such a force to it, as could not spend it selfe upon Hector, but turne after upon the earth, in that whirlwinde like violence: of Hector, for standing it so solidly; for without that consideration, the stone could never haue receid so fercely. And here haue we a ruled case against our plaine and smug writers: that because their owne unskillfulness will not let them rite themselves, would haue every man growell like them: their feathers not passing the pitch of every womans capacity. And (indeed) where a man is understand, there is ever a proportion betwixt the writers wit and the writings (that I may speake with authority) according to my old lesson in *Philosophy*: *Intellectus in ipsa intelligibili transit.* But herein this case is ruled against such men, that they affirme steeple hyperbolical or superlatiue sort of exprestions and illustrations are too bold, and bumbasted; and out of that word is spunne that which they call our Fustians: their plaine writing, being stuffe nothing so substantial, but such grosse sorwige, or hairepatch, as every goose mayeate oates through. Against which, and all these plebian opinions, that a man is bound to write to every vulgar readers understanding, you see the great master of all elocution hath written so darkly, that almost three thousand sunnes haue not discovered him, no more in five hundred other places then here; and yet all perviall enough (yon may well say) when such a one as I comprehend them. But the chiefest end why I extend this annotation, is onely to insease your now here of Homers manner of writing, which (to witt his after-shore of matter and variety) is so preste, and puts on with so strong a current, that it farre over-runneth the wylful laborious purser if he haue not a Poeticall foot, and Poetess quicke eye to guide it. The verse in question, I refer you to before, which saith, *χαράδρος*, signifying a stone of an handful, or that with one hand may be raised and cast, spoken of before; and (here being understood) shooke Hector as all parts, in striking him, and like a whirrwing wheeled or whirred about. Wherein he speakes not of bounding to the earth againe, and drayng a draft with his violent turnings: in which the conceit and life of his similes, but leaves it to his Reader, and he leaves it to him: notwithstanding he writes enough to make a stome understand it; how fapidly fower all his interpreters would haue Hector (being stroke into a trembling, and almost dead) turne about like

like a whirlwilde. I conclude then with this question: What fault is it in me, to furnish and adorn my verse (being his Translator) with translating and adding the truth and falnesse of his conceit; it being as like to passe my Reader as his, and therefore necessary? If it be no fault in me, but fit, then may I justly bee said to better Homer? or not to have all my invention, matter and forme from him, though a little I enlarge his forme? Virgil in all places where he is compared and preferred to Homer, doth nothing more. And therefore my assertion in the second Booke is true, that Virgil hath in all places, wherein he is compared and preferred to Homer by Scaliger, &c. both his invention, matter and forme from him.

*Ad Ovra xiiij. lamenatu, &c. vulneravit ad Iliam; it is translated: and is in the last verses of this Booke, where Menelaus is said to wound Hyperenor. But namen, dicitur ea pars corporis quae posita est inter costas nothas, & ossa quae ad Iliam pertinent, quod inani sit, & desiderat. Hipp. in lib. xxxvij. et ceteris; and therefore I accordingly translate it. And note this beside, both out of this place, and many others, how excellent an Anatomist our Homer was, whose skill in those times, we thinks, shoud be a secret:*

The end of the Fourteenth Booke of Homer's Iliads.

## THE



## THE FIFTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Ove wakyn, and beloved Troy in fight,  
Chide Juno, and send Iris to the fight;  
To charge the sea-god, to forsake the field;  
And Phœbus to invade it, with his shield,  
Recovering Hectors broode, and crafed powres:  
To field he goes, and makes new conquerours;  
The Trojans going now, the Grecians chafe,  
Even to their fleet. Then Ajax turns his face,  
And feeds, with many Trojan lives, his ire;  
Who then brought brands to set the fleet on fire.

### Another Argument.

Love sees in O, his oversight,  
Chide Juno, Neptune calls from fight.



He Troians (beat past pale and dike, and numbers prostrate laid)  
All got to chariot, feare-driven all; and fear'd as men dismaid:  
Then love, on Ida top awake, rose from Saturnias side,  
Stood up, and lookt upon the warre; and all inverted, spide,  
Since he had seene it, th'Iliam now, in rowt, the Greeks in fight:  
King Neptune, with his long sword, Chiefe, great Hector put downe quite,  
Laid flat in field, and with a crowne, of Princes compassed;  
So flopt up, that he scarce could breathe, his minds found habit fled,  
And he still spitting blood. Indeed, his hure was not set on  
By one that was the weakest Greek. But him love lookt upon  
With eyes of pittie: on his wife, with horrible aspect;  
To whom he said: O thou in ill, most cunning Architect  
All Arts, and comments that exceedest! not onely to enforce  
Hector from fight; but with his men, to shew the Greeks a course.  
I feare (as formerly) so now, these ilis have with thy hands,  
Their first fruits towne, and therefore could, lode all thy lims with bands.  
Forgetf thou, when I hangd thee up, how to thy feet I tyed  
Two Anvils, golden manacles, on thy false wrists implied,  
And let thee mercifly hang, from our refined heauen  
Euen to earths vapors; all the gods, in great Olympus, given  
To mutinies about thee; yet (though all stood staring on)  
None durst dissolve thee; for these hands (had they but feid upon  
Thy friend) had headlong throwne him off, from our star-bearing round,  
Till he had tumbld out his breath; and peace-meale dasht the ground.

Jupiter's wrath  
of Juno.

Nor was my angry spirit calmed, so soone, for those foule seas,  
On which (inducing Northerne flaws) thou shippwrack'dst *Hercules*,  
And rost him to the *Coon* shore; that thou shouldest tempt againe  
My wraths importance, when thou feest (besides) how groly vaine,  
My poures can make thy policies: for from their utmost force,  
I freed my sonne, and set him safe, in *Argos*, nurse of horse.  
These I remember to thy thoughts, that thou maist flau these sleights,  
And know how badly bed-sports thrive, procur'd by base deceits.

This frighted the offending Queen, who, with this state, excuside  
Her kind unkindnesse: *Winnesc* earth, and heaven, so faire diffuside:  
That Flood, whose silent-gliding waves, the under ground doth bear,  
(Whiche is the great st, and gravell oare, that any god can swaere)  
Thy sacred head; whose secret joyes, that our yong bed gave forth,  
(By which I never rashly swore) that he who shakes the earth,  
Not by my counsell did this wrong, to *Hector* and his host;  
But pittyng th'oppreſſed Greeks, their fleet being nearly loſt  
Reliev'd their hard condition; yet utterly impeld  
By his free minde: which ſince I ſee, is ſo offensive held,  
To thy high pleaſure, I will now, advise him not to tred,  
But where thy tempeſt-raiſing ſeet (*O Iupiter*) ſhall leade.

*Iupiters charge  
to Juno, and re-  
complaint.*

*Juno* laught to hear her ſubmice, and ſaid, My faire-cydlove,  
If still thus thou and I were one (in counſel held above)  
*Neptune* would ſtill, in word and fact, be ours, if not in heart;  
If then thy tongue and heart agree, from hence to heaven depart,  
To call the excellent in bows, the Rain-bow, and the Sunne,  
That both may viſit both the hosts, the Grecian armie, one;  
And that is *Iris*, let her haſte, and make the ſea-god ceaſe,  
Taſſit the Greeks; and to his court, retire from warre, in peace.  
Let *Phebus* (on the *Trojan* part) inſpire with woned pow're  
Great *Hectors* ſpirits: make his thoughts, forget the late ferme houre,  
And all his anguili; ſetting on, his whole recover'd man  
To make good his late grace in fight, and hold inconstant wane  
The Grecian glories, till they fall, in fight before the fleet  
Of vext *Achilles*; which extreme, will proue the meane to greet  
Thee with thy wiſh: for then the eyes, of great *Aeacides*,  
(Made witneſſe of the generall ill, that doth ſo neare him preafe)  
Will make his owne particular, looke out; and by degrees  
Abare his wrath, that through himſelfe, for no extremities  
Will ſeme reflected; yet his friend, may get of him the grace,  
To helpe his countrey, in his Armes; and he ſhall make fit place,  
For his full preſence with his death; which ſhall be well runne:  
For I will firſt renoune his life, with ſlaughter of my ſonne,  
(Divine *Sarpedon*) and his death, great *Hectors* poure ſhall wreake,  
Ending his ends. Then at once, out ſhall the furie break  
Offiſce *Achilles*: and with that, the flight now ſelt, ſhall turne;  
And then laſt, till in wrathfull flames, the long-fig'd *Ilion* burne.  
*Athenes* counſell ſhall become, graue meane, to this my will;  
Which no god ſhall neglect, before, *Achilles* take his fill

Of

Of ſlaughter, for his slaughtered friend: even *Hectors* slaughter, throwne  
Vnder his anger; that theſe faſtes may then make fully knowne  
My woes performance, made of late: and with my bowed head,  
Confirm'd to *Tethys*, when her armes embrac't my knees, and praid  
That to her citie-racing ſonne, I would all honour ſhew.

This heard, his charge the ſeem'd rintend, and to *Olympus* flew.

*Simile.*

But, as the minde of ſuch a man, that hath a great way gone,  
And either knowing not his way, or then would let alone  
His purpoſe journey, is diſtract; and in his vexed minde  
Reſolves now not to goe; now goes, ſtill many waies inclin'd:  
So reverend *Iuno* headlong flew, and 'gainſt her stomacke ſtriv'd.  
For (being amonſt th'immortal gods, in high heaven, ſooone arriv'd,  
All rising, welcomming with cups, her little abſenteethen)  
She al their courtships overpast, with ſolemne negligence,  
Save that which faire-checkt *Themis* ſhewd, and her kind cup ſhe tooke:  
For firſt, ſhe ranne and met with her, and aſk'd What troubled lookē  
She brought to heaven? She thought (for truth) that *Iove* had terrified  
Her ſpirits strangely, ſince she went. The faire arm'd Queen replide:

*Themis to Juno.*

That truth may eafily be ſoppofd, you (goddefc *Themis*) know  
His old ſeruite and pride; but you bear't out with ſnow,  
And like the banquets arbitre, amonſt th' Immortals fare,  
Though well you heare amonſt them all, how bad his actions are,  
Nor are all here, nor any where, mortals, nor gods (I ſteare)  
Entirely pleaſd with what he does, though thus ye banquet here.

*Junoes reply.*

Thus tooke the place, diſpleasedly; the feaſt in general,  
Bewraying privie ſpleenes at *Iove*, and then (to colour all)  
She laught, but merely from her lips: for, over her blacke browes  
Her full-bent ſarchead was not cleare'd, yet this her paſſions throwes,  
Brought forth in ſpight, being lately ſchoold; alas, what foole are we  
That envie *Iove*? or that by aſt, word, thought, can fantasie,  
Any reſiſtantē to his will? he fits farre off, nor cares,  
Nor moves, but ſayes he knowes his ſtrength, to all degrees compares  
His greatness, paſt all other gods, and that in fortitude,  
And every other godlike poure, he reignes, paſt all indude.  
For which great eminence, all you gods, what ever ill he does

*Sustaine* with patiencē: here is *Mars*, I thinke, not free from woes,  
And yet he bears them like himſelfe. The great god had a ſonne,  
Whom he himſelfe yet iuſtifies, one that from all men wonne  
Iuft ſurname of their bett belov'd, *Aſcalaphus*; yet he

*Iunors* ſpecific  
purpose to in-  
cenſe *Mars*  
ſe-priue.

(By *Ioves* high grace to Troy) is ſlaime, *Mars* ſtarred horribly  
(As *Iano* knew he would) at this, beate, with his hurld out hands,  
His brawniethighes, cryed out, and ſaid: O you that have commands  
In these high temples, beare with me, if I revenge the death  
Of ſuch a ſonne: Ile to the fleet, and though I ſinke beneath  
The fate of being ſhot to hell, by *Ioves* tell thunder ſtone:  
And lie all grim'd amonſt the dead, with dust and bloud; my ſonne,  
Revenge ſhall honour. Then he charg'd, Feare and Diftay to joyne  
His horſe and chariot: he got armeſ, that over heaven did ſhine:

And

And then a wrath, more great and grave, in *Jove* had beeene prepar'd  
 Against the gods, then *Juno* cauled; if *Pallas* had not car'd  
 More for the peace of heaven than *Mars*, who leapt out of her throne,  
 Ript up her helmet, lance, and shielf, and made her Phanes porch grone  
 With her egrescion to his stay, and thus his rage defers:  
 Furious, and foolish? th'art undone; haft thou, for nought, thine cares?  
 Heardst thou not *Juno*, being arriv'd from heavens great King but now?  
 Or wouldest thou e hemselfe shoulde rise (forc't with thy rage) to show  
 The dreadfull powre th' urg'd in him, so iustly being stird?  
 Know (thou most impudent and mad) thy wrath had not inferd  
 Mischiefe to thee, but to us all? his spirit had instantly  
 Left both the hosts, and turn'd his hands to uprores in the skie.  
 Guilty and guiltlesse, both to wracke in his high rage had gone;  
 And therefore (as thou lovest thy selfe) cease furie for thy tonne.  
 An other, farre exceeding him, in heart and strength of hand,  
 Or is, or will be thortly slain. It were a b worke would stand  
*Iove* in much trouble, to free all from death that would not die.

This threat even naid him to his throne, when heavens chiefe Maiestie  
 Cald bright *Apolo* from his Phane; and *Iris* that had place  
 Of Internunciess from the gods, to whom she did the grace  
 Of *Jupiter*, to this effect: It is *Saturnius* will,  
 That both, with utmost speed, should stoope to the Idalian hill,  
 To know his further pleasure there. And this let me advise,  
 Wh'en you arr've, and are in reach of his refulgent eyes:  
 His pleasure heard, performe it all, of whatsoever kinde.

Thus mov'd the backe, and uide her throne. Those two ouerstrip the wind,  
 And Ida (all enchaunt wth springs) they soone attaint, and found  
 Where faire-differing *Jupiter*, in his repole, had crownd  
 The browes of *Garganus*, and wrapt an odoriferous cloud  
 About his bosome. Comming neare, they stood; nor now he shewd  
 His angry countenance, since so soone, he saw they made th'acceſſe  
 That his lov'd wife enjoynd. But first, the faire Ambassadresse,  
 He thus commanded, *Iris*, Go, to *Neptune*, and relate  
 Our pleasure truly, and at large; command him from the Fate  
 Of humane warre, and either greete the gods societie,  
 Or the divine sea, make his seat. If proudly he deny,  
 Let better counsels be his guides, then such as bid me warre,  
 And tempt my charge, though he be strong, for I am stronger farre,  
 And elder borne: nor let him dare to boast even stace with me,  
 Whom all gods else preferre in feare. This said, downe hasted she  
 From Ida's top to Ilion; and like a mighty snow,  
 Orgelide haile, that from the clouds, the Northerne spirit doth blow,  
 So fell the windie footed Dame; and found with quicke repaire  
 The watry god, to whom the faie God with the fable haire,  
 I came from *Aegae*-bearing *Jove*, to bid thee ceafe from fight.  
 And visite heaven, or ch' ample leſs: which, it in his despight,  
 Or disobedience, thou deniest, he threatensthee to come  
 (In opposite fight) to field hanfelte: and therefore warnes thee home,

His

His hands eschewing, since his powre is farre superior;  
 His birth before thee, and affirms thy lou'd heart shoulde abhorre  
 To vaunt equaltie with him, whom every deity feares.

He answ'rd, O unworthy thing! though he be great, he beares  
 His tongue too proudly, that our selfe, borne to an equall share  
 Of state and freedome, he would force. Three brothers borne, we are,  
 To *Saturne*; *Rhea* brought us forth: this *Jupiter* and I,  
 And *Pluto*, god of under-groundes. The world indifferentely  
 Dispolde betwixt us; every one his kingdom; I, the feas,  
*Pluto* the blacke lot; *Jupiter* the principalities

Of broad heauen, all the skie and clouds, was forted out: the earth  
 And high *Olympus*, common are, and due to eithers birth.

Why then shoulde I be aw'd by him? Contente he his great heart,  
 With his third portion, and not thinke to amplifie his part  
 With terrors of his stronger hands, on me, as if I were

The most ignoble of us all: let him containe in feare,  
 His daughters and his sonnes, begot by his owne person: this  
 Holds more convenience: they must beare these violent threats of his.

Shall I (said *Iris*) beare from thee, an anſwer so austere?  
 Or wilt thou change it? Changing mindes, all noble natures beare:  
 And well thou know'st, these greatest borne, the Furies follow still.

He answ'rd: *Iris*, thy reply keeps time, and shewes thy skill.  
 O tis a most praiſe-worthy thing, when messengers can tell  
 (Besides their misfages) ſuch things as fit th' occation wel.  
 But this much grieves my heart and foule, that being in powre and state,  
 Alwaies his equal, and ſo fixt by one decree in fate,  
 He ſhould to me, as under him, ill language give, and chide;  
 Yet now, (though ſtill incenſt) I yeeld, affirming this beſide:  
 And I enforce it with a threat, that if without content  
 Of me, *Minerva*, *Mercurie*, the Queene of regiment,  
 And *Vulcan*, he will either ſpare high *Ilium*, or not raze  
 Her turrets to the lowest ſtone, and (with both theſe) not grace  
 The Greckes, as victors absolute: informe him this from me,  
 His pride and my contempt ſhall live, at endleſſe enmitie.

This ſaid, he left the Greckes, and rufſt into his watry throne,  
 Much miſt of all th'heroike hof. When *Jove* discern'd him gone,  
*Apollo*'s ſervice he employd, and ſaid, Lov'd *Phœbus* go  
 To *Hector*: now th'earth-shaking god, hath taken ſea, and ſo  
 Shrunke from the horrors I denounce, which ſtanding, he, and all  
 The under-feated deities, that circle *Saturne* fall.  
 Had heard of me in ſuch a fight, as had gone hard for them.  
 But both for them and me, tis beſt, that thus they fly th'extreme.  
 That had not past us without ſweate. Now then, in thy hands tak  
 My Adder ſring'd affrighting ſhield, which with ſuch terror ſhake,  
 That Feare may ſhake the Greckes to flight: beſides this, addeth care  
 (O *rhabdos* farre off-shooting god) that this ſo ſickly farc,  
 Offamous *Hector* be recurd, and quickly ſo excite  
 His ampleſt poures, that all the Greckes may grace him with their flight;

T

*Neptune to Iris*,  
 being incenſt  
 with *Jupiter*.

*The rule proper  
 to Jupiter*  
*Nep sun and  
 Pluto being  
 ſtre. rulers.*

*Iris to Neptune*,  
*Neptune againe  
 to Iris.*

*Jupiter to Aſc to*

Even

Even to their shippes, and *Hellestant*; and then will I devise  
All words and facts againe for Greece, that largely may suffice,  
To breathe them from their instant toiles. Thus from th'Idean heigh,  
(Like ayres swift-pigeon-killer, stoupe, the far-shot god of light,  
And found great *Hector*, sittynge up, not stretcht upon his bed,  
Nor wheasing with a stopt-up spirte, not in cold sweates, but fed  
With fresh and comfortable veinies: but his minde, all his owne,  
But round about him, all his friends, as well as ever knowne.  
And this was with the minde of *Iove*, that flew to him before  
*Apollo* came; who (as he saw no signe of any force)  
Askt (like a chearefull visitant) why in this sickly kinde,  
(Great *Hector*) sit thou so apart? can any griefe of minde  
Invoke thy fortitude? He spake, but with a feble voyce,  
O thou, the best of deities! why (since I thus reioyce  
By thy so seriousbenefit) demandst thou (as in mirth,  
And to my face) if I were ill? for (more then what thy worth  
Must needs take note of) doth not Fame, from all mouthes fill their eares,  
That (as my hand at th' Achive fleet, was making massacres  
Of men, whom valiant *Ajax* led) his strength, strooke with a stome,  
All powre of more hurt from my brest? my very soule was gone:  
And once to day I thought to see the house of *Dus* and *Death*.

Be strong (said he) for such a spirit, now sends the god of breath,  
From syrin *Ida*, as shall runne through all Grecian spirits in these;  
*Apollo* with the golden sword, the cleare farre-feer, see  
Him, who bewixt death and thy life, twixt ruine and those towres,  
Ere this day, oft hath held his shield. Comether, beall thy poures,  
In wondred vigour: let thy knyghts, with all their horfe assay  
The Grecian fleet, my selfe will leade, and scourre so cleare the way;  
That flight shall leave no Grecian Rub. Thus instantly inspir'd  
Were all his nerves with matchless strength; and then his friends he fir'd  
Against their foes, when (to his eyes) his eares confirm'd the god.  
Then, as a goodly headed Hart, or Goat, bred in the wood,  
A rout of country huntmen chase, with all their hounds in cry,  
The beast yet, or the shadie woods, or rockes excessive hie,  
Keape safe; or our unwelky fates (that even in hunters way)  
Barre them; the poore beaults pulling downe, when straight the clamorous fray,  
Cals out a Lyon, hugely man'd, and his abhorred view  
Turnes headlong in unturning flight (though ventrous) all the crew:  
So hitherto the chasing Grecians, their slaughter dealt by troupes,  
But after *Hector* was beheld, range here and there, then stoupes  
The boldest courage; then their heelles tooke in their dropping hearts,  
And then spake *Andromonides*, a man of farre-best parts  
Of all th' Etolians, skild in darts; strenuous in fightes of stand,  
And one of whom, few of the Grecians could get the better hand,  
(For Rhetorique) when they fought with words, with all which, being wise,  
Thus spake he to his Grecian friends: O mischiefe! now mine eyes  
Discern no little miracle; *Hector* escapt from death,  
And all recoverd; when all thought his soule had sunke beneath

The

The hands of *Aies*: but some god hath fayd and freed againe,  
Him that but now dissolv'd the knees of many a Grecian.  
And now I feare will weaken more, for not withoutur the hand  
Of him that thunders, can his poures, thus still the forefights stand;  
Thus still triumphant: heare me then, our troupes in quicke retreate,  
Let's draw up to our fleet, and we, that boast our selves, the Great  
Stand firme, and trie, if these that raise, so high their charging darts,  
May be refisht: I beleue, even this great heart of hearts,  
Will feare himselfe to be too bold in charging thorow us.

They easly heard him, and obeyd, when all the generous  
They cal'd encounter *Hectors* charge, and turn'd the common men  
Backe to the fleet: and these were they, that bravely furnisht then  
The fierce forefight; th' *Aices* both; the worthy Cretan King,  
The Mars-like *Meges*, *Merion*, and *Tenier*. Up then, bring  
The Trojan chieftes, their men in heapes; before whom (amply pac't)  
Marcht *Hector*; and in front of him, *Apollo*, who had caft  
About his bright aspect, a cloud, and did before him beare  
*Ioves* huge and each, where shaggie shield; which (to contayne in feare  
Offending men) the god smit gave to *Iove*, with this heled  
The Trojan forces. The Grecian stood, a fervent clamor spred  
The aire on both sides as they ioynd; out flew the shafts and darts,  
Somefalling short, but otherwise, found butts in breasts and hearts.  
As long as *Phebus* held bat out, his horrid shield, to long  
The darts flew raging either way, and death grew both wayes strong.  
But when the Grecian had seene his face, and who it was that shooke  
The bristled targe, knew by his voyce; then all their strengths forsooke  
Their nerves and mindes; and then looke how a goodly herd of Neat,  
Or wealthy flocke of sheepe, being clost, and dreadlesse at their meate,  
In some blacke midnight, fodaingly (and not a keeper neare)  
A brace of horrid Beares rush in, and then flye here and there  
The poore affrighted flockes or herds; so every way disperst  
The heartleſſ Grecians: so the sunne, their headstrong chace reverſt  
To headlong flight, and that day rafide, with all grace, *Hectors* head.  
*Arcissimus* then he slue, and *Sichium*; *Sichium* led  
*Baetia*, brazen-coted men: the other was the friend  
Of mightie foul'd *Menesbœus*. *Aies* brought to end,  
*Medon*, and *Iason*; *Medon* was the brother (though but basc')  
Of swift *Oileades*, and dwelt farre from his breeding place,  
In *Phylace*, the other led th' Athenian bands: his Sire  
Was *Spelus*, *Bucolus* his sonne. *Aesopisbœus* did expire  
Beneath *Polydamas* his hand. *Poliotes*, *Ecbium* slew  
Iust at the ioyning of the hosts. *Agenor* overthrew  
*Clonius*. Bold *Deictobus* felte *Alexanders* Lance,  
It stroke his shouolders upper part, and did his head advance,  
Quite through his breast, as from the fight, he turn'd him for retreat.  
While these stood spoyleyng of the slaine, the Grecians found time to get  
Beyond the dike, and thundrik t pales: all scapes they gladly gain'd,  
Till all had past the utmost wall; Necesseit soaign'd.

of these  
Grecians

Time.

Then

*Hector's death.*

Then *Hector* cryed out: Take no spoyle, but rush on to the fleet,  
From whose assault (for spoyle or flight) if any man I meete,  
He meetes his death: nor in the fire, of holy funeral,  
His brothers or his sisters hands, shall cast (within our wall)  
His loathed body; but without, the throttes of dogges shall grave  
His manesse lime. This said, the scourge his forward horfes drove  
Through every orders, and with him, all whipt their chariots on,  
All threateningly, out thundering shounts, as earth were overthrown.

Before them marche *Apollo* still, and as he marcht, digd downe,  
(Without all labour) with his feet, the dike; till, with his owne,  
He fild it to the top; and made way both for man and horse,  
As broad and long as with a Lance (cast out to try ones force)  
A man could measure. Into this they pour'd whole troupes as fast,  
As numerous: *Phœbus* still, before, for all their haste,  
Still shaking *Tor*'es unvalued shield, and held it up to all.  
And then, as he had chokt their dike, he tumbl'd downe their wall.  
And looke how easly any boy, upon the sea-ebd shore,  
Makcs with a little sand a toy, and cares for it no more;  
But as he raid childlifly, so in his wanton vaine,  
Both with his bands and feet, he puls, and spurnes it downe againe:  
So sleight, O *Phœbus*, thy hands made, of that huge Grecian toyle,  
And their late stand, so well resolv'd, as easly mad' & recycle.

Thus stod they driven up at their fleet, where each heard others thought,  
Exhorting, passing humbly prayd: all, all the gods besought,  
(With hands held up to heaven) for helpe, 'mongst all, the good old man,  
*Grave Nestor* (for his counsels cald the Argives guardian)  
Fell on his aged knees, and prayd, and to the starry host,  
Stretcht out his hands for ayd to theirs; of all, thus moving most:  
O father *Tor*, if ever man, of all our holt did burne  
Fat thighes of Oxen or of Sheepe (for grace of safer returcne);  
In su full Argos; and obtaind the bowing of thy head,  
For promise of his humble prayers: O now remember him,  
(Thou merely heavenly) and cleareup the soule browses of this dim  
And crull day; doe not destroy our zeale for Trojan pride.  
He prayd, and heavens great Counsellor, with store of thunder tride  
His former grace good; and so heard the old mans hearty prayers.  
The Trojans tooke *Tor*'es signe for them, and pour'd out their affaires  
In much more violence on the Greckes; and thought on nought but fight.  
And as a huge wave of a sea, fwolne to his ruder height,  
Ereakes over both sides of a ship, being all urg'd by the wind;  
For that's it makes the wave so proud: in such a borne-up kind,  
The Trojans overgat the wall; and getting in their horse,  
Fought closet fleet; which now the Greeks ascended for their force:  
Then from their chariots, they with darts, the Greeks with bead-hooks fought  
(Kept still aboord for navall fight) their heads with iron wrought,  
In hookes and pikcs, *Achilles* friend, still while he saw the wall  
That stod without their fleet, afford employment for them all,  
Was never absent from the tent of that man-loving Greek,

Late-hurt

Late-hurt *Eurypilus*; but fate, and every way did seeke  
To spend the sharpe time of his wound, withall the eafe he could,  
In medicines, and in kinde discoufe; but when he might behold  
The Troians past the wall; the Greckes flight driven, and all in cries;  
Then cride he out, Cast downe his hands, and beat with grieve his thighes:  
Then, O *Eurypilus*, (he cride) now all thy need of me,  
Must bear my absence: now a worke of more necesse,  
Cals hence; and I must haste to call *Achilles* to the field:  
Who I knowes, but (God assyding me) my words may make him yeeld?  
The motion of a friend is strong. His feete thus tooke him thence.  
The rest yet stood their enemies firme, but all their violence  
(Though Troy fought there with fewer men) lackt vigor to repell  
Those fewer from their Navies charge; and so, that charge as well  
Lackt force to spoyle their fleet or tents. And as a shipwrights line  
(Disposide by such a hand, as learn'd, from th' Artizan divine,  
The perse & practise of his art) directts or guards so well  
The navall timber then in frame; that all the layd on steele,  
Can hew no further then may serve to give the timber th' end,  
For-purposde by the skilfull wright: so both hofis did contend  
With such a line, or law appilde, to what their steele would gaine.

At other ships fought other men, but *Hector* did maintaine  
His quarrall firme at *Ajax* ship; and so did both employ,  
About one vessell, all their toyle: nor could the one destroy  
The ship with fire, nor force the man, nor that man yet get gone  
The other from so neare his ship, for God hath brought him on.

But now did *Ajax* with a dart wound deadly in the brest,  
Calestor, sonne of *Clytus*, as he with fire addrest

To burne the vessel; as he fell, the brand fell from his hand.  
When *Hector* saw his sisters sonne ly slaughterd in the sand,  
He cald to all his friends, and prayd, they would not in that streight,  
For sake his nephew, but maintaine about his corse the fight,  
And save it from the spoyle of Grecce. Then sent he out a Lance  
At *Ajax*, in his nephews wreake, which mist, but made the chance  
On *Lycophron Nestorides*, that was the houlsht friend  
Of *Ajax*, borne in Cythera, whom *Ajax* did defend,  
(Being fled to his protection) for killing of a man  
Amongst the god-like Cytherans: the vengefull Javelin ran  
Quite through his head, above his care, as he was standing by,  
His Fautour, then afterne his ship, from whence his soule did flye,  
And to the earth his body fell: the haire stood np an end  
On *Ajax*, who to *Tecer* cald, (his brother) saying: Friend,  
Our loved confort, whom we brought from Cythera, and gract,  
So like our father, *Hector*'s hand hath made him breathe his last.  
Wher then are all thy death-borne shafts? and that unvalued bow,  
*Apollo* gave thee? *Tecer* strait, his brothers thoughts did know,  
Stood neare him, and dispatcht a shaft amongst the Trojan fight:  
It stroke *Pyrenor* goodly sonne, yong *Clytus*, the delight  
Of the renown'd *Polydamas*; the bridle in his hand,

*Patrebus* to  
*Eurypilus*.

*Achilles* & *Patrobus*.

*Ajax* & *Calestor*.

*Hector* at the

*Ajax* & *Clytus*  
friend.

As he was labouring his horse, to please the high command  
Of *Hector* and his Trojan friends; and bring him where the fight  
Was greatest tumult. But his strife, for honour in their sight,  
Wrought not what fight or wilhes helpt; for turning backe his looke,  
The hollow of his necke, the shaft came singing on, and strooke,  
And downe he fell; his horses backe, and hurried through the field  
The emptie chariot. *Pantus* sonne, made all hast, and withheld  
Their loofe-carier; disposing them to *Protaoos* sonne,  
*Astioos*, with speciall charge, to keepe them ever on,  
And in his sight: to be againe, amongst the foremost went.

At *Hector* then another shaft, incensed *Teucer* sent;  
Which, had it hit him, sure had hurt; and had it hurt him, slaine;  
And had it slaine him, it had driven all those to Troy againe.  
But *Teucer* infamie, himselfe (in *Hectors* deadly ayme)  
His wel wrought string dislevering, that serv'd his bravest bow;  
His shaft flew quite another way, his bow the earth did shrow.  
And which, *Teucer* stood amaz'd, and to his brother cri'd,  
O prodige! without all doubt, our Angell doth deride  
The counells of our fight; he brake a string, my hands put on  
This morning, and was newly mades; and well might haue serf gone  
A hundred arrowes; and beside, he strooke out of my hand,  
The bow *Apollo* gave. He said, Then (good friend) doe not stand  
More on thy acherie, since God (preventer of all grace,  
Desir'd by Grecians) sleights it so. Take therefore in the place,  
A good large Lance; and on thy necke, a target cast, as bright,  
With which, come fight thy selfe with some, and othersoe excite,  
That without labour at the least (though we prove worser men)  
Troy may not brag it tooke our ships: come minde our busynesse then.

Tois said, he hastid to his tent: left there his shafts and bow,  
And then his double, double shield, did on his shoulders throw,  
Upon his honord head he placit his helmet, thickly plum'd,  
And then his strong and well pilde lance, in his faire hand assynd,  
Retum'd, and boldly tooke his place, by his great brothers side.

When *Hector* saw his arrowes broke, out to his friends he cri'd,  
O friends! be yet more comforted, I saw the hands of *Jove*,  
Breake the great Grecian archers shafts: tis easie to approve,  
That *Teuces* powre is direct with men, as well in thosse set his  
Vpon the sodaine, as in thosse deprest as sodainly:  
And thol'e not put in state at all: as now he takes away  
Strength from the Greckes, and gives it us; then use it, and assay  
With joyn'd hands this approched fleet. If any bravely buy  
His lame or fate, with wounds or death, in *Joves* name let him die.  
Wher for his country suffereth death, sustaine no shamefull thing:  
His wife in honour shall survive, his progenie shall spring  
In endlesse summers; and their rooses with patrimonie swell;  
And all this, though with all their freight, the Grecke ships we repell.

We friends thus cheerd, on th'other part, strong *Six* stird his friends:

O Greeks (said he) what shame is this, that no man more defends  
His fame and safety; then to live, and thus be forc't to shrinke:  
Now either save your fleet, or dye; unlesse ye vainly thinke  
That you can live, and they destroy'd? perceives not every eare,  
How *Hector* hartenst up his men! and hath his firebrands here,  
Now ready to enflame our fleet: he doth not bid them dance,  
That you may take your ease, and see, but to the fight advance.  
No counsell can serve us but this: to mixe both hands and hearts,  
And bearre up close; tis better much, t' expose our utmost parts  
To one daies certaine life or death; then languish in a warre  
So base as this; beatre to our ships, by our inferiuors farre.

Thus rowld he up their spirits and strengths: to work then both sides went.

When *Hector*, the *Phoenician* Duke, to fields of darknesse sent  
Fierce *Schedius*, *Perimedes* sonne; which *Six* did require,  
With slaughter of *Laodamas*, that led the foot to fight,  
And was *Antenor* famous sonne. *Polydamas* did end  
*Orus*, furnam'd *Cyllenius*; whom *Phydas* made his friend,  
Being chiefe of the *Epeians* Bands: whose fall, when *Meges* view'd,  
He ist flic at his scellers life; who (Blinking-in) ch'shew'd  
The weyl aym'd Lance: *Apollo* will, denied that *Pantus* sonne  
Should fail amongst the foremost fights; the clart, the mid-breft wonn'd  
Of *Crasinus*; *Meges* wonne his armes. At *Meges*, *Dolops* then  
Beflowd his lance; he was the sonne of *Lampus*, best of men:  
And *Lampus*, of *Laomedon*, well skild in strength of minde,  
He strooke *Phylites* shield quite through, whole curets, better lin'd  
And hollow'd fitly, savd his life: *Phyleus* left him them,  
Who from Epirus brought them home, on that part where the stremme  
Of famous *Selees* doth runne; *Emphates* did beflow  
(Being guest with him) thol'e wel prov'd armes, to weare against the foe,  
And now they lavd his sonne from death. At *Dolops*, *Meges* threw  
A spear well pilde; that strooke his caske full in the height, off flew  
His purple feather, newly made, and in the dust it fell.

While these thus striv'd for victory, and eitheris hope serv'd well,  
*Strides* came to *Meges* aide, and (hidden with his side)  
Let loose a javelin at his foe, that through his backe implied  
His lustie head, even past his breast; the ground receiv'd his weight.

While these made into spoyle his armes, great *Hector* did excite  
All his allies to quicke revenge; and first he wrought upon  
Strong *Menalippus* (that was sonne to great *Hyetean*)  
With some reproose. Before these warres, he in *Percote* fed  
Cloven-footed Oxen; but did since, returne where he was bred,  
Exceld amongst the Ilians, was much of *Priam* lourd,  
And in his court kepr, as his sonne, him *Hector* thus reprovd.

Thus *Menalippus*, shall our bloud accuse us of neglect?  
Nor moves it thy lov'd heart (thus urg'd) thy kinsman to protect?  
Seest thou not, how they lecke his spoyle? Come, follow, now no more  
Our fight must stand at length, but close: nor leave the clole, before  
We close the latest eye of them; or they, the lowest stome

## THE FIFTEENTH BOOKE

Tearre up, and sacke the citizens of lofty Ilion.

He led he followed like a god; and then must *Aias* needs  
 (as well as *Hector*) cheare his men, and thus their spirits he feeds:  
 Good friends bring but your selues to scelle, the noble stings of shame,  
 For what ye suffer, and be men: respect each others fames;  
 For which, who strives, in shames fit feare; and puts on neare so faire  
 Comes oftner off, then sticke engag'd: these fugitives of warre,  
 Give us ther lif, nor get renoune, nor beare more mindes then sheepe,  
 His short speech fir'd them in his aide, his spirit toucht them deep,  
 And turn'd them all before the fleer, into a wall of brasse:  
 To whose assault, *Iove* stird their foes, and yong *Atrides* was  
*Ioves* instrument; who thus set on the yong *Antilochus*:  
*Antilochus*, in all our host, there is not one of us  
 More yong then you, more swift of foot, nor (with both those) so strong.  
 O wold thou woldst then, (for thou canst) one of this lastie throng,  
 That thus comes skipping out before, (whoever, any where)  
 May sticke: (for my sake) twixt both hosts, and leave his bold bloud there.

He said no sooner, and retir'd, but forth he rufht, before  
 The foremost fighters, yet his eye did every way explore  
 For doubt of odds, our flew his Lance: the Troians did abstaine:  
 While he was darting, yet his dart he cast not off vaine:  
 For *Menalippus* (that rare sonne) of great *Hyceanus*,  
 (As bravely he put forth to fight) it fiercely flew upon;  
 And, at the nipple of his breast, his breast and life did part.  
 And then, much like an eager hound, cast off at some young Hart,  
 Hurt by the hunters that had left his covert then, but new,  
 The great in-warre-*Antilochus*. (O *Menalippus*) flew  
 On thy torn boome, for thy spoyle. But thy death could not lie  
 Hid to great *Hector*; who all halfe made to thee, and made flye  
*Antilochus*; although in warre, he were at all parts skild:  
 But as some wilde beast, having done, some shrewd turne, (either kild  
 The herdman, or the hardmans dogge) and skulkis away before  
 The gaither multitude makes in: so *Nestors* sonne forbore,  
 But after him, with horrid cryes, booth *Hector* and the rest,  
 Showres of teare-thirsty Lances powr'd, who having arm'd his brest  
 Wth all his friends, he turn'd it then. Then on the lips, all Troy,  
 Like raw flesh-nourish Lyons rulhr, and knew they did employ  
 Their pouwes to perfect *Ioves* high will, who still their spirits enflam'd,  
 And quench't the Grecians; one renown'd, the other often sham'd;  
 For *Hector* glory still he stood, and ever went about  
 To make him cast the fleet such fire, as never shoulde goe our;  
 Heard *Thetis* foule petition, and wist in any wife,  
 The splendor of the burning ships might satiate his eyes.  
 From him yet the repulse was then, to be on Troy conferd,  
 The honour of it given the Grecies; which (thinking on) he stird  
 (With such addition of his spirit) the spirit *Hector* bore,  
 To burne the fleer, that of it selfe was hor enough before.  
 But now he far'd like *Mars* himselfe, so brandishing his Lance,

As

## OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

*Hector's* terrible  
appearance.

As through the deepe shades of a hill, a raging fire shoulde glance,  
 Held up to all eyes by a hill, about his lips, a stome  
 Stood, as when th' Ocean is inrag'd; his eyes were overcome  
 With fervor, and resembld flames; set off by his darke browes:  
 And from his temples, his bright helme abhorred lightnings throwes.  
 For *Iove*, from forth the sphere of starres, to his state put his owne,  
 And all the blaze of both the hosts, confir'd in him alone.  
 And all this was, since after this, he had not long to live;  
 This lightning flew before his death: which *Pallas* was to give,  
 (A small time thence, and now prepard) beneath the violence  
 Of great *Pelides*. In meane time, his present eminence,  
 Though al things under it: and he, still where he saw the stands  
 Of greatest strength, and bravest arm'd, there he would prove his hands:  
 Or no where; offering to breakethrough. But that past all his powre,  
 Although his will, \* were past all theirs, they stood him like a towre  
 Conjoyned so firm: that as a rock, exceeding high and great,  
 And standing neare the hoarie sea, bears many a boysterous threat  
 Of high-voeyt windes, and billowes huge, belchit on it by the stormes;  
 So stood the Greeks great *Hectors* charge, nor stird their battellous formes.

He (girt in fire, borne for the fleet) still rusht at every troupe,  
 And fell upon it like a wave, high raid, that then doth stoape  
 Out from the clouds; growes as it stoupes, with stormes, then down doth come  
 And cuffe a ship, when all her sides are hid in brackish fume,  
 Strong gales still raging in her sailes; her failers mindes dismaid,  
 Death being but little from their lives: so *Iove*-like *Hector* fraid,  
 And plyde the Greeks, who knew not what would chance, for all their guards.

And as the banefull king of beasts, leapt in to Oxen herds,  
 Fed in the meadowes of a fenne, exceeding great, the beasts  
 In number infinite, 'mongt whom, (their herdmen wanting breasts  
 To fight with Lyons for the price of a blacke Oxes life,)  
 He here and there jumps; first and last, in his bloud-thirsty strife,  
 Chac't and assaulted, and at length, downe in the midst goes one,  
 And all the rest sperrth through the fenne: so now, all Greece was gone.  
 So *Hector* (in a flight from heaven, upon the Grecians cast)

Turn'd all their backs; yet only one, his deadly lance laid fast:  
 Brave *Mycenaeus Periper*, *Cypres* dearest sonne;  
 Who, of the heavens-Queene-lov'd king, (great *Eurythoem*) wonne  
 The grace togetr in Ambassie, the strength of *Heracles*  
 Was fare superiour to his first; in steeete, fighte, noblenesse  
 Of all the vertues, and all thofe did such a wisedome guide,  
 As all Mycenae could not match: and this man dignified,  
 (Still making greater his renoune) the state of *Priams* sonne.  
 For his unhappy hastie foote, as he addrest to runne,  
 Stucke in th'extreme ring of his shield, that to his ankles reache,  
 And downe he upwards fell, his fall up from the center fetche  
 A huge found with his head and helme; which *Hector* quickly spide,  
 Ranne in, and in his worthy breast, his Lances head did hide,  
 And flue about him all his friends, who could not give him aide:

They

They greev'd; and of his god-like foe, fled so extreme afraid:  
And now amongst the nearest ships, that first were drawne to shore,  
The Greeks were driven; beneath whose sides, behind them, and before;  
And into them they powrd themselves, and thence were driven againe  
Up to their tents, and there they stood: not daring to maintaine  
Their guards more outward; but betwixt, the bounds of *Feare* and *Shame*,  
Chear'd still each other; when th' old man, that of the Grecian name,  
Was cald the pillar, every man, thus by his parents praid:

*Minerva's friends to the Trojans.*  
O friends, be men, and in your mindes, let others shames be weigh'd,  
Know you have friends besides your selves; possessions, parents, wives,  
As well those that are dead to you, as those ye love with lives;  
All sharing still their good, or bad, with yours: by these I pray,  
That are not present (and the more, should therefore make ye weigh  
Their mife of you, as yours of them) that you will bravely stand  
And this fore't flight, you have sustaint'd, at length yet countermad.

*Minerva's friends to the Trojans.*  
Supplies of good words, thus supplide, the deeds and spirits of all;  
And to atlast, *Minerva* cleard the cloud that *Iove* let fall  
Before their eyes: a mighty light flew beaming every way,  
As well about their shippes, as where their darts did hottest play:  
Then saw they *Hector* great in armes, and his associates,  
As well all those, that then abfaid, as those that helpt the fates;  
And all their owne fight at the fleete. Nor did it now content  
*Ajax*, to keepe downe like the rest; he, up the hatches went,  
Stalke here and there, and in his hand, a huge great beadooke held.

*Ajax's friends to the Trojans.*  
Twelve cubits long, and full of Iron, and as a man well skild  
In horse, made to the martiall race; when (of a number more)  
He chufere fourre, and brings them forth to runnethem all before,  
Swarmes of admiring citizens, amids their townes high way,  
And (in their full carier) he leapes, from one to one; no stay  
Enforc't on any, nor failes he, in either seate or leape:  
So *Ajax* with his beadooke leapt nimbyly from ship to ship,  
As activly, commanding all, them in their men, as well  
As men in them most terribly, exhorting to repell,  
To save their navie and their tents: But *Hector* nothing needs  
To stand on exhortations now, at home, he strives for deeds.

*Hector's friends to the Trojans.*  
And looke how *Iove*'s great Queene of birds, (sharp set) looks out for prey,  
Knowes stouds that nourish wild-wing'd fowles, and (from her ayrie way)  
Beholds where Cranes, Swans, Cormorants, have made their foody fall,  
Darkens the river with her wings, and stoupes amongst them all:  
So *Hector* flew amongst the Greeks, directing his command  
(In chiefe) againt one opposite ship; *Iove* with a mighty hand  
Still backing him, and all his men: and then againe there grew  
A bitter conflict at the fleete; you would have said, none drew  
A wearis breath, nor ever wold, they laid so frosty on:  
And this was it that fir'd them both, the Greeks did build upon  
No hope, but what the field wold yeld: flight, an impossible course;  
The Troians all hope entertain'd, that sword and fire shold force  
Both shippes, and lives of all the Greeks, and thus, unlike affects

Bred

Bred like strenuite in both. Great *Hector* still directs  
His poures against the first neare ship. Twas that faire bark that brought  
*Proteus* to those warres; and now, her selfe to nought,  
With many Greek and Trojan lives, all spoyld about her spoyle:  
One flue another desperately, and close the deadly toyle  
Was pitcht on both parts: not a shaft, nor far-off striking dart,  
Was uide through all: one fight fell out, of one despitefull hart,  
Sharpe axes, twiblis, two-hand swords, and spears with two heads borne,  
Were then the weapons; faire short fowards, with sanguine hilts still worne,  
Had use in like for; of which last, ye might have numbers view'd  
Drop with disolv'd armes from their hands, as many down-right he'ld  
From off their shouolders as they fought, their bawdricks cut in twaine:  
And thus the blacke blood flow'd on earth, from soldierns hurt and slaine.

When *Hector* once had seid the ship, he clapt his faire broad hand  
Fast on the sterne, and held it there, and there gave this command:  
Bring fire, and altogether shewe; now *Iove* hath drawne the veile  
From such a day, as makes amende for all his stormes of haile:  
By whos blest light, we take those shippes, that in despite of heaven  
Tooke sea, and brought us worlds of woe: all, since our Peeres were given  
To such a laziness and feare; they would not let me end  
Our lingring banes, and charge thus home, but keepe home, and defend.  
And so they rul'd the men I led; but though *Iove* then withheld  
My natural spirit, now by *Iove*, tis freed, and thus impeld.

This more inflam'd them, in so much, that *Ajax* now, no more,

Kept up, he was so drownd in darts, a little he forbore  
The hatches to a seat beneath, of seven foot long, but thought  
It was impossible to scape; he sat yet, where he fought,  
And hurld out Lances thickc as halic, at all men that afriad.  
To fire the ship; with whom he found his hands so overlaid,  
That on his shoulders thus he cryed: O friends, fight alone?  
Expect ye more wals at your backs? townes rampir'd, here are none,  
No citizens to take ye in, no helpe in any kind,  
We are, I tell you, in Troyes fields, have nought but seas behinde,  
And foes before, fare, fare from Greece, for shame obey commands,  
There is no mercy in the warres, your healths lye in your hands.

Thus rag'd he, and pour'd out his darts, who ever he espy'd  
Come neare the v. felle, arm'd with fire, on his fierce dart he died;  
All that pleased *Hector*, made him mad: all that his thanks wold erne,  
Of which twelve men, his most resolv'd, lay dead before his sterne.

## COMMENTARIVS.

<sup>2</sup> I must here be inforsed (for your easier examination) of a simile before, to cite  
the original words of it; which of all Homers translators and commentors, have  
beene most grossly mistaken; bin' whole intent and sense in it, utterly falsified. The  
simile illustrates the manner of Iunos parting from *Iove*, being commanded by him  
to a businesse so abhorring from her will, is thus:

Ος δ' οὐ αἰτεῖσθαι τρέπετο εἰς τὸν πόλεμον  
Ταῦτα εἴδεντος, οἶεν γαλαζανίου ρύθμον  
Εἴτιον εὐθὺς μενονόμος τρέπετο  
Ος γαυτος μηδαμος διηγεται την πόλην

*Hector's friends to the Trojans.*

*Ajax's friends to the Trojans.*

which is thus converted ad verbum by Spondanus:

Sicut autem quando discurrerit mens viri, qui per multam  
Terram profectus, mentibus prudentibus considerarit,  
Huc iuerm illuc, cogitarique multa;  
Sic citro properans per volavit veneranda Iuno.

which Lauren, Valla in propositus translates.

Subvolavit Iuno in cælum, eadem festinatione, ac celeritate, qua mens pru-  
denter hominis, & qui multum terrarum peragrat, recurset, cum mul-  
ta sibi agenda instant, huc se conserat an illuc.

Eobanus Helleus in verse thus:

Tam subito, quam sana viri mens plura scientis,  
Quique pergarat vastæ loca plurima terra  
Multæ movens animo, nunc huc, nunc avolat illuc.

To this purpose likewise the Italian and French copies have it. All understanding Homers intent was (as by the speediness of a mans thought or mind) to illustrate Junos swiftnesse in hasting about the commandement of Jupiter, which was attorney other wife: viz. to shew the distractiōn of Iunos minde, in going against her will, and in her despite about loves commandment: which all the history before, in her inveterate and inflexible grudge to doe any thing for the good of the Troians, confirmeth without question. Besides, her morositié, and solemn appearance amongst the gods and goddesses, (which Themis notes in her looks) sheweth, if she went willingly, much lesse swiftness about that busynesse. Nor can the illustration of swiftnesse be Homers end in this simile, because he makes the mans minde, to which he resembles her going, stagger, inclining him to goe this way, and that; not resolved which way to goe: which very poorly exprestis' swiftnesse, and as properly agrees with the proprietie of a wifes minde, which he hath undertaken, and gone far in a journey, not to know whether he should goe forward or backward. Let us therefore examine the original words.

*τελευτὴν διατρέπει τὸν πόνον*

*τελευτὴν διατρέπει, &c. Sicut vero quando discurrerit vel prorum-*

*pit, vel cum impetu exurget mens viri, άναπονητος signifying rudo, prouromo, vel  
cum impetu exurgo: as having travelled farre on an irkesome tourney (as Iuno  
had done for the Grecians, fanning to love and Venus, shee was going to visite  
her husband, Europa, multa nutritius fines terre,) and then knowes not whether  
he should goe backward or forward, sustaines a vehement discourse with himselfe,  
on what course to resolve: and west in minde, (which the words εντελεχειων,  
expresse: being to be understood mentibus amaris, vexatis, or distractis: with a  
spitefull, sorowfull, west, ordistracted minde: not mentibus prudentibus, as all  
most univisely in this place convert it: though in other places it intimates so  
much. But here the other holds congruence with the rest of the simile, from which  
in the wifes sense it abhors: προδειγμα signifying amarus more properly then  
prudens; being translated prudens merely metaphorically, according to the se-  
cond deduction: where here it is used more properly according to the first deduc-  
tion: which is taken from προδειγμα the Larcher tree, whose gumme is exceeding bitter,  
and because things rukeome and bitter, (as afflictions, crosses, &c.) are means  
to make men wise, and take need by others harmes: therefore according to the se-  
cond deduction, προδειγμα is taken for cautus or prudens. But now, that the  
application or application seems to make wuth their sense of swiftnesse, the  
words*

*words ονειρομανεια, being translated by them sic citro properans is taken to  
be turned in this place, per citro, or impetu posse, so suetidly or headlongly  
driven, flew Iuno. As we often see with a clasp of sholder, Doves or other  
fowles driven headlong from their nests, not in direct flight, but as they would  
breake their neckes with a kinde of reeling: ονειρομανεια being derived of ονειρο  
or ονειρομανεια signifying impetu ferri, vel furibundo impetu ferri: all which most  
aptly agreeith with Iunos enforced and wrathful parting from love, and doing  
his charge distractedly. This for me, if another can give better, let him shew it,  
and take it. But in infinite other places is this divine Poet thus prophaned, which  
for the extreme labour I cannot yet touch at.*

b Aproposito, &c. Difficile est, it is a hard thing (saith Minerva to Mars, when  
she answers his anger for the slaughter of his sonne Ascalaphus) for Iove to deli-  
ver the generation and birth of all men from death; which Commentors thus un-  
derstand: There were some men that never died, as Tython the husband of Au-  
rora, Chytron, Glaucus made a sea god, &c. and in holy Writ (as Spondanus  
pleaseth to mice them) Enoc and Elias: but because these few were freed from  
death, Mars must not looke that all others were. But this interpretation (I thinke)  
will appear to all men at first sight, both ridiculous and prophane. Homer making  
Minervi onely iest at Mars here, (as he doth in other places) bidding him not  
for shame that his sonne should be slain more then better borne, stronger, and wor-  
thier men; for Love should have enough to doe (or it were hard for love) to  
free all men from Death that are unwilling to die. This mine,  
with the rest: the other others; accept which you please.

The end of the fifteenth Booke.



# THE SIXTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**A**chilles, at Patroclus' *suit deth yeeld*  
*His armes, and Myrmidons; which brought to field,*  
*The Troiani sile, Patroclus bath the grace*  
*Of great Sarpedons death, strong of he race*  
*Of Iupiter; he having slaine the horse*  
*Of Thetis sonne, (fierc Pedalus) the force*  
*Of Hector doth revenge the much-rv'd end*  
*Of mst renown'd Sarpedon, on the friend*  
*Of Thetides, first, by Euphorbus, harm'd,*  
*And by Apollos personal powre disarm'd.*

## Another Argument.

*In si, Patroclus bears the chance*  
*Of deach, imposed by Hectors lance.*

**A**chilles' sides  
*Patroclus for his eares.*

Hus fighting for this well-built ship, *Patroclus* all that space  
 Stood by his friend, preparing words to win the Greeks his grace,  
 With powre of uncontred teates: and (like a fountain pour'd  
 In black streams from a lofty rock) the Greeks, so plagu'd, deplor'd.  
**Achilles** (ruthfull for his teares) said: Wherefore weepes my friend  
 So like a girl, who though she sees her mother cannot tend  
 Her childeish humours, hangs on her, and would be taken up;  
 Still viewing her with teare-drownd eyes, when she hath made her stoope.  
 To nothing like I can shape thy to unseemly teares,  
 What causeth them? hath any ill solicited thine eares,  
 Befalme my Myrmidons? or newes from loved *Phthia* brought,  
 Told only thee? let I should grieve, and therefore thus hath wrought  
 On thy kinde spirit? *Aitors sonne, the good Menestius,*  
 (Thy father) lives, and *Pelous* (mine) great sonne of *Esacus*,  
 Amongst his Myrmidons, whose deaths, in dutie we should mourne,  
 Or is it what the Greeks sustaine, that doth thy stomacke turne?  
 On whom (for their iustice sake) plagues are so iustly laide?  
 Speake man, let both know either's heart. *Patroclus* (fighting said)  
 O *Pelous* sonne, (thou strongest Greeke by all degrees that lives)  
 Still be notangry, our sad statuse such cause of pittie gives.  
 Our greatest Greeks ly at their ships sore wounded; *Ithacus*,  
 King *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*, and good *Euryalus*:  
 But these, much medicine-knowing men (Physitians) can recure,  
 Tbou yet unmedicinal still, though thy wound, all indure.  
 Heaven blesse my bosome from such wrath, as thou sooth'st as thy blisse;

(Unprofitable)

(Unprofitably vertuous) How shall our progenies,  
 Borne in thine age, enjoy thine aide? when these friends in thy flowre  
 Thou leav'st to such unworthy death? O idle, cruell powre,  
 Great *Pelous* never did beget, nor *Thetus* bring forth thee,  
 Thou, from the blew sea, and her rockes, den'lt thy pedigree.  
 What so declines thee? if thy mind thuns any augarie,  
 Related by thy mother Queene, from heavens foreseeing eye,  
 And therefore thou forsak'st thy friends, let me goe ease their mones  
 With those brave reliques of our host, thy mighty Myrmidons;  
 That I may bring to field more light, to conquest then hath beene:  
 To which end grace me with thine armes, since any shadow feene  
 Of thy resemblance, all the powre of periurd Troy will flee,  
 And our so tired friends will breathe: our freela-set-on suppie  
 Will easly drive their wearied off. Thus (foolish man) ha'st thou'd  
 For his sure death, of all whose speech, *Achilles* fisk renud  
 The last part, thus: O worthy friend, what have thy speeches beene?

I shun the fight for Oracles? or what my mother Queene  
 Hath told from *Iove*? I take no care nor note of one such thing,  
 But this fit anger stings me still, that the insulting king  
 Should from his equall take his right, since he exceeds in powre.  
 This, (still his wrong) is still my griefe; he tooke my Paramour  
 That all men gave: and whom I wonne by vertue of my spears.  
 That (for her) overturn'd a Towne. This rape he made of her,  
 And us'd me like a fugitive, an Inmate in a towne,  
 That is no citie libertiae, nor capable of their gowne.  
 But, bearre we this, as out of date; its past, nor must we still  
 Feed anger in our noblest parts, yet thus, I have my will  
 As well as our great king of men, for I did ever vow,  
 Never to cast off my disdaine, till (as it fals out now)

Their misse of me, knockt at my fleet, and told me in their criis,  
 I was reveng'd, and had my wil of all my enemies.  
 And so of this repeate enough: take thou my fame-blaz'd armes,  
 And my fight-thirstie Myrmidons, leadeto theis hot alarmes.  
 Whole clouds of Troians circle us with hatefull eminence:  
 The Greeks shut in a little shore, a sort of citizens  
 Skipping upon them: all because their proud eyes doe not see  
 The radiance of my helmet there, whose beames had instantly  
 Thrust backe, and all these ditches fill'd with carion of their flesh,  
 If *Agamemnon* had beene kinde: where now they fight as fresh,  
 As thus farre they had put at ease, and at our tents contend.  
 And may, for the repulsive hand of *Diomed* doth not spend  
 His raging darts there, that their death could fight out of our fleet:  
 Nor from that head of enmitie, can my poore hearers meet  
 The voyce of great *Aitors* now: now *Hectors* onely voyce  
 Breakes all the ayre about both hosts, and with the very noyse:  
 Bred by his lowd encouragements, his forces fill the field,  
 And fight the poore Achaians downe. But on, put thou my shield  
 Betwixt the fire plague and our fleet: rush bravely on, and turne

V 3

 ACHILLES  
 PATROCLUS

WYATT

Warres tide as headlong on their throtes. No more let them aiourne  
 Our sweete home-turning; but obserue the charge I lay on thee,  
 To each leaft point, that thy rul'd hand may highly honour me,  
 And ger such glory from the Greeks, that they may send againe  
 My most sweet wench, and gifts to boote; when thou hast cast a raine  
 On these so head-strong citizens, and forc't them from our fleet.  
warter calld the  
yest & lound  
are in this  
land this iun-  
der.

With which grace, if the god of sounds, thy kinde egesion greet;  
 Retire, and be not tempted on (with pride, to see thy hand  
 Raine flaundered carкаsses on earth) to runne forth thy command  
 Asfarre as Ilion; lest the gods that favour Troy, come forth  
 To thy encounter; for the Sunne; much loves it; and my worth  
 (In what thou sufferst) will be wrong'd, that I would let my friend  
 Assume an action of such weight, without me, and tranfend  
 His friends prescription; doe nor then affect a further fight,  
 Then I may strengthen: let the rest, (when thou haft done this right)  
 Performe the rest. O would to Iove, thou *Pallas*, and thou Sunne,  
 That not a man hould underneath those towres of Ilion,  
 Nor any one of all the Greeks, (how infinite a summe  
 Soever, altogether make) might live unovercome :  
 But onely we two (scaping death) might have the thundring downe  
 Of every stome, fluke in the wals of this so sacred towne.

Thus spake they onely twixt themselves. And now the foc no more  
 Could *Aias* stand, being fooprest with all the iron store  
 The Troians pour'd on with thole darts, and with Ioves will beside,  
 His powres were cloyd, and his bright helme, did deafning blowes abide,  
 His plume, and all head \* ornaments, could never hang in rest :  
 His arme yet laboured up his shield, and having done their best,  
 They could not sturre him from his stand, although he wrought it out  
 With short respirings, and with swete; that easelife flow'd about  
 His recking lims: no least time given, to take in any breath;  
 Ill strengthned ill; when one was up, another was beneath.

Now Muses, you that dwell in heaven, the dreadfull meane inspire,  
 That first enforc't the Grecian fleete, to take in Trojan fire:  
 First *Hector* with his huge broad sword, cut off, at setting on,  
 The head of *Ajax* Athes lance; which *Ajax* seeing gone;  
 And that he shooke a headleffe speare (a little while unware)  
 His warie spirits told him straight, the hand of heaven was there,  
 And trembl'd under his conceit; which was, b that twas Ioves deed :  
 Who, as he puld off his darts heads; so, sure he had deereed  
 That all the counsels of their warre, he would poll off like it,  
 And give the Troians victory: so trusted he his wit,  
 And left his darts. And then the ship was heape with horrid brands  
 Of kindling fire; which instantly was scene through all the strands,  
 In unextinguishe flames, that all the ship embrac't :  
 And then *Achilles* beat his thighes; cryed out, *Patroclus*, haste,  
 Make way with horse; I see at fleet, a fire of fearefull rage :  
 Arme, arme, left all our fleet it fire, and all our powre engag's  
 Arme quickly, Ile bring up the troupes. To these so dreadfull warres;

*Patroclus*

*Patroclus*, in *Achilles* armes, enlightened all with flares,  
 And richly ameld all haſte made; he wore his ſword, his thield,  
 His huge-plum'd helme, and two ſuch ſpeares, as he could nimblly wield.  
 But the moft fard' *Achilles* ſpear, big, folid, full of weight,  
 He onely leſt, of all his armes for that, farre paſt the might  
 Of any Greeke to flake; but his, *Achilles* onely ire  
 Shooke that huge weapon, that was given by *Clytros* to his Sire,  
 Cut from the top of Pelion, to be Heroes death.

His ſteeds, *Automedon* ſtraight ioy'd; like whom no man that breaths  
 (Next *Peleus* ſonne) *Patroclus* lov'd; for like him, none ſo great  
 He found, in faith, at every fight, nor to our-looke a threat:  
*Automedon* did therefore guide (for him) *Achilles* ſteeds,  
 (*Xanthius*, and *Baliss* Swift as wind) begotten by the ſeeds  
 Of *Zephyr*, and the *Harpye* borne, *Perdarge*; in a meade  
 Cloſe to the wavy Occan, where that fierce *Harpye* feade.  
*Automedon* ioynd these before, and with the hindmoft geres,  
 He faſtn'd famous *Pedesus*, whom from the maffacres  
 Made by *Achilles*, when he tooke *Actions* wealthy towne,  
 He brought, and (though of mortall race) yet gave him the renoune  
 To follow his immortall horſe. And now, before his tents,  
 Himeſelfe had ſeenne his *Myrmidons*, in all habilitments

Of dreadfull warre. And when yec (upon a mountaine breed)  
 A den of *Wolffes*, (about whose hearts unmeaſur'd strength, are fed)  
 New come from currie of a *Stagge*; their iawes all bloud-beſmeard;  
 And when from ſome blacke water-fount, they altogether herd;  
 There having plentifull lapt, with thin, and thrift our tonges,  
 The top and cleaſt of the ſpring, goe belching from their lungs  
 The cloſterd gore, looke dreadfully, and enteraine no dread,  
 Their bellies gaunt, all taken up with being so rawly fed :  
 Then say, that ſuch, in strength, and looke, were great *Achilles* men,  
 Now orderd for the dreadfull fight: and ſo with all them then  
 Their Princes, and their Chieffes did ſhow, about their Generals friend;  
 His friend, and all about himſelfe: who chiefly did intend  
 The embattelling of horſe and foot. To that ſiege, held ſo long,  
 Twife five and twenty ſale he brought, twife five and twenty ſtrong  
 Of able men, was every faile: five Colonels he made  
 Of all thoſe forces, trutie men, and all of powre to leade,  
 But he, of powre beyond them all. *Meneſtlius* was one,  
 That ever wore diſcolour'd armes; he was a rivers ſonne  
 That fell from heaven, and good to drinke was his delightfull ſtreame :  
 His name, unwaried *Sperchius*, he lov'd the lovely dame,  
 Fair *Polydora*, *Peleus* ſeed; and deare in *Boreas* fight,  
 And ſhe, to that celeſtiall flood, gave this *Meneſtlius* light :  
 A woman, mixing with a god. Yet *Boreas* bore the name  
 Of father to *Meneſtlius*: he marrying the dame,  
 And giving her a mightie dowre; he was the kinde deſcent  
 Of *Perierus*. The next man, renownd with regiment,  
 Was strong *Eudorus*, brought to life, by one ſuppoſd a maide;

*Automedon*,  
*Peleus*, *Pato-*  
*clus*, and mina.  
 ge of de-  
 rous.

A smile at a  
 hooly emploie.

The power of  
 childe by right  
 to Troy.

Bright Polymela (*Phylus* feed) but had the wanton plaid,  
With Argus-killing Mercurie, who (fir'd with her faire eyes  
As she was singing in the quire, of her that makes the cries  
In clamorous hunting, and doth bear the crooked bow of gold)  
Stole to her bed, in thar chaffe roome, that *Petebe* chaff did hold,  
And gave her that swift-warlike sonne, (*Eudorus*) brought to light,  
As she was dancing: but as shooone as flre that rules the plignt  
Of labouring women, cald her throwes, and shew'd her sonne the Sunne,  
Strong *Echelous*, *Actors* heire, wo'd carnestly, and wonne  
Her second favour, seeing her with gifts of infinite prife,  
And after brought her to his houfe, where, in his grandfathers eyes,  
(Old *Phylus*) *Polymelas* sonne, obtaind exceeding grace,  
And found as carefull bringing np, as of his naturall race  
Jas had defenced. The third chiefe was fair *Aemelidas*  
*Pyandrus*; who in skill of darts, obtaind supremest prafe  
Of all the Myrmidans, except, their Lords companion:  
The fourth charge aged *Phoenix* had. The fifth, *Alcimedon*,  
Sonne of *Laerus*, and much fam'd. All these digested thus  
In fit place, by the mighty sonne of royll *Peleus*;  
His sterne remembrance he gave all: You Myrmidons, (said he)  
Lest any of you shoud forget his threatnings vnde to me  
In this place; and throughall the time that my iust anger raign'd,  
Attempting me with bitter words, for being so restrained  
(For my hot humour) from the fight: remember them, as these:  
Thou cruell sonne of *Peleus*, whom she that rules the seas,  
Did onely nourish with her gall, thou doft ungearely hold  
Our hands against our wils from fight; we will not be controld,  
But take our shippes, and saile for home; before we loyter here,  
And feed thy furie. These high words, exceeding often were  
Thethreats, that in your mutinous troupes, ye vnde to me, for wrath  
To be detaind so from the field: now then, your spleenes may bath  
In sweate of those great workes ye wil; now he that can employn  
A generous heart, goe fight, and fright theſe bragging sonnes of Troy.  
This ſet their mindes and strengths on fire, the ſpeech enforcing well,  
Being vnde in time, but being their kiengs, it much more did impell;  
And cloſer rulſt in all the troupes. And, as for buildings hic,  
The Mafon layes his ſtones more thicke, againſt th'extremite  
Of winde and weather; and eventhen, if any ſtorme arife,  
He thickens them the more for that; the preſent aſt to plies  
His honest minde to make ſure worke. So for the high estate  
This worke was brought to, theſe mens minde (according to the rate)  
Were raidſ, and all their bodies ioynd: but their well ſpoken King,  
With his ſo timely thought-on ſpeech, more ſharpe made valours ſting;  
And thiſk'd ſo their targets boſt; ſo all their helmets then,  
That shields prop't shields, helmes, helments knockt, and men encourag'd men.  
*Patroclus*, and *Automedon*, did arme before them all  
Twayne bodies with one minde inform'd; and then the Generall  
Befooke him to his private Tent, where (from a coffer wrought

Moft

*Eudorus* born  
as *Polymela* b  
in thar was  
dancing.*Aemelidas* the  
third compon.ranks the  
fourth.  
Aemelidas  
the fifth.Actoris to the  
Myrmidons.

mote.

parents and  
children  
are regular.

Moft rich and curiously; and given by *Thetis*, to be brought  
In his owne ſhip, top-fild with vefts, warme robes to checke cold wind,  
And tapifries, all golden fring'd, and curl'd with thumbs behind:  
He tooke a moft unvalued bowie, in which none dranke but he,  
Nor he, but to the deities, nor any deitic,  
But *Iove* himſelfe was ſerv'd with that; and that he firſt did cleſe  
With ſulphur, then with fluenes of twēceſt water rene:  
Then walſt his hands, and drew himſelfe a mighty bowle of wine,  
Which (ſtanding midſt the placc encloſe for ſervices divine,  
And looking up to heaven and *Jove*, who ſaw him well) he pourd  
Vpon the place of ſacrifice, and humbly thus implor'd:

Great *Dodoneas*, Prefident of cold *Dodoneas* towres;  
Divine *Pelsigium*, that dwellſt farre hence, about whole bowres  
Thrauſtere propheſique *Selli* dwell, that ſill ſleepe on the ground,  
Goc bare, and never cleane their feet: as I befor have found  
Grace to my vowes, and hurtto Greece, ſo now my prayers intend,  
I ſill ſtay in the gatherd fleete, but have diſmuſt my friend,  
Amongt my many Myrmidons, to danger of the dart.  
O grant my valour my renouwne, armc with my minde his heart,  
That *Hectors* ſelfe may know, my friend can worke in ſingle warre;  
And not then only ſhew his hands, ſo hot and ſingular,  
When my kinde preſence ſeconds him: bat, fight he nere ſo well,  
No further let him truft, his fight bat, when he ſhall repell  
Clamor and danger from our fleete, vouchafe a ſafe retrete  
To him and all his companies, with fames and armes compleat.

He prayd, and heavens great Counſellor gave ſatisfying care,  
To one part of his armis, but leſt the other there:  
He let him free the fleete of foes, but ſafe retrete denide.  
*Achilles* left that utter part, where he his zeale applide,  
And turn'd into his inner tent, made fast his cup, and then  
Stood forth, and with his minde beheld the foes fight and his men,  
That follow'd his great minded friend, embattail'd, till they brake  
With gallant ſpirit upon the foe: and as fell waſpes, that make  
Their dwelings in the broad high way, which foolish children uſe  
(Their cottages beeing neare their neaſſ) to anger and abuſe  
With ever vexing them, and breed (to foode their childiſh warre)  
A common ill to many men, ſince if a traveller  
(That would his journeys end apply, and paſſe them unaffayd)  
Come neare and vexe them, upon him the childrens faults are layd,  
For on they flye, as he were ſuch, and ſill defend their owne:  
So far'd i with the fervent minde of every Myrmidon,  
Who pour'd themſelves out of their fleete, upon their wanton foes,  
That needs would stirre them, thift ſo neare, and caufe the overthowres  
Of many others that had elſe beeene never toucht by them,  
Nor would have toucht. *Patroclus* then put his windes to the ſtreame,  
And thus exhorted: Now my friends, remember you exprefſe  
Your late urg'd vertue and renowne, our great *Agides*;  
That he being strongel of all the Greeks, his eminence may dimme

*Achilles* ſacrifice  
for his fre  
ds  
ſafe returne.*Achilles* in va  
gation.

simile.

*Patroclus* to the  
Myrmidons.

All

And others likewise in our strengths, that farre off imitate him.  
 And *Agamemnon* now may see his fault as general,  
 As his place high, dishonouring him, that so much honours all.

Thus made he sparkle their frell fire, and on they rusl; the fleete  
 Fild full her hollow sides with sounds, that terribly did greece  
<sup>The terrorre of Patroclus to the Troians.</sup>  
 Th amazcd Troians: and their eyes did seconde their amaze,  
 When great *Menelau* sonne they saw, and his friends armour blaze;  
 All troupe stood troubl'd with conceit, that *Peleus* sonne was there,  
 His anger cast oft at the shipp, and each lookt every where  
 For some authoritie to leade, the then prepared flight.  
*Patroclus* greceted with a lance, the region where the fight  
 Made strongest tumult; neare the ship, *Protesilaus* brought,  
 And strooke *Prychenion*, who before the faire helme *Paeon* fought,  
<sup>by Patroclus, and the shipp</sup>  
 Led from *Aydon*, neare whose wals, the broad stream'd *Axius* flowes.  
 Through his right shouldelew flew the dart, whose blow strooke all the blowes  
 In his powre, from his powrelesse arme, and downe he groning fell:  
 His men all flying (their Leader fled.) This one dart did repell  
 The whole guard plac't abou the shipp, whose fire extint, halfe burn'd  
 The *Paeon* left her, and full cry to clamorous flight return'd.  
 Then spread the Greckes about their shipp, triumphant tumult flow'd:  
 And as from top of some steepe hill, the lighter strips a cloud,  
 And lets a great skie out from heaven, in whose delighesome light,  
 All prominent foreheads, forrests, towres, and temples cleare the fight:  
 So clear'd these Greckes, this Trojan cloud, and at their shipp and tents  
 Obtain'd a little time to breathe, *he* found no present vents  
 To their inclusions; nor did Troy (thoughe these *Paeonians* fled)  
 Lo'eany ground, but from this ship, they needfullly turn'd head.

Then every man, a man subdues; *Patroclus* in the thigh  
 Strooke *Areticus*; his dart, the bone did breake, and fyle  
 Quite through, and sunke him to the earth. Good *Menelau* flew  
 Accomplish *Ithous*, in whose breast (being nak'd) his lance he threw  
 Above his shield, and streed his soule. *Phylides* (taking note  
 That bold *Amphidam* bent at him) prevented him, and smote  
 His thighes extreme part, where (of man) his fattest muscle lies,  
 The nerves torn with his lances pile, and darknesse clofde his eyes.  
*Antilochus*, *Aymus* (cizd, his steele lance did impresse  
 His first three guts, and loosed his life. At yong *Aetorides*,  
*Mars*, *Aymus* brother flew, and at him, *Thrasimed*,  
 (The brother to *Antilochus*) his eager lavelins head,  
 The muscles of his arme cut out, and shiverd all the bone;  
 Night clofde his eyes, his livelesse corse, his brother fell upon.  
 And so by two kinde brothers hands, did two kinde brothers bleed:  
 Both being divine *Sarpedon* friends, and were the darting feed  
 Of *Amisodarus*, that kept the bane of many men,  
 Abhord *Chimera*, and such bane, now caught his children.  
*Aias Oileades* did take *Cleobulus* alive,  
 Invading him, (raied by the prease) and at him then let drive,  
 Wth his shott sword, that cut his necke; whose blood warm'd all the steele:

And

And cold Death, with a violent fate, his fable eyes did scelle.  
*Peneleu* and *Lysan*, cast together off their darts;  
 Both mist, and both together then, went with their swords; in parts  
 The blade and hilt went, laying on upon the helmets height;  
*Peneleu* sword caught *Lycos* necke, and cut it thorough quite.  
 His head hung by the very skin. The swift *Meriones*  
 (Pursuing flying *Acamas*) iust as he got accesse  
 To horse and chariot, overtooke, and tooke him such a blow  
 On his right sholder, that he left his chariot, and did strow  
 The dustie earth; lie left his lims, and night his eyes posset.  
*Idomenus* his sterne dart, at *Erymas* addreft,  
 As (like to *Acamas*) he fled, he cut the sundry bones  
 Beneath his braine, betwixt his necke and foreparts, and so runs  
 (Shaking his teeth out) through his mouth, his eyes all drown'd in blood:  
 So through his nostrils and his mouth (that now dart-open stood)  
 He breath'd his spirit. Thus had death from every Grecian Chief  
 A Chief of Troy. For, as to Kids or Lambs, their cruelst thief  
 (The Wolfe) fleales in, and when he sees, that by the shepheards sloth,  
 The dams are sperrt about the hills; then serves his ravenous tooth  
 With eas, because his prey is weake. So servd the Greckes their foes,  
 Discerning well how stricking flight did all their spirits dispose;  
 Their bidding vertues quite forgot, and now the naturall spleene  
 That *Aias* bore to *Hector*, still, by all meanes would have becene  
 Within his boosome with a dart: but he that knew the warre,  
 (Well cover'd in a well-laid's haifld) did well perceive how farre  
 The arrowes and the javelins reaht, by being within their bounds  
 And ominous singlings; and observd the there-inclining bounds  
 Of Conquest, in her side of him, and so obeyd her change;  
 Tookesafest course for him and his, and stood to her as strange.  
 And as when *love* intends a strome, he lets out of the startes,  
 From steepe Olympus, a blacke cloud that all heavens splendor barres  
 From men on earth: so from the hearts of all the Trojan host,  
 All comfort lately found from *love*, in flight and cries was lost.  
 Nor made they any faire retreat; *Hectors* unruly horse  
 WOULD needs retire him; and he left engag'd his Trojan force,  
 Forc't by the steepenesse of the dike, that in ill place they tooke,  
 And kept them that would faime have gone. Their horses quite forsooke  
 A number of the Trojan kings, and left them in the dike;  
 Their chariots in their foreteames broke. *Patroclus* then did strike  
 While steele was hot, and cheard his friends, nor meant his enemies good:  
 Who when they once began to flye, each way receiv'd a floud,  
 And chokt themselves with drifts of dust. And now were clouds begot  
 Beneath the clouds; with flight, and noise, the horse neglected not  
 Their home intendments, and where rout was basift, there pour'd on  
*Patroclus* most exhort and threats; and then lay overthrowne  
 Numbers beneath their axle-trees, who (lying in flightes stremme)  
 Made th'after chariots iot and junpe, in driving over them.  
 Th'immortall horse *Patroclus* rode, did passe the dike with eas,

And

Smile.

And wifht the depth and danger more: and *Menesiades*  
 As great a spirit had to reach, retiring *Hector's* halfe;  
 But his flete horse had too much law, and fetcht him off too fast.  
 And as in Autumn the blacke earth is loaden with the stormes,  
 That *Iove* in gluts of raine poures downe, being angry with the formes  
 Of judgement in authorisde men, that in their cours maintaine  
 (With violent office) wretched lawes, and (fearing gods, nor men)  
 Exile all iustice, for whose faults, whole fields are overflowne,  
 And many valleys cut away, with torrentes headlong throwne,  
 From neighbour mountaines; till the sea receive them, roring in;  
 And judge dmens labours then are vaine, plagid for their Judges sin :  
 So now the foule defaults of some, all *Troy* were laid upon :  
 So like thos torrentes roard they backe to windie *Ilion*;  
 And lo like tempests blew the horse, with ravishing backe againe  
 Those hot assailants, all their workes at flete now rendred vaine.  
*Patroclos* (when he had dispers'd the formost Phalanxes)  
 Caid backe his forces to the fleet, and would not let them prease.  
 (As they desir'd too neare the towne, but twixt the shps and floud,  
 And their steepe rampire, his hand steep, Revenge in seas of bloud.  
 Then *Pronous* was first that fell beneath his fierie lance,  
 Which strooke his bare breast, neare his shielde. The second, *Thestor's* chance,  
 (Old *Enops* sonne) did make himselfe, who shrinking, and set cloe  
 In his faire feate (even with thaprooch, *Patroclos* made) did losse  
 All manly courage; insomuch, that from his hands, his raines  
 Fell flowing downe, and his right jaw, *Patroclos* lance attaines;  
 Strooke through his teeth, and there it stucke, and by it, to him drew  
 Deid *Thestor* to his chariot, it shewd, as when you view  
 An Angler from some prominent rocke, draw with his line and hooke,  
 A mighty fish out of the sea: for so the Greeke did plucke  
 The Trojan gaping from his feate; his jawes opt with the dart,  
 Which when *Patroclos* drew, he fell, his life and breast did part.  
 Then rusht he on *Erymas*, at whom he hurl'd a knone,  
 Which strake his head so in the midle, that two was made of one;  
 Two wayes it fell, cleft through his caske: and then *Tlepolemus*,  
*Epaltes*, *Damstorides*, *Evippus*, *Echius*,  
*Ifeta*, bold *Ampoterus*, and valiant *Erymas*,  
 And *Polymelus* (by his Sire, firnam'd *Argeadas*)  
 He heapt upon the much-fed earth. When *Ioves* most worthy sonne  
 (Divine *Sarpedon*) law these friends thus stayd, and others runne;  
 O shame! why flye ye then he cri'd? now shew yc seete now :  
 On, keepe your way, my selfe will mette the man that startles you :  
 To make me understand his name, that flants in conquest thus,  
 And hath so many able knees, so soone dissolv'd to us.  
 Downe iumpte he from his chariot, downe leapt his foe as light:  
 And as onsome farre-looking rocke, a cast of Vultures fight,  
 Flye on each other, strike, and truse, part, meeete, and then sticke by,  
 Tug, both with crooked beakes, and feres; cry, fight, and fight and cry :  
 So fiercely fought these angry Kings, and shew'd as bitter gals.

*Iove*

*Iove* (turning eyes to this storne fight) his wife and sister calis,  
 And much mov'd for the Lycian Prince said: O that to my sonne,  
 Fate, by this day, and man should cut a thread so nobly spanne.  
 Two mindes distract me; if I should now ravish him from fight,  
 And set him safe in *Lycia*, or give the Fates their right.

*Iome to Teut.*

Austere *Saturnus*, (the replide) what uniuill words are these ?  
 A mortall long sinc markt by Fate, wouldst thou immortalize ?  
 Doe, but by no god be approv'd, free him, and numbers more  
 (Sones of immortals) will live free, that death must taste before  
 These gates of *Ilion*, every god will have his lone god,  
 Or storne extremely. Give him then an honest period,  
 In brave fight, by *Patroclos* sword, if he be deare to thee,  
 And grieves thee, for his danger'd life: of which, when he is free,  
 Let *Death* and *Soullas* bearc him hence, till *Lycias* natural wombe  
 Receive him from his brothers hands, and citizens; a Tombc  
 And columne raisd to him, this is the honour of the dead.  
 She said, and her speech ruin'd his powre: but in his safeties stead,  
 For sad ostent of his neare death, he sleep't his living name  
 In drops of bloud, heaven fwept for him, which earth drunke to his famc.

And now, as this high combat grew, to this too humble end;  
*Sarpedon* death had this state more, twas usherd by his friend,  
 And charitoere, brave *Tbrafimed*, whom in his bellies rim,  
*Patroclos* wounded with his lance, and candless ended him.

And then another act of name, forerannte his princely fate;  
 His first lance missyng, he let fye a second that gave date  
 Of violent death to *Pedafus*, whc (as he joy'd to die  
 By his so honourable hand) did (even in dying) ney.

His ruine start'd th'other steeds, the geres crackt, and the raines  
 Strapp'd his felloves; whose mis rule, *Audemodex* restraines,  
 By cutting the intangling geres, and so disfundering quite,  
 The brave-slaime Beasts; when both the rest obeyd, and went fortright:  
 And then the royll combatants fough for the final stroke,

- When *Lycias* General mist againe, his high-raised iaveline tooke  
 Above his shoulder, empie way. But no such speelefie flight  
*Patroclos* let his speare performe, than on the breast did light,  
 Of his brave foe, where lifes strings close about the solid heart,  
 Impressing a recurellesse wound, his knees then left their part,  
 And let him fall; when like an Oke, a Poplar, or a Pine,  
 New feld by arts-men on the bils, he stretcht his forme divine  
 Before his horse and chariot. And as a Lyon leapes  
 Vpon a goodly yellow Bull, drives all the herd in heapes,  
 And under his unconquerd jawes, the brave beast fighting dies :  
 So figh'd *Sarpedon* underneath, this prince of enemis,  
 Cal'd *Glaucus* to him (his deare friend, and laid: Now friend, thy hands  
 Much dutie owe to fight, and armes; now for my love, it stands  
 Thy heart in much hand to approve, that warre is harmefull, now  
 How active all thy forces are, this one hours act must shew.  
 First call our *Lycian* Captaines up, looke round, and bring up all,

*Sarpedon* kis  
*Pedafus*, one of  
 Acteles corps.

The last incoun-  
 ter of *Sarpedon*  
 and *Patroclos*.

simile.

*Sarpedon* dyng,  
*Glaucus* his  
 friend

And

## THE SIXTEENTH BOOKE

And all exhort, to stand like friends about *Sarpedon's* fall;  
 And spend thy selfe thy Steele for me; for be affur'd, no day  
 Of all thy life, to thy last hour, can cleare thy blacke dismay  
 In woe and infamie for me; if I be taken hence,  
 Spoil'd of mine armes; and thy renoune deposed of my defence.  
 Stand firmer then, and confirme thy men. This said, the boounds of death  
 Concluded all sight to his eyes, and to his nostrils breath.

*Patreclus* (though his guard was strong) for' t way through every doubt:  
 Clim'b'd his high bosome with his foot, and pluckt his javelin out,  
 And with it drew the filme and strings of his yet panting heart;  
 And last, together with the pile, his princely soule did part.

His herte (spoyld both of guide and King, thicke snoring, and amaz'd,  
 And apt to flight) the Myrmidons made nimblly to, and feaz'd.

*Glaucus*, to heare his friend ask aide, of him past all the rest,  
 (Though well he knew his wound uncar'd) confusion fill'd his brest,  
 Not to have good in any power; and yet so much good will.  
 And laying his hand upon his wound, that pain'd him sharpeyl still,  
 And was by *Teuclers* hand set on, from their assaile steepe wall,  
 In keeping hurt from other men) he did on *Phebus* call  
 (The god of Medicines) for his cure: thou king of cures (said he)  
 That art perhaps in Lycia, with her rich progenie,  
 Or here in Troy, but any where, since thou haft powre to heare,  
 O give a hurt, and wofull man (as I am now) thine care.  
 This arme sustaines a cruell wound, whose paines shoot every way,  
 Afflict this shoulder, and this hand, and nothing long can stay,  
 A fluxe of bloud still issuing; nor therefore can I stand  
 With any enemy in sight, nor hardly make my hand  
 Support my lance; and hercyles dead the worthiest of men:  
*Sarpedon*, worthy sonne to *Love*, (whose power could yet abstaine  
 From all aid in this deadly need) give thou then aide to me,  
 (O King of all aide to men hurt) affwage th' extremitie  
 Of this armes anguish; give it strength, that by my president,  
 I may excite my men to blowes; and this dead corfe prevent  
 Offurther violence. He praid, and kinde *Apollo* heard,  
 Allayd his anguish, and his wound of all the blacke bloud cleard,  
 That vex: it so, infidele fresh powres into his weakened minde,  
 And all his (pirits flow'd with joy, that *Phebus* stood inclind  
 (In such quicke boutie) to his prayers. Then, as *Sarpedon* wild,  
 He cast about his greedy eye, and first of all infild  
 To all his Capaines, all the stings that could inflame their sight,  
 For good *Sarpedon*. And from them, he stretcht his speedy pace,  
*T' Aenor, Hector, Venus sonne, and wife Polydamas;*

And (only naming *Hector*) said: *Hector*, you now forget  
 Your poore auxiliari friends, that in your toyles have iwt  
 Their friendlesse soules our farre from home; *Sarpedon* that sustein'd  
 With inficie, and his vertues all, broad Lycia hath not gain'd  
 The like guard for his person here, for yonder dead he lies  
 Beneath the great *Patreclus* lance: but come, let your supplies

(Good

## OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

(Good friends) & and neare him: O disdaine to see his corfe defil'd  
 With Grecian fure, and his armes, by their opprisions spoild,  
 The Myrmidons are come enrag'd, that such a mighty boote  
 Of Greeks, Troys darts have made at fleete. This said, from head to foot  
 Griefe strooke their powres, past patience, and not to be refrain'd,  
 To heare news of *Sarpedon* death, who, though he apperaid  
 To other cities, yet to theirs, he was the very Fort,  
 And led a mighty people there; of all whose better fort,  
 Himselfe was best. This made them runne in flames upon the sce,  
 His selfe was best. This made them runne in flames upon the sce,  
 The first man, *Hector* to whose heart, *Sarpedon* death did goe:

*Patreclus* stird the Grecian spirits, and first, thi *Aiaces* thus :  
 Now brothers, be it deare to you to fight and succour us,  
 As ever heretofore yc id, with men first excellent.  
 The man lyes slain, that first did scale and raze the battlement;  
 That crowd our wall, the Lycian Prince. But if we now shall adde  
 Force to his corfe, and spoyle his armes, a pride may more be had  
 Of many great ones, that for him, will put on to the death.

To this worke, thefe were prompt enough, and each side ordereth  
 Thoſe Phalanxes that moſt had rate of resolutions,  
 The Troians and the Lycian powres; the Greces and Myrmidons.  
 Theſe ranne together for the corfe, and cloſe with horid cryes,  
 Their armours thundring with the claps, laid on about the prize.  
 And *Love* about th' impetuous broule, pernicious night poured out,  
 As long as for his loved sonne, pernicious Labour fought.

The firſt of Troy, the firſt Greces foil'd, wher not the laſt indeed,  
 Amongſt the Myrmidons was slain: the great *Aiaces* feed;  
 Divine *Epigenes*, that before had exercide command  
 In faire Budens; but because he laid a bloudy hand  
 On his owne ſisters valiant ſonne, to *Peleus* and his Queene,  
 He came for pardon, and obtain'd; His slaughter being the meane.  
 He came to Troy, and ſo to this. He ventur'd even to touch  
 The princely carkaſe, when a ſtone did more to him, by much;  
 (Sent out of able *Hector's* hand) it cut his ſkull in twaine,  
 And ſtrooke him dead. *Patreclus* (grief'd to ſee his friend ſo ſlaine)  
 Before the foremost thrumt himſelfe, and as a Falcon frayes  
 A flocke of Stares or Caddales; ſuch feare brought his affayes  
 Amongſt the Troians and their friends; and (angry at the heart,  
 As well as grieved) for him ſo ſlaine: another ſlovy dart,  
 As good as *Hector's*, he let ſlie, that dufed in the necke  
 Of *Sibeneleus*, thrumt his head to earth firſt, and did breake  
 The nerue in ſunder, with his fall; off fel the Troians too,  
 Even *Hector's* ſelfe, and all as faire as any man can throw,  
 (Provokt for games, or in the warres, to ſhed an enemies ſoule)  
 A light, long dart. The firſt that tarnd, was he that did controulc  
 The Targauers of Lycia; Prince *Glaucus*, who to hell  
 Sent *Bathydæmon, Ebaclous* ſonne; he did in *Hector* dwell,  
 And ſhin'd for weak and hyspynesse, amongſt the Myrmidons;  
 His boſomes midſt the laveline strooke, his fall gaſt earth with grones.

*Patreclus* to the  
 Grecians, and  
 particularly to  
 both the *Aiaces*.

similit.

The

The Greeks griev'd, and the Troians joy'd, for so renound a man,  
About whom stood the Grecians firme: and then the death began  
On Troyes side by *Asterion*; he flue one great in warre,  
*Laogonie*, *Onetors* sonne, the Priest of *Jupiter*,  
Created in th'Idean hill. Betwixt his jaw and eare  
The dart stooke fast, and loode his soule; sad misis of *Hate* and *Fear*  
Invading him. *Achilles* sonne, dispatcht a brazen lance  
At bold *Meriones*, and hop't to make an equal chance  
On him, with bold *Laogonie* though under his broad shield  
He lay so close. But he discern'd, and made his body yeeld  
So low, that over him it flew, and trembling tooke the ground;  
With which, *Mars* made it quench his thirst; and since the head could wound  
No better body, and yet thrown from nere the worke a hand,  
It turnd from earth, and lookt awry. *Aeneas* let it stand,  
Much angry at the vaine event, and told *Meriones*,  
He scap'd but hardly, nor had caufe to hope for such successe  
Another time, though well he knew his dancing facultie,  
By whose agilitie he leapt; for had his dart gone by  
With any least touch, instantly, he had beeene ever slaine.

He answred: though thy strength be good, it cannot render vaine  
The strength of others with thy selfe; nor art thou so divine,  
But when my lance shall touch at thee, with equal speed to thine,  
Death will share with it, thy lifes powres, thy confidence can haue  
No more then mine, what his right claimes. *Menestor* noble sonne  
Rebuk'd *Meriones*, and said: What needst thou use this speech?  
Not thy strength is approvd' with words, (good friend) nor can we reach  
The body, nor make th'enemy yeeld, with these our counterbrav's;  
We must enforce the binding earth, to hold them in her graves.  
If you will warre, Fight, will you speake? give counsell, counsell, blowes  
Are th'ends of warres, and words; talke here, the time in vaine bestowes.

He said, and led, and nothing lesse, for any thing he said,  
(His speech being leadon'd with such right) the Worthy seconded.  
And then, as in a sounding vale, (nare neighbour to a hill)  
Wood-sellers make a farre-heard noise with chopping, chopping still,  
And laying on, on b'ockes and trees: so they, on men laid lode,  
And beate like noysles into ayre, both as they strooke and trod.  
But (past their noise) so full of blood, of dust, of darts, lay smit  
Divine *Sarpedon*, that a man must haue an excellent wit,  
That could but know him, and might faile so from his utmost head,  
Even to the low plante of his feete, his forme was altered.  
All thrusting neare it every way, as thicke as flies in spring,  
That in a sheepe-cote (when new milke assembles them) make wing,  
And buzzze about the top-full pailes: nor ever was the eye  
Of *Troye* averted from the fight, he view'd, thought ceaslesly,  
And diversly upon the death, of great *Achilles* fricid:  
If *Hector* there (to wreake his sonne) should with his javelin end  
His life, and force away his armes, or still augment the field;  
He then concluded that the flight of much more soule, shold yeld

*Meriones* at  
*Asterion*

*Asterion* to  
*Aeneas*.

*Similes*

*Achilles*

*Achilles* good friend more renowne, and that, even to their gates  
He should drive *Hector* and his host: and so distractes  
The minde of *Hector*, that he mountes his chariot, and takes flight  
Up with him, tempting all to her; affirming his infight  
Knew evidently, that the *beamie* of *Troye* all ordering scoules,  
Was then in finking on their side, forcharg'd with flocks of soules.

Then, not the noble Lycean staid, but left their slaughtered Lord  
Amongst the corfes common bespe; for many more were pour'd  
Abour, and on him; white tover hand held out the bitter broyle.  
And now they spoyl'd *Sarpedon* armes, and to the shippes the spoyle  
Was sent by *Menestor*. Then *Troye*, thus charg'd the Sunne:

Haste, honour'd *Phebus*, let no more Greek violence be done  
To my *Sarpedon*, but his corfe, of all the sable blood  
And javelins purg'd, then carry him faire hence to some cleare stound,  
With whole waves wash, and then embalme each thorough-cleansed lim,  
With our *Ambrofus*, which perform'd, divine weeds put on him:  
And then to thon swift mates and twins, sweet Sleep and Death commit  
His princely person, and with speed, they both may carry it  
To wealthy *Lycia*, where his friends and brothers will embrase,  
And tombe it in some monument, as firs Prince's place.

Then flew *Apollo* to the fight, from the Idalian hill,  
At all parts putting into act, his great Commanders will.  
Drew all the darts, waft, balmd the corfes, which (deckt with ornament,  
By *Phebus* and Death, those featherd twins) he into *Lycia* sent

*Patroclus* then, *Amenon* commands to give his steeds  
Large raines, and all way to the chace: so madly he exceeds  
The strict commissioun of his friends, which had he kept, had kept  
A blacke death from him. But *Troye* minde hath evermore ouerlept  
The minde of man; who both affrights and takes the victory  
From any hardiest hand with ease, which he can iustifie,  
Though he himselfe commands him fight: as now he hat this chace  
In *Menestor*'s minde. How much then weighs the grace  
(*Patroclus*) that *Troye* gives thee now, in scoules pur with thy death?  
Of all the great and famous mee, the honourable breath.

Of which, *Adrestus* first he stule, and next *Astonius*;  
*Epilora*, and *Perimorus*; *Pylarter*, *Blaflus*,  
Swift *Minalippus*, *Melius*; all these were overthrownne  
By him, and all else, put in roote, and then proud *Ilios*  
Had stoopt beneath his glorious hand, he rag'd to with his lance,  
If *Phebus* had not kept the towre, and helpt the Ilians,  
Sustaining ill thoughts againt the Prince. Thrice to the prominence  
Of Troyes steep wall he bravely leapt: thrice *Phebus* thrut him thence:  
Obiecting all his dazzling shield with his refleſſle hand.

But fourthly, when (like one of heaven) he woulde haue stird his stand,  
*Apollo* threatened him, and said; Ceafe, it exceeds thy fate  
(Forward *Patroclus*) to expuge, with thy bold lance, this state,  
Nor under great *Achilles* powres, (to thine superiour farre)  
Lies *Troye* grave ruine. When he speake, *Patroclos* left that warre:

X 2

*Patroclos* seal-  
ing the meane of  
*Troye*, refleſſed by  
*Phebus*.

*Apollo* threatens  
*Patroclos*.

Leapt

*Zeus to Phebus*

*As he sends Sarpedon back to Sleep and Death to Lycia.*

Leapt farre backe; and his anger flund. *Hector* detain'd his horse  
Within the Scean ports, in doubt to put his personall force  
Amongst the rout, and turne their heads, or shun in Troy the storme.

*Apollo* seeing his suspence, assum'd the goodly forme  
Of *Hectors* uncle, *Cassandra*, the Phrygian *Dymas* sonne,  
Who necre the deepe Sangarius, had habitation;  
Being brother to the Trojan Queene. His shape *Apollo* tooke;  
And aske of *Hector*, why his spire, so cleare the fight forsooke;

Affirming twas unfit for him: and wist his forces were  
As much above his, as they mov'd in an inferiour sphere:  
He shold (with shame to him) be gone; and so bad, drive away  
Against *Patreclus*, to approve, if he that gave them day,

VVould give the glory of his death, to his preferred lance.  
So leit he him and to the fight did his bright head advance,

Mixt with the multitude, and stird soule tumult for the foe.  
Then *Hector* bad *Cebriones* put on, himselfe let goe

All other Greeks within his reach, and only gave command  
To front *Patreclus*. He at him; jumpd downe, his strong left hand  
A lavelin held; his right, a stone, a marble sharpe; and such  
As his large hand had powre to gripe, and gave it strength so much  
As he could lyeto: nor stood long in feare of that huge man  
That made against him; but full on, with his huge stome he ran  
Discharg'd, and drove it twixt the browes of bold *Cebriones*:

Nor could the thicke bone there prepar'd, extenuate so th' accesse;

But out it drove his broken eyes, which in the dust fell downe,  
And he dived after; which concit of diving, tooke the sonne

Of old *Menestius*, who thus plaid upon the others bane.

O heavens! for truth, this Trojan was a passing active man;  
With what exceeding easie he divest as if at worke he were  
Within the fishie seas. This man, alone would furnishe cheare  
For twenty men, though twere a storme; to leape out of a saile,  
And gather Oysters for them all; he does it here all well,  
And therer are many such in Troy. Thus jested he so neare  
His owne grave death; and then made in to spoyle the Chariotere,  
With such a Lyons force, and fate, as (often ruining,

Stals of fat Oxen) gets at length, a mortall wound to stinge  
His soule, out ofthat ravenous breast that was so insolent;

And so his life blisse provcs his bane: so deadly confident  
Wert thou *Patreclus* in pursuit of good *Cebriones*,

To whose defence now *Hector* leapt. The opposite addresse,  
These masters of the cry in warre, now made, was of the kinde  
Oftwice fierce kings of beasts, oppold, in strife about a Hind  
Slaine on the forehead of a hill, both sharpe and hungry set,  
And to the Currie never came, but like two Deaths they met:  
Nor these two entertain'd leste minde of mutuall prejudice,  
Abou the body, clost to which, when each had preft for prize,  
*Hector* the head laid hand upon, which once gript, never could  
Be forc't from him; *Patreclus* then, upon the ses got hold,

*Apollo* in shape  
of *Aias* to *Hec-*  
*tor*

*Patreclus* in his  
arrest by *Hec-*  
*tor*

A famillie expro-  
fing *Patreclus*  
encounter and  
*Hector*

And he pinche with as sure a nail: so both stood tugging there,  
While all the rest mad eagre fight, and grapp'd every where:  
And as the East and South winde strive to make a lofy wood  
Bow to their greatness, barkie Elmes, wilde Ashes, Beeches bowd  
Even with the earth; in whose thickc armes the mightie vapours lie,  
And tosse by turnes, all, either way; their leaves at random flic,  
Boughs murmure, and their bodies cracke, and with perpetual din,  
The Sylvans falter, and the stormes are never to begin:  
So rag'd the fight, and all from flight, pluckt her forgotten wings;  
While some still stucke, still new wingd shafts flew dancing from their strings,  
Huge stones sent after, that did shake the shields about the corse,  
Who now (in duds soft foched stretch) forgot his guiding horc.

As long as *Pabus* turn'd his wheeles about the midle of heaven,  
So long the touch of eitheris darts, the fall of both made even:  
But when his waine drew neare the Weft, the Greces past measure were  
The abler souldiers, and so swete the Trojan tumult clear'd  
From off the body, out of which, they drew the hurl'd-in darts,  
And from his shoulders stript his armes, and then to more such parts  
*Patreclus* turn'd his strivng thoughts, to doe the Troians ill:  
Thrce, like the god of warre, he charg'd, his voyce as horrible:  
And thrce nine those three charges sive, but in the fourth affay,  
O then *Patreclus*, shew'd thy laft, the dreadfull Sunne made way  
Against that on-set, yet the Prince disfer'd no deitic,  
He kept the preefe fo, and befoles, obcur'd his glorious eye  
With such fel darknesse. At his backe, he made a sodeine stand,  
And twixt his necke and shoulders laid downe-right with either hand,  
A blow so weightie, that his eyes a giddy darknesse tooke,  
And from his head, his three-plum'd helme, the bounding violence shooke,  
That rung beneath his horses hoofes, and like a water-spout,  
Was cruifit together with the fall. The plumes that fet it out,  
All spattered with blacke bloud and dust, when ever heretofore  
It was a capitall offence, to have, or dust, or gore  
Defile a triple-feather'd helme, but on the head diving,  
And youthfull temples of their Prince, it usde, untoucht, to shinc.  
Yet now Iove gave it *Hector's* hands, the others death was neare.  
Besides whose lost and filed helme, his huge long weightie speare,  
Well bound with iron in his hand, was drivend, and his shild  
Fell from his shoulders to his feet, the bawdricke strewing the field:  
His Carets left him, like the rest, and all this only done

By great *Apollo*. Then his minde, tooke in confusyon,  
The vigorous knitting of his joynts, dissolv'd, and (thus dismaid)  
A Dardan (one of *Pambus* sons) and one that overlaid  
All Troians of his place, with darts, swift footing, skill, and force.  
In noble horfemanship, and one that tumbl'd from their horse,  
One after other, twenty men: and when he did but leare  
The art of warre; nay when he first did in the fild discerne  
A horse and chariot of his guide: this man, with all these parts  
(His name *Eupherbus*) comes behind, and twixt the shoulders darts

simile.

Forlorn Patroclus, who yet liv'd, and th'other (getting forth  
His javelin) tooke him to his strength, nor durst he stand the worth  
Of thee Patroclus, though disarm'd; who yet (discomfited  
By Phabus and Euphorbus wound) the red heape of the dead  
He now too late shund, and retir'd. When Hector saw him yeild,  
And knew he yeelded with a wound, he scour'd the armed field;  
Came close up to him, and both sides strooke quite through with his lance,  
Hefell, and his most weightie fall, gave fit tune to his chance.

For which, all Grecce extremely mourn'd. And as a mighty strife

About a little fount, begins and risteth to the life

Of some fell Bore, resolv'd to drinke; when likewise to the spring  
A Lyon comes, alke dispolde; the Bore thirsts, and his King,  
Both proud, and both will first be serv'd; and then the Lyon takes  
Advantage of his soveraigne strength, and th'other (stainting) makes  
Resigne his thirst up with his bloud: Patroclus (to enforc't  
When he had forst so much brave life) was, from his owne divorc't.

*Hector in full  
tun of his  
desirousnes  
and malice.*

And thus his great divorcer brav'd; Patroclus, thy conceit,  
Gave thee th' eve: sion of our Troy, and to thy fleete a freight  
Of Trojan Ladies, their free lives, put all in bands by thee:  
But (too much prizer of thy selfe) all these are propt by me.  
For these, have my horse strech't their hoofes, to this so long a warre,  
And I (farre best of Troy in armes) keepe off from Troy as farre;  
Even to the last beame of my life, their necessary day.  
And here (in place of us and ours) on thee shall Vultures prey,  
Poore wretch; nor shall thy mighty friend afford thee any aid,  
That gave thy parting much deepe charge; and this perhaps he said;  
Martiall Patroclus, turne not face, nor see my fleete before  
The cures from great Hectors breast, all guilded with his gore,  
Thou bewit in pieces: if thus vaine were his far-stretch commands;  
As vaine was thy heart to beleeve, his words lay in thy hands.

*Patroclus lan-*  
*guing to He-*ctor.**

He languishing, replide: this proves thy glory worse then vaine,  
That when two gods have given thy hands, what their powres did obraine,  
(They conquering, and they spoiling me, both of my armes and minde,  
It being a worke of scorne for them) thy soule should be so blinde,  
To oversee their evident deeds, and take their powres to thee;  
When, if the powres of twenty such, had dar'd encounter me,  
My lance had strew'd earth with them all, Thou onely dost obtaine  
A third place in my death, whom first a hartefull fate hath slaine  
Effected by Lasonas sonne; second and first of men,  
Euphorbus. And this one thing more, concerns thee; note it then:  
Thou shalt not long survive thy selfe, nay, now Death cal's for thee,  
And violent fate; Achilles lance shall make this good for me.

Thus death joynd to his words, his end; his soule tooke instant wing,  
And to the house that hath no lights, descended sorrowing  
For his sad fate, to leave him young, and in his ablest age.  
He dead, yet Hector ask him why, in that propheticke rage,  
He so forspake him? when none knew, but great Achilles might  
Prevent hi's death; and on his lance, receiue his latest light.

Thus

thus setting on his side his foote he drew out of his wound,  
His brazen lance, and upwards cast the body on the ground;  
When quickly, while the dart was hot, he charged *Aias medon*,  
(Divine guide of Achille's steeds) in great contention,  
To seize him to: but his so swift and deathlesse horse, that fetcht  
Their gift to Peleus from the gods, foone rap't him from his reach.

*Hector charges  
on Aias medon  
for Achille's  
body.*

### COMMENTARIVS.

*Ai. 13. Zest. 18. m. 10. &c.* These last verses in the originall, by many antient ancients have suffered expansion; as being unworthy the mouth of an Heroe, because he seemes to make such a wish in them: which is as poorly conceited of the expugners, as the rest of the places in Homer, that haue groen or langbed under their cogitations. Achilles not out of his heart (which any true eye may see) wishing it; but out of a frolick and delighsome humour, being merry with his friend, which the verse following in part expresseth:

*Ωσιζη τοντα εγειρεις ανδρας επειδον.*

Sic hi quidem talia inter se loquebantur. Inter se, intimating the meaning aforesaid. But our divine masters most ingenious imitating the life of things, (which is the soule of a Poeme) is never rejected nor perceived by his Interpreters onely standing pedantically on the Grammer and words, utterly ignorant of the sense and grace of him.

*b. 1. v. 3. Aias d' iugur, &c. Ega d' iugur, &c.* Agnovit autem Aias in animo incipato, opera decorum, ήγνωντες exhorturque. Another most ingenions and spritfull imitation of the life, and ridiculous humour of Ajax, I must needs note here, because it flies all his Translators and Interpreters, who take it merely for serious, when it is apparently sceptical and ridiculous, with which our author would delight his understanding Reader, and mixe mirth with matter. Itc saith, that Hector cut off the head of Ajax lance, which he seeing, would needs affect a kinde of propheticke wisdome (with which he is never charg'd in Homer) and imagined strongly, the cutting off his lances head, cast a figure thus deepest that as Hector cut off that, love would utterly cut off the heads of their counsels to that fight, and give the Troians victory: which sette seriously and gravely, is most dull (and as I may say) Attanticall: the voyce κανον (which they expound practicabat, and indeed ευτονεbat, signifying most properly tondeo) helping well to decipher the ironie. But to understand gravely that the cutting off his lances head, argued Iovis intent to cut off their counsels, and to allow the wit of Ajax for his so farre-fetche apprehension: I suppose no man can make less then idle, and wittlesse. A plaine contynance therefore it is of Ajax humour, whom in divers other places he playes upon: as in likening him in the eleventh booke to a mille Asse, and elsewhere to be noted herafter.

*c. Tmo. xxi. Θωμα σθενασσον* [by Sleep and Death (which he ingeniously callath Twins)] was the body of loves sonne Sarpedon, taken from the fight, and borne to Lycia. On which place, Eustathius doubts, whether truly and indeed it was transferd to Lycia: and he makes the cause of his doubt, this: that Death & Sleep are inania que dam, things emptie and voide, εντενται τε και, not solid or firme persons, ειναι ανθρακες, but quae nihil ferre possunt. And therefore bee thought there was νεκραιον quoddam; that is, som: void or empty sepulcher or monument prepared for that Heroine in Lycia, &c. or else makes another strange translation

translation of it by wonder; which Spondanus thinkes to have happened truly, But rather would interpret it merely and nakedly a poetical fiction. his reason I will forbear to utter, because it is unworthy of him. But would not a man wunder that our great and grave Eustathius, would doubt whether Sleep and Death carried Sarpedons person personally to Lycia: or not rather make no question of the contrary? Homer nor any Poets end in such poetical relations, being to affirm the truth of things personally done, but to please with the trash of their marchlike wits, and some worthy doctrine conveyed in it. Nor would Homer have any one believe the personal transportance of Sarpedon by Sleep & Death, but onely varish and graceh his Poeme with these Proopopeiae, and delivers us the most ingenious and grave doctrine in it: that he Heroes beth, for which both those mighty Hosts so mightily contended, Sleep and Death (those same quadaみな)ooke from all their personall and solid forces. Wherein he would further note to us, that from all the bitterest and deadliest conflicts and tyrannies of the world, Sleep and Death, when their worst is done, delivers and transfers men: a little mocking withall, the vehement and greedy prosecutions of tyrants and sondiers against, or for that, which two such dedleſſe poore things takes from all their Emperie. And yet, against Eustathius manner of sleighting their powers, what is there of all things belonging to man, so powerfull over him as Death and Sleep? And why may not our Homer (whose words I hold with Spondanus ought to be an undisputable deed and authority with us) as well personate Sleep and Death, as all men besides personate Love, Anger, Sloth, &c. Thus onely where the fence and founle of my most worthy reverenced Author is abused, or not scene, I still infis; and gleane these few poore corne eares after all other mens barneſſes.

The end of the sixteenth Booke.

THE



## THE XVII. BOOKE OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

A Dreadfull fight about Patroclus corps.  
Euphorbus slain by Menelaus force.  
Hector, in th' armour of Ajaxides.  
Antilochus, relating the deceſte  
Of lame Patroclus, to faire Thetis sonne:  
The body from the strivyng Troians wonne;  
Th' Aiaxes, making good the after field,  
Alake all the ſubiect that this booke doth yeeld.

### Another Argument.

In Rho, the verious booke mainaininge  
A blauferous conflict for the ſame.



Or could his slaughter rest concealed from Menelaus care,  
Who flew amongst the formof fightis, & with his targe & speare  
Circled the body as much griev'd, and with as tender heed  
To kepe itthirs, as any damme about her firſt borne ſeed;  
Not proving what the paine of birth, would make the love before,  
Nor to purſue his firſt attaint, Euphorbus ſpirit forbore,  
But ſeing Menelaus chiefe, in reſue of the dead,  
Affaid him thus: Atrides, ceafe, and leavethe slaughtered  
With his embrew'd poyle, to the man that firſt of all our ſtate  
And famous ſuccours, in faire fight, made paſſage to his fate;  
And therefore ſuffer me to weare the good name I have wonne  
Amoſt the Troians, leſt thy life repay what his hath done.

O Inſper (ſaid he, incenſt) thou art no honeſt man  
To boſt, ſo paſt thy powre to doe. Not any Lyon can,  
Nor ſpotted Leopard, nor Bore, (whofe minde is mightieſt)  
In pouring furie from his ſtrength, advance ſo proud a credit  
As Panthous fighting progenie. But Hyperenor pride,  
That ioyd ſo little time his youth, when he ſo vilifie  
My force in armes, and cald me wortiſt of all our chevalrie,  
And stood my wortiſt might teach ye all, to ſhan this furcudrie:  
I thinke he came not ſafely home, to tell his wife his acts:  
Nor leſſe right of thy inſolence, my equall fate exacts,  
And will obtaine me, if thou ſtayſt, retirethen, take aduice:  
A foole ſees nought before tiſ done, and ſtill too late is wife.  
This movd not him, but to the worse; ſince is renew'd the ſting;

Euphorbus to  
Menelaus. This  
Euphorbus mad  
himself in Grecis,  
Pythagoras  
ſaith he was in  
the warre of Troy

Menelaus to  
Euphorbus.

That

That his slaine brother shot in him; remembred by the King,  
To whom he awer'd: thou shalt pay for all the paines endur'd  
By this slaine brother; all the wounds sustaing for him, recurr'd  
With one, made in thy heart by me. Tis true, thou mad'st his wife  
A hearie widow; when her joyes of wedlocke scarce had life,  
And hurt'st our parents with his griefe; all which thou gloriest in:  
Forepeaking so, thy death, that now their grieves end shal begin.  
To *Pantus*, and the snowy hand of *Phrones*, I will bring  
Those armes, and that proud head of thine; and this laborious thing  
Shall ask no long time to performe: nor be my words alone,  
But their performance; Strength, and Fight, and Terror thus sets on.

*Euphorbus*  
*to Menelaus.*

This said, he strooke his all-round shield; nor shrunke that, but his lance  
That turn'd head in it: then the King assaid the seconde chance,  
First prayng to the king of gods, and his dart, entry got  
(The force much driving backe his foe) in low part of his throte,  
And ranne his nekke through. Then fell pride and he, and all with gore  
His lockes, that like the Graces were, and which he ever wore  
In gold and silver ribands wrapt, were piteously wet.

And when alone in some choice place, a husbandman hath set  
The young plant of an Olive tree, whose roote being ever fed  
With plenty of delicious springs, his branches bravely spred,  
And all his fresh and lovely head, growne curld with snowy flowres,  
That dance, and flourish with the winds, that are of gentlest powres:  
But when a whirlewind (got aloft) stoope with a sodaine gale,  
Tearcs from his head his tender curles, and tosceth therewithall  
His fixt root from his hollow mines: it well presents the force  
Of Spartas King, and so the Plant, *Euphorbus* and his Corfe.

He slaine, the King stript off his armes, and with their worthy prize,  
(All fearing him) had clearely past: if heavens faire eye, of eyes,  
Had not (in envy of his acts) to his encounter stird  
The Mar, like *Hector*, to whose powres, the refue he preferd  
Of those faire armes: and tooke the shape of *Menelaus* (Colonell  
Of all the Cicones that neare the Thracian Hebrus dwell)  
Like him, he thus put forth his voyce. *Hector*, thou scowr'ft the field  
In headstrong purfuit of those horse, that hardly are compeld  
To take the draught of chariots by any mortals hand.

The great grandchild of *Ajax*, bath onely their command;  
Whom an immortall mother bore: while thou attendlst on these,

*Achilles.*  
*to Menelaus*  
*to Hector.*

The yong *Atrides* in defence of *Menetiades*,

Hath slaine *Euphorbus*. Thus the god tooke troupe with men againe,  
And *Hector* (heartily perplext) looke round, and saw the slaine,  
Still shedding rivers from his wound: and then tooke envious view  
Of brave *Atrides* with his spoyle; in way to whom he flew,  
Like one of *Vulcan*: quenchles flames: *Atrides* heard the cry  
That ever usher'd him, and figh'd, and said: O me, if I  
Should leave these goodly armes, and him, that here lies dead for me;  
I fear I should offend the Greckes. If I should stay, and be  
Alone with *Hector* and his men, I may be compassit;

Some

## OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

Some sleight or other they may use. Many may quickly win  
Their wils of one, and all Troy comes, ever where *Hector* leades.  
But why (deare minde) dost thou thus talk? when men dare set their heads  
Against the gods, (as sure they doe that fight with men they love)  
Straight one or other plague ensues: it cannot therefore move  
The grude of any Greeke that sees, I yeld to *Hector*, he  
Still fighting with a spirit from heaven: And yet if I could see  
Brave *Ajax*, he and I would stand, though aginst a god; and sure  
The best I feake him: and then see if we two can procure  
This Corfes freedome through all these: a little then let rest  
The body of my minde be still; of two bads chuse the best.

In this discouer, the troupes of Troy were in with him, and he  
Made such a Lyon-like retreat, as when the herdsmen see  
The royall savage, and come on, with men, dogs, cryes, and speares,  
To cleare their horned stall; and then, the kingly heart he beares,  
(With all his high disdaigne) falleth off, so, from this odes aside  
The golden-haired *Atrides* fled: and in his strength dispaide  
Vpon his left hand, him he wilts; extremely bafled  
About encouraging his men; to whom, an extreme dread  
*Apollo* had infu'd: the King reacht *Ajax* instantly,  
And said: Come friend, let us two halfe, and free the tyranny  
Of *Hector*, free *Paris* corfe. He strait and gladly went;  
And then was *Hector* haling of the body, with intent  
To spoyle the shoulders of the dead, and give the dogs the rest;  
(His armes he having prisde before.) When *Ajax* brought his brest  
To barre all further spoyle, with that, he had sure, *Hector* thought  
Twas best to satise his spleene; which temper *Ajax* wrought  
With his meere fight, and *Hector* fled: the armes he sent to Troy,  
To make his citizens admire, and pray *Iove* send him joy.

Then *Ajax* gatherd to the corfe, and hid it with his targe:  
There setting downe as sure a foote, (as in the tender charge  
Of his lov'd whelps) a Lyon doth: two hundred hunters neare,  
To give him onset, their more force, make him the more austere,  
Drownes all their clamors in his rores; darts, dogs, doth all despise,  
And lets his rough browses downe so low, they cover all his eyes.  
So *Ajax* lookt, and stood, and staid for great *Priamides*.

When *Glaucus Hippelachides* saw *Ajax* thus depreffe  
The spirit of *Hector*: thus he chid, O goodly man at armes,  
In fight a *Paris*, why shouldest Fame make thee foynt gainst our harmes,  
Being such a fugitive? now marke how well thy boasts defend  
Thy citie only with her owne. Be sure it shall defend:  
To that proofe shouldest. Not a man of any Lycian ranke,  
Shall strike one stroke more, for thy towne, for no man gets a thanke,  
Should he eternally fight here: nor any guard of thee.  
How wilt thou (worthlesse that thou art) keep off an enemy  
From our poore souldiers, when their Prince, *Sarpodon*, guest and friend  
To thee, (and most deservedly) thou flew'st from in his end,  
And lefft to all the lust of Greece? O gods, a man that was

Sime.

*Menelaus*  
*to Ajax.*

Sime.

*Glaucus*  
*to Hector.*

In

(In life) so huge a good to Troy; and to thee such a grace,  
 (In death) not kept by thee from doge? if my friends will doe well,  
 We'll take our shoulders from your wals, and let all sink to hell :  
 As all will, were our faces turn'd. Did such a spirit breath  
 In all you Troians, as becomes all men that fight beneath  
 Their countries slander'd, you would see, that such as prop your cause  
 With like exposure of their lives, have all the honour-clawes  
 Of such a deare confederacie, kept to them to a third :  
**As now ye might reprise the armes Sarpedon forfeited,**  
 By forfeit of your righte to him, would you but lead your hands,  
 And force *Patroclus* to your Troy? Ye know how deare he stands  
 In his love, that of all the Grecians (for himselfe) farre best,  
 And leades the best, neare-fighting men: and therefore would (at least)  
 Redeeme Sarpedons armes: nay him, whom you have likewise lost.  
 This body drawne to Ilion, would after draw, and cost  
 A greater ransome if you pleasd: but *Ajax* startles you;  
 Tis his breast bares this right to us. His looks are darts now  
 To mix great *Hector* with his men. And, not to blame yea're,  
 You chuse foes underneath your strengths; *Ajax* exceeds ye farre.  
*Hector* lookt passing lowre at this, and answere, why dar' st thou,  
 (So under) talke above me? O friend, I thought till now,  
 Thy wisedome was superiour to all th'inhabitants  
 Of gleyb Lycia; but now, impute apparent wants  
 To that discretion thy words shew, to say I lost my ground  
 For *Ajax* greatness: nor feare I the field in combats drownd,  
 Nor force of chariots: but I feare a powre much better scene,  
 In right of all warre, then all we: that god that holds betweene  
 Our victori and us, his shield lets conquest come and goe  
 At his free pleasure, and with feare, converts her changes so  
 Vpon the strongest: men must fight, when his iust spirit impels,  
 Not their vaine glories. But come on, make thy steps parallels  
 To these of mine; and then be judge how deepe the worke will draw:  
 If then I pend the day in blisfis? or thou canst give such law  
 To thy detracitive speeches then? or if the Grecian host  
 Holds any, that in pride of strength, holds up his spirit most,  
 Whom (for the carriage of this Prince, that thou enforcest so)  
 I make not stoop in his defence. You, friends? ye hear and know  
 How much it fits ye to make good this Grecian I have slaine,  
 For ransome of *Ioves* sonne, our friend; play then the worthy men,  
 Till I endue *Achilles* armes. This said, he left the fight,  
 And cald backe those that bore the armes; not yet without his sight,  
 In convoy of them towards Troy. For them, he chang'd his owne;  
 Remov'd from where it rained teares, and sent them backe to towne.  
 Then put he on th'eternall armes, that the celestiall states  
 Gave *Peleus*; *Peleus* being old, their use appropriates  
 To his *Achilles*, that (like him) forsooke them noe for age.  
 When he, whose Empire is in clouds, saw *Hector* bent to wage  
 Warre in divine *Achilles* armes, he shooke his head, and said :

Poore wretch, thy thoughts are farre from death; though he sonerie hath layd  
 His ambulch for thee. Thou putt on those armes (as braving him)  
 Whom others feare, haft slain his friend, and from his youthfull lim,  
 Torne rudely off his heavenly armes; himselfe being gentle, kind,  
 And valiant. Equall measure then, thy life in youth must find.  
 Yet since the iustice is so strict, that not *Andromache*  
 (In thy denied returne from fight) must ever take of thee  
 Those armes, in glory of thy acts: thou shalt have that frayle blaze  
 Of excellencie, that neighbours death: a strength even to amaze.  
 To this his fable browes did bow; and he made fit his lim  
 To thosse great armes; to fill which up, the *Warre-god* entred him;  
 Austere and terrible: his ioynts and every part extends  
 With strength and fortitude; and thus to his admiring friends,  
 High *Clemor* brought him. He so shain'd, that all could think no lesse,  
 But he resembld every way, great-soul'd *Aeacides*.  
 Then every way he (cowl'd he the field, his Captaines calling on;  
*Aescropous*, *Eunomus* (that forefaw all things done)  
*Glaucus*, and *Medon*, *Defenor*, and strong *Theribus*,  
*Phorbas*, and *Mesibulus*, *Chronius*, and great *Hippobous*:  
 To all these, and their populous troops, thes his excitements were:  
 Hearre us, innumerable friends, neere-bordering nations heare;  
 We have not cald you from your townes, to fill our idle cyc  
 With number of so many men, (no such vaine emperie  
 Did ever ioy us) but to fight, and of our Trojan wives  
 With all their children, manfully to save the innocent lives;  
 In whose cares we draw all our townes, of ayding souldies dry,  
 With gifts, guards, virtuell, all things fit; and hearten their supply  
 With all like rights; and therefore now let all sides set down this,  
 Or live, or perish: this of warre the speciall secret is.  
 In which most relolate designe, whoever bears to town  
*Patroclus* (layd dead to his hand) by winning the renown  
 Of *Ajax* slaughter, the halfe-spoyle we wholly will impart  
 To his free wife; and to our selfe the other halfe convert:  
 And so the glory shall be thaird; our selfe will have no more  
 Then he shall shaine in. This drew all, to bring abroad their store  
 Before the body: euer man had hope it would be his,  
 And forcd from *Ajax*: Silly fooles, *Ajax* prevented this,  
 By rayling rampiers to his friend, with halfe their carkasses:  
 And yet his humour was to roar, and feare: and now no lesse  
 To startle Sparta king; to whom he cried out: O my friend!  
 O *Menelaus*! neare more hope, to get off; here's the end  
 Of all our labours: not so much I feare to lose the corfe,  
 For that's sure gone, the fowles of Troy and dogs will quickly force  
 That pecc-e-meale) as I fearemy head, and thine o *Aeneas* sonne;  
*Aeneas* a cloud brings, will hidall; instant destruction,  
 Glorious, and heavy comes; o call our Peeres to ayd us; fly.  
*Aeneas* hasted, and wile all his voyce; sent farre and neere his cry;  
 O Princes, chieflights of the Greeks; and you that publickly

*Ioves* iij/2  
 course with  
 himselfe of  
*Hector* in the  
 armes of *Aeacides*.

*Hector* to his  
 Captains and  
 soldiier.

The secret of  
 warre.

The promis  
 of *Hector*:  
*Patroclus* ho  
 dy could be  
 forced off to  
 their part.

*Ajax* to  
*Menelaus*:

Eat with our Generall and me : all men of charge ; O know,  
Love gives both grace and dignitie, to any that will shew  
Good minds, for only good it selfe ; though presently the eye  
Of him that rules discern him not. Tis hard for me to spy  
(Through all this smoke of burning fight) each Captain in his place,  
And call assistance to our need. Betwene other grace,  
And freely follow each his next; disdain to let the ioy  
Of great *Bacides* be forc'd to feed the beasts of *Troy*.

His voyce was first heard and obeyd by swift *Oileades*:  
*Idomeneus* and his mate (renowned *Ateriones*)  
Were seconds to *Oileus* sonne : but, of the rest, whose minde  
Can lay upon his voyce the names, that after these combine,  
In setting up this fight on end ? the *Troians* first gave on :  
And as into the seas vast mouth, when mighty rivers run,  
Their billows, and the sea, resound ; and all the utter shore  
Rebellows (in her angry shocks) the seas repulsive roar.  
With such sounds gave the *Troians* charge ; so was their charge reprent :  
One mind full all *Greeks* ; good brasst shields clost coucht to every breast :  
And on their helmes love pourd down a mighty deale of night  
To hide *Patreclus*. Whom alive, and when he was the knight  
Of that grandchild of *Aeacus*, *Saturnius* did not hate ;  
Nor dead, would see him dealte to dogs, and so did instigate  
His fellows to his worthy guard. At first the *Troians* draue  
The blackey'd *Greecks* from the corse ; but not a blow they gaue  
That came at death. A while they hung about the bodies heelees,  
The *Greeks* quite gone. But all that while did *Ajax* whet the steeles  
Of all his forces, that cut back, way to the corse again :  
Braue *Ajax* (that for forme, and fact, past all that did maintaine  
The Grecian fame, nex *Thetis* sonne) now flew before the first :  
And as a sort of dogs, and youths, are by a Bore dispersit  
About a mountain : so fled these from mighty *Ajax*, all  
That stood in conflict for the corse. Who thought no chance could fall  
Betwixt them and the prize at *Troy*. For bold *Hippobous*,  
(*Lethus*, *Pelagoni* famous sonne) was so adventurous,  
That he would stand to bore the corse about the ankle bone,  
Where all the nervy fivers meet, and ligaments in one,  
That make the motion of those parts : through which he did comay  
The thong or bawdrick of his shield, and so was drawing away  
All thanks from *Hector*, and his friends : but in their stead he drew  
An ill that no man could auert : For *Telamonius* threw  
A lance that strook quite through his helme, his braine came leaping out :  
Down fell *Lethedes* ; and with him the bodies hoystyd foot.  
Far from *Larissi* soyle he fell ; a little time allow'd  
To his industrious spirits, to quitt the benefits bestowed  
By his kind parents. But his weak *Priamides* assayed,  
And threw at *Ajax* ; but his dart (discoured) past, and stayd  
At *Schedius*, sonne of *Iphitus* : a man of ablest hand  
Of all the strong Phocensians, and liu'd with great command,

Simile

Simile

In *Fanopeus*. The fell dart fell through his channell bone,  
Pierc't through his shoulders upper part ; and set his spirit gone.  
When (after his) another flew, the same hand giving wing  
To martiall *Phorcis* startled soule, that was the after spring  
Of *Phanops* feed: the iavelin strooke his curets through, and tore  
The bowels from the bellies middest. His fall made those before  
Give backe a little: *Hectors* selfe enforc't to turne his face.  
And then the Greeks bestow'd their shrowds, tooke vantage of the chace,  
Drew off, and spoild *Hippothous* and *Phorcis* of their armes,  
And then ascended *Ilian*, had shaken with alarums,  
(Discovering thiempence of *Troy*) even past the will of *Taze* ;  
And by the proper force of Greece: had *Phabas* said to move  
*Aeas*, in similitude of *Periphas* (the sonne  
Of grave *Eptes*) king at armes, and had good service done  
To old *Achilles*; being wife, and even with him in years.  
But (like this man) the tarre-seene god to *Venus* sonne appears,  
And askt him how he would maintaine steepe *Ilian* in her height,  
In spite of gods (as he presum'd) when men approvd' so slight,  
All his presumptions? and all theirs, that putt him with that pride,  
Believing in their proper strengths? and generally supplied  
With such unrighted multitudes? But he well knew that love  
Besides their selfe conceits sustaint their forces with more love  
Then theirs of Greece, and yet all that lacke power to hearten them:

*Aeas* knew the god, and said, It was a shame extreme,  
That those of Greece should beatem so; and by their cowardise,  
Not want of mans ayde, nor the gods, and this (before his eyes)  
A deitic stood, even now, and voucht, affirming love their aide.  
And so ba! *Hector* and the rest, (to whom all this he said)  
Turne head; and not in that quicke eafe, part with the Corfe to Greece.

This said, before them all he flew, and all (as of a peice)  
Against the Greeks flew. *Venus* sonne, *Leocritus* did end,  
Sonne of *Arisbas*, and had place of *Lycomedes* friend,  
Whose fall he friendly pitied: and in revenge, bestow'd  
A lance, that *Apsion* strooke so sore, that straite he strow'd  
The dufft center, and did sticke it that congealed bloud  
That formes the liver. Second man he was of all that stood  
In name for armes, amongst the troupe, that from *Paeonia* came ;  
*Astropaeus* being the first: who was, in ruth the same  
That *Lycomedes* was; like whom, he put forth for the wreake  
Of his deare friend: but wrought it not, because he could not breake  
That buiwake made of Grecian shields, and brisl'd wood of speares  
Combid about the body blaine. Amongst whom *Ajax* bears  
The greatest labour; every way exhorting to abide,  
And no man flye the Corfe a foot, nor breake their rankes in pride  
Of any foremost daring spirit, but each foot hold his stand,  
And use the closest fight they could. And this was the command  
Of mighty *Ajax*: which observd, they steep't the earth in bloud.  
The Troians and their friends fell thick. Nor all the Grecians stood

A. eto dico.  
i. Periphas  
E. E. E.Aeas to C. C.  
Troy.*Ajax* b. C.  
Troy.

the power (liver ruffed fate) for ever they had care  
The infusion, and the toyle that still oppresteth there,  
So set they all the field on fire; with which you wold have thought  
The Sonne and Moone had beene put out, in such a smoke they fought  
About the person of the Prince. But all the field beside  
Brought underneath a lighsome heaven: the sunne was in his pride,  
And such expanſure of his beams, he thrust out of his thronc,  
That not a vapour durſt appear in all that region.  
No, not upon the highest hill: there fought they still and breathd,  
And dangers, call their darts aloofe, and not a iword unsheathe.  
The other plied it, and the warre, and night plied them as wel:  
The cruel ſteele afflicting all, the strongest did not dwell  
Unhurt within their iron rooſes. Two men of ſpeciall name,  
*Ajax* and *Thrasymedes*, were yet unſervd by fame  
With notice of *Patrocles* death: they thought him ſtill alive,  
A foreſore turnt, and might well: for ſeeing their fellowes thrive  
In a more comfortable for, then light and Death would yeld  
They fought apart, for ſo their Sire, old *Nefor*, ſtrictly wylde,  
In yowning fight, more from the fleet: warre here increasit his heatc  
He whole day long, continually the labour and the weare,  
The kneces, calves, feet, hands, faces, smear'd, of men that *Mars* appilid  
About the good *Achilles* friend. And as a huge Oxē hide,  
Curſer gives amongst his men, to ſupple and extend  
With oyle, till it be dunke withall, they tug, ſtretche out, and ſpend  
The oyle and liquor liberally, and chafe the leather ſo  
That out they make a vapour breathe, and in their oyle doth goe:  
A number of them ſet on worke, and in an Orbe they pull,  
That alwayes all parts of the hide they may extend at full:  
Here and there, did both parts hale, the Corſe in little place,  
And wrought it alwaies with their ſcavate; the Troians hop't for grace  
To take a reach for Ilion, the Grecians to their fleet:  
At length cumul: they ſtird up, and ſuch, as ſhould Mars ſeere,  
That a wryd burier of men or ſhe that betters him,  
Never a never to incenſit; they could not diſtēeme.  
There the contention did loze that diſtend  
The earth and horſe about the flaine. Of whom, his god-like friend  
Gave the instruction. So farre off, and underneath the wall  
The Troians, that conflict was maintaynd: which was not thought at all  
A great ſtrife, ſince he charg'd, that having ſet his foote  
Upon the foote, he woul'd retire, well knowing Troy no boote  
For his aifer's, without himſelfe; ſince not by him, as well,  
He knew it woul'd be ſubduid. His mother oft woul'd tell  
The ſonne of my ſire to ſee therein; oft hearing it in heaven;  
That great ſir to his friend, was no instruction given  
To ſet her ſelfe: by degrees muſt ill events be knowne.  
She left one to other ſell, about the overthrowne.  
With death infected both. Even private Grecians would ſay  
That were a ſhame for us to goe our way;

And

And let the Troians bear to Troy the praife of ſuch a prize:  
Which let the blacke earth gaspe and drinke our bloud for ſacrifice,  
Before we ſuffer: tis an act much leſſe infortunate,  
And then woul'd thofe of Troy reſolve, though certainly our fate  
Will tell us altogether here: of all not turne a face.  
Thus either ſide, his fellowes strength, excited paſt his place;  
And thus through all thi' unfruitfull ayre, an iron found alceded  
Up to the golden firmament, when ſtrange effects contended  
In thiſe immortall heaven-bred horſe of great *Sacides*:  
Whom (once remov'd from forth the fight) a ſodaine ſenſe did ſcife  
Of good *Patroclos* death; whiche hands they oft had undergone,  
And bitterly they wept for him: nor could *Automedon*,  
With any manage make them ſtirre; oft uſe the ſcourage to them,  
Oft uſe his faireſt ſpeech, as oft, threats neuer ſo extreame,  
They neither to the Hellespont would bear him, nor the fight:  
But ſtill as any tombe-stone layes his never-ſtirred weight  
On ſome good man or womans grave, for rites of funeral:  
So unremov'd ſtood the ſteeds, their heads to earth let fall,  
And warne tears gulping from their eyes, with paſſionate deſire,  
Of their kinde manager; their manes that flouriſh with the firſt  
Of endleſſe youth allotted them: fell through the yoke ſphere,  
Ruthfully rul'd and deſide. Iove ſaw their heavy cheare,  
And (pitting them) ſpake to his minde, Poore wretched beaſts (ſaid he)  
Why gave we you t' a mortall king? when immortallitie,  
Aud incapaciſt of age do dignifyes your ſlates?  
Was it to haſte the miſeries, pour'd out on humanes ſates?  
Of all the miſerabliſt things that breathe and creep on earth,  
No one more wretched is then man. And for your deathleſt birth,  
*Hector* muſt fail to make you prife: iſt not enough he weares,  
And glories vainly in thoſe armes? your chariots and rich geares  
(besides you) are too muſh for him. Your knees and ſpirits againe  
My care of you ſhall fill with ſtrength, that ſo ye may ſuſtaine  
*Automedon*, and bear him off. To Troy I ſtill will give  
The grace of slaughter, till at fleet, their bloody feete arrive:  
Till *Phœbus* drinke the Weſterne ſea, and ſacred darkneſſe throwes  
Her ſable mantle, twixt their points. Thus in the ſteeds he blowes  
Excellente ſpiriſt; and through the Greces and Ilions they rape  
The whirring chariot; ſhaking off the crumbl'd center, wrapt  
Amongſt their treſees: and with them, *Automedon* let ſlie  
Amongſt the Troians, making way, throughall as frightfully,  
As through a iangling flocke of Geese, a lordly Vulture beats,  
Given way with ſhrikes, by every Goſſe that comes but neare his throats;  
With ſuch ſtroke he through the preſſe, purling as he fled;  
But made no ſlaughter, nor he could: alone being carried  
Vpon the ſacred chariot. How could he both workes, doe,  
Drie & his javelin, and command his fiery horſes too?  
At length he came where he beheld his friend *Aleimedenon*,  
That was the good *Læcius*, the ſonne of *Euons* ſonne,

Y 3

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The common  
fatuſſe regi-  
on.

246

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with timbre of  
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ſate of humani-  
tie.

Simile.

*Axomedon to Axomedon.*

Who clofe came to his charior side, and askt, What god is he  
That hath so rob'd thee of thy foule, to runne thus franticly  
Amongst these forefights, being alone? thy fighter being slaine,  
And *Hector* glorying in his armes? he gave these words againe:

*Axomedon to Axomedon.*

*Axomedon,* what man is he? of all the Argive race,  
So abear thy selfe to keepe, in use of preesse, and pace  
These deathlesse horse? himselfe being gone, that like the gods had th'art,  
Of their high manege? therefore take to thy command his part,  
And eas me of the double charge, which thou hast blam'd with right.

*Hector to Aeneas.*

He tooke the scourge and raines in hand, *Axomedon* the fight:

He told him, he discern'd the horse, that mere immortal were,  
Adreft to fight, with coward guides, and therefore hop't to make  
A rich prize of them; if his minde would helpe to undertake:  
For these two could not stand their charge. He granted, and both cast  
Dry solid hides upon their neckes, exceeding soundly brast;  
And forth they went, associate with two more god-like men,  
*Aretus*, and bold *Chronius*, nor made they question then  
To pris the goodly crested horse, and safely send to hell  
The soules of both their guardians: O fooles that could not tell,  
They could not work out their returne from fierce *Axomedon*  
Without the liberall cost of blood, who first made Orizon  
To father *Iove*, and then was fild with fortitude and strength,  
When (counselfing *Axomedon* to keepe at no great length  
The horse from him; but let them breathie, upon his backe, because  
He saw th'advancē that *Hector* made, whose furie had no lawes  
Propos'd to it, but both their lives, and those horse, made his prize,  
Or his life theirs) he cal'd to friend, these well approv'd supplies;  
Th' *Aaces*, and the Spartan king: and said, Come, Princes, leave  
A sure guard with the corse, and then, to your kinde care receive  
Our threatened safeties; I discerne the two chiefe props of Troy  
Prepar'd against us: But herein, what best men can enjoy,  
Lies in the free knees of the gods; my dart shall leade ye all;

The sequell to the care of *Iove*, I leave what ever fall.

All this spake good *Axomedon* then, brandishing his lance,  
He thrw, and strooke *Aretus* shield, that gave it entrance  
Through all the steele, and (by his belt) his bellies inmost part  
It pierc't, and all his trembling lims, gave life up to his dart,  
Then *Hector* at *Axomedon*, a blazing lance let flye,  
Whose flight he saw, and falling flat, the compasse was too high,  
And made it stick beyond in earth, th'extreme part burst, and there  
*Mars* buried all his violence. The sword then, for the speare,  
Had chang'd the conflict, had not hafte sent both th' *Aaces* in,  
(Both serving clofe their fellowes call) who, where they did begin,  
There drew the end: *Priamides*, *Aeneas*, *Chronius*,  
(In doubt of what such aide might worke) left broken hearted thus,  
*Aretus* to *Axomedon*, who spoyl'd his armes, and said:

A little this revives my life, for him so lately dead,

*Axomedon in fight.*

(Though

(Though by this nothing countervail'd) and with his little vent  
Of inward griefe, he tooke the spoyle, with which he made alcant  
Up to his Chariot, hands and feete of bloody stainses so full,  
That Lyon-like he looke, new turn'd from tearing up a Bull.

And now another bitter fight, about *Patreclus* grew,  
Tear-thirstie, and of toyle enough; which *Pallas* did renew,  
Descending from the cope of staires, dismiss'd by sharpe-cyd *Tore*,  
To animate the Grecians; for now, inconstant change did move  
His minde from what he held of late: and as the purple bow,  
Love bends at mortals, when of warre, he will the signall shew;  
Or make it a prease of cold, in such tempestuous fort,  
That men are of their labours easde, but labouring catell hurt :  
So *Pallas* in a purple cloud, involv'd her selfe, and went  
Amongst the Grecians, stird up all, but first encoueragement  
She breath'd in *Aeneas* yonger sonne, and (for dignite) made choise  
Of aged *Phoenix* shape, and spake with his unwarred voyce.

*O Menelau*, much defame, and equall heavincle  
Will touch at thee; if this true friend of great *Axomedon*,  
Dogs tear beneath the Trojan wals; and therefore bearre thee well,  
Toyle through the host; and every man, with all thy spirit impell.

He awerd: O thou long-since borne! O *Phenix*? that haft wonne  
The honor'd foster-fathers name, of *Thetis* god-like sonne :  
I would *Minerva* would bat give strengthe to me, and but keepe  
These busie darts off; I would then make in indeed, and steepe  
My incompe their blouds, in aide of good *Patreclus*; much  
His death afflictes me, much: but yet, this *Hector's* grace is such  
With *Iove*, and such a fierie strength and spirite he has, that still  
His steele is killing, killing still. The King to roiall will,  
*Minerva* joy'd to heare, since she did all the gods outgoe  
In his remembrance. For which grace she kindly did bestow  
Strength on his shoulders, and did fill his knees as liberally  
With swiftnesse, breathing in his breast, the courage of a flye.  
Which loves to bite so, and doth bearre mans bloud so much good will,  
That still (though beaten from a man) she flies upon him still:

With such a courage *Pallas* fild the blacke parts neare his heart;  
And then he hasted to the slaine, cast off a shaining dart;  
And tooke one *Podes*, that was heire to old *Eetion*,  
A rich man, and a strenuous; and by the people done  
Much honour; and by *Hector* too, being comfort, and his guest;  
And him the yellow-headed King laid hold on at his wifes;  
In offering flight, his iron pile strooke through him, downe he fell,  
And up *Arides* drew his corse. Then *Phebas* did impell  
The spirite of *Hector*, *Phanops* like, furnam'd *Afidas*,  
Whom *Hector* wiste (of all his guests) with greatest friendlinesse,  
And in Abydus stood his house; in whose forme thus he spake:

*Hector?* what man of all the Grecies will any terror make,  
Of meeting thy strength any more, when thou art terrified  
By *Menelau*? who before he slue thy friend, was tried,

*Simeon.*

*Patreclus*  
in *Aeneas*.  
*P. cl.*

*Menelau*  
to *P. cl.*  
*P. cl.*

*Phebas*  
to *H. cl.*  
*H. cl.*

A passing easie souldier; where now (besides hit end,) Imposse by him) he drawes him off (and nota man to friend) From all the Troians. This friend is, *Podes, Ections sonne.*  
This hid him in a cloud of griefe, and set him formost on, And then *Iove* tooke his Snake fring'd shied; and *Ida* cover'd all With sulphuric clouds, from whence he let abhorred lightnings fall, And thundred till the mountaine shooke; and with his dreadfull stace, He usherd victory to Troy, to Argos flight and fate.  
*Peneless Baotius*, was he that formost fled,  
Being wounded in his shoulders height; but there the lances head Stroke lightly, glancing to his mouth, because it strooke him neare, Thrown from *Polydamas*: *Leitus*, next left the fight in feare, (Being hurt by *Hector* in his hand) because he doubted before His hand in wised fight with Troy, would hold his lance no more.

*Iomenus* sent a dart at *Hector*, (rushing in,) And following *Leitus*) that strooke his bosome neare his chin, And brak at top, the Ilians for his ceape did shout, When *Hector* at *Descalides*, another lance sent out, As in his chariot he stood, it mist him narrowly; For (as it fell) *Ceramus* drove his speedy chariot by, And tooke the Trojan lance himselfe; he was the Chariotecre Of sterne *Meriones*, and first, on foote did service there, Which well he left to governe horfe, for saving now his king, With driving twixt him and his death, though thence his owne did spring, Which kept a mighty victory from Troy, in keeping death From his great Sovereigne: the fierce dart did enter him beneath His care, betwixt his iaw and it; dravc downe, cut through his tongue, And strooke his teeth out, from his hands, the horfe raines he flung, Which now *Meriones* receiv'd, as they besrew'd the field, And bad his soveraigne scourge away, he saw that day woulde yecld No hope of victory for them. He fear'd the same, and fled.

Nor from the mightie minded sonne of *Telamon*, lay hid (For all his clouds) high *Iove* himselfe, nor from the Spartan King, They saw him in the victory, he still was varyng For Troy, for which fight, *Ajax* said: O heavens, what foole is he, That sees not *Iove* hand in the grace, now done our enemy? Not any dare they touch, but takes, from whomsoeuer throwne, Valiant or coward; what he wants, *Iove* addes; not any one Wants his direction to strike sure, nor ours, to misse, as sure: But come, let us be fure of this, to put the best in ure That lies in us, which two-fold is, both to fetch off our friend, And so to fetch him off, as we may likeliest contend To fetch our selves off, that our friends surviving may have right In ioy of our secure retreat, as he that fell in fight, Being kept as sure from further wrong: of which perhaps they doubt, And looke this way, grieve for us, not able to work out Our passe from this man-slaughterer, great *Hector* and his hands, That are too hot for men to touch, but that these thirsty sands,

Before our fleet will be enforst, to drinke our headlong death. Which to prevent by all fit meanes, I would the parted brashe Of good *Patreclus* to his friend, with speed imparted were By *Iome* he loves: for I believe, no heavie messenger Hach yet inform'd him, but alas, I see no man to send, Both men and horse are hid in mists, that every way deicend. O father *Jupiter*, doe thou the sonnes of Greece release Ofttimes fel darknesse, grace this day with fit transparencies; And give the eyes thou giv'st, their use, destroy us in the light, And worke thy will with us, since needs thou wilt against us fight.

This pale he weeping, and his teares, *Saturnius* pittie show'd, Disperst the darknesse instantly, and drew away the cloud, From whence it fell: the Sunne shin'd out, and all the host appear'd, And then spake *Ajax*, (whole heard prayre, his spirites highly cheer'd.

Brave *Menelaus*, looke about, and if thou canst descry Neftors *Antilochus* alive, incite him instantly,

Tell *Achilles*, that his friend, most deare to him, is dead.

He faid, nor *Menelaus* stukke at any thing he saide, (As loth to doe it) but he went, as from the Grasiers stall, A Lyon goes, when overlaid (with men, dogs, darts, and all Not easly losing a fat Ox, but strong watch, all night held) His teeth yet watering, oft he comes, and is as oft repeld; The adverste darts so thicke are pour'd, before his brow-hid eyes, And burning firebrands; which for all his great hearts heate, he flies, And (grumbling) goes his way betimes: so from *Patreclus* went *Atrides*, much against his minde, his doubts being vehement, Left he gone from his guard) the rest would leave for very fainty The peron to the spoyle of Greece. And yet his guardians were The *Aiaxes*, and *Meriones*, whom much his care did preesse, And thus exhort, *Aiaxes* both, and you *Meriones*, Now lesometh true friend call to minde the gentle and sweet nature Of poore *Patreclus*, let him thinke, how kinde to every creature, His heart was, living, though now dead. Thus urg'd the faire-hair'd King, And parted, casting round his eye. As when upon her wing An Eagle is, whom men affirme to have the sharpest sight Of all aires reg' on of fowles, and though of mighty height, Sees yet within her leavie forme, of humble shrubs, clole laid A light foote Hare, which straight the stoupes, trusses, and strikes her dead So mad shou strook it thy charge (O king) through all warres thi, kers to Thee look'dst, and swiftly foun'd thy man; exhorting against the foe, And haunting his plied men to blowes, wde in the warres left wing: To whom thou saidst; thou god-lovd man, come here, and heare a thing, Wch I with never were to heare; I thinke even thy ey fees What destruction God hath laid upon the sonnes of Greece, And what a conquest he gives Troy; in which, the best of men (*Patreclus*) lies exanimate, whose person, passing faire, The Greckes would rescue and bearre home; and therefore give thy speed To his great friend, to prove if he will doe so good a deed,

To fetch the naked person off; for *Hector's* shoulders were  
*Hector's* spredes arms. *Antilochus* was highly griev'd to hear  
 This hearie newes, and stood surprise'd with stupid silence long;  
 His faire eyes standing full of teares; his voyce so sweet and strong,  
 Strucke in his boosome; yet al this wrought in him no neglect  
 Of what *Aristes* gave in charge: but for that quicke effect,  
 He gave *Iasodes* his armes, (his friend that had the guide  
 Of his swit hорсe) and then his knees were speedily applide  
 In his sad message, which his eyes told all the way in teares.  
 Nor would thy generous heart afflit his sore charg'd fouldiers  
 (To *Athenae*) in meane time, though left in much distresse;  
 Thou sentt them god-like *Thrasimede*, and mad' thy kinde regresse  
 Backe to *Patroclos*, where arriv'd, halfe breathlesse thou didst say  
 To both th' *Aiaxes*: I have sentt this messenger away  
 To swift *Achilles*, who, I feare, will hardly helpe us now,  
 (Though mad with *Hector*) without armes he cannot fight, ye know:  
 Let us then thinke of some best meane, both how we may removc  
 The body and get off our selves from this vociferous drove,  
 And safe of Troians. Bravely spokē, at all parts (*Ajax* said)  
 O glorious sonne of *Arius*; take thou then straite the dead,  
 And thou *Meriones*. We two, of one minde, as one name,  
 Will backe yewsondly; and on us, receive the wild-fire flame,  
 That *Hector* rage breathes after you before it comay at you.  
 This said, they tooke into their armes the body; all the show  
 That might be, made to those of Troy, at armes end bearing it.  
 Our shrik't the Troians, when they saw the body borne to fletee,  
 And rusht on: as at any Bore, galnt with the hunters wounds,  
 A kennell of the sharpest set, and foref bitten hounds,  
 Before their youthfull huntmen hastē, and eagerly a while  
 Purſue, as if they were afflit of their affected ioyple,  
 But when the Savage (in his strength as confident as they)  
 Turnes head amonst them; backe they flic, and every one his way:  
 So troupe meale Troy purſud a while, laying on with swords and darts;  
 But when th' *Aiaxes* turnd on them, and made their stand; their hearts  
 Drunke from their faces all their blouds, and not a man sustaint'd  
 The forcechace, nor the after fight. And thus Greece nobly gain'd  
 The peſon towards home: but thus, the changing warre was racking:  
 Out to a passing bloody length: for as once put in act  
 A fire invading citie roofes, sodainly ingroft,  
 And made a wondrous mighty flame, in which is quickly lost  
 A house, long building; all the while, a boylterous gust of winde  
 Lumbring amongst it: So the Greckes (in bearing of their friend)  
 More and more forſ drew: at their heelles, a tumult thundersing still  
 Of horſe and foot. Yet as when Mules, in haling from a hill  
 A beam or mast, through foule deape way, well clapt and heartneſſe, cloſe  
 By to their labour, tug and ſweate, and paſſing hard it goes:  
 (Vig'd by their drivers, to all haſt) to dragg'd them on the corſe,  
 Still backe th' *Aiaxes* at their backes; who backe ſtill turn'd the force,

Though

Though after, it grew ſtill the more; yet as a ſylvane hill  
 Thrifts back a torrent that hath kept a narrow channell ſtill,  
 Till at his oken breſt it beats; but there a check it takes,  
 That ſends it ouer all the vale, with all the ſtire it makes;  
 Nor can with all the confluence break through his rooſy ſides:  
 In no leſſe firm and braue repulſe, th' *Aiaxes* curb'd the prides  
 Of all the Troians: yet all held the purſuit iſ his strengths;  
 Their Chieſes being *Hector*, and the ſonne of *Venus*, who at length  
 Put all the youtheit of Greece beſides, in moſt amazefull rout;  
 Forgetting all their fortitudes, diſtraught, and ſhrieking out;  
 A number of their rich armes loſt, faln from them, here and there  
 Abouſt, and in the dike; and yet, the warre concludes not here:

*Simile, illuſtrating the value of bold, the Aiaxes.*

#### COMMENTARIUS.

Ω; Δέ τις ἀπὸ ταῦτης οὐδὲ μεγάλοις βούτισιν  
 Λαζαρίδης περιπτεῖ μετεπενθυμηθεὶς,  
 Διπλάσιοι δὲ τοιούτης διαφύεις τριπλαιοι  
 Καὶ τριπλαιοι, τριπλαιοι δὲ τοιούτης διπλαιοι  
 Πλαστοι, τριπλαιοι, τριπλαιοι δὲ τοιούτης διπλαιοι  
 Οὐδεὶς εὐθὺς γέρειαν διπλαιον οὐδὲ τριπλαιον  
 Εἴκαστος εὐθὺς τριπλαιον.

Thus tranſlated ad verbum by Spondanus:

Sicut autem quando vir bovis magni pellem  
 Populus dederit distendendam tumultuantem pinguedine,  
 Accipientes autem utique hi dispositi extendunt  
 In orbem; statim autem humor exiit, penetratque adeps.  
 Multis trahentibus: tendunt autem tota undique;  
 Sic hi huc & illuc cadaver parvo in ſpacio  
 Trahebant utriue.

Laurent. Valla thus in Prose:

Et quemadmodum si quis pingueum Tauri pellem à pluribus extendi jubet;  
 Et inter extendum & humor & pingue defudat. Sic illi huc parvo in  
 ſpacio diſtrahebant.

Eobanus thus in Verſe:

— Ac si quis distendere pellem  
 Taurinam jubeat, crassam pinguedine multa,  
 Multorum manibus, terræ defudet omasum  
 Et liquor omnis humi. Sic ipsum tempore parvo  
 Patroclum in diverfa, manus numerosa, trahebat, &c.

To anſwer a boſ obiection made to me by a great ſcholler, for not tranſlating  
 Homer word for word, and letter for letter (as out of his heat he strained it;) I  
 am enforſed to cite thiu admirabile Simile, (like the other before in my annotations  
 at the end of the ſixteene Booke) and referrre it to my iudiciale readers examination,  
 whether ſuch a tranſlation becomes Homer or not; by noting ſo much as  
 needs to be by one example; whether the two laſt above ſaid tranſlators, in being  
 ſo ſhort with our everlasting master, do him ſo much right as my poore con-  
 verſion; expressing him by neceſſary expofition and illustration of his words  
 and meaning with more words, or not. The reaſon of his Simile, is to illuſtrate the

strife of both the armies for the body of Patroclus ; which it doth performe most  
unmitigately ; their stoyle and sweat about is being consider'd (which I must pray  
you to turne to before : ) the Simile it selfe yet, I thought not unfit to insert here  
to come up the closer to them, with whom I am to be compared. My paines and  
understanding converting it thus :

And as a huge oxe hide,  
A Currier gives amongst his men, to supple and extend  
With oyse, till it be drunk withall: they tug,stretch out, and spue  
Their oyse and liquor liberally; and chase the leather so,  
They make it breathe a vapour out, and in their liquors go,  
A number of them set a work; and in an orbz they pull,  
That all wyses, all parts of the hide they may extend at full:  
So here and there did both hosts hale the corfe in little space,

30 feet and there did both. And in the core in little spaces,  
And wrought it all ways with their sweat, &c. In which last words of the  
application considered, lies the life of this illustration. Our Homers divine in-  
vention wherein I see not in any of their shorter translations touch it. But what  
could expresse more the toyle about this body, forcing it thus way and that, as the  
opposite advantage serv'd on both sides? An oxes hide, after the tanning,  
asking so much labour and oyle to supple and extend it, — ~~when used~~ ~~when~~ ~~when~~  
distendens, temulentam pinguedine; to be stretcht out, being drunk with  
tallow, oyle, or liquor: the word ~~used~~ which signifies temulentam, of ~~used~~  
signifying ebrium sum, (being a metaphor) and used by Homer, I thought fit to  
expresse so; both because it is Homers, and doth much more illustrate than  
crasian pinguedine multa, ~~as~~ Eobanus turnes it. But Vallo leaves it cleerly  
out; and with his brievity utterly maimes the Simile, which (to my understand-  
ing being so excellent) I could not but with shew much repetition and labour  
inculcate the sense of it; since I see not that any translator hath ever thoughts of  
it. And therefore (against the objector, that would have no more words than  
Homer used, in his translator) I hope those few words I use more, being necessary  
to expresse such a sense as I understand in Homer, will bee at least borne withall;  
without which, and other such needfull explanation, the most ingenious inventors  
and sense of so matchless a writer, mighte passe easily obscured and un-  
thought on. My manner of translation being partly built on this learned and  
indiscreet authority: Est sciti interpretis, non verborum numerum, & ordinem  
secundum; sed res ipsas, & sententias attente perpendere; casque verbis & formu-  
lis orationis vestre idoneis & aptis ei lingue in quam convertitur.

— As to Minerva appearing to Menelaus like Phoenix, and encouraging him (as you may read before) to fight; hee speakes as to Phoenix, and wifles Minerva would but put away the force or violence of the darts, and he would aid and fight bravely: which is a continuall of his character, being express for the most part by Homer ridiculous and simple. The originnall words yet (because neither Eobanus nor Valla understood the character) they utterly pervert: as if you please to examine them, you may see. The words are  
— *Arco utrumque*, which Spondanus truly interprets, *telorum vero depulit impetum*; *utrumque* being a compound of *euos*, signifying arco, repellio, pro-  
tulio, abigo, & yet they translate the words, & *telis* via effete.

OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

as if Menelaus wist that Pallas would give force to his darts; which Eobanus follows, saying, & tenui valentia preter, most ignorantly and unaffably converting it; supposing them to be his owne darts: bee speake of; and would have blst with Minervae addition of versus and power; where Homer are plaine; bee speake of the enemies darts; whose force if he wold exerc, he wold fight for Patroclus.  
e Kai o μην Σαρπιν ειδενε κομε. Ec ei Matric audaciam in pectoribus immisit. Minerva inspired him with the courage of a flic; which all his interpreters very ridiculously laugh at in Homer; as if he heartily intended to praise Menelaus by it, not understanding his Ironic here, agreeing with all the other similes noted in his character. Eobanus Heslius, in pittie of Homer, leaves it userly out; and Valla comes over him with a little fave for the sore disgrace bee bath by his ignorant readers laughters; and expounds the words above said thus: Lene namque in ingenio prudenti audacia implevit: laying his medicine nothing neare the place. Spondanns (distrubing Homer with the rest in this Smile) would not have Lucian forgotten in his merry Encomium of a Flie; and therefore cites him upon this place, playng upon Homer, (he laughing at all men so ridiculous) I forbear to repeat; and cite onely Lustathius, that would alve it, with altering the word πεπτος, which signifies confidentialia, or audacia (per Mcathelin litera;) for πεπτη, which is temeritas, of which I see not the end: and jet cite all, to shew how such great Clerkes are perplext, and abuse Homer, as not being satis competes mentis Poetice; for want of which (which all their reading and language cannot supply) they are thus often graveld and misaken.

a ~~Sc~~ <sup>Sc</sup> ~~Sc~~, &c. Vetus Aquila: The sport Homer makes with Menelaus, is here likewise confirmed and amplified in another Simile, resembling him intemperately to a Hare-finder, though for colours sake he useth the word Eagle, as in all other places where he presents him (being so eminent a person) he bides his simplicity with some shadow of glory or other. The circumstances making it cleare, being here, and in divers other places made a messenger from Ajax, and others, to call such and such to their aide; which was unfit for a man of his place, if he had become in ungraciousness and valour equal, or any thing neare it. But to confirme his imperfection therein in divers other places, he called ~~and said~~ <sup>and said</sup> ~~and said~~ <sup>and said</sup> ~~and said~~ <sup>and said</sup> molli斯 bellator, and therefore was fittest to be employed to call up those that were harder and abler. In going about which businesse, Homer shewes how he lookt about, lectring like a Hare-finder: for to make it simply a Simile illustrating the state of his address in that base affaire, had neither wit nor decorum. Both which being at their height in the other fence (because our Homer was their great master to all accomplishment) let none detract so miserably from him, as to take this otherwise when a confirmation of his irony.

The end of the seventeenth Booke.

Z

THE



## THE XVIII. BOOKE OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Achilles mournes ield of Patroclus end,  
And Thetis doth from forth the sea ascend,  
To comfort him, adizing to abaine  
Remanyng right, till her regrest could gaine  
His armes of Vulcan. Juno yet commands  
To flise himselfe. And at the die he stands  
In field of Ilysses, who with his fiftie  
Fliers, and a number veray in the flight,  
Patroclus person safe brought from the warres.  
His guiders wabs, Vulcan the armes prepares.

### Another Argument.

*Ligea continues the alarmes,  
And if from the renowned comes.*

**H**ey fought still like the rage of fire. And now *Antilochus*  
Came to *Euclides*, whose minde was much sollicitous,  
For that, which (as he fear'd) was false. He found him neer the fleet  
With upright faileyards, uttering this, to his heroicke conceit:  
Ay me, why see the Greckes themselves, thus beaten from the field,  
And routed headlong to their fleet. O let not heaven yeld  
Effect to what my sad soule feares; that (as I was foretold)  
The strongest Myrmidon, (next me) when I shold still behold  
The Sunnes faire light, must part with it. Past doubt, *Messapus* sonne  
Is he on whom that fate is wrought; O wretch, to leave undone  
What I commanded, that the fleete once freed of hostile fire,  
(Not meeting *Hector*) instantly, he shold his powres retire.

As thus his troublid minde discourt, *Antilochus* appear'd,  
And told with teares the sad newes thus: My Lord, that must be heard,  
Whiche wold to heauen I might not tell; *Menelaus* sonne lies dead,  
And for his naked corse (his armes already forfeited,  
And worn by *Hector*) the debate is now most vehement.  
This said, Criea darkned all his powres. With both his hand's he rent  
The blacke mould from the forced earth, and pour'd it on his head,  
Smear'd all his joyfull face, his weeds (divinely fashion'd)  
All filld and mangid; and himselfe he threw upon the shore,  
Lay, as laid out for funerall. Then tumbl'd round, and tore  
His gracious curles; his exatice he did so farre extend,  
Till all the Ladies wonne by him, and his now slughterd friend,

(*Agamemnon*)

Afflitid strangely for his plignt) came shrieking from the tent,  
And fell about him; beat their breasts, their tender lincaments  
Disolv'd with sorrow. And with them, wept *Nefas* warlike sounce,  
Fell by him, holding his faire hands, in feare he wold have done  
His person violence; his heart (extremely straightned) burn'd,  
Beat, swld, and figh'd, as it would burst. So terribly he mourned,  
That *Thetis* sitting in the deppes of her old fathers seas,  
Heard, and lamented. To her plaints, the bright *Nereides*  
Flock al; how many thosse darke gulfes soever comprehend.  
There *Glouce* and *Cymodace*, and *Spyo* did attend,  
*Nesea* and *Cymothoe*, and calme *Amphisbe*;  
*Thalia*, *Thas*, *Panope*, and swift *Dynamine*;  
*Aflea* and *Lynnoria*; and *Halia* the faire,  
Fam'd for the beauty of her eyes, *Amaibia* for her haire;  
*Iera*, *Prato*, *Clymene*, and curld *Dexamine*;  
*Pherusa*, *Doris*; and with these, the smooth *Amphione*;  
Chast *Galashea* so renown'd, and *Callianira* came  
With *Doto* and *Orybia*, to cheare the mournefull Dame;  
*Apseudes* likewife visitid; and *Callianassa* gave  
Her kinde attendance; and with her, *Agave* gract the Cave,  
*Nemertes*, *Mara* followed; *Melita*, *Tanessa*,  
With *Ianira*, and the rest of those *Nereides*,  
That in the deepe seas made abode; all which together beset  
Their dewie bosomes; and to all, thus *Thetis* did repeate  
Her caule of mourning: Sisters, heare how much the sorowes wey,  
Whose cryes, now cald ye, hapless I, brought forth unhappy  
The best of all the sonnes of men, who (like a well-set plant,  
In best soiles) grew and flourished, and when his spirit did wane  
Employment for his youth and strength: I sent him with a fleet  
To fight at Ilion; from whence, his fate-confined feare  
Passe all my deitic to retire. The court of his high birth,  
The glorious court of *Peleus*, must enterteine his worth  
Never hereafter. All the life he hath to live with me,  
Must waste in sorrowes; and this sonne, I now am bent to see,  
Being now afflitid with some griefe, not usually grave,  
Whos knowledge and recure I fecke. This said, she left her cave,  
Which all left with her; swimming forth, the greens waves as they swom,  
Cleft with their bosomes, curld, and gave quicke way to Troy. Being come,  
They all ascended, two and two, and trod the honord shore,  
Till where the fleete of *Myrmidon* (drawne up in heapes) it bore.  
There stayd they at *Achilles* shipp, and there did *Thetis* lay  
Her faire hand on her sonnes curld head, figh'd, wept, and bad him say,  
Wh't grieve drew from his eyen those teares? concealte it not (said she)  
Till this hour, thy up-lifted hands have all things granted thee.  
The Greckes (all thrust up at their sternes) have pour'd out teares now,  
And in them seene how much they misse, remision of thy vow.  
He said, tis true, *Olympus* hath done me all that grace:

But what joy have I of it all? when thus, thrusht in the place,

*Thetis to the Nereides.*

*Thetis to Achilleus.*

*Achilles to Hector.*

Losse of my whole selfe, in my friend? whom, when his fo: had fang,  
 His spoild of those prophaneid armes, that *Peleus* did attain  
 From heavens high powres, solemnizing thy sacred nuptiall bonds,  
 As th'only present of them all; and fittid well their hands,  
 Being lovely, radiant, marvellous; O woulde to heauen thy thire,  
 With these faire deities of the sea, thenfull hadst fane upon;  
 And *Peleus* had a mortall wife; since by his meanes is done  
 So much wrong to thy grieved mind; my death being let so soore,  
 And never suffering my retурne, to grace of *Peleus* court;  
 Nor doe I wyl it; nor to live in any mans report,  
 But onely that the crying bloud for vengeance of my friend,  
 Mangld by *Hector*, may be stille; his foes death paying his end.  
 She weeping, said: that houre is neare, and thy deaths houre then ne,  
 Which is thy wifh serv'd of thy foe, succeedeth instantly.  
*Actibus* to *Troy*.  
 And instantly it shall succeed, (he answerd) since my fate  
 Allow'd not to my will a powre, to refuse (ere the date  
 Of his late slaughter) my true friend. Farre from his friends he died.  
 Whol'e wrong therein my eyes had light, and right to see denide.  
 Yet now I neither light my selfe, nor have so spent my light,  
 That either this friend or the rest, (in numbers infinite  
 Slaughtered by *Hector*) I can helpe, nor grace with wifht repaire  
 To our dear country, but breathe here, unprofitable ayre,  
 And onely live a load to earth, with all my strength, though none  
 Of all the Grecians equall it. In counfelle many a one  
 Is my superiour, what I have, no grace gets, what I want,  
 Do gracie all. How then too soone, can haifest death saffplant  
 My face curst life? her instrument, to my indignitie,  
 Being that black friend Contention, who woulde to God might dye  
 To gods and men, and Anger too, that kindles tyrannie  
 In men in f't wife, being much more sweet then liquid honey is  
 To men of powre, to satiate their watchfull enemities;  
 And like a plaine sume it spreeds through all their breasts, as late  
 It stole sterne paſſage through mine, which he did infligate,  
 That is our Generall. But the fact, to long past, the effect  
 Must vaniſh with it, though both griev'd, nor must we ſtill reſpect  
 Our ſouther humours; Need now take the rules of eithers mind.  
 And when the loſer of my friend, his deaſ in me ſhall finde,  
 Let death take all. Send him, ye gods, Ile give him my embrace,  
 Not *Hercules* himſelfe ſhund death, though deareft in the grace  
 Of *Jupiter*, even him, Fate ſtoopt, and *Juno's* cructie;  
 And if ſuch fate expect my life, where death ſtrikis, I will lie.  
 Meane time I wiſh a good renoune, that these deepe-breſted Dames  
 Of Ilion and Dardania may, for th'extinguiſht flames  
 Of their friends lives, with both their hands, wipe miſerable teares  
 From their ſo curiuſly, kept cheekes, and be the officers  
 To execute my ſights on Troy, when (feeling my long reſtrete  
 But gathered ſtrength, and gives my chagren anſwerble heate)  
 That well may know twas I lay ſtill, and that my being away,

Presented

Prefenteſt all their hapineſſe. But any further stay,  
 (Which your much love, perhaps may wifh) affay not to perfwade;  
 All vowe are kept, all prayers heard, now, free way for fight is made.  
 The ſilver-footed Dame replide: It ſits thee well my conne,  
 To keepe deſtrucon from thy friends; but thofe faire armes are wonne  
 And worn by *Hector*, that ſhould keepe thy leſe in keeping them,  
 Though their fruition be but ſhort, a long death being neare him,  
 Wnol'e cruell glory they are yet: by all meanes then forbearce  
 To tread the maffaces of warre, till I againe appeare  
 From Mulciber with ſit new armes; which when thy eye ſhall fee  
 The funne next rife, ſhall enter here, with his firſt beameſ and me.  
 Thus to her ſiſters of the ſea, the turn'd, and bad them ope  
 The doores and deepes of Nereus; ſhe in Olympus top  
 Muſt viſite *Puleus* for new armes, to ferue her wreakefull ſonne;  
 And bad inforne her father ſo, with all things further done.  
 This ſaid, they underwent the ſea, her ſelfe flew up to heaven;  
 In meane ſpace, to the Hellespont, and ſhips, the Greckes were driven  
 In shamefull roote, nor could they yet, from rage of *Priamus* ſonne,  
 Secure the dead of new auaults, both horſe and men made on,  
 With ſuch imprefion: thrice the ſeete, the hands of *Hector* ſcar'd,  
 And thrice th' *Aiaſes* thump't him off. With whofe repulſe diſpleaſd,  
 He wreakt his wrath upon the troupeſ; then to the corſeagaine,  
 Made horrid turnings, crying out of his repaſed men,  
 And would not quic him quic for death. A Lyon almoft ſerv'd,  
 Is not by upland herdmen driven, from urging to be ſerv'd  
 With more contention then his strength, by thofe two of a name,  
 And had perhups his much praid will, if th'ayre-footed dame  
 (Swift *Iris*) had not ſtoopt in haſte, Ambafadrouſe from heaven,  
 To *Peleus* conne, to bid him arm, her meſſage being giuen  
 By *Iuno*, kept from all the gods; the ſhe exciſed him:  
 Rife thou moft terrible of men, and ſave the precious ſim  
 Of thy belov'd; in whose behalfe, the conflict now runnes hic  
 Before the ſleet; the either horſe ſels other muſtually;  
 Thel'e to retaine, thole to obtaine; amonſt whom, moft of all  
 Is *Hector* prompt, hec's apt to drag thy friend home, he your pall  
 Will make his thoulders, his head for'e, heell be moft famous; rife,  
 No more lie idle, ſet the foe a much more coſthy prize  
 Of thy friends value; then let dogs make him a monument,  
 Where thy name will be graven. He aſkit, What deſtie hath ſent  
 Thy preſence hither? She replid, *Saturnia*, the alone,  
 Not hiȝt *Iove* knowing, not one god that doth inhabite on  
 Snowy Olympus. He againe, how ſhall I ſet upon  
 The worke of flaughter, when mine armes are worn by *Priamus* ſon?  
 How will my godlike mother grieve, that bad I ſhould not arme  
 Till she brought armes from Mulciber? But ſhould I doe ſuch harme  
 To her and dute: who is he (but *Aiaſes*) that can vant  
 The fitting my breſt with his armes? and he is conuerfant  
 Amongſt the firſt in uſe of his, and rampiers of the foe'

Z 3

(Slaine)

These to Achil  
les.That: and he  
Numeſ leave  
Achilles.In ſuſtain  
ing: is Achil  
les' love.

(Slaine neare *Patreclus*) builds to him. All this (said he) we know,  
 And with, thou onely wouldest but shew thy person to the eyes  
 Of these horreilians, that (afraid of further enterprise)  
 The Greckes may gaine some little breath. She wood, and he was won  
 And strait *Mirere* honor'd him, who *Ioves* shield clapt upon  
 His mighty shouolders; and his head, girt with a cloud of gold,  
 That cast bcames round about his browes. And as when armes enfold  
 A citie in an Ile; from thence, a fume at first appears,  
 (Being in the day) but when the Even, her cludie forehead reares,  
 Thick shew the fires, and up they cast their splendor, that men nie  
 Seeing their distresse, perhaps may set shippes out to their supply :  
 So (to shew such aid) from his head, a light rose, scaling heaven  
 And forth the wall he stopt and stood; nor brakc the precept given  
 By his great mother (mixt in fight) but sent abroad his voyce,  
 Which *Pallas* farre off echoed; who did between them hoile  
 Shrrill Tumple to a toplesse height. And as a voice is heard  
 With emulous affection, when any towne is sphered  
 With siege of such a foe, as kil mens mindes, and for the towne  
 Makes sound his trumpet: so the voyce, from *Thetis* issue thronwe,  
 Won emulonly th'earcs of all. His brazen voyce once heard,  
 The mindes of all were startid so, they yeelded; and so feard  
 The faire-man'd horses, that they flew backe, and thair chariots turn'd,  
 Presaging in their augurous hearts, the labours that they mourn'd  
 A little after, and their guides, a repercusive dread  
 Tooke from the horrid radiance of his resurgent head.  
 Whiche *Pallas* set on fire with grace. Thrice great *Achilles* spake;  
 And thrice (in heate of all the charge) the Troians started backe:  
 Twelve men, of greatest strength in Troy, left with their lives exhal'd,  
 Their chariots and their darts to death, with his three summons cal'd.  
 And then the Grecians spritefully, drew from the darts the corse,  
 And hearst it, bearing it to fleete. His friends, with all remorse  
 Marching about it. His great friend dissolving then in teares,  
 To see his truely-lov'd return'd, so horst upon an heric,  
 Whom with such horse and chariot, he set out safe and whole,  
 Now wounded with unpitying Steele, now sent without a soule,  
 Never againe to be refford, never receiu'd but so;  
 He follow'd mourning bitterly. The Sunne (yet farre to goe)  
*Iulus* commanded to goe downe, who in his pouers deffignt,  
 downe before his time  
 Sunke to the Ocean; over earth, dispersing sodaine night.  
 And then the Greeks and Troians both, gave up their horse and darts.  
 The Troians all to counsell cal'd, ere they refreld their hearts  
 With any supper, nor would sit, they grew so stiffe with feare,  
 To see (so long from heacie fight) *Eacides* appear.  
*Polydamas* began to speake, who onely could differne  
 Things future by thins past, and was vow'd friend to *Hector*, borne  
 In one night both; he thus aduise: Consider well (my friend)  
 In this so great and sodaine change, that now it selfe extends;  
 What change is best for us to oppote. To this stands my command;

Make

Make now the towne our strength; not here abide lights rofi hand,  
 Our wall being fare off; and our foe, (much greater) still as nere.  
 Till this foc came, I well was pleasde, to keepe our watches here;  
 My fit hope of the fleetes surprize, inclind me so; but now  
 Is stronger guarded; and (their strength increast) we must allow  
 Our owne proportionate amands. I doubt exceedingly  
 That this indifferencie of fight, twixt us and the enemy,  
 And these bounds we prefixe to them, will nothing so confine;  
 Th'uncub'd minde of *Eacides*. The height of his designe  
 Aimes at our citie, and our wives, and all barres in his way  
 (Being backe with lefft them wals) his powre will scorne to make his stay,  
 And over-runne, as over-scene, and neer his obiect. Then  
 Let Troy be free our retreat; left being enforce, our men  
 Twixt this, and that be taken up, by Vultures, who by night  
 My safe come off, it being a tyme untimely for his might  
 To spend at randome; that being sure, If next light shew us here  
 To his assaults, each man will with, that Troy his refuge were,  
 And then feele what he heares no now. I would to heaven mine care  
 Wvere free even now of those complaints, that you must after heare,  
 If ye remov't. If ye yeld (though wearied with a fight)  
 So late and long; we shall have strength, in confell and the night.  
 And (where we here have no more force then Need will force us to,)  
 And which must rise out of our nerves) high ports, towres, wals will doc  
 What wants in us. And in the morne, all arm'd upon our towres,  
 We all will stand out to our foe. Twill trouble all his powres,  
 To come from fleet, and give us charge, when his high crested horse,  
 His rage shall satiate with the toyle of this, and that wayes courfe,  
 Vaine entry seeking underneath our well-defended wals;  
 And he be glad to turne to fleet, about his funerals.  
 For of his entry here at home, what minde will serve his thirst ?  
 Or ever feed him with sackt Troy? the dogs shall eate him first.  
 At this speech, *Hector* bent his brows, and said, this makes not great  
 Your grace with me, *Polydamas*; that argue farre retreat  
 To Troys old prisone; have we not enough of those towres yet?  
 And is not Troy yet charg'd enough, with impositions set  
 Vpon her citizens; to keep our men from spoyle without?  
 But still we must impose within? that houles with our rour,  
 As well as pases may be plag'd? Before time, *Priams* towne  
 Traffickt with divers-languag'd men, and all gave the renowne  
 Of rich Troy to it, brasie and gold abounding: but her store  
 Is now from every house exhaust; possessions evermore  
 Are sold out into Phrygia, and lovely Mæonic;  
 And have beece ever since *Ioves* wrath. And now his clemency  
 Gives me the meane, to quit our want with glory, and conclude  
 he Grecies in sea-bords, and our seas; to slacke it, and extrude  
 His offend bountie by our flight. Foole that thou art, bewray  
 This counsell to no common care; for no man shall obey  
 If any will, Ile checke his will. But what our selfe command,

*Hector* bent his brows,  
*Polydamas*

Let

Let all observe: take suppers all, keepe watch of every hand.  
If any Trojan have some spoyle, that takes his too much care,  
Make him dispite it publikey, tis better any fare  
The better for him then the Greeks. When light then deckes the skies,  
Let all arme for a fierce assault. If great *Achilles* life,  
And will enforce our greater toyle, it may rife so to him;  
On my backe, he shall finde no wings, my spirite shall force my lims  
To stand his worke; and give or take, *Mars* is our common Lord,  
And the desirous sword-mans life, he ever puts to sworde.

This counfell gat applause of all, so much were all unwise,  
*Minerva* rob'd them of their braines, to like the ill advice

The great man gave, and leave the good, since by the meane given.  
All tooke their suppers, but the Greeks spent all the heavy Even  
About *Patroclus* mournefull rites, *Pelides* leading all  
In all the formes of heauinesse: he by his side did fall,  
And his man-slaughtering hands impold into his off-kift breast,  
Sighes blew up sighes: and Lion-like, grac't with a goodly crest,  
That in his absence being rob'd by hunters of his whelps,  
Returnes to his so desolate den: and (for his wanted helpe)  
Beholding his unlookt-for wants, flies roring backe againe,  
Hunts the flye hunter, many a vale, refounding his dideine.  
So mourn'd *Pelides*, his lac loffe, so weightie were his mones

simile.

*Achilles* to his  
Myrmidons.

*Achilles* to Pa-  
troclus body.

Whiche (for their dumbe soundes) now gave words to all his Myrmidons.  
O gods (said he) ho w vaine a vow, I made, (to cheare the minde)  
Of lad *Aeneas*, when his sonne, his hand to mine resign'd,  
That high-tow'r'd *Osw*, he shold see, and leave rac't Ilion,  
With spoyle and honour, even with met but *Love* vouchsafes to none,  
With passages to all his voyces, we both were delicate  
To bloody one earth here in Troy, nor any more estate  
In my returne, hath *Peleus*, or *Thetis*; but because  
I, last must undergoe the ground, Ile keepe no funeral lawes  
(O my *Patroclus*) for thy corse, before I hither bring  
The armes of *Hector*, and his head, to thee for offering.  
Twelve youths, the most renown'd of Troy, Ile sacrifice besyde,  
Before thy heape of funeral, to thee unpacide.  
In meane time, by our crooked sternes, lyc drawing teares from me,  
And round about thy honour'd Corfe, thefe daunes of Dardanie,  
And Ilion with the ample breasts (whom our long pearches and powres,  
And labours purchaſt from the rich, and by-us ruind towres,  
And cities strong and populous, with divers-languag'd men)  
Shall kneele, and neither day nor night be licent to abfaine  
From solemnie watches, their toyld eyes held ope with endleſſe teares.  
This passion past, he gave command to his neare soldiern,  
To put a Tripod to the fire, to cleanse the festerd gore  
From off the person. They obeyd, and preſently did powre  
Fresh water in its kindl'd wood, and with an instant flame,  
The belly of the Tripod girt, till fires hot qualtie came  
Up to the water. Then they walsh, and fid the mortall wound

With

With wealthy oylye of nine yeares old, then wrapt the body round,  
In largenesse of a fine white sheete, and put it then in bed,  
When all, watchall night with their Lord, and spent sighes on the dead.

Then *Love* askt *Europa*, if at length she had suffic'd her spleene,

*Achilles* being wonne to armes? or if she had not beene

The natural mother of the Greeks, she did so still preferre  
Their quarrell? She incenſt, askt why he still was taſting her,  
For doing good to thoſe the lou'd? ſince man to man might ſhow  
Kinde offices, though thrall to death, and though they did not know  
Haſte ſuch deſce counſels, as diſcloſed; beneath her farre ſeeing ſtate:

She, reigning Queene of goddesſes, and being ingenerate  
Of one ſtocke with himſelfe; beſides, the ſtate of beeing his wife,  
And muſt her wrath, and ill to Troy, continue ſuch a ſtrife  
From time to time, twixt him and her? This private ſpeech they had,  
And now the ſilver-footed Queene had her affection made,

To that incorrupible houſe, that ſtarry golden court  
Of fiery *Vulcan*; beautiſfull, amonſt th'immortal fort.  
Which yet the lame god buſt himſelfe; he found him in a ſweate,  
Abouſ his bellowes; and in haſte, had twenty Tripods beat,  
To ſet for ſtooles about the ſides of his well builded hall.

To whose ſteate, little wheeles of gold he put, to goe withall,  
And enter his rich dining roome; alone, their motion free  
And backe againe goe out alone, miraculous to ſee.  
And thus much he had done of them, yet hanides were to adde,

For which he now was making ſluds. And while their fafhion had

Employment of his ſkilfull hand, bright *Thetis* was come neare,

Whom firſt, faire well-haired *Charis* law, that was the nuptiall feare,

Of famous *Vulcan*, who, the hand of *Thetis* tooke, and ſaid;

Why, faire-train'd, lov'd and honour'd Dame, are we thus viſited

By your kinde preſence? you I thinke, were never here before,

Come neare, that I may banquety you, and make you viſite more.

She led her in, and in a chaire of ſilver (being the fruit  
Of *Vulcan*'s hand) ſhe made her ſit: a footſtoole, of a ſuite,  
A pploing to her christall ſteete, and cald the god of fire  
For *Thetis* was arrivid (the faid) and entertain'd defire  
Of ſome grace, that his art might grant. *Thetis* to me (ſaid he)

Is mighty, and moſt reverend, as one that nourifh me,

When Griefe conſum'd me; being caſt from heaven, by want of shame

In my proud mother, who because ſhe brought me forth ſolame,

Would have me made away, and then I had beene much diſtreſt,

Had *Thetis* and *Eury nome*, in eithers ſilver breſt

Not refud me. *Eury nome*, that to her father had

Reciprocall *Oceanus*, nine yeeres with them I made

A number of well-artert things, round bracelets, buttons brave,

Whistles and Carquenets: my Forge stood in a hollow Cave,

About which (murmuring with ſome) th'unmeafur'd Ocean

Was ever beating; my abode, knowne not to god nor man,

But *Thetis* and *Eury nome*, and they would ſee me ſtill :

Ihey were my loving guardians: now then the flarry hul,  
And our particular roote thus gract with bright-hair'd *Tberis* here,  
It fits me alwayes to repay, a recompence as deare  
To her thoughts, as my life to me. Haste *Charis*, and appole  
Some dainty gueft ritcs to our friend, while I my bellowes losc  
From fire, and lay up all my tooles. Then from an anvile rose  
Th' unwelky monstur, halted downe, and all awry he went.  
He tooke his bellowes from the fire, and every instrument  
Lockt safe up in a silver chest. Then with a sponge he dreft  
His face all over, necke and hands, and all his haire bresft :  
Put on his Cote, his Scepter tooke, and then went halting forth :  
*Julius caesar*  
Handmaids of gold, attending him; resembling all worth,  
Living young damzels, fild with mindes, and wisedome, and were train'd  
In all immortall ministerie, vertue and voyce contain'd,  
And mov'd with voluntarie powres: and these still waited on  
Their fierie Sovereigne; who (not apt to walke) sate nere the throne  
Of faire hair'd *Tberis*; took her hand, and thus he courted her :  
*Vulcan to Vulcan*  
For what affaire, O faire train'd Queene, reverend to me, and deare,  
Is our Court honourd with thy flate? that hast not heretofore  
Perform'd this kindnesse? Speake thy thoughts, thy suit can be no more  
Then my minde give me charge to grant, can my powre get it wrought?  
Or that it have not only powre, of only aet in thought?

*Teles to Vulcan*  
She thus: O *Vulcan*, is there one of all that are of heaven,  
That in her never-quiet minde, *Saturnus* hath given  
So much affliction as to me? whom onely he subiects  
(Of all the Sea-Nymphs) to amar, and makes me beare th'affects  
Of his fraile bed: and all against the freedome of my will.  
And he worne to his roote with age: from him, another ill,  
Arifeth to me; *Jupiter* you know, hath given a sonne  
(The excellente of men) to me; whose education,  
On my part well hath answerted his owne worth; having growne,  
As in a fruitfull foyle, a tree that puts not up alone  
His body to a naked height; but joyntly gives his growth  
A thousand branches; yet to him, so short a life I brought,  
That never I shall see him more, return'd to *Peleus* Court.  
And all that short life he hath spent, in most unhappy sort.  
For first he wonne a worthy Dame, and had her by the hands  
Of all the Grecians: yet this Dame, *Atrides* countermands:  
For which, in much disdaine he mourn'd, and almost pin'd away,  
And yet, for this wrong, he receiv'd some honour, I must say,  
The Greckes being shut up at their ships, not suffered to advance  
A head ouf their battered sternes; and mightie suppliance,  
By all their grave men hath beene made, gifts, honors, all propoide  
For his reftection, yet he still kept close, and saw encloste  
Their whole host in this generall plague. But now his friend put on  
His armes; being sent by him to field, and many a Myrmidon  
In conduet of him; all the day they fought before the gates

Of

Of *Scaæ*; and most certainly, that day had seen the dates  
Of all Troyes honours, in her dust; if *Phœbus* (having done  
Much mischiefe more) the enuyed life of good *Menetius* sonne,  
Had not with partiall hands enforc't, and all the honour given  
To *Hector*, who hath pridhe his armes; and therefore I am druze  
Tembrace thy knees, for new defence, to my lov'd sonne: alas,  
His life prefixt, so short a date had need spend that with grace.  
A shield then for him, and a helme, faire greaves, and curtes such,  
As may renouwe thy workmanship, and honour him as much,  
I sue for, at thy famous hands. Be confident (said he)  
Let these wants breedthy thoughts, no care; I would it lay in me,  
To hide him from his heavy death, when Fate shall secke for him;  
As well as with renowned armes, to fit his goodly limme;  
Whiche thy hands shall conuey to him; and all eyes shall admire :  
See, and desire againe to see thy satisfied desire.

This said, he left her there, and forth did to his bellowes goe,  
Appoide them to the fire againe, commanding them to blow.  
Through twenty holes made to his hearth, at once blew twenty paire,  
That fir'd his coles, sometimes with soft, sometimes with vehement ayre,  
As he will'd, and his worke requir'd. Amids the flame he cast,  
Tin, Silver, precious Gold, and Brasfe; and in the stocke he plac't  
A mighty anvile, his right hand a weighty hammer held,  
His leit his tonges. And first he forgd a strong and spatiouse shidle  
Adornd with twenty severall hewes: aboue whose verge he beatc,  
A ring, three-fold and radiant; and on the backe he set  
A siluer handle; five-fold were the equall lines he drew  
About the whole circumference: in which, his hand did shew,  
(Directed with a knowing minde) a rare varietie,  
For in it he repreffeted earth; in it, the sea and skie :  
In it, the newer-wearied Sunne, the Moone exactly round,  
And all those starres, with which the browes of ample heaven are crownd;  
*Orion*, all the *Peisander*, and those feuen *Ailes* got;  
The close-beam'd *Hyades*. The *Bear*, furnam'd the Chariot,  
That turns about heavens axle-tree, holds ope a constant cyc  
Vpon *Orion*; and of all, the Crescents in the skie,  
His golden forehead never bowes, to th'Ocean Emperie.

Two cities in the spacious field, he build with goodly state  
Of divers-languag'd men: the one did nuptials celebrate,  
Observing at them, soleme feasts: the Brides from forth their bowres  
With torches, shined through the streeets: the world of Paramours  
Excited by them; youths and maides, in louely circles danc't:  
To whom the merry Pipe and Harpe, the spritefull sounds advanc't.  
The matrons standing in their dores admiring. Other where,  
A soleme Court of law was kept, where throngs of people were:  
Thecale in question, was a fine impoide on one, that flue  
The friend of him that follow'd it; and for the fine did sue,  
Whiche th other pleaded he had paid. The aduerse part denied,

*Lul. an to  
T. 114*

*Lul. an to  
garge  
armelor  
etabiliess*

*T. 115  
2. 2. 2. 2.  
for. 2. 2.  
Atrides  
armes.*

And

And openly affir'md he had no penny satisfied.  
 Both put it to arbitrement; the people cryed twas best  
 For both parts, and th' assistants too gave their doomes like the rest.  
 The Heralds made the people peace: the Seniors then did bear  
 The voycefull Heralds scepters; fate within a sacred sphere,  
 On polist stones; and gaue by turnes their sentence. In the Court  
 Two talents of gold were cast, for him, that judg'd in iustest sort.  
 The other citie, other warres employ'd as busily,  
 Two armes glittering in armes, of one confederacie,  
 Besieg'd it; and a parle had with those within the towne,  
 Two waies they stood resolud; to see the citie overthrowne:  
 So that the citizens should heape in two parts all their wealth,  
 And gave them halfe. They neither like't, but arm'd themselves by sleath:  
 Left all their old men, wives, and boyes, behinde, to man their wals;  
 And stolc out to their enimies towne. The Queen of martialls,  
 And Mars himselfe conducted them; both which being forg'd of gold,  
 Must needs have golden furniture: and men might behold  
 They were pretenthed deities. The people, *Vulcan* forg'd  
 Of meane metall, When they came where that was to be urg'd  
 For which they went, within a vale close to a flood, whose streme  
 Vsde to give all their cattell drinke; they there enambusht them:  
 And sent two scouts out to deserty, when th' enimies heardes and sheepe  
 Were setting: they strait came forth, with two that wld to keepe  
 Their passage alwaies; both which pip't, and went on merrily;  
 Nor dream'd of Ambuscados ther. The ambush then lettie,  
 Slue all their white fiece's sheepe, and neat, and by them laid their guard.  
 When those in siege before the towne, so strange an uprose heard,  
 Behind, amongst their flockes and herds; (being then in counsell set)  
 They then start up, tooke horse, and loone their subtil enemy met;  
 Fought with them on the rivers shore, where both gave mutuall blowes  
 With well pil'd darts. Amongst them all, perverse Contention rose,  
 Amongst them tumult was enrag'd: amongst them ruinous Fate  
 Had her red-finger, some they tooke in an unhurt estate,  
 Some hurt, yet living, some quite slaine: and those they tug'd to them  
 By both the feete, stript off and tooke their weeds, with all the streme  
 Of blood upon them, that their steelles had manfully let out.  
 They feare d as men alive indeed, drew dead indeed about.  
 To thef the fiery Artizan did adde a newe car'd field,  
 Large and thrice plow'd; the foyle being soft, and of a wealthy yeed.  
 And many men at plow he made, that drove earth here and there,  
 And turnd up fitchies orderly; at whose end when they were,  
 A fellow ever gave their hands full cups of luscious wine;  
 Which empied, for another fitch, the earth they undermine,  
 And long till utmost bound be reacht, of all the ample Close:  
 The foyle turnd up behinde the plow, all blacke like earth arofe,  
 Though forg'd of nothing else but gold, and lay in show as light,  
 As if it had bee ne plow'd indeed; miraculos to sight.  
 There grew by this a field of corne, high, ripe; where reapers wrought,

And let thicke handfuls fall to earth; for which, some other brought  
 Bands, and made shaves. Three binders stood, and tooke the handfuls reapt  
 From boyes that gatherd quickly up; and by them armeful heape.  
 Amongst thefe at a furrowes end, the king stood pleade at heart;  
 Said no word, but his scepter shewd. And from him, much apart,  
 His harwest Bailliftes, underneath an Oke, a feast prepar'd:  
 And having kil'd a mighty Ox, stood there to see him shad'd;  
 Whiche women for their harwest folkes (then come to sup) had dreid;  
 And many white-wheate-cakes beslowd, to make it up a feast.

He set near this, a vine of gold, that crackt beneath the weight  
 Of bunches, blake with being ripe, to keepe which at the height,  
 A silver rale ranck all along, and round about it flow'd  
 An azute mote, and to this guard, a quick-set was beslow'd  
 Of Tin, one only path to all; by which the prestemen came  
 In time of vintage; youths and maides that bore not yet the flame  
 Of manly *Hymen*; baskets bore, of grapes and mellow fruit.  
 Centerd the circles of that youth, all whose skill could not doe  
 The wantons pleasure to their minds, that danc't, sung, whil'd to.

A herd of Oxen then he carv'd, with high raise heads, forges all  
 Of Gold and Tin (for colour mixt) and bellowing from their tail,  
 Rush't to their pastures, a flood that ecchod all their throtes;  
 Exceeding swift, and full of reeds, and all in yellow cotes,  
 Fourre herdmen followd; after whom, nine Matiffes went. In head  
 Of all the herd, upon a Bull, that deadly bellowed,  
 Two horrid Lyons ramp't, and seif'd, and (tugg'd off) bellowing still,  
 Both men and dogs came; yet they tore the hide, and lapt their fill  
 Of blacke blood, and the entrails eate. In vaine the men affayd,  
 To let their dogs on none durst pinch, but curre-like stood and bayd  
 In both the faces of their kings; and all their onsets fled.

Then in a passing pleasant vale, the famous artifman fed,  
 Upon a goodly pastureground rich flockes of white-fiece's sheepe,  
 Basse stables, cottages, and cotes; that did the shepheards keepe  
 From winde and weather. Next to thefe, he cut a dancing place,  
 All full of turnings, that was like the admirable maze  
 For faire-hair'd *Ariadne* made, by cunning *Dedalus*;  
 And in it, youths and virgins danc't; all yong and beautious,  
 And glowed in anothers palmes. Weeds that the winde did tosse,  
 The virgins wore: the youths, woven cotes, that caft a faint dimme gloise,  
 Like that of oyse. Fresh garlands too, the virgins temples crownd;  
 The youths gult swords wore at their thighes, with silver bawdrickes bound:  
 Sometimes all wound close in a ring, to which as fast they spunne,  
 As any wheele a Turner makes, being tried how it will runne,  
 While he is set, and out againe, as full of speed, they wound;  
 Not one left fast, or breaking bands. A multitude stood round,  
 Delighted with their nimble sport: to end which two begun  
 (Mids all) a song, and turning sung, the sports conclusion.  
 All this he circld in the shield, with pouring round about

to lay the Ocean, that it might bear out,

The shield thus done, he forg'd for him. In cures, as out shain'd  
A plate of fire; a helmet then (through which no Steele could finde  
To passe) he compodg'd, whole haie, a hundred colours tooke;

And in the crest a plume of gold, that each breath stirr'd, he stooke.  
All done, he gat to *Thetis* brought, and held all up to her;  
She took them all, and lik't the hawke, (urnam'd the Olymper)  
From her to her mighty sonne, with that so glorious shew,  
Stoopt on the steep Olympian hill, hid in eternall snow.

## COMMENTARIES

*Et quoniam dicitur deus armatus*  
*Et quoniam dicitur deus obsequientia*  
*Et quoniam dicitur obsequientia*  
*Et quoniam dicitur obsequientia*

*Et quoniam dicitur obsequientia ad verbum;*

*Nam tempore cognitu facilis vox est, cum clangit tuba*  
*Vix enim obdentes hostes proprie pernicioflos:*  
*Sed tunc clara vox fuit & cincta,*  
*Nam tempore postquam igitur audiuerunt vocem serream *Achilles*:*  
*Cum quis communis est animus.*

*Nam tempore*

*sicut enim eam obdidentibus fauis urbem hostibus, vel clarior vox, vel*  
*clara, non percipit; ita nunc *Achilles*, magna voce inclamauit. — quam*  
*ad duxit Troiani, perturbati sunt animis.*

*Heba in *Hectorius*:*

*Nam rite urbem Obsessa increpauerunt, vel classica cantu Fer-*  
*rebat; sic Troas vox perturbabat *Achilles*.*

*THE EIGHTH CONVERSATION (in which it will be bold to repeate after these, thus*  
*repeating your former admiration) is this, as before.*

— And as a voyce is heard

With vniuersall attention, when any towneis sphered  
Vpon the ear of such a toke as kil mens mindes, and for the towne  
Shakes, and his trumpetes, to the voyce from i *Hectorius* ilue throune,  
Vnconquerably the eares of all. His brazen voyce once heard,  
The eares of al weare startid so, they yecided,

*IN THE EIGHTH TRANSLATION, I would gladly earne of my more learned Readers*  
*if it be in their consercions due any thing neare expresse the conceit of Homer, or*  
*the best of all men touching the significacion of his wyrds, and the sense of his illustra-*  
*tions. Whether it be not to expresse the cleer, heifey or shrillness of his voyce in it selfe,*  
*or the force of his man, he in the Treasures, as *Achilles*, not signifying in this*  
*particular, or in the *Achilles* vox, but emuland vox, as *Achilles* signifying, quem val-*  
*entiam mar, aut vnde emulandas. though these interpreters would rather re-*  
*admit it for the *Achilles* verbo in *tau*, ut si clarus, illustris, &c. But how fitly a cario-*  
*cal to consider the word *emulans* ignorance of the significacion it hath in his place? the*  
*word *tau* being a compouned wyrde, which signifies value, and *tau*, which is*  
*emulans, or in which he spes emulor? To this effect then (sith Homer is*  
*so exact in his wyrds, as a coyn that workes a mirror, carrying an enoy with it, founds to a*

*caste besieged when the trumpes of a dreadfull & mind-destroying enemy summis*  
*is, (for so dwynges warriour signifies, dwynges signifying animus destruens being*  
*a compound of dwynges, which signifies destruo, and dwynges which is animus) that is,*  
*when the parle comes, after the trumpe sound, uttering the resolution of the dread-*  
*full enemy before it. The further application of this familie is left out by mischance.*

The end of the eighteenth Booke.

THE XIX. BOOKE  
OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*T*Heatis, presenting armour to her sonne;  
*He calls a Conv' with full reflection*  
*Of all his wrath. Takes of the king of men*  
*Free-offred gifts. All take their breakfast then;*  
*He (only fasting) Armes and brings abroad*  
*The Grecian host. And (hearing the abode*  
*Of his neare death by Xanthus prophecied)*  
*The horse, for his bold preface, doth chide.*

## Another Argument.

*Tow gives the anger period,*  
*And great Achilles comes abroad.*

  
He Moone arose, and from the Ocean, in her saffron robe,  
Gave light to all: as well to gods as men of th'under globe.  
*Thetis* stoopt home, and found the prostrate person of her sonne, *Achilles* appears to *Achilles*.  
About his friend, still pouring out himselfe in passion:

A number more, being heavy consorts to him in his cares:  
Amongst them all, *Thetis* appear'd, and sacred comforters  
Made these short words. Though we must grieve, yet bear it thus; (my son)  
It was no man that prostrated in this sad fation  
Thy dearest friend; it was a god that first laid on his hand,  
Whose will is law: the gods decrees, no humaine must withstand.  
Doe thou embrace this Fabricke of a god, whose hand, before,  
Nere forg'd the like, and such as yet no humaine shoulder wore.

Thus (setting downe,) the precious metall of the armes was such,  
That all the roome rung with the weight of every flendreft touch.  
Cold tremblings tooke the Myrmidons; none durst sustaine, all feard  
To passe their eyes: *Achilles* yet, as soone as they appear'd,  
Stern Anger entred. From his eyes (as if the day-starre rose)  
A radiance terrifyng men, did all the stalle enclose.  
At length he tooke into his hands the rich gift of the god,  
And (much pleased, to behold the art, that in the shield he shrow'd)  
He brake forth into this applause; O mother, these right well,  
Shew an immortall fingers touch; mans hand must never deale  
With armes againe. No w ill armes; yet (that no honour make  
My friend forgotten) I much fear, left with the blowes of flies,  
His brasse-inflicted wounds are filde, life gone, his person lies

*Achilles*  
resoultion at  
the sight of  
his armes.

Alapt to putrification. She bade him, doubt no harme  
 That doth offences: he would care to keepe the petulant swarne  
 Of flies (that usually taint the bodies of the slaine)  
 From his friends person: though a yeaer the earths top shold sustaine  
 His slaughtered body, it shold still rest sound, and rather hold  
 A better stane, then worse; since time, that death first made him cold:  
 And so wiste call a Councell, to dispose of new alarms,  
 Where (to the king that was the Pastor of that flocke in armes)  
 He shold dispose all anger, and put on a foriture  
 Myn for his armes. All this, his powres, with dreadfull strength include.  
 She, with her faire hand, stid into the nostrils of his friend,  
 Red Neptur and Ambroſus, with which he did defend  
 The coris from putrification. He trod along the shore,  
 And summoned alth'heroique Greekes, with all that spent before  
 The time in exercize with him; the Masters, Pilots too,  
 Clerkes and ali; all when they law *Achilles* summon so,  
 Swornid to the Councell, having long left the laborious wars.  
 To al they, ame two halting kings, true servitors of *Mars*,  
*Iulus* and wite *Ithacus*, both leaning on their speares:  
 Their wounds still painful; and both these fete first of all the Peeres.

The last come, was the King of men, sore wounded with the Lance  
*Ulysses Antenorides*. All set, the firſt in utterance  
*Ulysses* was *Thessalon*, who roſe and ſaid; *Atrides*, had not this  
 Conclerd moſt profit to us both? when both our enemities  
 Confund us loſt; and for a wench? whom, when I chufde for priſe,  
 (In laying *Lyrnessus* ruind wals amoungſt our victories)  
 I woulde to heauen (as firſt he ſet her dainty foot abord)  
*Leantes* hand had tumbld off, and with a javelin gor'd.  
 For then, th'unmeaſurable earth had not ſo thicke beene gnawne,  
 (In diuels convulsions) by our friends; ſince my affects were drawne  
 To ſuch diſtemper. To our foe, and to our foes cheife friend  
 Our jarre brought profit: but the Greekes will never give an end  
 To thought e're whatſe preuidic't them. Palf things yet, palf our aide;  
 Ergaſe, for what wrath rulde in them; muſt make th'amends repaid.  
 With that neceſſity of love, that now forbids our ire;  
 Whiche I with free affects obey. Tis for the ſenleſſe fire  
 Still to be burning, having ſluffe; but men muſt curbe rage ſtil,  
 Being framid with voluntary powres, as well to checke the will,  
 As give it reynes. Give you then charge, that for our instant fight,  
 The Greekes may follow me to Field, to try if ſtill the night  
 Will bear our Troians at our ſhips. I hope there is ſome one  
 Amongſt their cheife encouragers, will thank me to be gone;  
 And bring his heart downe to his knees in that ſubmiſſion.  
 The Greekes reioy'c to heare the heart of *Peleus* mightie ſonne,  
 So quaſified. And then the king (not riſing from hiſ throne,  
 His late hurt) to get good care, thus ordered hiſ reply:  
 Daſhes of Greece: your ſtales ſhall ſuffer no indignity,  
 By ſaying fare off; ye ſtand and heare, nor ſits it ſuch as ſtand,

At greater diſtance, to diſturb the counſell now in hand,  
 By uprose, in their too much caue of hearing. Some, of force  
 Muſt loſe ſome words: for, hard it is in ſuch a great concurſe,  
 (Though hearers eare be neare ſo ſharpe) to touch at all things ſpoke.  
 And in assemblies of ſuch thrufte, how can a man provoke  
 Fit powre to heare, or leave to ſpoke? beſt auditors may there,  
 Loſe firſt words, and the moſt vocall Orator, ſit eare.  
 My mains end then to ſatisfie *Pelides* with reply,  
 My words ſhall proſecute. To him my ſpeech elſpecially  
 Shall beare direcſion. Yet I with the court in general,  
 Would giue fit eare; my ſpeech ſhall need attention of all.

Ofte have our Peeres of Grece, much blam'd my forcing of the prize,  
 Due to *Achilles*, of which aſt, not I, but deſtinies,  
 And loſe himſelfe; and blacke *Erynnis* (that caſt ſalle miſſis ſtill  
 Berwiſt us and our actions done, both by her powre and will)  
 Are authors: what could I doe then? the very day and hour  
 Of our debate, that furſt ſtole in that act on my powre.  
 And more; all things are done by *Fate*: that ancient ſeed of *Love*,  
*Love*, that hurts all, perfects all. Her feete are ſoft, and move  
 Not on the earth; they beare her ſtill aloſt men heads, and there  
 The harmefull hures them. Nor was I alone her priſoner,  
*Love* (beſt of men and gods) hath beene. Nor he himſelfe hath gone  
 Beyond her fettters: no the made a woman put them on.

For when *Alemenus* was to vent the force of *Hercules*,  
 In well walld Thebes: thus *Love* triumpht; Hēre gods and goddeſſes,  
 The words my joyes urg'd. In this day, *Lucas* (bringing paine  
 To labouring women) ſhall produce into the light of men,  
 A man that all his neigbouring ſhall in his Empire hold,  
 And vant, that more then manly race, whiche hoſter'd veinesenſold  
 My eminent blond. *Saturnis* conceiv'd a preſent flighe,  
 And urg'd conſirme of his vant, t'ſtringe iſ her conceit  
 In this fort urg'd: thou wilt not hold thy word with thi rare man,  
 Or iſ thou wiſe, conſirme it with the oath Olympian,  
 That whoſoever ſals this day, betwixt a womans knees,  
 Of thoſe men ſtrokes, that from thy bloud derive their pedigreeſ,  
 Shall all his neigbour townes command. *Love* (ignorant of fraud)  
 Tooke that great oath, with his great ill, gave little caufe t'applaud'e.  
 Downe from Olympus top, ſhe ſloope, and quickly reacht the place  
 In Argos, where the famous wife of *Sibeneſus* (whole race  
 He fetch from *Love*, by *Perſes*) dwelt. She was but ſeven months gone  
 With iſue; yet the brought it forth; *Alemenus* maſtelle ſonne  
 Delaid from light. *Saturnis* repreſt the teming throwes  
 Of hiſ great mother. Up to heaven ſhe mounte againe, and ſhowes  
 (In glory) her deſtit to *Love*. Bright lightning *Love* (ſaid ſhe)  
 Nowth' Argives haue an Emperor; a ſonne deriv'd from thee,  
 Is borne to *Perſes Sibeneſus*; *Eurybhemis*, hiſ name,  
 Noble and worthy of the rule, thou ſworeft to him. This came  
 Close to the heart of *Iupiter*; and *Love* that had wrought

*Are the goddesſe  
 of concerne.*

*Iun's iudict  
 of Iupiter.*

*Iuno's iuſtifiati  
 on after her de  
 cīſe.*

This anger by *Sasminia*, by her bright-haire he caught,  
Held downe her head, and over her made this infallible vow :  
That never to the cope of starres, shoulde reasend that brow,  
Being so unfortunate to all. Thus, swinging her about,  
He cast her from the fierie heaven, who ever since thrust out  
His forke sting, in th'affaires of men. *Iove* ever since did grieve,  
Since his deare issue *Hercles*, did by his vow atchieve  
The unjust toyles of *Eurybaw*: thus faces it now with me,  
Since under *Hector* violence, the Grecian progenie  
Fell so unifly by my spleene, whose fals will ever sticke  
In my gived thoughts, my weaknesse yet, (*Sasminia* making sickne  
The state my minde held) now recur'd amends shall make even weight  
With my offence: and therefore rouse thy spirits to the fight,  
With all thy forces; all the gifts propode thee at thy tent,  
(Last day) by royll *Ithacus*, my officers shall present,  
And (if it like thee) strike no stroke (though never so on thornes  
Thy minde stands to thy friends revenge) till my command adorns  
Thy tents, and cosers with such gifts, as well may let thee know  
How much I wish thee satisfied. He answerd, let thy vow  
(Renown'd *Atrides*) at thy will be kept; (as justice would)  
Or keepe thy gifts, tis all in thec. The counsell now we hold,  
Is for repairing our maine field, with all our fortitude.  
My faire shew made, brookes no retreate, nor must delales delude  
Our deeds expectance. Yet undone the great worke is, all eycs  
Must see *Achilles* in first fight, depeopling enemies,  
As well as counsell it in court: that every man set on;  
May chuse his man, to imitate my exercise upon.

*Achilles* bia  
able answr. of  
Agamemnon.

*Plysses* to A.  
counsel.

*Plysses* answerd, doe not yet (thou man made like ... gods)  
Take casting men to field: suppose, that whatsover ods,  
It brings against them, with full men, thy boundlesse eminence,  
Can amply answer; yet restraine to tempe violence.  
The conflict wearing out our men, was late, and held as long;  
Wherin, thoughnot, *Iove* stood for Troy; he yet made our part strong  
To bear that mort. But twas to bear, and that breeds little heart.  
Let wine and bread then add to it: they helpe the twofold part,  
The soule and body in a man; both force and fortitude.  
All day men cannot fight, and fall; though never so indude  
With mindes to fight, for that supposde, therelurkes yet secretly,  
Thirst, hunger, in th'oppreffed joyns; no minde can supply.  
They take away a marchers knees. Mens bodies throughly fed,  
Their mindes share with them in their strength; and (all day combated)  
One stirres not, till you call off all. Dismisse them then to meate,  
And let *Atrides* tender here, in sight of all his feate,  
The gifts he promit. Let him sweare, before us all, and rise  
To that oath, that he never toucht in any wanton wife,  
The Lady he enforct. Besides, that he remaines in minde  
As chalftly satisfied: not toucht, or privily inclind  
With future vantages. And last, tis fit he should approve

All

All these rites, at a solemne feast, in honour of your loue,  
That so you take no mangl'd law, for merits absolute.  
And thus the honours you receive, revolting the pursuit  
Of your friends quarrell, well will quit your sorrow for your friend.  
And thou *Atrides* in the tast of so fevere an end;  
Hereafter may on others hold, a iuster governement.  
Nor will it ought empaire a King to give a sound content  
To any subject soundly wrong'd. I ioy (replide the King)  
O *Laertes*, to heare thy librall counselling.  
In which is all decorum kept, nor any point lackes touch,  
That might be thoughton, to conclude, a reconcilment, such  
As fits example, and us two. My minde yet makes me fweare,  
Not your impulsion. And that minde shall rest so kinde and cleare;  
That I will not forswearre to God. Let then *Achilles* stay  
(Though never so inflamid for fight) and all men here I pray,  
To stay, till from my tents these gifts be broughte here, and the truce,  
At all parts finisht before all. And thou, of all I chuse,  
(Divine *Plysses*) and command to chuse of all your host,  
Youths of most honour, to present to him we honour most,  
The gifts we late vowed; and the Dames. Meane space about our tents,  
*Talibius* shall provide a Bore, to crowne these kinde events  
With thankful sacrifice to *Iove*, and to the God of light.

*Achilles* answerd: these affaires will shew more requisite  
(Great king) some other time, when our more free estates  
Yeld sic cessation from the warre, and when my spleene abates  
But now (to all our shames besides) our friends by *Hector* slaine,  
(And *Iove* to friend) lyen unfetchoff. Haile then, and meate your men,  
Though I must still say: My command wold leade them falting forth,  
And all together feast at night. Meate will be someting worth,  
When stomackes first have made it way, with venting infamie,  
(And other forrowes late sustai'd) with long'd for wreakes, that lie  
Heavie upon them, for rights sake. Before which lode he got  
From off my stomacke; meate nor drinke, I vow, shall downe my throte,  
My friend being dead, who digd with wounds, & bor'd through both his feet,  
Lies in the entry of my tent, and in the teares doth fleet  
Of his associates. Meate and drinke have little merit then  
To comfort me; but bloud and death, and deadly groanes of men.

The great in counfels, ye made good his former counfels thus :  
O *Pelous* sonne, of all the Greces, by much most valorous,  
Better and mightier then my selfe, no little, with thy lance,  
I yeeld thy worth; in wisedome yet, no leffe I dare advance  
My right above thee; since above, in yeeres, and knowing more,  
Let then thy minde rest in the words, we quickly shall have stote,  
And all satisfe of fight, whose steele heapes store of straw,  
And little come upon a floore, when *Iove* (that doth withdraw,  
And joyne all battels) once begins to incline his ballances,  
In which he weighs the lives of men. The Greces you must not presse,  
To mourning with the belly; death hath nought to doe with that,

*Achilles* bia  
able answr.  
*Plysses*.

*Achilles* bia  
able.

*Plysses* his reply.

In healthfull men, that mourne for friends. His steele we stumble at,  
And fall at, every day you see, sufficient store, and fast.  
What houre is it that any breathes? we must not use more halfe  
Then speed holds fit for our revenge: nor shoulde we mourne too much.  
Who dead is, must be buried; men patience should be such.  
That one dayes moe should leue one man: the dead must end with death,  
And life last with what strengthens life. All those that held their breath  
From death in fight, the more should eate, that so they may supply  
Their fellowes that have stukke in field, and fight incessantly.  
Let none expect reply to this, nor slay, for this shall stand  
Or fall with some offence to him, that lookest for new command,  
Who ever in dislike holds backe. All joyne then, all things fit  
Allow'd for alz set on a charge, at all parts answering it.

*The name of those that carried the presents*  
This said, he chuside (for noblest youths to beare the presents) these,  
The sonnes of Nestor, and with them, renewad Menestheus,  
Plydius, Thess, Lycomed, and Ages, all which were  
(And Axmalipus following Brisces) to the tent  
Of Agamemnon. He bussape, and with the word, the dead  
Had joynt effect: the fitnesse well was answereid in the sped.

*The presents.*  
The presents added to the Dame, the Generall did enforce,  
Wer twenty Caldrons, Tripods seven, twelwe yong and goodly horse:  
Seven Ladies excellently scene, in all intermixt skill,  
The eight Brisces, who had powre to ravish every will.  
Twelve talents of the fineft gold, all which Brisces weyd,  
And carried first, and after him, the other youths conveyed  
The other presents; treded all, in face of all the Court.  
Up rose the King, Talthybius (whose voice had a report  
Like to a god) cald to the rites, there, having broughte the Bore,  
Atrides with his knife tooke fey upon the part before;  
And lifting up his sacred hands to Jove, to make his vowed:  
Grave silence strooke the compleat Court, when (cassing his high browe  
Up to the broad heaven) thus he spake: Now witness Iupiter,  
(First, highest, and thou best of gods) thou earth, that all doft bear,  
Thou Sunne, ye Furies under earth, that every soule torment,  
Whom impious periury distaines; that noughnient, incontinent,  
In bed, or any other act, to any flendreft touch  
Of my light vowes hath wrong'd the Dame, and let my plagues be such,  
As are inflicted by the gods in all extremite  
Of whomsoever perjur'd men, if godlesse periury  
In least degree dishonour me. This said, the brisil'd throte  
Of the submitted sacrifice, with ruthlesse steele he cut,  
Which straight into the horie sea, Talthybius cast, to feed  
The sea-borne nation. Then stood up the halfe-celestiall feed  
Of faire hair'd Tethys, strengthening thus Atrides innocence.  
O father Iupiter, from thee descends the confluence  
Of all mans ill; for now I see the mighty King of men,  
At no hand forct away my prisfe, nor first inham'd my spicne  
With any set ill in himselfe, but thou, the king of gods,

*Agamemnon's affliction.*

*Achilles to Ja-  
ger.*

(Incent

(Incent with Greece) made that the meane to all their periods,  
Which now, amend we, as we may; and give all suffrages  
To what wife Ithacae advise. Take breakfasts, and addresse  
For instant conflict. Thus he raised the Court, and all tooke way  
To severall shps. The Myrmidons, the presents did convoy  
T' Achilles fleet, and in his tents ditposid them, doing grace,  
Of feate, and all rites to the Dames. The horses put in place,  
With othersof Brisces. When (like Loves golden Queene)  
Brisces (all in ghastly wounds) had dead Patroclus scene;  
She fell about him, shrieking out, and with her white hands tore  
Her haire, breasts, radiant checkes; and drownde in warme teares, did deplore  
His cruel destiny. At length the gat powre to expresse  
Her violent passion; and thus spake, this-like-the goddesses.

O good Patroclus, to my life, the dearest grace it had,  
I (wretched dame) departing hence, enforct, and dying sad,  
Left thee alive, when thou hadst heard my poore captivity,  
And now returne, I finde thee dead; misery on misery,  
Ever increasing with my steps. The Lord to whom my Sire,  
And dearest mother gaue my life in nuptials; his lies lie  
I saw before our citu gates, extingaith; and his fate,  
Three of my worthy brothers lives, in one wombe generate,  
Felt all in that blacke day of death. And when Achiles hand  
Had slain all thefe, and ract the towne, Mynes did command,  
(All cause of never-ending griefes, presented) thou tookst it all  
On thy endeouer, to convert to ioy as Generall,  
Affirming, he that hurt, should heale; and thou wouldest make thy friend  
(Brave Capraine that thou wer) supple, my vowed husbands end;  
And in rich Phthia celebrate, amongst his Myrmidons,  
Our nupiall banquers; for which grace, with these most worthy mones,  
I never shall be satiate, thou ever being kinde;  
Euer delightsome, one sweet grace, fed still with one sweet minde.

Thus spake the weeping, and with her, did th'other Ladies moe,  
Patroclus fortunes in pretext, but in sad truth their owne.

About Brisces himselfe, the Kings of Grecce were plac't,  
Entracring him to food; and he intreated them as fast,  
(Still intermixing words and fightes) if any friend were there  
Of all his dearest; they would ceafe, and offer him no cheare,  
But his due forrowes; for before the Sunne had left that skie,  
He would not eat; but of that day, sustaine the extremitie.

Thus all the Kings (in resolute griefs and fasting) he dismifted;  
But both the Atrides, Ithacae, and warres old Martialis;  
Idomenus and his friends, and Phoenix, these remain'd  
Endevouring comfort, but no thought of his vowd woe restraine.  
Nor could, till that dayes bloody fight had calmd his bloud, he full  
Remembered something of his friend; whose good was all his ill.  
Their urging meate, the diligent fashion of his friend renew'd.  
In that excitement: thou (said he) when this sped was purisde  
Against the Trojans; evermore apposedst in my tent,

Brisces com-  
plaint over  
the body of  
Patroclus.

Nestor.

A

## THE NINETEENTH BOOKE

A pleasing breakfaſt; being fo free, and i weteſt diligent,  
 Thou madſt all meat ſweet. Then the warre was tearefull to our foe,  
 But now to me, thy wounds fo wound me, and thy overthrow.  
 For which my reſty food I ſtie, and on thy longings feed.  
 Nothing could more affet me. Faine relating the foulde deed  
 Of my deare fathers ſlaughter; bleed drawne from my ſole ſonneſ heart,  
 No more could wound me. Cursed man, that in this forraine part,  
 (For batfull *Hellen*) my true loue; my country, Sire and ſonne,  
 I thus ſhould part with. *Scyros* now giues education  
 (*O Neoptolemus*) to thee, (if living yet) from whence  
 I hop't (deare friend) thy longer life, (fayſely return'd from hence,  
 And my life quiting thine) had power to ſhip him home, and show  
 His young eyes *Phebus*, ſubiects, court; my father being now  
 Dead, or moft ſhort. livid; troublous age opprefſing him, and feare  
 Still of my deaſt newes. These lad words he blew into the eare  
 Of every viſtant, with fighes, all echo'd by the Peeres,  
 Rememb'ring who they left at home. All whole ſo humaſe to see  
 Love pittied; and ſince they all would in the good of one,  
 'Ie much reviv'd, he thus beſpake, *Mirrora*: *Thetis* ſonne,  
 Now daughter thou haſt quite forgot, O, is *Achilles* care  
 Extinguifh'd in the? proſtrated in moft extreme ill fare,  
 He lies before his high-fall'd fleer, for his dead friend, the reſt  
 Are ſtrongenſt them with meat; but he lies deſperately opprefſed  
 With heartleſſe fainting: Goe thy wayes, and to his breſt inſtill  
 Red Nectar and Ambroſia; that Faſt procure no ill  
 To his neare enterpriſe. This ſpurrie he added to the ſtee,  
 And like a Harpye (with a voyce that ſtrikes fo dreadfully,  
 And feathers that like needles prick) ſtoopt through all the ſtates  
 Amongſt the Grecians; all whose tents were now fill'd for the warres.  
 Her ſers strooke through *Achilles* tent, and cloſely ſhe inſilli'd  
 Ieauens moſt-to-be-deſired feaſt, to his great breſt; and fill'd  
 His ſinewes with that ſweet ſupply, for ſteare unfauoracie Faſt  
 Should creep into his knees. Her ſelſet the ſkies againe enchaſt.

The loſt ſet forth, and pour'd his ſteele waves, farre out of the ſteete.  
 And as from aires, the froſty Northwinde blowes a cold thicke ſleet,  
 That diſiles eyes, flakes after flakes, incellantly deſcending:  
 So thick helmes, cuertes, alden darts, and round ſhields, neuer ending,  
 Flow'd from the naues hollow womb: their ſplendorſ gave heauenly eye,  
 His beames againe, Earth laught to ſee her face fo like the ſkie,  
 Armes thin'ld hot, and the ſluſh clouds made with the dust the caſt,  
 She thund'red, ſeuell of men and horſe impur'd her ſo faſt.  
 In midſt of all, diuiding *Achilles* his faire perfon arm'd,  
 In teeth gualtha, he stood, his eyes, fo full of fire, they warm'd,  
 And ſtrid griefe and anger at the Troians fo combine.  
 The enemies first uſde, his goodly curtes on his boſome thinde;  
*Achilles*, his ſhield, that cast a brightneſſe from it, like the Moon,  
 And as from ſea, failers diſcerne a harmefull fire, leſſerunne  
 The heatnes ſruits, till all their ſtall flies up in wratſling flame;

Whiche.

## OF HOMERS ILIADS.

Whan being on hils, is ſene farre off; but being alone, none came  
 To ge it quench'd at ſhore no neighbours, and at ſea their friends  
 Driven off with tempeſts; ſuch a fire, from his bright ſhield extends  
 His ominous radiance; and in heaven, impreſſe his fervent blaze.  
 His creſted helmet, graue and high, had next triumphant place,  
 On his curl'd head; and like a ſtarre, it caſt a ſpurrie ray;  
 About which, a bright thickned buſh of golden haire, did play;  
 Which *Vulcan* forg'd him for his plume. Thus compleat arm'd, he ride  
 How fi they were: and if his motion could with eale abide  
 Their brave inſtructions; and fo ſarre they were from hindring it,  
 That to it they were nimble wings, and made fo light his ſpirit,  
 That from the earth, the princely Capitaine they tooke up to ayre.

Then from his armoury he drew his lance, his fathers ſpear,  
 Huge, weightie, firme, that not a Greekke but he himſelfe alone  
 Knew how to ſhake, it grew upon the mountaine Pelion;  
 From whose height, *Chryson* hew'd it for his Sire, and fatal twas  
 To great foul'd men. Of *Peleus* and *Petion*, ſurnamed *Pelius*.

Then from the ſtable, their bright horſe, *Automedon* withdrawes,  
 And *Aleymus*, Put Poitills on, and caſt upon their jaws,  
 Their bridles; hurling backe the reynes, and hung them on the ſteate.  
 The faire ſcoure then *Automedon* takes up, and up doth get,  
 To guide the horſe: the fighte ſteate laſt, *Achilles* tooke behinde,  
 Wholooke to armid, as if the Sunne there ſalne from heaven had ſhin'd.  
 And terrioly, thus charg'd his ſteeds. *Xanthus* and *Bilis*,  
 Seed of the Harpye, in the charge ye undertake of us,  
 Discharge it not; as when *Patroclus* ye left dead in field.  
 But when withbloud, for this dayes faſt obſerv'd, Revenge ſhall yeeld  
 Our heart ſatiety, bring us off, I haue ſince *Achilles* ſpake,  
 As if his aw ſteds underſtood: twas *Iunoes* will to make  
 Vocall the pallat of the one, who ſhaking his faire head,  
 Which in his mane (let fall to earth) he almoſt buried  
 Thus *Xanthus* ſpake: alfeſt *Achilles* now (atleaf) our care  
 Shall bring thee off, but not faſte hence, the fatal minutes are  
 Of thy grave rutace. Nor ſhall we be then to be reprovd,  
 But mightieſt Fate, and the great God; Nor was thy beſt belov'd  
 Spoil'd ſo of armes by our low pace; our courages empaire,  
 The beſt of gods, *Laonaea* ſonne, that weares the golden haire,  
 Gave him his deaths wound, though the grace he gave to *Hector*: hand.  
 We, like the ſpirite of the Welt, that all ſpirits can command  
 For powre of wing, could runne him off; but thou thy ſelfe muſt goe,  
 So Fate ordaines, God and a man muſt give thee overthow.

This ſaid, the Furie ſtopt his voyce. *Achilles* faſre in rage,  
 Thus anſwerd him: it fits not thee, thū proudly to preſage  
 My overthrow; I know my ſelfe, it is my fate to fall  
 Thus fare from *Phebus*; yet that Fare ſhall faile to vent her gall,  
 Till mine vent thousands. These words uſde, he fell to horri'd deedes;  
 Gave dreadfull ſignal; and forthright, made flye his one horſe ſteeds,

*Achilles*  
*flye his ſteeds*  
*thus*

COM-

*Achilles*  
*bent to*  
*his horſe*.

*Xanthus* the  
*bent to*  
*his horſe*.

## COMMENTARIUS.

¶ Argum. Etc. Aprum preparat mastandum levique Solique: He shall prepare Bore for sacrifice to love and the Sunne. *It is intent of Agamemnon to speak in his booke before to Vlysses, and promiseth that sacrifice to love and the Sunne at the reconciliation of himselfe and Achilles. Our Commentors (Eustathius and Spondanus, &c.) will by no means allow the word *Kareos* here for Homers, *us am wihi: fuisse in the diversitez; and will needs have it ior vñ;* whiche Spondanus fayes is altogether here to be understood: as Eustathius words runnynge for to referre to sacrifice a beast to love as a bore, he fayes is absurd: and cites *Metast. lib. 1. cap. 17.* where he fayes, Homer in this place makes a tame Son sacrificed to love; who was as tamely and simply deceived as the rest. Eustathius reasoneth, *as that his animal salax, and since the oþ Agamemnon takes at the sacrifice to sacrifice Achilles (that he hath not touche Brileis) is concerning a sonne; every sonne is a Sonne here sacrificed. But this seemes to Spondanus somewhat ridiculous (as I hope you will easilie judge it.)* And as I conceirve, so is his new opinion to have the original word *salax* altered, and expounded suem. The reason for it, he makes nice to utter, saying he knowes what is set down amongst thee carned touching the sacrifice of a Son. But because it is (he fayes, dexteritior, nihil ad rem, though as they exound it, is too much ad rem) he willing to keepe his opinion in silence; unlesse you will take it for a flayed or gilded Son, as if Agamemnon would innuate, that at this Son (being flayed) is free from Venus, for he never attempted the dishonour of Brileis. And peradventure (saies Spondanus) you cannot thinke of a better exposition: when a worse cannot be conjectured, unlesse that of Eustathius, as I hope you will cleerly graue mee, when you seeke but mine. Which is this: *The sacrifice is not made by Agamemnon, for any resemblance or reference it hath to the Lady now to be refred, (which since to the reconciliation of Agamemnon and Achilles; for a sacred signe whereof, and that their wraths were now absolutely appeased, Agamemnon thought fit, a Bore being the most wrathfull of all beasts,) shoud be sacrificed to Love; intimation, that in that Bore, they sacrificed their wrath to Jupiter, and became frumenti. And that is the original word preferred, which (together with the farenesse of our Homer) in a thousand other places, saffers most ignorant and barbarous violence. But here (being weary, both with finding faults, and my labour) tis refreshing come, I will end my poore Comment. Holding it not altogether untrue with this ridiculous contention of our Commentors, a little to quicken you, in leasle it something probable, that their oversight in this trifle, is accompanied with a thousand other errors in matter of our divine Homers depth and gravity, which will not open it selfe to the curiosus austerity of belaboured art, but onely to the naturall and most ingenuous soule of our thrice sacred Poetrie.**

The end of the nineteenth Booke.

THE



## THE XX. BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**T**o loves permission, all the gods descend  
To aide on both parts. For the Grecians contend,  
Iuno, Minerva, Neptune, Mulciber,  
And Mercurie. The deities that prefer  
The Troian part, are, Phœbus, Cyprides,  
Phœbe, Laona, and she<sup>\*</sup> fayre Peace,  
With bright Scamander. Neptune in a wift  
Preferves Aeneas (daring to refist  
Achilles,) by whose hand much skath is done,  
Besides the slaughter of old Priams sonne,  
(Tong Polydor) whose refise, Hector makes,  
Him (flying) Phœbus to his refise taket,  
The rest (all shunning their importuned faces)  
Achilles beastes even to the Illian gates.

\*Mer.

Another Argument.  
*In Ypsilon Strife stirres in heaven.  
The dayes grace, to the Grecians is given.*

**T**he Grecies thus arm'd, and made inflatiue with desire of fight,  
About thee, *Pelous* sonne, the foe in ground of greatest height,  
Stood opposite, rang'd. Then *love* charg'd *Tbemis* from Olympus top,  
To call a court; she every way diþerit, and summon'd up  
All deities: Not any fluid (besides *Oceanus*)  
Eut made appearance: not a Nymph (that arbores odorous),  
The heads of floods, and flowrie medowes make their sweet abodes)  
Was absent there, but all at his court that is king of gods,  
Assemble, and in lightsome seates of admirable frame  
(Perform'd for *Love*, by *Vulcan*) late. Even angry *Neptune* came,  
Nor heard the goddesse with unwilling eare; but with the rest,  
Made free ascencion from the sea, and did his state invest  
In midft of all: begun the counsell, and inquirid of *Love*,  
His reason for that feffion; and on what point did move  
His high intention for the foes; he thought the heare of warre  
Was then neere breaking out in flames. To him, the thunderser:  
Thou know'st this counsell by the rest of those forepurposes,  
That still inclin'd me; my cares still must succour the distresse  
Of Troy; though in the mouth of Fate, yet vow I, not to stirre  
One step from off this top of heaven; but all th'affaire referrc

love summons  
all the deities  
to counsell

Bb

TO

To any one. Here Ile hold state, and freely take the joy  
Of eithers fate: helpe whom ye please, for its assur'd that Troy  
Not on dayes confit can sustaine, against *Aeacides*,  
If heaven oppofe not. His meere lookes, threw darts now imprefse  
Their powres with trembling, but when blowes fent from his fiery hand,  
(Thrice heat by fllaughter of his friend) shall come and countermand  
Their former glories: we have feare, that though Fate keepe their wall,  
Heel overturne it. Then descend, and ceafe not till ye all  
Add eall your aides; mixe earthan heaven together with the fighfe  
*Achilles* urgeth. These his words did such a warre excite,  
As no mans powre could wraffle downe, the gods with parted hearts,  
Departed heaven, and made earth warre. To guide the Grecian darts,  
*The names of ieron and pallus*, with the god that doth the earth embrase,  
*Evene peradvice*  
*white enterprize*  
And moft for mans use, *Mercurie* (whom good wife inwards grace)  
(Proud of his strength) lame *Melicher*, his walkers quite misgowne,  
But made him tread exceeding fure, To aide the Ilian side,  
The changeable in armes, went (*Mars*) and him accompanied  
*Diana*, that delights in shafts, and *Phabas* never thorne,  
And *Aphrodite*, laughter-pleafe, and she of whom was borne  
Still yong *Apollo*, and the flood that runs on golden sands  
*Bright Xanthus*. All these ayded Troy, and till these lent their hands,  
The Grecians triumphi in the aide, *Aeacides* did adde,  
The Troians trembling with his sight, so gloriously clad,  
He overfhirn the field, and *Mars* no harmefuller then he.  
He bore the iron streame on cleare; But when *Ioves* high decree  
Let fall the gods amongst their troupes, the field sweld, and the fight  
Grew fierce and horribile. The \* Dame, that armes doth excite,  
Thunderd with Clamor; sometimes fet, at dike without the wall,  
And sometimes on the bawling shore. On th' other side, the Call  
Of *Mars* to fight was terrible, he cried out like a storme,  
Set on the cities pinnacles; and there he would informe  
Sometimes his hearstings; Other times, where *Simeus* powres on  
His silver currant, at the foot of high *Callicolon*,  
*The place of the*  
*present vision*  
*and fight, when*  
*the sunne was*  
*ascender*,  
And thus the bleft gods, both sides urg'd; they all stood in the mids,  
And brake Contention to the hofts. And over all their heads,  
The gods king, in abhorred claps, his thunder ratt'd out.  
Be iath them. *Neptune* toft the earth, the mountaines round about  
Bo v'd with affright, and shooke their heads; *Ioves* hill the earth quake felte,  
(Steepe Ida) trembling at her rootes, and all her fountaines spilt:  
Their browses all crannid. Troy did nod, the Grecian nevfe plaid  
(As on the feir) th' infernall King, that all things stayes, was fraid,  
And leapt affrighted from his throne; cried out, left over him  
*Neptune* should rend in two the earth, and to his house so dim,  
So lothsome, fithy, and abhord of all the gods befide,  
Should open both to gods and men. Thus, all things shooke and criid,  
When this blacke battell of the gods was joyning; thus arraied,  
Gainst *Neptune*, *Phabas* with wing'd shafts, gainst *Mars* the blow-cyd maid:

Gaiust

Gainft *Iano*, *Phabe*, whose white hands bore finging darts of gold,  
Her fide arm'd with a ſheafe of shafts, and (by the birth twofold  
Of bright *Letona*) ſister twin, to him that ſhootes ſo farre,  
Against *Letona*, *Hermes* stood (grave guard in peace and warre,  
Of humane beings,) gainft the god, whose Empire is in fire,  
The wary godhead, that great flood, to ſlew whofe powre entrie  
In ſpoyle as th' other: all his ſtreame on lurking whirlpits trod;  
*Xanthus*, by gods, by men *Scamander* calld. Thus, god gainft god,  
Entered the field. *Aeacides* ſuſtained a fervent minde  
To cope with *Hector*; paſt all theſe, his ſpirit ſtood encin'd,  
To glut *Mars* with the blood of him. And at *Aeacides*,  
*Apollo* ſet *Anchises* ſonne. But firſt he did impreſſe  
A more then naturall strength in him, and made him ſeele th' exceſſe  
In fulde from heaven. *Lycams* ſhape gave ſhow to his addrefſe,  
(Old *Priams* ſonne) and thus he ſpake: thou counſeller of Troy,  
Where now flye out thoſe threats, that late put all our Peeres in joy  
Of thy fight with *Aeacides*? thy tongue once (ſteep't in wine)  
Durſt vant as much. He anſwerd him. But why wouldſt thou incline  
My powres gainft that proud enemy, and gainft my preſent heate?  
I meane not now to bid him blowes, that feare ſounds my retreate,  
That heretofore discourag'd me: when after he had race  
*Lynceus*, and strong *Pedafon*, hiſtill breath'd furie chat'c  
Our Oxen from th' Idaean hill, and ſet on me, but *love*  
Gave strength and knees, and bore me off, that had not walkt above  
This center now, but propt by him. *Minervas* hand (that held  
A light to her favourite, whofe beames ſhewd and impeld  
Hiſtowres to ſpoyle) had ruind me. For theſeare heard her cry,  
Kill, kill the ſeed of *Ilion*, kill th' Aſian Legeſi.  
Meere man then muſt not fightwith him, that ſtill hath gods to friend,  
Averting death on others darts, and giving his no end,  
But with the ends of men. If God, like Fortune in fight,  
Would give my forces, not with eafe, wing'd Victory ſhould light  
On his proud ſhoulders; nor he ſcape, though all of braſſe he boſts  
Hiſtight conſtithe. He replide: Pray thou, thofe gods of hofts,  
Whome he implores, as well as he, and his chance may be thine;  
Thou camſt of gods like him: the Queene that raignes in Salamine,  
Fame founds, thy mother, he deriv'd of lower deitie.  
Old *Nereu* daughter bearing him: Bear then thy heart as hic,  
And thy unweared ſteele as right; nor utterly be beate  
With onely cruelty of words, nor proſoe againſt a threat.  
This ſtrengthened him, and forth he ruffe, nor could hiſt ſtrengthening ſlyc,  
White-wrifte *Iaso*, not hiſt drifts. She, every daie  
Of th' Achive ſation calld to her, and ſaid: Ye muſt have care  
(*Neptune* and *Pallas*) for the frame of thiſ important warre  
Ye undertake here; *Venus* ſonne (by *Phabas* being impeld)  
Runnes on *Achilles*, turne him backe, or ſecour friend upheld  
By one of us. Let not the ſpirit of *Aeacides*  
Be over-dar'd, but make him know the mightieſt deities  
Bb 2

*Apollo infiſteth*  
*Hector to the*  
*encounter of A-*  
*chilles, to judge*  
*of Lycaon.*

*Envy to the gods*

*Inveſtigatio-*  
*n of Greece.*

Stand kinde to him, and that the gods, protectors of these townes  
That fight against Greece, and were here before our eminent poures,  
Bear no importance. And besides, that all we stoupe from heaven  
To curse this fight, that no emprise be to his person given  
By any Troian, nor their aides, while this day bears the Sunne;  
Hereafter, all things that are wrapt in his birth shirred, and spunne  
By Par*is* (in that point of time, his mother gave him aye)  
Hemur sustaine. But if Report performe not the repare  
Of all this to him, by the Voyce of some immortall state,  
He may be scareful, (if some god shoulde set on him) that Fate  
Makes him her minister. The gods, when they appearre to men,  
And manfeste their proper formes, are passing dreadfull then.

Neptune replide:

*Saturnus* at no time let your Care  
Exceed your Reason; it's not fit. Where only humaines are,  
We must not mixe the hands of gods, our ods is too extreme;  
Sit we by, in some place of height, where we may see to them,  
And leave the warres of men to men. But if we see from thence,  
Or *Astars*, or *Phabm* enter fight, or offer lefft offence  
To *Thetis* sonne, not giving free way to his conquering rage,  
Then comes the conflict to our care; we soone shall dif-engage  
*Achilles*, and send them to heaven, to settle their abode  
With Equals; flying under stripes. This said, the blacke haif'd god,  
Led to the towre of *Hercules*, built circular and hie  
By *Pallas* and the Ilians, for fir securite.

" *Neptune*.Booksell'd in the  
other side  
of the street.

To *Jove* divine sonne, against the Whale, that drove him from the shore,  
To th amble field. There *Neptune* late, and all the gods that bore  
The Grecian good meaning; casting all, thicke mantles made of clouds,  
On their bright shoulders. Th'oppos'd gods, sate hid in other shrouds,  
On top of steep Callicolon; about thy golden sides.  
O *Phabm*, brandisher of darts; and thine, whose rage abides  
No peace in cities. In this state, these gods in counsell sat,  
All linging purpos'd fight, to try who first would elevate  
His heavenly weapon. High-thron'd *Jove* cried out to set them on;  
Said, all the field was full of men, and that the earth did groane  
With teet of proud encounterers, burn'd with the armes of men,  
And barbed horfe. Two champions for both the armes then,  
Met in their midis, prepar'd for blowes; divine *Aeclides*,  
And *Venus* sonne, *Aeneas* first stopt threatening forth the preasie,  
His high helme nodding, and his breast bard with a shadic shield,  
And thooke his javelin. *Thetis* sonne did his part to the field,  
As when the harmefull King of beautes, (fore threatn'd to be slaine,  
By all the country up in armes) at first makes coy Diffidaine  
Prepare resistance, but at laft, when any one hath led  
Bold charge upon him with his dart, he then turnes yawning head,  
Full anger lathers in his jawes, his great heart swells; his sterne  
With his strenght up-sides and thighes, wadid with stripes to learne  
Tame to his powre, his eyes glow, he rores, and in he leapes, to kill,  
Soone to bring: So his powre, then towldc up to his will,

Matchleffe

Matchleffe *Achilles* comming on to meete *Aeneas* sonne.  
Both neare, *Achilles* thus enquir'd: Why standst thou thus alone;  
Thou sonne of *Venus*? calys thy heart to change of blowes with me?  
Sure Troyes whole kingdome is proposide; some one hab promist thee  
The thorne of *Priamus* for my lifes; but *Priamus* scife is wife,  
And (for my slaughter) not so mad to make his thorne thy prize.

*Achilles* to  
*Aeneas*.

*Priamus* hath lornes to second thee. Is't then some piece of land,  
Past others, fit to set and fow, that thy victorious hand,  
The Ilians offer for thy head? I hope that prize will prove  
No easie conquest: once, I think me my busie javelin drove,  
(With terror) those thoughts from your spicene. Retain'ft thou not the time,  
When single on th'Idæan hill, I tooke thee with the crime  
Of Run away? the Oxen left? and when thou hadst no face,  
That I could see; thy knees bereft it, and *Lynceus* was  
The maske for that. Then that maske too, I opened to the ayre,  
(By *Jove* and *Pallas* helpe) and tooke the free light from the faire,  
Your Ladies bearing prisoners. But *Jove* and thi other gods,  
Then fult thee; yet againe I hope they will not adde their ods,  
To save thy wants, as thou presum'lt; retire then, ayme not at  
Troyes thone by me; sic ere thy soule flies; fooles are wise too late.

Eneas to A-  
chilles.

He answred him: Hope noth words can child-like terrifie  
My stroke-proofe brest; I well could speake in this indecence,  
And use tart termes; but we know well, what stocke us both put out,  
Too gentle to bear fruits so rude. Our parents ring about  
The worlds round bosome; and by fame, their dignities are blowne  
To both our knowledges; by fight, neither to either knowne;  
Thine, to mine eyes; nor mine to thine. Fame soundeth thy worthinesse  
From famous *Peleus*; the sea Nymph that hath a lovely tress,  
(*Tucca*) thy mother; I my selfe affirme my Sire to be  
Great sould *Aeneas*, the that holds the Paphian deitie,  
My mother; and of these, this light is now to exhale the teares  
For their lovd issue, thee or me, childish, unworthy dares,  
Are not enough to part our poures; for if thy spirits want

Due excitacion (by diffitutl of that defert I vant)  
To set up all rests for my life, Ile lineaely prove  
(Wher many will confirme) my race. First, cloud-commanding *Jove*  
Was sire to *Dardanus*, that built Dardania; for the wals  
Of sacred lion spred not yet these fields; thos faire-built hals  
Of divers-languid men, nor raid, all then made populous  
The soore of Idæa fountfull hill. This *Jove*-got *Dardanus*,  
Begot king *Erichthonius*, for wealth, past all compars,  
Of living mortalls; in his fens, he fed three thousand mares,  
All neighing by their tender foles; of which, twice sixe were bred  
By lasy *Boreas*, their dames, lov'd by him, as they fed;  
He tooke the brave forme of a horse that thooke an azure mane,  
And slep: with them. These twice sixe colts had pace, so swift they ranne  
Upon the top ayles of corne carees; nor bent them any whit.  
And when the broad backe of the sea, their pleasure wast to fit,

Eneas pediges.

B b 3

The

The superficies of his waves, they stid upon; their hoves  
To dip in danke swete of his browes. Of *Eridonius* loves  
Sprang *Ares*, the King of Troians; *Tros* three yong Princes bred,  
*Hus*, known'd *Affractus*, and heavenly *Ganamed*,  
The fairest yong of all that bread' d, whom (for his beauties love)  
The gods did tawid, to their state, to bear the cup to *Jove*.  
Hus begot *Lomedon*, god-like *Laomedon*  
Got *Thetis*, *Priam*, *Clytius*, Mars-like *Hecetaon*.  
And *Lampus*, Great *Affractus*, *Caps* begots; and he,  
*Anchises*, Prince *Anchises*, me. King *Priam*, *Hector*, *wc*  
Sprang both of one high family. Thus fortunate men give birth,  
But *Iove* gives vertue, he augments, and he empaies the worth  
Of all men; and his will, their rule, he strong' d, all strength affords,  
Whyn then paint we (like dames) the face of Conflict with our words?  
Both may give language, thata ship driven with a hundred oars,  
Would over-burthen: a mans tongue is voulble, and poures  
Words out of all sorts, every way; such as you speake, you hearre,  
What then need we calamities, like women that will waere  
Their tongues out, being once incentif, and strive to strife, to part  
(Being on their way) they travell so: from words, words may avert,  
From vertue, not; it is your Steele (divine *Aeneas*)  
Must prove my prooffe, as mine shall yours. Thus amply did he eafe  
His great heart of his pedigree, and sharply sent away  
A dart, that caught *Achilles* shidle, and rung so, it did fray  
The loun of *Tbeta*, his faire hand, farre-thrusting out his shidle,  
For to the long lance had driven through; O foole to think wold yeeld;  
And nor to know the gods firme gifts, went want, to yeld so loone  
To mens poure powres; the eager lance had onely conquest wonne  
Of two plates, and the shidle had five, two forgd' of tin, two brasse,  
One (that was center-plate) of gold, and that forbad the pase  
Of *Anchises* lance. Then sent *Achilles* forth  
His lance, that through the first fold strooke, where brasse of little worth,  
And no great prooffe of bides was laid, through al which *Pelias* ranne  
His iron head; and after in his affer body wanne  
Passe to the earth, and there it flucke; his top on th' other side;  
And heng the shidle up, which, hard downe *Aeneas* pluckt to hide  
His breif from sword blowes; shrunke up round, and in his heavie eyce,  
Was much griefe shadowed; much afraid, that *Pelias* flucke so ne.  
Then prompt *Achilles* rushing in, his sword drew, and the field  
Runge with his voyce. *Aeneas* now left, and let hang his shidle,  
And (all distracte), up he snachta two mens strength of stone,  
And either at his shidle or caske, he set it rudey gone,  
Nor car'd where, for a strooke a place that put on armes for death,  
But he *Achilles* came so cloese had doublef: sunke beneath  
His owne death, had not *Neptune* seene, and interposde the odds  
Off' is divine powre; uttering this to the Achanian gods:  
Iow, for this great hearted man, he will be sent to hell,  
By *Pelias* sonne, being only mou'd to deafe

By *Phabus* words: What foole is he? *Phabus* did never meane  
To addre to his great words, his guard, against the ruine then  
Summer'd against him; and what caule hath he to head him on  
To others inherite? He being cleare of any trespass done  
Against the Grecians; thankfull gifts heofst hath given to us,  
Agaid the Greeks; thankfull gifts heofst hath given to us,  
Let us then quit him, and withdraw this combat, for if thus  
Abide end him: *Iove* will rage, since his escape in fate,  
Is purpos'd, left the progenie of *Dardanus* take date,  
Whom *Tros*, past all his issue, lov'd, begot of mortall dames:  
All *Aeneas* race he hates, and this must propagate the names  
Of Troians, and their sonnes sonnes rule, to all posterite.  
*Saturni* said, make free your pleasure, save, or let him die;  
Fallas and I have taken many, and most publike oathes,  
That thill day never shall avert her eye (red with our wroths)  
From hated *Frey*: No, not when all in studied fire the flames  
The Grecie rage blowing her last coale. This nothing turnd his aimes  
From present rescue: but through all the whizzing speares he past,  
And came where boch were combatting; when instantly he cast  
A mist before *Achilles* eyes, drew from the earth and shield,  
His lance, and laid it at his feete; and then tooke up, and held  
Alas!, the light *Anchises* sonne, who past (with *Neptunes* force)  
Whole orders of Heroes heads, and many a troupe of horse  
Leapt over, till the bounds he reacht of all the fervent broyle,  
Wh're all the Caucasons quarters lay. Thns (far freed from the toyle)  
*Neptune* had time to use these words: *Aeneas*, who was he  
Of all the gods, that did so much neglect thy good and thee,  
To urge the fight with *Tbeta* sonne? who, in immortall rates  
Is better and more deare then thee? Hereafter, left (past fates)  
Hell be thy headlong home, retire, make bold stand never near,  
Where he advanceth but his fate, once satisfied, then bearre  
A tree and full layle: no Greeke else shal end thee. This revealde,  
He left him, and dispersd the cloud that all this act conceald  
From next *Achilles*: who againe had cleare light from the skyes,  
And (much disdaining the escape) said: O ye gods, mine eyes  
Discover miracles: my lance submittd, and he gone  
At whom I sent it, with desire of his confusion?  
*Aeneas* sure was lov'd of heaven; I thought his want from thence,  
Had flow'd from glory. Let him goe, no more experience  
Will his minde long for of my hands, he flies them now so clear:  
Cheir then the Greeks, and others try. Thus rang'd he every where  
The Grecian orders; every man (of which the most lookt on  
To see their frell Lord shake his lance) he thus put charge upon:  
Divine Greeks, stand not thus at gaze; but man to man apply  
Your severall valours: tis a task laid too unequally  
On me, leit to so many men, one man, oppoide to all.  
Not *Mars* immortall and a god, nor warres the General,  
A field of so much fight could chace and worke it out with blowes;  
But what a man may execute, that all lims will exposse,

Hom. Iliad.  
Book 20.  
Line 212.

Line 213.

Response  
to *Aeneas*.

*Achilles*  
treats *Aeneas*.

And all their strength to th'utmost nerve (though now I loft some play,  
By some strange miracle) no more shall burne in vaine the day,  
To any leaf be me; al this hoff I ranfacke, and have hope  
Of all; not one (agine) will scape, whoever gives such scope  
To his adventure; and lo neare, dares tempt my angry lance.

Thus he excited. *Hector* then as much strives to advance,  
The hearts of his men; adding threats, affirming he would stand  
In combat with *Achilles*. Give Feare (said he) no hand,  
Of your great hearts, (brave Ilians) for *Petess* talking sonne,  
In fight with any god with words; but when their speares put on,  
The world runs high; their strength exceeds mortalitie so farre.  
And thus may make workes crowne their words, which holds not in the war  
*At the stakes*; his hands have bounds, this word he shall make good.  
And gave another to the field: his worl shall be with flood,  
With sole objection of my selfe. Though in his hand he bear  
A rage like fire, though fire it selfe his raging fingers were,  
And burning Steele flew in his strength. Thus he incited h's,  
And they raid iances, and to worke, with mixed courages,  
And up flew clamor, but the heate in *Hector*, *Phobus* gave  
This temper: Doe not meet (said he) in any single brave,  
The man thou threatn'it, but in preafe, and in thy strength impeach  
His violence; for sare off, or neare, his sword or dart will reach.

The gods voyce made a difference in *Hectors* owne conceit  
Betwixt his, and *Achilles* words; and gave such overweight,  
As weigh'd him backe into his brenth, and curbl'd his flying out.  
At all th'rew fierce *Aecides*, and gave a horrid shout.

The first of all he put to dart, was fierce *Iphition*,  
Surnam'd *Otryndes*, whom *Nas*, the water Nympsh made sonne  
To towne-destroyer *Oryntus*. Beneath the snowy hill  
Of *Tmolus*, in the wealthy towne of Ide: at his will,  
Were many able men at armes. He rustling in, tooke full  
*Petess* lance in his heads midft, that cleft in two his skull.  
*Achilles* knew him, one much fam'd, and thus insulted then:  
Th'art dead *Otryndes*, though cald the terrifiest of men;

Thy race runs at *Gyges* lake, there thy inheritance lay  
Neare fishy Hillus, and the gulfes of Hermus: but this day  
Removes it to the fields of *Troy*. Thus left he night to feaze  
His cloed eyes, his body laid in course of all the preafe;  
Which Grecian horse broke with the stakcs, nail'd to their chariot wheelies.

Next (through the temples) the burst eyes, his deadly javelin steeles  
Of great-in-*Troy* *Antenor* sonne, renoun'd *Demoleon*;

A mighty turner of a field. His overthrow set gone  
*Hippodamus*, who leaps from horse, and as he fled before  
*Aecides*, his turned backe he made fell *Pelias* gore,  
And forth he pust his flying soule, and as a tortur'd Bull,

(To *Neptune* brought for sacrifice) a troupe of yongsters pull  
Downe to the earth, and drage him round about the hallowed shore,  
To please the warry deite, with forcing him to rore;

And

And forth he powres his utmost throte. So bellow'd this slaine friend  
Of flying *Ilion* with the breath that gave his being end.

Then rasht he on, and in his eye had heavenly *Polydore*,  
Old *Priams* sonne, whom last of all, his fruitfull Princesse bore;

And for his youth (being deare to him) the King forbad to fight.

Yet (hot of unexperienc't blood, to shew how exquisite  
He was of foot: for which of all, the fiftie sonnes he held  
The speciall name.) He flew before the first heare of the field,  
Even till he flew out breath and soule, which through the backe, the lance  
*Of swift Achilles* put in ayre, and did his head advance  
Out at his navill: on his knees the poore Prince crying fell;

And gatherd with his tender hands, his entrails; that did well

Quite through the wide wound, till a cloud as blacke as death conceald

Their sight, and all the world from him. When *Hector* had beheld

His brother tumbld so to earth (his intrailes still in hand)

Darke sorrow overcast his eyes; nor fare off could he stand

A minute longer: but like firche brake out of the throng,

Shooke his long Lance at *Thetis* sonne; and then came he along

To feed th'encounter: O (said he) here comes the man that most

Of all the world destroys my minde: the man by whom I lost

My deare *Patroclos*; now not long, the crooked pathes of warre,

Can yeeld us any privie scapes. Come, keepe not off so farre,

(He cryed to *Hector*) make the paine of thy fure death as short

As one so desperat of his life, hath reason. In no sort,

This frightened *Hector*, who bore close: and said, *Aecides*,

Leave threats for children; I have powre to thunder calumnies,

As well as others and well know thy strength superiour farre,

To that my nerves hold, but the gods, (not nerves) determine warre:

And yet (for nerves) there will be found, a strength of powre in mine,

To drive a lance home to thy life; my lance as well as thine

Hath point and sharpenesse, and tis thus. This brandishing his speare,

He set it flying; which a breath of *Pallas* backe did bear

From *Thetis* sonne, to *Hectors* selfe, and at his feete it fell.

*Achilles* us'd no dart, but close flew in, and thought to deale

With no strokes, but of fure dispatch, but what with all his bloud

He labor'd; *Phabos* clear'd with ease, as being a god, and stood

For *Hectors* guard, as *Pallas* did, *Aecides* for thine.

He rapt him from him; and a cloud of much night cast betwene

His perfon, and the point oppofde. *Achilles* then exclain'd

O see yet more gods are at worke; *Apollo*: hand hath fram'd

(Dog that thou art) thy refue now: to whom go, pay thy vowes

Thy safetie owes him; I shall vent in time those fatal blowes,

That yet beaten in my heart, on thine; if any god remaine,

My equall fautor. In meane time, my anger must maintaine

His fire on other Ilians. Then laid hit at his feet,

Great *Demochus*, *Philetor* sonne; and *Dryope* did greet

With like encounter. *Dardanus* and strong *Lagonus*,

(Wife *Byas* sonnes) he hurld from horse, of one victorious

*Polydore*, *Thetis*  
iy *Achilles*.

*Achilles* return  
at the fight f  
H. *Hector*.

*Hector* &  
ch. 16.

*Pallas*, *Thetis*, *her*  
body, *lance*, *as*  
*lance*, *the*, *as*  
*Achilles*.

*Apollo* refues  
*Hector*.

With

With his close sword, the others life he conquer'd with his lance,  
Then *Tros*, *Alestor's* sonne made in, and fought to scape their chance,  
With free submition. Downe he fell, and praid about his knees,  
He would not kill him, but take ruth, as one that Destinies  
Made to that purpose, being a man borne in the selfe same yearre  
That he himselfe was: O poore foole, to sue to him to beare  
A ruthfull minde, he well might know, he could not fasshion him,  
In ruths soft mould, he had no spirit to brooke that interum  
In his hot fure: he was none of these remorsefull men,  
Gentil and affable: but fierce at all times, and mad then.

He gladly would have made a prayre, and still so hugg'd his knee,  
He could not quit him: till at last his sword was faine to free  
His fetterd knees, that made a vent for his white livers blood,  
That cauld such pittifull affects, of which it pou'rd a floud  
About his bosome, which it fild, even till it drown'd his eyes;  
And all sens feild him. Forth then flew this Prince of tragedes,  
Who next, stoopt *Mulius*, even to death, with his infatiate speare:  
One care it enterd, and made good his passe to th' other care.

*Echecius* then, (*Agenors* sonne) he strooke betwixt the brows,  
Whose blood let fire upon his sword, that cold it till the throwes  
Of his then labouring braine, let out his soule to fixed fate,  
And gave cold entry to blake death. *Deucalion* then had fate  
In these mens beings: where the nerves about the elbow knir,  
Downe to his hand his speares steele pierc't, and brought such paine to it,  
As led Death joynly, whom he saw before his fainting eyes,  
And in his necke fel, with a stroke, laid on io, that off fleyes  
His head: one of the twic twelve bones, that all the blake bone make,  
Let out his marrow, when the head, he helme and all did take,  
And hurl'd amonst the Ilians; the body stretcht on earth.

*Rhigmus* of fruitfull Thrace, next fell, he was the famous birth  
Of *Pireus*: his bellies midts, the lance tooke, whose sterne force,  
Quite tumbl'd him from charior. In turning backe the horse,  
Their guider *Aretibous*, receiv'd another lance,  
That thrum him to his Lord. No end was put to the mischance  
*Aribiles* entred: But as fire, falne in a flash from heaven,  
Inflames the high-woods of dry bils, and with a storm is driven  
Through all the Sylvane deepes, and raves, till downe goes every where  
The smotherd hill: So every way, *Achilles* and his speare  
Consum'd the Champaine, the blake earth flow'd with the weives hetore.  
And looke how Oxen, (yok't and driven about the circulat floore  
Offorne faire barne) tread fodainly the thicke sheaves, thin of corne,  
And all the corne consum'd with chaffe: so mixt and overborne,  
Beneath *Achilles* one-how'd horse, shields, speares, and men lay red,  
His axel-tree, and chariot wheelles, all spattered with the blood,  
Hurl'd from the steeds hoves, and the stakes. Thus to be magnified,  
Mis most inaccessible hands, in humane blood he died.

The end of the twentieth Booke.

THE



## THE XXI. BOOKE OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

In two parts, *Troyes* best parted; *Thetis* sonne,  
One to Scamander, one to Ilion  
Pursues. Twelve Lords he takes alive, to end  
In sacrifice, for vengeance to his friend.  
*Asteropas* dye by his fierce hand,  
And *Triams* sonne, *Lycanon*, Over land  
The floud breakes: where, *Achilles* being engag'd,  
*Vulcan* preferves him, and with firsit errag'd,  
Sets all the Champaine and the Floud on fire;  
Contention then doth all the gods inflire,  
*Apollo* in *Agenors* shape, doth stay  
*Achilles* fure; and by giving way,  
Makes him purfue, till the deere gives leave,  
That *Troy* in safety might her friends receive.

### Another Argument.

Phy, at the flouds shore, doth exprefse  
The labours of *Hecicles*.

**A**nd now they reaht the goodly swelling channell of the floud,  
Gulfe-eating *Xanthus*, whom *Troye* mixt with his immortall brood:  
And there *Achilles* cleft the host of ilion: one side fell  
On *Xanthus*, th'other on the towne: and that did he impell  
The same way that the last daies rage, put all the Greckes in rout,  
When *Heitors* furie reignd: thefe now *Achilles* pou'rd about  
The scattered field. To stay the flight, *Saturnia* calfe before  
Their hafte feet, a standing fogge, and then flights violence bore  
The other halfe full on the floud. The silver-gulphed deepe  
Receiv'd them with a mighty cry: the billowes vast and steepe,  
Ror'd at their armours, which the flores did round about refound:  
This way and that, they swum, and shriket, as in the gulphs they drownd:  
And as in fir'd fields, Locusts rife, as the unweared blaze  
Piles still their rising, till in swarmes, all ruth as in amaze,  
(For scape) into some neighbour floud: So, th' Achillean stroke,  
Here drove the foe: the gulphic floud with men and horse did choke.

Then on the shore, the Worthy hid, and left his horrid lance  
Amids the Tamariskes, the spritelike, did with his sword advance  
Up to the river; ill affaires, tooke up his furious braine,  
For *Troyes* engagements: every way, he doubl'd slaine on slaine.

Simili.

A

Smit.

Achilles  
brangcanc-  
ter of Iliac:

A most unmanly noise was made, with those he put to wrode,  
Of grones and oucries, the floud blusht to be so much engerd  
With such basefoules: And as small fish, the swift-finn'd Dolphin flic,  
Filling the deepe pits in the ports; on whose close strength they lie:  
And there he swallows them in holes: So here, to rockes and holes,  
About the floud, the Troians fled; and there most lost their soules:  
Even till he stirr'd his slaughterous arme. Twelve faire yong Princes then,  
He chulde of all, to take alive, to have them freshly slain.  
On that most solemne day of wreake, revolv'd on for his friend.  
These led he trembling forth the floud, as fearefull of the ernd,  
As any Hinde calves: all their hands he pinnioned behinde  
With their owne girdles; worne upon their rich weeds, and raignt  
Their persons to his Myrmidons, to bearre to fleete: and he  
Plung'd in the stremme againe, to take more wroke of Tragedie.  
He met, then issuing the floud; with all intent of flight,  
*Lycoson*, (*Darden Priams sonne*) whom lately in the night,  
He had surprisde, asin a wood of *Priams* he had cut  
The greene armes of a wilde figgetree; to make him spokes to put  
In Naves of his new chariot. An ill then, all unthought,  
Stole on him in *Achilles* shape, who tooke him thence, and brought  
To well-built Lemnos, selling him to famous *Iason* sonne:  
From whom, a guest then in his house, (*Imbrion Ectione*)  
Redemp d at high rate, and sent hom t *Arisba*, whence he fled,  
And law againe his fathers court: eleven daies banquetted  
Amongst his friends; the twelvth god thrust his haplefe head againe  
In handis of sterne *Eacles*, who now must send him slaine,  
To *Priams* Court, and gaist his will. Him, when *Achilles* knew  
Naiued of helmet, shielde, sword, lance, all which for cashe he threw  
To earth, being overcome with weare, and labour wearyng  
His flying knees) he storm'd, and said; O heaven, a wondrous thing  
Invades mine eyes, those Illians that heretofore I fluc,  
Rise from the darke dead, quicke againe: this man, fate makes of hew  
Her ewne Steele fingers: he was sold in Lemnos, and the deepe  
Of all Seas, twixt this Troy, and that (that many a man doth kepe  
From his low'd country) barres not hinc; Come then, he now shal taste  
The head of *Pelias*, and try if Steele will downe as fast  
As other fortunes; or kinde earth can any surer seife  
On his sic person; whose strong armes have held downe *Hercules*.  
His thoughts thus mov'd, while he stood firme, to see if he, he spide,  
Would offer flight, (which first he thought) but when he had desirice,  
He was desiried, and flight was vaine; scarcefull, he made more nere,  
With purpose to embrase his knees, and now long'd much to slie  
His blacke fate, and abhorred death, by comming in. His foe  
Observ'd all this, and up he rais'd his lance, as he would throw;  
And then *Lycoson* close ran in; fell on his breast, and tooke  
*Achilles* knees, whose lance (on earth now staid) did overlooke,  
His full-turnd backe, with thirst toglat his sharpe point with the bloud,  
That lay so ready; but that thirst, *Lycoson* thirst withstande,

T. 3

To save his bloud, *Achilles* knee, in his one hand he knifte,  
His other held the long lance hard, and would not part with it:  
But thus besought: I kisse thy knees, divine *Eacles*:  
Respect me, and my fortunes rae, I now present th'accesse  
Of a poore suppliant, for thy ruth: and I am one that is  
Worthy thy ruth (*O Iove* belov'd). First houre my miseries  
Fall into any hand, twas thine: I tasted all my bread  
By thy gift since: O since that houre, that thy surprisall led  
From forth the faire wood, my sad feere; fare from my lovd allies,  
To famous Lemnos, where I found an hundred Oxens prize  
To make my ransome: for which now, I thrice the worth will raire.  
This day makes twelve since I arriv'd in Ilion: many daies  
Being spent before in sufferance; and now a cruell fate,  
Thrulst me againe into thy hands. I shoulde haue love with hate,  
That with such set maligantie, gives thee my life againe.  
There were but two of us, for whom *Lantboe* suffered paine,  
*Lantboe*, old *Ales* feed, *Ales*, whose pallace stood  
In height of upper Pedafus, neere *Satibus* silver floods;  
And rulde the warre-like Lelegi. Whole feed (as many more)  
*King Prism* married, and begot the godlike *Polydor*.  
And me accurst: thou slaughterdist me; and now thy hand on me  
Will prove as mortall. I did think when here I met with thee,  
I could not scape thee; yet give eare, and addeth thy minde to it,  
I told my birth to intamate, though one fire did beget,  
Yet one wombe brought not into light, *Hector* (that flue thy friendy  
And me. O doe not kill me then, but let the wretched end  
Of *Polydor* excuse my life. For halfe our being bred  
Brothers to *Hector*, be (halfe) paid, no more is forfeited.  
Thusfud he humbly; but he heard, with this austere reply:  
Foole, urge not ruth, nor pride to me; till that solemntie  
Resolv'd on, for *Patroclus* death, pay all his rites to fate:  
Till his death I did grace to Troy, and many lives did rate  
At price of ransome: but none now of all the brood of Troy,  
(Who ever love throwes to my hands) shall any breath enioy,  
That death can beatre out; specially that touch at *Priams* race.  
Die, die, (my friend) what teares are these? what sad lookes spoyle thy face?  
*Patroclus* died, that farre past thee: may feest thou not beside,  
My selfe, even I, a faire yong man, and rarely magnifide;  
And (to my father, being a King) another have, that fits  
In ranke with goddesse; and yet, when thou hast spent thy spirits,  
Death, and as violent a fate, must overtake, even me.  
By twilight, morne-light, day, high noone, whenever Destinie  
Sets on her man to hurle a Lance, or knifit out of his string,  
An arrow that must reach my life. This said, a languishing  
*Lycoson* heart beat like his knees, yet left him strength to advance  
Both hands for mercy, as he kneeld. His foe yet leaves his Lance,  
And forth his sword flies, which he hid, in furrow of a wound,  
Driven through the joynure of his necke, flat fell he on the ground,

Cc

Stretchs

*Lycoson*: ruthfull  
unsuccessfull  
Achilles for his  
life.

Stretcht with deaths pangs, and all the earth embrow'd with timeless blood.  
 Then gript *Aescides* his heele, and to the loytic flood  
 Hung (winging) his unpittied corfesto see it swim, and tosse  
 Up on the rough waves; and said; Goe, feed fat the fish with losse  
 Of thy left blood: they cleane will lukec thy greene wounds, and this saves  
 Thy mother teares upon thy bed. Deep *Xanthus* on his waves,  
 Shall hoyle thee bravely to a tombe, that in her burly breast,  
 The sea shall open, where great fish may keepe thy funerall lefft  
 With thy white fat: and on the waves, dance at thy wedding late,  
 Clad in blacke horror, keeping closte inaccessible state.  
 So perish Ilians, till we plucke the browes of Ilion  
 Downe to her feete, you flying still; I flying still upon,  
 In the rete, and (as my browes were forckt, with rabid horns)  
 Toss ye together. This brave flood that strengthens and adornes  
 Your citie with his silver gulphes; to whom so many buls,  
 Your zeale hath offred; with blinde zeal his sacred current guls,  
 With casting chariots, and horse; quicke to his prayd-for aide,  
 Shall nothing profit: perish then, till cruell st death hath laide  
 All at the red feete of revenge, for my slaine friend, and all  
 With whom the absence of my hands, made yours a scellial.  
 This speach great *Xanthus* more enrag'd, and made his spirit contend,  
 For meanes to shut up the oþ vaine, against him, and defend  
 The Troians in it, from his plague. In meane time *Pelias* sonne,  
 (And now with that long Lance he hid) for more blood, set upon  
*Asteropaeus*, the descent of *Pelagon*, and he  
 Of broad-stream'd *Axius*, and the dame (of first nativitie,  
 To all the daughters that renown'd, *Aesammenus* seed)  
 Bright *Peribea*, whom the flood, arm'd thicke with losy reet  
 Comprest. At her grandchild now went, *Thetis* great sonne, whose foe  
 Stood arm'd with two darts, being set on by *Xanthus*, angred so  
 For those youths blood, shed in his stremme by vengeful! *Thetis* sonne,  
 Without all mercy. (Both being neare) great *Thetis* begunne  
 With this high question. Of what race art thou that darst oppoſe  
 Thy powre to mine thus? cursed wombs, they ever did disclose,  
 That stood my anger. He reply'd, What makes thy furies beate,  
 Talke, and fecke Pedigrees? farre hence, lies my innative feate,  
 In rich Pœonia. My race, from broad-stream'd *Axius* runs;  
*Axius*, that gives earth pureft drinke, of all the watrie sons  
 Of great *Oceanus*, and got the famous for his spear,  
*Pelagon*, that fatherd me, and these Pœonians here,  
 Arm'd with long Lances, here I leade: and here the eleventh faire light  
 Shines on us, since we entred Troy. Come now, (brave man) let's fight.  
 Thus speake he, threatening; and to him *Pelidas* made reply  
 With shaken *Pelias*, but his foe, with two at once let flye,  
 (For both his hands were dexterous:) one javelin strooke the shield  
 Of *Thetis* sonne, but strooke not through (the gold gods gift) repeld  
 The eager point: the other lance fell lightly on the part  
 Of his fairer right hands cubit, forth the blacke blood spunne; the dart

Glanc't

Glancet over, fastening on the earth, and there his spleene was spent,  
 That wifht the body. With which wiſh, *Achilles* his lance fens,  
 That quite mist, and infixt it ſelfe fast in the ſteepe-up ſhore.  
 Even to the midſt, it enterd it, himſelfe then fiercely bore  
 Vpon his enemye with his ſword. His ſoe was tugging hard  
 To get his lance out: thrice he pluckt, and thrice ſure *Pelias* bard  
 His wiſh evillution. The fourth plucke, he bow'd, and meant to breake  
 The Aſhen plant, but (ere that aþ) *Achilles* ſword did cheeke  
 His bent powre, and brake out his ſoule. Full in the navill ſtead  
 He ript his belly up, and out his entrailes fell, and dead  
 His breathlesſe body: whence his armes *Achilles* drew, and ſaid:  
 Lie there, and prove it dangerous, to lift up adverſe head,  
 Against *Ioves* ſonnes, although a flood were Anactor to theſe.  
 Thy vants urg'd him, but I may vant a higher pedigree,  
 (From *Iove* himſelfe:) King *Peleus* was ſoane to *Aescus*,  
 Infernal *Aescus*, to *Iove*, and I, to *Peleus*.  
 Thunder-voyc't *Iove*, farre paſtſh floods, that onely murmurs raiſe  
 With earth and water, as they runne, with tribute to the ſeas.  
 And his ſeed theirs exceeds as farre. A flood, a mighty flood  
 Rag'd neere them now, but with no aid. *Iove* muſt not be withſtood.  
 King *Achelous* yeelds to him, and great *Oceanus*,  
 Whence all floods; all the ſea, all founts, wells, all deepes humorouſe,  
 Fetch their beginnings; yet even he feares *Ioves* ſlaſh, and the cracke  
 His thunder gives, when out of heaven it teares atwo his racke.

Thus plackt he from the ſhore, his lance, and left the waves to wash  
 The wave ſprung entrailes, about which, Fauſens and other ſilh  
 Did ſhole, to nibble or the fat, which his ſweet kidneyes hid.  
 This for himſelfe, now to his men, (the well-rode *Peonis*) did  
 His rage contend. All which, cold Feare hooke into flight, to ſee  
 Their Captain ſlaineat whose maſde flight (as much enrag'd) flew he,  
 And then fell all theſe, *Thrasim*, *Mydon*, *Aſſipilus*,  
 Great *Ophelches*, *Enim*, *Meneus*, *Therfilochus*.  
 And on theſe, many more had faline, unleſſe the angry flood  
 Had rooke the figure of a man, and in a whirlepit stood,  
 Thus ſpeaking to *Aescides*. Paſt all, powre ſeeds thy will,  
 (Thou great grandchild of *Aescus*) and paſt all, th'art in ill.  
 And gods themſelves, confederates; and *Iove* (the beſt of gods)  
 All deaſt gives thee: all places not. Make my ſhores periods  
 To all ſhore ſervice. In the field, let thy field acts run hie,  
 Not in my waters. My ſweet ſtreames, choake with mortalitie  
 Of men, ſlaine by thee. Carkaffes foglut me, that I faile  
 To poure into the ſacred ſea, my waves; yet ſtill affaile  
 Thy cruell forces. Ceafe, amaze affeſts me with thy rage,  
 Prince of the people. He reply'd, Shall thy command affwage  
 (Gulf-fed *Scamander*) my tree wrath? He never leave purſude  
 Proud Ilians slaughter; till this hand in her ſild wals conclude  
 Her flying forces, and hath tried in ſingle fight, the chance  
 Of warre with *Hector*, whose event, with starke death, ſhall advance

C 2

One

Aſſipilus  
Mydon  
TherfilochusAſſipilus  
Therfilochus  
ThrasimTreasuror  
in the  
city of  
EphesusXanthus  
Axius  
ThetisAſſipilus  
Therfilochus

One of our conquests. Thus againe he like a Fure flou  
 Vpon the Troians: when the floud his sad plant did purue,  
 To bright *Apollo*, telling him he was too negligent  
 Of *Jove's* high charge; importuning by all meanes vehement,  
 His helpe of Troy, till lastest Even shoulde her blacke shadowes powre  
 On earth broad breake. In all his wroth, *Achilles* yet from shore,  
 Leapt to his middest. Then sweld his waves, then rag'd, then boyl'd againe  
 Against *Achilles*: up flew all, and all the bodies flaine.  
 In all his deepes, (of which the heapes, made bridges, to his waves)  
 He belteut, roring like a Bull, The unslaine yet he saves.  
 In his blacke whirlepis vast and deepe. A horrid billow flood  
 About *Achilles*. On his shield the violence of the flood  
 Beate fo, it drave him backe, and tooke his fet up, his faire palme  
 Enforc't to catch into his stay, a broad and lofty Elme,  
 Whose roote he tost up with his hold, and tore up all the shore,  
 With this then, he repelde the waves, and those thicke armes it bore,  
 He made a bridge to bear him off, (for all fell in) when he  
 Wroth from the channell threw himselfe. The rage did terrifie,  
 Even his great spirit, and made him addewings to his swiftest feet,  
 And tread the land. And yet not there the floud leit his retrewe,  
 But thrust his billowes after him, and blacke them all at top,  
 To make him feare, and fyc his charge, and set the broad field ope  
 For Troy to scape in. He sprang out a darts cast, but camcon  
 Againc with a redoul'ble force: as when the swiftest flowne,  
 And strongest of all fowles, (*Jove's* blacke Hawke) the hunteſſe stoops upon  
 A much lov'd Quarrie. So charg'd he, his armes with horrour rung,  
 Against the blacke waves: yet againe he was foug'd, he flung  
 His body from the floud, and fled. And after him againe  
 The waves flew roring: as a man that findes a water vaine,  
 And from some blacke founte is to bring his streames through plants & groves;  
 Goes with his Mattocke, and all cheeks, set to his course, removes;  
 When that runnes frely: under it the pibbles all give way,  
 And where it findes a fall, runnes swift: nor can the leaſter stay  
 His current then: Before himſelfe full pac't, it murmurſ on.  
 So, of *Achilles*, evermore, the ſtrong flood vantage wonne,  
 (Though moft deliver) gods are ſtill above the poures of men.

As oſt as th'able godlike man endevour'd to maintayne  
 His charge on them that kept the floud, (and charg'd as he would try  
 If all the gods in habitng the broad unreachd ſkie,  
 Could dant his ſpirit) ſo oft ſtill, the rude waves charg'd him round;  
 Rampt on his ſhoulders, from whofe depth, his strength & ſpirit would bound  
 Vp to the free ayre, vext in foul. And now the vehement flood,  
 Made faint his knees: ſo overthwart, his waves were, they withfloud  
 All the denyed dust, which he wilfht, and now was faint to cry:  
 Caſting his eyes to that broad heaven, thatlate he long'd to try:  
 And ſaid, O *Jove*, how am I left? No god vouchſafes to free  
 Me, miſerable man; helpe now, and after torture me  
 Wiþ any outrage. Would to heaven, *Hector*, (the mightieſt

*Notes on the 21st Book*  
*Notes on the 21st Book*

Bred

Red in this region) had imbred' his javelin in my breast,  
 That ſtrong might fal by ſtrong. Where now weake waters luxurie,  
 Muſt make my daie bluſh: one, heaven-bore, hal like a hog-herd die,  
 Drownd in a darke torrentis rage. Yet none of you in heaven,  
 I blame for this; but the alone, by whom this life was giuen,  
 That now muſt dyce thus. She would ſtill delude me with her tales,  
 Affirming *Phœbus* thifts ſhould end within the Trojan wals  
 M / curſt beginn'g. In this ſtraiſt, *Nepiſane* and *Pallas* flew  
 To fetch him off. In mens ſhapes both, cloſe to his danger drew:  
 And, taking both, both hands, thus ſpake the ſhaker of the world:  
*Pelias*, doe not ſtirre a foot; nor theſe waues proudly curld  
 Against thy bold breast, ſearc a jot; thou haſt us two thy friends,  
 (*Nepiſane* and *Pallas*) loye himſelfe, approv'g th'ade we lend.  
 This nothing, as thou feart with fate; the will not ſee thee drown'd:  
 This height thall foone downe, thine owne eyes ſhall ſee it ſet aground.  
 Be ruide then, wele aduife thee well, take not thy hand away,  
 From putting all, indifferently, to all that it can lay  
 Vpon the Troians: till the walles of haughty Ilion  
 Conclude all in a desperate flight: and when thou haſt ſet gone  
 The ſoule of *Hector*, turne to fleſt: our hands ſhall plant a wreath  
 Of endleſſe glory on thy browses. Thus, to the freefrom death,  
 Both made retreat. He (much impeld by charge, the godheads gave)  
 The field, that now was overcome with many a boundleſſe wave,  
 He overcame: on their wilde breaſts, they toſt the carkaſes  
 And armes of many a slaughtered man. And now the winged knees,  
 Of this great Captaine, bore ſloſt against the floud he flies  
 With full ſiluſte: nor could that god make ſhrinke his refued thighs:  
 Nor ſtarke the floud, but as he grew powerfull, he grew mad:  
 Thrift up a bellow to the ſkie, and cristall ſimois bad  
 To his affiſſance: ſimois, Ho, brother, (out he cried)  
 Come, ade thy current, and reſiſt this man halfe deified,  
 Or Ilion he will pull downe ſtrayeth the Troians cannot ſtand  
 A minute longer. Come, affiſſ, and iſtantly command  
 All ſoultaines in thyrule to riſe; all torrentis to make in,  
 And ſluffe thy billowes, with whose height, engender ſuch a din:  
 (With trees tornē up, and jutting ſtones) as ſo immane a man,  
 May ſhrinke beneath us: whose poure thrives, do my poure all it can:  
 He dares things fiercer for a god. But, nor his forme, nor force,  
 Nor gloriouſe armes ſhall profit it: all which, and his dead corſe  
 I wau to rowle up in my hands: Nay, burie in my mud:  
 Nay, in the very ſinkes of Troy: that pou'r'd into my floud,  
 Shall make him drowning worke enough: and being drown'd, he ſet  
 A ſort of lucid ſtrong ſilth on him, that Greece ſhall never get  
 His bones from it. There, there ſhall ſtand *Achilles* ſepulcher,  
 And ſave a buriall for his friends. This furie did tranſfere  
 His high rig'd billoves on the Prince, roring with blood and ſome,  
 And carkaſes. The crimson ſtreame did ſnatch into her womb,  
 Surpris'd *Achilles*; and her height, ſtood, held up by the hand

*Nepiſane* &  
*Pallas*  
 and he refutes  
 him.

Xerxes to  
 ſimois.

Of *Love* himselfe. Then *Juno* cried, and cald (to countermand  
This watry Deitie) the god that holds command in fire,  
A raid least that gulf-stomackt floud would satiate his desire  
*Laud to C. 41.* On great *Achilles*. *Malciber?* my best lov'd sonne? (she cried)  
Rowze thee, for all the gods conceive, this floud thus amplified,  
Is rais'd at thee; and strewes as if his waves would drowne the skie,  
And put all the sphere of fire, haſte, helpe thy Emperic:  
Light flames, deep as his pits. Our ſelfe, the West wind, and the South,  
Will call ouſt of the ſea, and breathe in eithers full-charg'd mouth  
A ſtorme rengeare thy fires againſt Troy; which ſhall (in one exhal'd)  
Blow flames of ſweat about their browes, and make their armors ſkald.  
Goe thou then, and (againſt the winds riſe) make wortke on *Xanthus* ſhore,  
With ſetting all his trees on fire: and in his owne breast poure  
A fervor that ſhall make it burne, nor let faire wordz or threats  
Avert thy furie, till I ſpeake, and then ſubdue the heates  
Of all thy Blazes. *Malciber* prepard a mighty fire,  
firſt, in the field uſde: burning up the bodies, that the ire  
Of great *Achilles* reft of ſoules: the quite-drown'd field it dried,  
And thrunke the floud up. Andas fields that have been long time cloide  
With catching weather, when their corne lies on the gavill heape,  
Are with a conſtant North wind dried, with which for comfort leape  
Their hearts that ſowd them: So this field was dri'd, the bodies burn'd,  
And even the floud into a fire, as bright as day was turn'd.  
Elmes, willows, tamriſks, were enflam'd, the late trees, ſea-graſe reeds,  
And ruſhes, with the galineale roots (of which abundance breeds  
About the ſweet floud) all were fir'd: the gliding filches flew  
Upwards in flames: the groveling Eleſes crept upright, all which ſlew  
Wife *Vulcans* unreſtled ſpirit. The floud out of a flame,  
*Handwriting*  
*From the writer's*  
*hand to C. 41.* Cried to him; Ceafe, O *Malciber*, no deitie can tame  
Thy matchleſſe vertue: nor would I, (ſince thou art thus hot) ſtrive.  
Ceafe then thy ſtrife: let *Theris* ſonne, with all thy wiſh haſt, drive  
Even to their gates theſe Ilians, what toucheth me their aide,  
Or this Contention? thus in flames the burning river prayde:  
And as a Caldron, underput with ſtore of fire, and wrought  
With boylng of a well-fed Brawne, up leapes his wavealoſt,  
Ravins of ſcre wood urging it, and ſpending flames apace,  
Till all the Caldron be engirt with a conſuming blaze.  
So round this floud burn'd, and foſd his ſweet and tortur'd ſtreames;  
Nor could flow forth, bound in the fumes of *Vulcans* fyre beameſ.  
Who (then not mov'd) his mothers ruth, by all his meanes he craves,  
And askt, why *Vulcan* ſhould invade, and ſo torment his waves,  
Past other flouds? when his offence roſe not to ſuch degree,  
As that of other gods for Troy; and that himſelfe would free  
Hir wrath to it, if ſhe were pleaſde; and prayd her, that her ſonne  
Might be reſlected: adding this, that he would ne're be wonne,  
To helpe keepe off the ruinous day, in which all Troy ſhould burne,  
fir'd by the Grecians. This vow heard, ſhe charg'd her ſonne to turne  
His fierie ſpirits to their homes: and ſaid, it was not fit

A god ſhould ſuffer ſo for men. Then *Vulcan* did remit  
His ſo unmeaſur'd violence, and backe the pleaſant flood  
Ranne to his channell. Thus theſe gods ſix made friends, th' other ſtood  
At weightie diſference; both ſides ranne together with a ſound,  
That earth reſounded; and great heaven abouſt did ſurebound.

*Love* heard it, ſitting on his hill, and laught to ſee the gods  
Buckle to armeſ like angry men: and (he pleaſde with their ods)  
They laid it freely. Of them all, thump-buckler *Mars* began;  
And at *Minerva* with a lance of braſſe he headlong ran;

*Mars againſt*  
*Minerva.*

Theſe vile words uſhering his blowes: thou dog-fie, what's the cauſe  
Thou makſt gods fight thus? thy huge heart breakes all our peacefull lawes  
With thy inflatiue flameſneſſe. Remembrefth thou the hoire  
When *Dioned* charg'd me? and by thee? and thou with all thy powre,  
Tookſt lance thy ſelfe, and in all fights, ruſht on me with a wound?

Now vengeance falſ on thee for all. This ſaid, the ſhield fring'd round

With fighting Adders, borne by *Love*, that not to thunder yeelds,

He clapt his lance on, and this god, that with the blood of fields,

Pollutes his godhead; that ſhield pierſt, and hurt the armed Maid:

But backe ſhe leapt, and with her ſtrong hand, rapt a huge ſtone laid

Above the Champaine, blacke and ſharpe, that did in old time breake

Partitions to mens lands; and that she dufed in the necke

Of that imperious challenger. Downe to the earth he ſwayd,

And overlaid feuen acres land: his hayre was all berayd

With durt and bloud mixt; and his armes rung out. *Minerva* laught,

And thus iuſtled: O thou foole, yet haſt thou not beeene taught

To know mine eminence? thy strength, oppoſet thou to mine?

So pay thy mothers furies then; who for their aides of thine,

(Ever affoorded perjur'd Troy, Greece ever left) takes ſpleene,

And vowed thee miſchiefe. Thus ſhe turn'd her blew eyes, when *Loves* Queen

The hand of *Mars* tooke, and from earth raid him with thick-drawn breath,

His ſpirits not yet got up againe. But from the preale of death,

Kinde \* *Aphrodite* was his guide. Whiche, *Juno* ſeeing, exclaim'd:

*Pallas*, ſee, *Mars* is helpt from field? Dog-flye, his rude tongue na'md

Thy ſelfe even now, but that his love, that dog-flye will not leave

Her old confort. Vpon her, flye. *Minerva* did receive

This excitation joyfully, and at the Cyprian flew,

Strooke with her hard hand, her ſoft breaſt, a blow that overthrew

Both her and *Mars*, and there both lay together in broad field.

Wh'en thus ſhe triumphē. So lie all that any ſuccours yeeld

To theſe falſe Troians, gainſt the Greeks, ſo bold and patient,

As *Venus*, (thunning charge of me) and no leſſe impotent

Be all their aides, then her to *Mars*: ſo ſhort worke would be made

In our depopulating Troy (this hardieſt to invade,

O falſe earths cities.) At this wiſh, white-wriſted *Juno* ſmiled.

Next *Neptune* and *pollo* stood upon the point of field,

And thus ſpake *Neptune*: Phœbus! come, why, at the lances end

Stand we thus? twill be a shame for us to re-aceſend

*Love*'s golden house, being thus in field, and not to fight. Begin,

*Minerva* in falſe  
over *Mars*.

*Venus.*

*Mars* and *Venus*  
or *troilus* by  
*tauſ. ac.*

For tis no graciefull worke for me: thou haft the yonger chin,  
I older, and know more. O foole! what a forgetfull heart  
Thou bear'st about thee? to stand here, prest to take th'Ilian part,  
And fight with me? Forgett thou then, what we two; we alone  
(Of all the gods) haue sufferd here? when proud *Laomedon*  
Enjoyd our seruice a whole yeare, for our agreed reward?  
*Iove* in his sway would haue it so, and in that yeare I rear'd  
This broad braue wall about his towne, that (being a worke of mine)  
It might be inexpugnable. This seruice them was thine,  
In iust (that so many hilis, and curld-head forrests crowne)  
To feed his oxen, crooked shank, and headed like the Moone.  
But when the much-joy bringing hours, brought terme for our reward,  
The terrible *Laomedon* dismissit us both, and scard  
Our high defersours; nor alone to hold our promist see.  
But gue us threats too. Hand and feet he swore to fetter thee,  
And sell thee as a slave; dismissit, farre hence to foraine illes;  
Nay more, he would haue both our carcs. His vowes breach, and reuiles,  
Made us part angry with him than, and doest thou gratulate now  
Such a kings subiects? or with us, not their destruction vow,  
Even to their chaste wifes and their babes? He answere, he might hold  
His wifedome little, if with him (a god) for men he would  
Maintaine contention: wretched men, that flourish for a time  
Like leaves; eate some of that earth yeelds; and give earth in their prime,  
Their whole felues for it. Quickly then let us fite fight for them,  
Nor shew it offred: let themselues bearre out their owne extreme.

Thus he retir'd, and fear'd to change blowes with his uncles hands,  
His sister therefore chid him much, (the goddesse that commands  
In games of hunting) and thus spake: Flicst thou? and leau't the field  
To *Nepunes* glory? and no blowes? O foole! why dost thou wield  
Thy id'e bow? no more my ears shall heare thee vant in skies,  
Dares to meet *Nepune*, but Ile telly thy cowards tongue it lies.

He answerd nothing; yet *Ioves* wife could put on no such raines,  
But spake thus loofly: How dar'st thou, dog, whom no scarres containes,  
Encounter me? twill proue a match of hard condition:  
Though the great Lady of the bows, and *Iove* hath sent thee downe  
For Lyon of thy sexe; with gift to slaughter any Dame  
Thy proud will enuyes; yet some Dames will proue th'hadst better tame  
Wilde Lyons upon hilis, then them. But if this question reflets  
Yet under judgement in thy thoughts; and that thy minde contests,  
Itemake this now: Sodainly, with her left hand she catcht  
Both *Cynthias* paimes, lockt fingers fast, and with her right she snatched  
From her faire shoulders, her guile bow; and (laughing) laid it on  
About her eares, and evry way her turnings leiz'd upon,  
Till all her arrows scattered out, her quiver emptied quite.  
And as a Dove, that (flying a Hawke) takes to some rocke her flight,  
And in his hollow breasts sit safe, her fate not yet to dye:  
So fled the mourning; and her bow, left there. Then *Mercurie*,  
His opposite, thus undertooke: *Lation* at no hand

I

Dams of the  
unfortunate

I

Smit.

Will I bide combat; tis a worke right dangerous to stand,  
At difference with the wifes of *Iove*, Goe therefore, freely vant  
Amongst the deities, th'haft subdu'd, and made thy combattant  
Yecld with plaine powre. She answ'red not, but gather'd up the bow  
And haftis false from her daughters side, retiring. Up did goe  
*Diana* to *Ioves* stary hall, her incorruptid veale

Trembling about her, so she shooke. *Phebus* (lest Troy should faille  
Before her Fate) flew to her wals, the other deities flew  
Up to Olympus; some enrag'd, some glad. *Achilles* flew  
Both men and horse of Ilion. And as a citie fir'd,  
Cafts up a heate, that purles heaven; clamors and shriekes expir'd

In every corner; toyle to all, to many, miserie;

Which fir, th incensed gods let fall; *Achilles* so let flyc  
Rage on the Troians; toiles and shriekes, as much by him imposidc.

Old *Priam* in his sacred towre stood; and the flight discloſde,  
Of his forct people; all in rout, and not a stroke return'd,  
By fled resistance. His eyes saw, in what a furie burnd

The sonne of *Peleus*, and downe went weeping from the towre,  
To all the port-guards, and their Chieffes, told of his flying powre,  
Commanding th opening of the ports; but noto let their hands  
Stire from them; for *Axaces* would poure in with his bands.

Destruction comes, O shunthem strait, when we are in (he praid;) For, not our wals I feare, will checke this violent man. This said,  
Off lifted they the barries; the ports hal'd open, and they gaue  
Safety her entry, with the host; which yet they could not save,  
Had not *Apollo* fallid out, and strooke Destruction

(Brought by *Achilles* in their neckes) backe; when they, right upon  
The ports bore all, dry, dusty, spent; and on their shoulders rode  
Rabid *Achilles* with his lance; still Glory being the gode  
That prickt his Furie. Then the Greeks high-ported Ilion  
Had seiz'd, had not *Apollo* fir'd, *Aeneas* famous sonne,  
Diuine *Agenor*, and cast in an undertaking spiri  
To his bold boosome, and him selfe stod by to strengthen it,  
And keepe the heavie hand of death from breaking in. The god  
Stood by him, leaning on a beach, and cover'd his abode  
With night-like darkenesse; yet for all the spiri he inspir'd,  
When that great citie-racers force, his thoughts strooke, he retir'd,  
Stood, and went on; a world of doubts still falling in his way;  
When (angry with himselfe) he said: Why suffer I this stay,  
In this so strong need to goo on? If, like the rest I flie,  
Tis his best weapon to give chace, being twist, and I should dyc  
Like to a coward. If I stand, I fall too. These two waies  
Please not my purpose; I would live. What if I suffer these  
Still to be routed? and (my feete affording further length)  
Palle all these fields of Ilion, till Idas sylvane strength,  
And steep heights shroud me, and at Even, refresh me in the floud,  
And turne to Ilion? O my soule, why drown'st thou in the bloud  
Of these discourses? If this courfe, that talkes of further flight,

Smit.

*Priam's entry  
at Achillea.**Aeneas' forces  
by Apollo.**Aeneas' forces  
in Ilion.*

*Ioues bountie  
for ever all  
men obserues.*

*Aeneas  
obserues.*

I give my feet; his feet more swift, have more ods. Get he fight  
Of that paſſe; I paſſe leaſt, for pace, and length of pace, his thighs  
Will stand out all men. Meſte him then, my ſteele hath faculties  
Of power to pierce him; his great breast, but one ſoule holds, and that  
Death claimes his right in (all men fay) but he holds ſpeciall ſtate  
in ſevere high bounte: that's paſſ man, that every way will hold;  
And that ſerves all men, every man. This laſt heart made him bold,  
To ſtand Achilles, and ſtird up a mighty minde to blowes.  
And as a Panther (having heard the hounds trailes) doth diſclose  
Her freckl'd forehead, and ſtarcs forth, from out ſome deepe-grown wood,  
To try what strength dares her abroad, and when her iſtry blood  
The hounds haue kindl'd, no quench ſerves, of love to live, or feare, (ſpearē,  
Though strooke, though wounded, though quite through, the ſeels the mortall  
But till the mans cloſe strength the tries, or ſtrowes earth with his dart,  
She puts her Strength out. So it ſat d with brave Agenors heart,  
And till Achilles he had prov'd, no thoughts, no deeds, once ſtird  
His fixed foot. To his broad breaſt, his round ſhield he preſted,  
And up his arme went, with his ayne, his voynce out, with hiſ cry:  
Thy hope is too great (*Peleus ſonne*) this day to ſhew thine eye  
Troyes Ilion at thy foot; O fool! the Greckes with much more woes,  
More then are ſuffered yet, muſt buy great Ilions overthrows.  
We are within her many ſtrong, that for our parents ſake,  
Our wifeſ and children will ſave Troy, and thou (though he that makes  
Thy name ſo terrible) ſhall make a ſacrifice to her,  
With thine owne ruines. Thus he threw, nor did his javelin erre,  
But strooke his foes leg, neere his knee; the ſeruenteele did ring  
Againſt his tin greaves, and leapt backe. The fires ſtrong-handēd king,  
Gave vertue of repule, and then Eacides affal'd  
Divine Agenor, but in vain; Apollos powre prevail'd,  
And rapt Agenor from his reach, whom quietly he piaſt  
Without the skirmiſh, casting miſts to ſave from being chaſt,  
His tender perſon, and (he gone) to give his ſoulder ſcape,  
The deitie triu'rd Achilles ſtill, by putting on the ſhape  
Of him he thirſted; euermore he fed his eye, and fled;  
And he with all his knees purſu'd. So cunningly he led,  
That ſtil he would be neare his reach, to draw his rage, with hope,  
Farre from the conſlict, to the flood maintaining ſtil the ſcope  
Of his attraction. In meane time, the other frightened powres,  
Came to the citie, comforted, when Troy and all her towres  
Stroked with fillers; none would ſtand to ſee who ſtaid without,  
Whoscapt, and who came ſhort: the ports cleſt to receive the rout,  
That pourd it ſelfe in. Every man was for himſelfe; Moſt ſcete,  
Moſt fortunate, who ever ſcap't, his head might thanke his feet.

*The end of the one and twentieſt Booke.*

THE



## THE XXII. BOOKE OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*At Troians bounden Hector, only be  
Keeps ſtill, and undergoes the extremitie.  
Eacides affalting, Hector ſtrikes,  
Minerva ſtares him: he refiſteth, and dies,  
Achilles to his chariot doth enforce,  
And to the naual station, drags his corfe.*

### Another Argument.

*Hector (in Chi) to death is done,  
By powre of Peleus angry ſonne.*

Ap 10/10  
Aeclides.  
**T**hus (chaſt like Hindes) the Ilians, tooke time to drink and eat,  
And to refresh them; getting off the mingl'd dust and weate,  
And good strong riapres on in stead. The Greeks then cast their ſhields  
Aloft their ſhoulders; and now Fate their neare invasion yeelds  
Of thoes tough wals. Her deadly hand compelling Hectors stay  
Before Troy at the Scæan ports. Achilles ſtill made way  
At Phœbus, who, his bright head turn'd, and aſk: Why (*Peleus ſonne*)  
Purſuſt thou (being a man) a god? thy rage hath never done.  
Acknowledge not thine eyes my flate; effecmes thy minde no more  
Thy honour in the chaſe of Troy, but puts my chace before  
Their utter conqueſt; they are all now houlede in Ilion,  
While thou huntſt me. Whar wiſhſt thou? my bloud will never runne  
On thy proud javelin. It is thou (replid Aeclides)  
That putſt dishonour thus on me, (thou worſt of deities)  
Thou turnſt me from the wals, whose ports had never entertain'd  
Numbers now enter'd, over whom thy ſaving hand hath raign'd.  
And rob'd my honour. And all is, ſince all thy actions ſtand,  
Past ſcare of reckoning: but held I the mealeu in my hand,  
It ſhould afford thee deare-bought ſcapes. Thus with elated ſpirits,  
(Steed-like, that at Olympus games, weares garlands for hiſ merits,  
And rattles home hiſ chariot, extending all hiſ pride)  
Achilles ſo parts with the god. When aged Priam ſpide  
The great Greek come, (ſpear'd round with beameſ, and ſhowing as if the ſtar  
Surnam'd Orion bound, that ſprings in Autumne, and ſends fare  
Hiſ radiance through a world of ſtarres; of all whose beameſ, hiſ owne  
Caf greatest ſplendor: the midnight that renders them moſt ſhowne,  
Then being their foile, and on their points; cure-paſſing Fevers then,

Come

Come thaking downe into the joyns of miserable men:  
 As this were faine to earth; and shot along the field his raires,  
 Now towards *Priam* (when he saw in great *Achilles*)  
 Out flew his tender voyce in shrikes, and with rairede hands he smit  
 His reverend head, then up to heaven he cast them, shewing it.  
 What plagues it sent him? Downe againe then threw them to his sonne,  
 To make him shun them. He now stood without steepe Ilion,  
 Thirsting the combat; and to him thus miserably cri'd  
 The kinke olde King. O *Hector!* flye, thin man this homicide,  
 That strait will stroy thee. Hee's too strong, and wouldest to heaven he were  
 As strong in heavens love as in mine; Vultures and dogs should teare  
 His prostrate carkasse, all my woes quench with his bloody spirits.  
 He has rob'd me of many sonnes, and worthy, and their merites  
 Sold to farre Ilands: two of them (aye me) I misse but now,  
 They've not entred; nor stay here, *Laocheo*, O twas thou,  
 (O Queen of women) from whose womb they breacht'd: O did the tents  
 Den're them only; brasie and gold would purchase safe events  
 To their sad durance: tis within. Old *Ales* (yong in fame)  
 Gave plenty for his daughters dowre, but if they fed the flame  
 Of this mans furie, woe is me; woe to my wretched Queene.  
 But in our states woe, their two deaths will nought at all be scene;  
 So thy life quit them: take the towne, retire (dearlonne) and lave  
 Troyes husbands and her wives, nor give thine owne life to the grave,  
 For this mans glory: pity me, me, wretch, so long alive,  
 Whom in the doore of Age, *love* keepes; that he may deprive,  
 My being in Fortunes utmost curse, to see the blackest third  
 Of this lifes miseries; my sonnes slaine, my daughters ravished,  
 Their resting chambers sackt, their babes torn from them, on their knees  
 Pleading for mercy, themselves drag'd to Grecian slaveries,  
 (And all this drawne through my redeyes.) Then last of all kneele I  
 Alone, all helplessse at my gates, before my enemy.  
 That cruthelese gives me to my dogs: all the deformities  
 Of age discover'd, and all this, thy death (fought wilfully)  
 Will poure on me. A faire yong man, at all parts it beseemes,  
 (Being bravely slaine) to lye all gaſt; and weare the worst extremes  
 Of warres most crueltie, no wound of whatsoever ruth,  
 But i. his ornament: but I, a man so farre from youth;  
 White head, white bearded, wrinkl'd, pin'd, all shame must shew the eye:  
 Live, prevent this then, this most shame of all mens misery.

Thus wept the old King, and tore off his white haire, yet all these  
 Retir'd not *Hector*. *Hecuba* then fell upon her knees,  
 Stript naked her boſome, shew'd her breasts, and bad him reverence them,  
 And pittie her: if ever she had quieted his exclaime,  
 He wouldest ceafe her, and take the towne, not tempting the rude field,  
 When all had left it: thinke (laid he) I gave thee life to yeld  
 My life recomfort; thy rich wife shall have no rites of thee,  
 Nor doe thee rites: our teares shall pay thy corſe no obsequie,  
 Being ravish't from us; Grecian dogs, nourish't with what I auſt.

Thus

Thus wept both theſe, and to his ruth propoide the utmoſt wort,  
 Of what could chance them, yet he ſtaid. And now drew deadly neare  
 Mighty *Achilles*, yet he ſtill kept deadly ſtation there.

Looke how a Dragon when the fees a traveller bent upon  
 Her breeding den, her boſome ſed with fell contagion,  
 Gathers her forces, ſits him ſtrike, and at his neareſt pace,  
 Wraps all her Cauerne in her folds, and thrus't a horrid face  
 Out at his entry: *Hector* ſo, with unextinguiſht ſpirit,  
 Stood great *Achilles*: ſtird no ſtoot, but at the prominent turrell,  
 Bent to his bright ſhield, and refolvd to bearc falne heaven on it.  
 Yet all this reſolute abode, did not ſo truly fit  
 His free election, but he felt a much more galling ſpurre  
 To the performance, with conceit of what he ſhould incurre,  
 Entring, like others, for this caufe, to which he thus gave way.

O me, if I ſhall take the towne, *Polydamas* will lay  
 This flight, and all this death on me, who counſelld me to leade  
 My pouers to Troy: this laſt blacke nighte, when ſo I ſaw make head,  
 Incenſt *Achilles*, I yet ſtaid, though (paſt all doubt) that courſe  
 Had much more profitid then ruine, which, (being by to much worse,  
 As comes to all our flight and death) my folly now I feare,  
 Hath bred this ſcandal, all our towne now burnes my ominous care  
 With whispering: *Hectors* ſelfe concurc bath cast away bi his ſteff.  
 And (this true) this extremitie that I relye on moſt,  
 Is beſt for me, ſtay, and retire with this mans life, or die  
 Herc for our citie with renoume, ſince all elſe fled, but I.  
 And yet one way cuts both theſe wayes; what if I hang my ſhield,  
 My helme and lance here on theſe wals, and mee in humble field,  
 Renownd *Achilles*, offering him *Helen* and all the wealth,  
 What ever in his hollow keeles, bore *Alexanders* stealth  
 For both th' *grieves*? For the reſt, what ever is poſſeſt  
 In all this citie knowne or hid by oath ſhall be confeſt  
 Of all our ciſtians; of which, one halfe the Greckes ſhall have,  
 One halfe themſelves. But why (lov'doule) would theſe ſuggeſtions ſave  
 Thy ſtate ſtill in ne? Ile not ſue, nor would he grant, but I,  
 (Mine armes cast off) ſhould be affir'd, a womans death to die.  
 To men of oke and rocke, no words; Virgins and youths talk thus;  
 Virgins and youths that loue and woe, there's other warre with us:  
 What blowes and conſlicts urge, we cry; hates and diſiances,  
 And with the garlands theſe trees beare, try which hand *torr* wil blesſes.

These thoughts employd his ſtay, and now *Achilles* comes, now neare  
 His Mars-like preſence, terribly, came brandiſhing his ſpear,  
 His right arme ſhooke it, his bright armeſ like day, came glittering on,  
 Like fire-light, or the light of heaven, ſhot from the riſing Sun.  
 This fight outwrought discourse, co'd Feare ſhooke *Hector* from his ſtand,  
 No more ſtay now, all ports were leſt, he fled in feare the hand  
 Of that Feare master, who hawk like, ayres ſwiftſt paſſenger,  
 That holds a timorous Dove in chace, and with command doth beare  
 His fierie onler: the Dove haſts, the Hawk comes whizzing on,

Dd

A ſimile extract  
 fynow *Hector*  
 fled *Achilles*

Hector adi. 11. 10. 1

*Achilles* already  
 full appris'd to  
*Hector*.

This

At his way, and that, he turnes and windes, and cuffs the Pigeon;  
 And till he truste in his great spirit layes hot charge on his wing :  
 So urg'd Achilles, Hectors flight, so still Feares point did sting  
 His troubl'd spirit, his knees wrought hard; along the wall he flew,  
 In that faire chariot way that runnes beneath the towre of view,  
 And Troyes wido fig-tree, till they reacht, where those two mother springs,  
 Of deepe *Scamander*, pour'd abroad their silver murmurings.  
 One warme, and casts out fumes, as fire, the other, cold as snow,  
 Or hale diuolv'd. And when the Sunne made ardent sommer glow,  
 There waters concrete christall shin'd; neare which, were cisternes made,  
 All pav'd, and cleare, where Trojan wives, and their faire daughters had  
 Landrie for their fine linnen weeds, in times of cleanly Peace,  
 Before the Grecians brought their siege. These capaines noted these,  
 One flying th'other in pursue, a strong man flew before;  
 A stronger followed him by sare, and close up to him bore.  
 Both did their best, for neither now, ranne for a sacrifice,  
 Or for the sacrificers hide (our runners usuall prite)  
 Thise ranne for tame horse Hectors soule. And as two running Steeds,  
 Backt in some set race for a game, that tries their swiftest speeds,  
 (A tripod, or a woman given for some mans funerals;) Such speed made these men, and on foot, ranne thrice about the wals.  
 The gods behid them, all much mov'd, and Iove said: O ill fight !  
 A man I love much, I see forct in most unworthy fight  
 About great Ilios; my heart grieves, he paid so many vowed,  
 With thighs of sacrificed beeves, both on the losy brows  
 Of Ida, and in Ilios bright. Consult we, shall we free  
 He from death? or give it nowe Achilles victorie ?

Achilles answerd Alter Fate ? one, long since markt for death,  
 Now take from death? doe thou, but know, he still shall runne beneath  
 Our other censures. Be it then, (replice the Thunderer)  
 I'v lvd Tritonia, at thy will, in this I will preferre  
 Thy free intention, worke it all. Then stoopt he from the skie,  
 To this great combat. *Peleus* sonne purfud incessantly,  
 Still flying Hector: as a Hound that having rowzd a Hart,  
 Though he tappish ne're so oft, and every shrubbe part,  
 Attempts for strength, and trembles in, the Hound doth still pursue  
 So clost, that nota foot he failes, but hunts it still at view :  
 So plied Achilles, Hectors steps, as oft as he assaid  
 The Dardan ports and towres for strength, (to fetch from thence some aid,  
 With winged shafts) so oft forct he amends of pace, and slept  
 Twixt him and all his hopes; and still, upon the field he kept  
 His utmost turnings to the towne. And yet, as in a dreame,  
 One thinkes he give another chace, when such a fain'd extreame  
 Possefeth both; that he in chace, the chacer cannot stie,  
 Nor can the chacer get to hand his flying enemy :  
 So, not Achilles chace could reach the flight of Hectors pace;  
 Nor Hectors flight enlarge it selfe, of swift Achilles chace.  
 But how chanc't this? how, all this time, could Hector bear the knees

Of

Of fierce Achilles, with his owne, and keepe off Destinies,  
 If *Phœbus* (for his last and best) through all that course hath fail'd.  
 To adde his succours to his nerves? and (as his foe assaid)  
 Ncare, and within him, fed his scape. Achilles yet well knew  
 His knees would fetch him, and gave signes to some friends (making them  
 Of shooting at him) to forbear, lest they detracted so  
 From his full glory; in first wounds, and in the overthrow,  
 Make his hand laft. But when they reacht, the fourth time, the two sounts;  
 Then Iove, his golden skoles weigh'd up, and tooke the last accounts  
 Of fate for Hector; putting in, for him, and *Peleus* sonne,  
 Two faces of bitter death; of whiche high heaven receiv'd the one,  
 The other hell: so low declin'd the light of Hectors life.  
 Then *Phœbus* left him, when warres Queene came to resolve the strife,  
 In th'others knowledge: Now (said he) Iove-lovd *Axides*,  
 I hopeat last to make renowne, performe a brave accesse  
 To all the Grecians; we shall now lay low this champions height,  
 Though never so infiate was his great heart of fight.  
 Nor must I scape our pursuit still, though all the feet of Iove  
 Apollo bowes into a sphere, soliciting more love  
 To his most favour'd. Breathe thee then, stand firme, my selfe will haft,  
 And hearten Hector to change blowes. She went, and he stood fast,  
 Leant on his lance; and much was joy'd, that single strokes should try  
 This fadgning conflict. Then came clost the changed deuide  
 To Hector, like *Deiphobus* in shape and voyce, and said:  
 O brother, thou art too much urg'd, to be thus combated  
 About our owne wals; let us stand, and force to a retreat  
 Th'influting Chifer. Hector ioy'd at this so kinde deceit,  
 And laid: O good *Deiphobus*, thy love was most before  
 (Of all my brothers) deare to me, but now, exceeding more  
 It costs me honour, that thus urg'd, thou com'st to part the charge  
 Of my last fortunes; other friends, keepe towne, and leave at large  
 My racking endeavours. She replide: good brother, tie most true,  
 One after other, King and Queen, and all our friends did sue  
 (Even on their knees) to stay me there; such tremblings shake them all,  
 With this mans terror: but my minde so griev'd to see our wall  
 Girt with thy chases; that to death I long'd to uregthy stay.  
 Come, fight we, thirty of his bloud, no more let's feare to lay  
 Colton our Lances, but approve, if bloudied with our spoyles,  
 He can bear glory to their fleet, or shut up all their toykes  
 In his one sufferance on thy Lance. With this deceit, she led,  
 And (both come neare) thus Hector spake: chrice I have compassed  
 This great towne (*Peleus* sonne) in flight, with averation,  
 That out of Fate put off my steps, but now, all flight is flowne,  
 The short course set up, death or life. Our refolations yet,  
 Must shun all rudenesse; and the gods before our valour set,  
 For use of victorie, and they, being worthiest witnessess  
 Of all vowedes, since they keepe vowes best, before their deities,  
 Let vowedes fit respect, passe both; when Conquest hath bestow'd

Dd 2

palladio

palladio

Hector to Peleus

Hector to Achilles

Her

Her wreath on either. Here I vow, no furie shall be shew'd,  
That is not manly, on thy corfe; but, having spoil'd thy armes,  
Refigne thy person, which I swear thou. These faire and temperate termes,  
Farre fled Achille, his browes bent, and out flew this reply.

*Hector, thou onely pestilence in all mortalitie,*  
*To my sere spirits, never let the pointe twixt thee and me*  
Any conditions, but as farre as men and Lyons flye,  
All termes of covenant, lambs and wolves: in so faire opposite stafe,  
(Imposseble for love attone) stand we, till our soules satiate  
The god of souldiers; doe not dremme that our disfunction can  
Endure condition. Therefore now, all worth that fits a man,  
Call to thee, all particular parts that fit a souldier,  
And they, all this include, (besides, the skill and spirit of warre)  
Hunger for slaughter; and a hate that eates thy heart, to eate  
Thy foes heart. This stirs, this supplies, in death, the killing heate  
And all this needst thou. No more flight; *Pallas Athene*  
Will quickly cast thee to my lances; now, now together draw  
All grices for vengeance, both in me, and all my friends late dead  
That bled thee, raging with thy Lance. This said, he brandished  
His long Lance, and away it fang: which, *Hector* giving view,  
Stoupt low, stood firme, (foreseeing it best) and quite it overflowe,  
Falsting on earth. *Athena* drew it, and gaue her friend,  
Vnfeene of *Hector*. *Hector* then, thus spake: thou want'st thy end,  
(God-like *Achilles*: ) now I see thou hast not learn'd my fate,  
Of love at all, as thy high words would brauely intimate;  
Much tongue affects thee; cunning words well serue thee to prepare  
Thy blowes with threats; that mine might faint, with want of pinte to dare;  
But my backe never turns with breath; it was not borne to bear  
Burthenes of wounds; strike home, before, drine at my breast thy spear,  
As mine at thine shall; and try then, if heauens will fauour thee  
With scape of my Lance. O would *Jove* would take it after me,  
And make thy bofome take it all; an easie end would crowne  
Our difficult warres, were thy soule fled; thou most bane of our towne.  
Thus flew his dart, toucht at the midle of his vast shield, and flew  
A huge way from it; but his heart, wrath entred with the view  
Of that hard scape, and heavy thoughts strooke through him, when he spide  
His brother vanisht, and no lance, beside left; out he cri'd,  
*Deiphobus!* another Lance. Lance, nor *Deiphobus*  
Stood neare his call. And then his minde saw all things ominous,  
And thus suggested: Woe is me, the gods haue calld, and I  
Must meete Death here; *Deiphobus* I well hope had beeне by,  
With his white shield, but our strong wals, sheld him; and this deceit  
Flowers from *Mercurie*; now, O now, ill death comes, no more flight,  
No more recoverie: O *Jove*, this hath beeне otherwise,  
Thy bright boone, and thy selfe, haue set, the Greckes a greater prize  
Of *Hectors* bloud then now, of which (even iealous) you had care;  
But fate now conquers; I am hers; and yet, nor she shall share  
In my renowne; that life is left, to every noble spirit;

*Hector's re-*  
*plies to Hector.*

*Achilles first*  
*encounter with*  
*Hector.*

*Pallas.*

*Hector at A-*  
*chilles.*

*Hector amaze-*  
*with the deat-*  
*of Pallas.*

And that some great deed shall beget, that all liues shall inherit,  
Thus, forth his sword flew, sharpe and broad, and bore a deadly weight,  
With which, he rush't in: and looke how an Eagle from her height,  
Stoopes to the rapture of a Lambe, or cuffes a timorous Hare:  
So fell in *Hector*, and at him, *Achilles*, his mindes fare,  
Was fierce and mighty: his shiled cast a Sun-like radiance,  
Helme nodded; and his fourt plumes shooke, and when he rais'de his lance,  
Up *Hector* rose amongst th'evening starres. His bright and sparkling eyes,  
Look through the body of his foe, and sought through all that pris,  
The next way to his thirsted life. Of all wayes, onely one  
Appeard to him; and that was, where th'unequal winding bone,  
That joynts the sholders and the necke, had place, and where therelay  
The speeding way to death: and there, his quicke eye could display  
The place it fought; even through those armes, his friend *Patreclus* wore,  
When *Hector* stike him. There he arm'd, and therin his javelin tore  
Stern passage quite through *Hector*'s necke; yet mist it so his throte,  
It gave him powre to change some words; but downe to earth it got  
His fainting body: then triumpht divine *Achilles*,

*Hector*, (said he) thy heart supposde, that in my friends decease,  
Thy life was safe; my absent arme, nor car'd for: Fool! he left  
One at the fleete, that better'd him; and he it is that ref  
Thy strong knees thus; and now the dogs and fowles, in foulest usc  
Shall tear thee up, thy corfe exposde to all the Grecques abuse.

He, fainting, said: Let me implore, even by thy knees and soule,  
And thy great parents; doe not see a crueltie so foule  
Inflicted on me; brasse and gold, receive at any rate,  
And quit my person; that the Peeres and Ladies of our state,  
May tombe it, and to sacred fire, turne thy prophane decrees.

Dog, (he replied) urge not my ruth, by parents, soule, nor knees;  
I wold to God that any rage wold let me ease thee raw,  
Slic't into pieces; so beyond the right of any law,  
I taft thy merits; and beleve, it flies the force of man,  
To rescuse thy head from the dogs. Give all the gold they can,  
If cente or twenty times so much, as friends would rate thy price,  
Were tendred here, with vowed more; to buy the cruelties  
I here have vow'd, and after that, thy father with his gold  
Would free thy selfe; all that should fail, to let thy mother hold  
Solemnities of death with thee; and doe thee such a grace,  
To mourne thy wholc corfe on a bed; which peccemeale he deface  
With fowles and dogs. He (dying) said: I (knowing thee well) forswaw  
Thy now tried tyrannie; nor hop't for any other law

Of nature, or of nations: and that feare, for't much more  
Then death, my flighe, which never toucht at *Hector*'s foot before:  
A soule of iron informes thee; marke, what vengence th'equal fates  
Will give me of thee, for this rage. Thus deaths hand closde his eyes,  
*Phabus* and *Pars* meeete with thee; when in the Seean gates  
His soule flying his faire lims, to hell, mourning his destinies,  
To part so with his youth and strength. Thus dead, thus *Thetis* sonne,

*The last re-*  
*quest of He-*  
*ctor and*  
*Hector.*

*Hector*  
wounded to  
death.  
*Achilles* is-  
sitation:

*Hector's dy-*  
*ing request to*  
*Achilles.*

*Achilles in-*  
*flexibility.*

*Hector's pro-*  
*phecy of A-*  
*chilles deat-*

(Author of proprietie answ'red) Diethou now; when my short thred is spunne,  
Hee beare it as the will of *Iove*. This said, his brazen speare,  
He drew, and stukke by: then his armes (that all embrued were)  
Hesp'old his shouolders of. Then all the Greckes ran to him,  
To see his person; and admir'd, his terror stirring him:  
Yet none stoo'd by, that gave no wound, to his goodly forme;  
When each to other said: O *Iove*, he is not in the storme.  
He came to steeet in, with his fire, he handles now more lost.

O friends, (said Sterne *Besides*) now that the gods have brought  
This man thusdowne, Ile freely say, he brought more bane to Grecce,  
Then all his aiders. Try wethen, (thus arm'd at every peice,  
And girding all Troy with our host) if now their hearts will leave  
Their citie cleare; her cleare stay slaine, and all their lives receive;  
Or laid yet, *Hector* being no more. But why use I a word  
Of any set, but what concernes my friend? dead, undeplor'd,  
Vesp'p'cherd, he lies at steeet, unthought on, never haure  
Shal make his dead state, while the quecke chnoyes me, and this powre,  
To move these movers. Though in hell, men say, that such as dy'e,  
Obliv'on seifeth, yet in hell, in me that Memoric  
Hold all her formes still, of my friend. Now, (youths of Greece) to steeet  
Bearc we this body; *Pearns* sing, and all our navie greeete  
With endlesse honour; we haue slaine, *Hector*, the period  
Of all Troyes glory; to whose worth, all woud, as to a god.

This said, a work not worthy him, he set to: of both feete,  
He bor d the nerves through, from the heele, to th' ankle; and then knie  
Both to his chariot, with a thong of whiteleather; his head  
Traving the center. Up he got to chariot, where he laid  
The armes repurchar'c, and scourg'd on his horse, that frely flew.  
A whilwunde made of start'l dust, drave with them, as they drew,  
With which wereall his black-brownie curles, knotted in heapes, and fild.  
And there lay Troyes late Gracious, by *Jupiter* exil'd  
To all disgrace, in his owne land, and by his parents seene.

When (like her sonnes head) all with dust, Troyes miserable Queene,  
Was cleane d her temples; plucking off her honord haire, and tore  
Her self, all garments, shrieking out. In like kinde, *Priam* bore  
His shamed peron; like a wrach that never saw good day,  
Breaken with outcries. About both, the people prostrate lay;  
Frold alone with Clamor, all the towne, vail'd with a cloud of teares.  
High were all his tops on fire, and all the misfares,  
Left for the Greeks, could put on lookes, of no more overthrow  
Then no. Hidlife. And yet the king did all their looks outshow,  
The wre. The people could not bear his soveraigne wretchedne,  
Having him to, thrusting out, and prayng all the preaste  
To open him the Dardan ports; that he alone might fetch  
His dearest sonne in; and (all fil'd with tumbling) did beseech  
Each man by name, thus: Loued friends, br you content, ic me  
Through much yegricue be that poore meane, to our sad remed.c.  
Sooth in our wishes; I will goe, and pray this impious man,

Author

(Author of horrors) making proose, if ages reverence can  
Excite his pitie. His owne fire, is old like me, and he  
That got him to our griefes; perhaps, may (for my likenesse) be  
Means for our ruth to him. Alas, you haue no cause of care,  
Compar'd with me; I, many sonnes, grac't with their fretheit years;  
Haue lost by him, and all their deaths, in sllaughter of this one,  
(Afflicted man) are doubl'd: this, will bitterly set gone  
My soule to hell. O would to heaven, I could but hold him dead  
In these pind armes: then tears, on teares, might fall, till all were shed  
In common fortune. Now amaze their natural course doth stop,  
And prickes a mad veine. Thus he mourn'd, and with him, all brake ope  
Their store of sorowes. The poore Queene, amongst the women wept,  
Turn'd into anguish: O my sonne, (she cried out) why, still kept,  
Patient of horrors, is my life, when thine is vanished?  
My daies thou glorificid; my nights, rong of some honourd deed,  
Done by thy vertues: ioy to me, profit to all our care.  
All made a god of thee; and thou, madst them, all that they are.  
Now under fate, now dead. These two, thus vented as they could,  
Their sorrowes furnace. *Hector*'s wife, not haung yet beene told  
So much, as of his stay without. She in her chamber close,  
Sat at her Loome: a piece of worke, gract with a both fides glōſe,  
Strewd curiously with varied flowers, her pleasure was, her care,  
To heate a Caldron for her Lord, to bath him, turnde from ware:  
Of which, she chiefe charge gave her maides. Poore Dame, she little knew  
How much her cares lackt of his case. But now the Clamor flew  
Up to her turret: then she shooke, her worke fell from her hand,  
And up she started, cald her maides; she needs must understand  
That ominous outcry. Comec (said she) I heare through all this cry  
My mothers voyce shrick; to my throte, my heart bounds, extatic  
Vtterly alters me: some fate is neare the hapless sonnes  
Of fading *Priam*: would to god my words suspicioſe  
No care had heard yet: O I feare, and that most heartily,  
That with lone stratagem, the sonne of *Peleus* hath put by  
The wall of Ilion, my Lord, and (trust of his seer)  
Obtained the chafe of him alone; and now the curious heate  
Of his still desperate spirit is cold. It let him never keep  
In guard of others, before all, his violent foot must step,  
Or his place, forfeited he held. Thus furie like she went,  
Two women (as she wild) at hand, and made her quicke ascent  
Up to the towre, and preale of men; her spiriti in uprore. Round  
She cast her greedy eye, and saw her *Hector* slaine, and bound  
To *Achilles* chariot; manlesly, dragg'd to the Grecian fleet.  
Blake night strooke through her; under her, trance tooke away her feet.  
And backe she shrunke, with such a sway; then off her head-tire flew  
Her Coronet, Call, Ribands, Vaile, that golden *Venus* threw  
On her white shouolders; that high day, when warre-like *Hector* wonne  
Her hand in nupials, in the Court of king *Eetion*;  
And that great dowre then given with her, About her, on thair knees,

*Hector's*  
complaints,  
*Hector*.

He:

*Anaxim-*  
*cer com-*  
*plaint for*  
*Hector.*

Her husbands sisters, brothers wifes, fell round, and by degrees  
Recoured her. Then, when againe, her respirations found  
Free passe, (her minde and spirit met) these thoughts her words did sound.  
O Hector, O me cursed dame, both borne beneath one fate :  
Thou here, I in Cilician Thebes, where *Placis* doth clate,  
His shadie forehead, in the Court, where king *Etion*,  
(Haplesle) begot unhappy me; which would he had not done,  
To lue past thee: thou now art diuid to *Platos* gloomy thone,  
Sunke through the couerts of the earth: I, in a hell of mone,  
Left here thy widowe: one poore babe, born to unhappy both,  
Whom thou leau' st helpelesse, as he thee; he borne to all the wroth  
Of woe and labour. Lands left him, will others seise upon :  
The Orphan day, of all friends, helpes, robs every mothers sonne.  
An Orphan, all men suffer sad; his eyes stand still with teares.  
Need tries his fathers friends, and failes. Of all his fauourers  
It one the cup giues, tis not long; the wine he findes in it,  
Scarce moists his palate: if he chance to gain the grace, to sit;  
Surviuing fathers fennes repine; usc contumelies, strike,  
Bid, leue us; where's thy fatthers place? He (weeping with dislike)  
Retires to me. To me, alas, *Abyanax* is he  
Borne to these miseries. He that late, fed on his fatthers knee,  
To whom all knees bow'd daintiest fare, apposid him; and when Sleepe  
Lay on his temples, his cryes still'd (his heart, even laid in sleepe,  
Of al things precious) a softbed; a carefull nurses armes  
Tooke him to guardiance; but now, as huge a world of harmes,  
Lies on his suffrance; now thou wantif thy fatthers hand to friend :  
O my *Abyanax*, O my Lord; thy hand that did defend  
These gates of *Ilion*; thes long wals, by thy arme, measur'd still,  
Amply and only: yet at flete, thy naked corse must fill  
Vile wormes, when dogs are satiate; farre from thy parents cares  
Farre from those funeral ornaments; that thy minde would prepare,  
*And omache* (so fadaine being the chance of armes) euer expecting death.  
*wrought me*  
*my funeral*  
*ornaments for*  
*Hector be-*  
*fore his death*  
Which task (though my heart would not ferre emploie my hands beneath)  
I made my women yet performe. Many, and much in price  
Were those integuments they wrought, t'adorne thy Exequies:  
Whiche since thy fve thy wfe, thy corse, nor laid in their attire,  
Thy face sicke they shall be made, these hands in mischievous fire  
Shall ver their vanities. And yet, (being consecrate to thee)  
They shall be kept for citizens; and their faire wiuws, to see.  
Thus I shake free weeping, all the dames endeouuring to cheare  
Her deserte state; (fearing their owne) wept with her teare for teare.

*The end of the two and twentieth Booke.*

THE



## THE XXIII. BOOKE OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

A Chilles orders *Infts* of exequies  
For his Patroclos; and doth sacrifice  
Twelve Trojan Princes; most lov'd bounds and horse,  
And other offerings, to the honour'd Corse,  
He institutes, beforde, a funeral game,  
Where Diomed, for horse-race, wins the fame:  
For foot, Vlysses, other otherwise  
Strive, and obaigne: and end the exequies.

### Another Argument.

Pi, sings the rites of the decease  
Ordain'd by great *Æacides*.

Hus mourn'd all Troy: but when at fleet, and *Helleponis* shore,  
The Greeks arriv'd, each to his ship: onely the Conqueror  
Kept undisparct his Myrmidons: and said, lov'd countrimen,  
Disfoyne not we, chariots, and horse: but (bearing hard our reine) *Æacides*  
With state of both, march soft, and close, and mourne about the corse:  
Tis proper honoур to the dead. Then take we out our horse,  
When with our friends kinde woe, our hearts haue felt delight to doc  
A virtuous soule right, and then sup. This said, all full of woe,  
Circl'd the Corse. *Actiblls* led, and thrice about him, clost  
All bore their goodly coated horse. Amongst all, *Tetus* rose,  
And stir'd up a delight, in griefe; till all their armes with teares,  
And all the lands, were wet: so much they lov'd that Lord of feares.  
Then to the center fel the Prince, and (putting in the breast)  
Of his slaine friend, his slaughtring hands, began to all the rest  
Words to their teares. Reioyce (said he) O my *Patroclos*: thou  
Courted by *Dias* now: now I pay, to thy late overthrow,  
All my reuenges woud before; *Hector* lies slaughtred here  
Dragd at my chariot; and our dogs shall all in pieces teare  
His hated lims. Twelve Trojan youths, borne of their noblest straines  
I took alive; and (yet enraged) will empicke all their vanies  
Of vital spirits, sacrificide before thy heape of fire.

This said, a worke unworthy him, he put upon his ire,  
And trampid *Hector*, under foot, at his friends feet. The rest  
Disarm'd, tooke horse from chariot, and all to sleepe addrest  
At his blacke vessel. Infinite were thoſe that rested there,

*Himselfe*

*Actiblls*  
to the  
person of *Tetus*  
first.

Hannibal yet sleepes not, now his spirits were wrought about the chere,  
But for to high a funeral. About the steele wile then,  
Oxen in heapes lay bellowing, preparing food for men:  
Hearing of sheepe and goates, fide ayre, numbers of white-tooth'd swyne,  
Swimming in fat lay syndgynge there: the person of the slaine  
Was girt with slaughter. All this done, all the Grecke Kings convaid  
*Aet illi* to the King of men; his rage not yet allaid,  
For his *Patreclus*. Being arriv'd at *Agamemnon's* tent,  
That selfe bad Heralds put to fire a Caldron, and present  
The fauour of it to the Prince, to try if they could win  
His pleasure, to admit their paines, to cleanse the bloud sot in  
About hi: conquering hands and browes. Not, by the king of heaven  
(He lwoare). The lawes of friendship damne, this false-heart licence given  
To men that lose friends: nor a drop shall touch me till I put  
A creusis in the funerall pile, before these curles be cut,  
His tonicke crested. Tis the last of all care I shall take,  
While I consern the carefull: yes, for your entreaties sake,  
(And though I lothe food) I will eate: but early in the mornie,  
Abides your strik command, that lodes of wood be borne  
To our designd place, all that fits, to light home such a one,  
As is to pale the shades of Death, that fire enough, let gone  
His person quickly from our eyes, and our diverted men  
May ply their busynesse. This all cares did freely entertaine,  
And found obseruance: then they sup, with all things fit, and all  
Repair'd to tents and rest. The friend, the shores maritimall  
Sought for his bed, and found a place, faire, and upon which plaide  
The murmurung bilowes, There, his lims, to rest, not sleepe, he laid,  
Heavily fighing. Round about (silent, and not too neare)  
Stood all his Myrmidons, when straite (so over-labourd were  
His godly lineaments, with chace of *Hector*, that beyond  
His infirmitie not to sleepe) Sleepe cast his sodaine bond  
Over his fente, and losde his care. Then, of his wretched friend,  
The knyt ap, card; at every part the forme did comprehend  
His likenesse; his faire eyes, his voyce, his stature, every weed;  
His person wore, it fantasied, and stood aboue his head,  
This faire speech uttering. Dost thou sleepe? *Aeclides*, am I  
For gotten of thee? Being alive, I found thy memorie  
Ever respectfull; but now dead, thy dying love abates.  
Enter me quickly, enter me in *Plutes* iron gates,  
For now, the soules (the shades) of men, fied from this being, beat  
My spirit from rest, and slay, my much desir'd recit  
Amongst soules, plac't beyond the flood. Now every way I erre  
About this block doial houle of *D*. O helpe then to preferre  
My soule yet further, here I mourne: but had the funeral fire  
Containid my body, never more my spirit should retire  
From halfe low region: from thence, soules never are retriv'd  
To a leue with friends here, nor shall I, a hatefull fate depriv'd  
My beynge first, that at my birth, was fyx, and to such fate,

Even thou O god-like man, art markt; the deadly Ilion gate  
Must entartaine thy death. O then, I charge thee now, take care  
That our bones part not: but as life, combine in equall fate,  
Our louing beings; so let Death. When, from Opuntas towres,  
My farther brought me to your rootes, (since (gainft my will) my powres  
Incent, and indiscreet, at dice, flue faire *Ambidamas*)  
Then *Peleus* entertain me well; then in thy charge I was  
By his iniunction, and thy love: and therein let me still  
Receive protection. Both our bones, provide in thy last Will,  
That one Vrne may containes and make the vessel all of gold,  
That *T heta* gave thee, that rich Vrne. This said, Sleepe ceast to hold  
*Achilles* temples, and the shade, thus he receiv'd: O friend,  
What needed these commands? my care, before, meant to command  
My bones to thine, and in that Vrne. Be sure, thy will is done.  
A little stay yet, lets delight, with some full passion  
Of woe enough, either affects embrace we. Opening thus  
His greedy armes, he fel no friend: like matter vaporous  
The spirit vanisht under earth, and murmur'd in his floope.  
*Achilles* started, both his hands he clapt, and lifted up  
In this sorow wondering; O ye gods, I fee we have a soule  
In thunder-dwellings; and a kinde of man resembling idle :  
The soules feate yet, all matter felt, staies with the carkasse here.  
O friends, haplessie *Patreclus* soule, did all this night appeare  
Weeping, and making mony to me; commanding every thing  
That I intended towards him, so truly figuring  
Himselfe at all parts, as was strange. This accident did turne  
To much more sorrow, and augar a gfeedinge to mourne  
In all that heard. When mourning thus, the rosie morne arose :  
And *Agamemnon*, through the tents, wak't all, and did dispose  
Both men and Mules for cariage, of matter for the fire.  
Of all which workes, *Meriones*, (the Cretan sovereigns squire)  
Was Capitaine, and abroad they went. Wood-cutting tools they bore,  
Of all hands, and well twisted cords. The Mules march all before.  
Up hill, and downe hill, overworts, and breake-necke clifts they past,  
But when the fountain Idas tops, they scal'd with utmost haste,  
All fell upon the high-hair'd Okes, and downe their curled brows  
Fell busling to the earth: and up went all the boles and bowes,  
Bound to the Mules, and backs againe they parted the harfh way  
Amongst them, through the tangling shrubs, and long they thought the day,  
Till in the plaine field all arriv'd: for all the woodmen bore  
Logs on their neckes; *Meriones* would have it so: the shore  
At last they reaht yet, and then, downe their carriages they cast,  
And sat upon them; where the sonne of *Peleus* had plac't  
The ground for his great (epulcher, and for his friends, in one.  
They raifde a huge pile, and to armes went every Myrmidon,  
Charg'd by *Achilles*; chariots and horse were harnessed,  
Fighters and chariotiers got up, and they, the sad march led :  
A cloud of infinite foot behind. In midst of all was borne

*Achilles* his di-  
cument with him  
leaved us the  
sp armois  
*Patreclus* jude.

The morning,  
*Agamemnon*  
leads out som-  
what late to  
travel for the  
funerall bier,  
when *Meriones*  
Capitaine.

*Patre tus* perlon, by his Peeres; on him were all heads shorne;  
Even till they cover'd him with curles. Next to him, marcht his friend  
Embacing his cold necke, all sad; since now he was to send  
His dearest, to his endlesse home. Arriv'd all, where the wood  
Was heapt for funerall, they set downe. Apart *Achilles* stood,  
And when enough wood was heapt on, he cut his golden haire;  
Long kept, for *Sperchium*, the floud, in hope of safe repaire  
To *Pelusia*, by that rivers powre, but now, left hopeless thus,  
(Emerg'd, and looking on the sea) he cryed out: *Sperchium;*  
In vaine my fathers pietie, vow'd; (at my implor'd returne,  
To my lou'd countrie) that these curs should on thy shores be shorne.  
Besides a stred Hecatombe; and sacrifice beside,  
Of thy Weathers; at whose tounes, where men have edifie  
A new temple; and perfum'd an altar to thy name.  
Where vow'd he all these offerings, but fate prevents thy fame,  
His hopes not suffering finished; and since I never more  
Shall see my lou'd foyle; my friends hands, shall to the Stygian shore  
Convey these tristes. Thus he put in his friends hands the haire.  
And this bred fresh desire of mone, and in that sad affaire,  
The Sunne had set amongst them all; had *Tetus* sonne not spoke  
Thus to *Atrides*: King of men, thy aide I still invoke,  
Since thy command, all men still heare; dismiss thy souldiers now,  
And let them vicle; they have mournd sufficient, tis we owe  
The dead this honour; and wish us, let all the Captaines stay.

This heard; *Atrides* instantly the souldiers sent away,  
The funeral officers remain'd, and heapt on *maner full*,  
Till, of an hundred foot about, they made the *sarcophagus* pile:  
In whose hot height they cast the coric, and then they pourd on teares.  
Numbers of fat sheepe, and like store of crooked going stetes,  
They flue, but re the solemn fire. Stript off their hides and dreft,  
On which, *Achilles* tooke the far, and coverd the deceast  
From head to foote; and round about he made the officers pile  
That cuts nakt bodies; vessels full of honey, and of oyle,  
Put in them, laid upon a bora, and cast into the fire.  
There goodly horfe, and of nine hounds, two most in the desire  
Of charg'd Prince, and trencher-fed; all fed that hungry flame.  
Twelve Trojan Princes last stood forth; young, and of toward fame:

Two of them (set on with wicked spirits) there strooke he, there he flew.  
And to the iron strength of fire, their noble lims he threw.  
Then he ridd his last fighes, and these words: againe rejoyce my friend,  
Even in the joylesse depth of hell; now give I complete end  
To all my woes. Alone thy life sustain'd not violence;  
Twelve Trojan Princes waite on thee, and labour to inexcuse  
Thy glorious heape of funerall. Great *Hector* Ile excuse,  
The dogs shall eate him. These high threats perform'd not their abuse,  
*Paris* daughter, *Venus*, tooke the guard of noble *Hectors* Corfe,  
And kept the dogs off; night and day applying soveraigne force  
Of roll balmes, that to the dogs were horrible in tast:

And

And when whi h the body fild, Renown'd *Apollo* cast  
A cloudie rovn heaven; left with the Sunne, the serues and lineaments  
Night drie, and purifie. And now, some powres denide consents  
To this ilementrie: the fire, (for all the oyly fewell  
It had infected) would not burne; and then the louing Cruell  
Stridde for helpe, and standing off; inuokt the twotaire winds  
(*Zephyrus* and *Boreas*) to afford, the rage of both their kinds,  
To aide his outrage. Precious gifts, his earnest zcale d d vow,  
Powrd from a golden bowle, much wine, and prayde them both to blow  
That quickly, his friends Corfe might burne; and that heapes sturdy breast  
Embrace *Confumption*. It's heard; The winds wereat a feast;  
All in the Court of *Zephyrus* that (boisterous blowing air)  
Gather'd together. She that wearres, the thousand colourd haire  
Flew thither, standing in the porch: They (leing her) all arose,  
Cald to her, every one defir'd: shee would a while repole,  
And eatc with them. She answered, No, no place of feast is here,  
Retreat calles to the *Ocean*, and *Aethiopia*; where  
A Hecatome is offering now, to heaven: and there must I  
Partake the feast of sacrifice; I come to signifie  
That *Thetis* sonne implores your aides (*Princes of North and West*)  
With voweds of much faire sacrifice; if each, will let his breale  
Against his heape of funeral, and make it quickly burne;  
*Patroclus* lies there, whose decease, al the *Achians* mourne.

She layd, and parted; and our rusht, with an unmeasur'd roar,  
Those two winds, tumbling clouds in heapes; ulsters to cythers blore.  
And instantly they reache the sea. Vp flew the waves; the gale  
Was strond; reacht fruitful *Troy*, and full, upon the fire they fall.  
The huge heape thunderd. All night long, from his chok't breast they blew  
A libral flame up; and all night, swift foot *Achilles* threw  
Wine from a golden bowle, on earth; and steep't the foyle in wine,  
Still calling on *Patroclus* soule, No father could incline  
More to a sonne most deare; nor more, mourne at his burned bones,  
Then did the great Prince, to his friend, at his combustions;  
Still creeping neare and neare the heape; still fighting, weeping still:  
But when the day starre looke abroade, and promist from his hil!  
Light, which the faffion morne made good, and sprinkl'd on the seas;  
Then languish't the great pile; then funke the flames; and then calme *P.*  
Turn'd backe the rough winds to their homes, the *Thracian* billow ring:  
Their hie retreat, ruffid with cuffs, of their triumphant wings.

*Pelides* then forsooke the pile; and to his tired limme  
Chufid place of rest; where laid, sweet sleepe, fell to his wif on him.  
When all the kings guard (waiting then, perceiuing will to rise  
In that great Seshion), burried in, and op't againe his eyes  
With tumult of their troope, and haste. A little then he reard  
His troubled peron, setting vp, and this affaire referrd,  
To wilfull commandment of the kings; *Atrides*, and the rest  
Of our Commanders general, vouchsafe me this request  
Before your parting: Give in charge, the quenching with blacke wine.

The North  
and West  
windes to  
infecte the  
funerall pile.

Acidines  
Acidines  
and the other  
king.

Of

Of this heapes reliques; euerie brand, the yellow fat made shire.  
 And then, let search *Pasvalos* bones, distinguisheing them well;  
 As well ye may; they keepe the midis, the rest, at randome fell,  
 About th'extreme part of the pile. Mens bones, and horses mixt,  
 Being found, lie finde an ure of gold, t'enclote them; and betwixe  
 The ayre and them; two kels of fat, lay on them; and to *Reſt*  
 Commit them, till mine owne bones feale our loue, my soule deceast.  
 The sepulcher, I haue not charg'd, to make of too much stafe,  
 But of a modell somthing meane, that you of yonger Fate,  
 When I am gone, may amplifie; with such a breadth and height,  
 As fits your judgements and our worths. This charge receiu'd his weight  
 In all obseruance: first they quencht, with sable wine, the heape  
 As faire as it had the flame. The ash fell wondrous deape,  
 In which, his conforts that his life religiouly lou'd,  
 Searcht, weeping for his bones; which found, they confisconably prou'd  
 His will made to *Achilles*; and what his loue did adde.  
 A golden vessell, doublefat, contaynd them: all which (clad  
 In vayles of linnen, pure and rich) were solemnly conueyed  
 To *Achilles* tent. The platforme then, about the pile they layd  
 Of his fit sepulcher, and rayld a heape of earth, and then  
 Offerd departure. But the Prince retaynd there still his men:  
 Emplioied them to fetch from fleet, rich Tripods for his games  
 Caldrons, Horſe, Mules, broad-headed Beues, bright Steele, & brighter daunes.

The games  
for Patroclus  
funerall.

*Achilles*  
to the  
funerall

The best at horse race, he ordain'd, a Lady for his prie,  
 Generally praisefull; faire and yong, and skild in houlewifries,  
 Of all kinde fitting; and withall, a Triuer, that encloſd  
 Twentie two meaures roome, with eares. The next prie he propofde,  
 Was (that, which then had high respect) a mare of sixe yeres old,  
 Unhandi'd hortled with a mule; and readie to haue foal.  
 The third game was a caldron, new, faire, bright, and could for ſife  
 Containe two meaures. For the fourth, two talents quantities,  
 Of finet gold. The fift game was, a great new ſtanding boule,  
 To ſet downe both waies. Theſt brought in, *Achilles* then flood vp,  
 And ſaid, *Atrides* and my Lords, chiefe horſe men of our hoſt,  
 These games expect ye. If my ſelfe, ſhould interpoile my moſt,  
 For our horſe race, I make no doubt, but I ſhould take againe  
 These gues propofde. Ye all know well, of how diuine a ſtraine  
 My horſes are; and how eminent *Neptunes* gift they are,  
 To *Peleus*; of his to me. My ſelfe then, will not ſhare  
 In gifts given others, nor my ſteeds breath any ſpirit to ſhake  
 Their ayris paſteris; ſo they mourne for their kind guicers ſake.  
 Late loſt; that wiſt with humorous oyle, to ſlick their loſtie manes;  
 Cleare water haung cleand them firſt: and (his bane, being their bane)  
 Thoſe loſtie manes now ſrew the earth; their heads held shaken downe.  
 On them that truft in chariots, and hope with horſe to crowne  
 Your conqueiring temples; gird your ſelues; now fame and prie ſtretch for,  
 All that haue ſpirits. This firſt all, the firſt competitor  
 Was king *Eumeus*, whome the Art, of horſemanship did grace,

Sonne

Sonne to *Achilles* next to him; roke *Dianes* to the race,  
 That vnder reines ſul'd *Trajan* horſe; of late, forſt from the ſonne  
 Of Lord *Anchises*; himſelfe freed, of neare conuſion  
 By *Phœbus*. Next to him ſeruorth the yellow-headed king  
 Of *Lacedamōn*, Iorves high feed; and in his managing,  
*Padargus*, and ſwift *Æſte* trod, ſteeds to the king of men:  
*Æſte*, giuen by *Eſchepom*; the *Anchisſaden*,  
 A bribe to free him from the warre, refol'd for *Ilios*.  
 So *Delicias* ſtaffed him; whom ſove beftow'd vpon  
 A mightie wealth; his dwelling was, in broade *Sagyme*:  
 Old *Nefors* ſonne, *Ansiles*, was fourth for chivalrie  
 In this *Conſentio*: his faire horſe, were of the *Pylian* breed,  
 And his old father (coming neare) inform'd him (for good ſpeed)  
 With good Race notes; in which himſelfe, could good instruction giue.

*Antilochus* though yong thou art; yet thy grāue virtues lie  
 Belou'd of *Neptune*, and of *Jove*: their ſpirits haue taught thee all  
 The art of horſemanship; for which, the leſſe thy merits fall  
 In neede of doctrine. Well thy ſkill can yield a charion  
 In all fit turning; yet thy horſe, their flow ſteet handle not,  
 As fits thy manage, which makes me, caſt doubts of thy ſuccesse  
 I well know, all theſe are not feene, in art of this addrefſe,  
 More then thy ſelfe: their horſes yet, ſuperior are to thine,  
 For their parts: thine want ſpace to make, diſcharge of a deſigne  
 To pleafe an *Artiſt*. But goe on, ſhew bat thy art and hart  
 At all points; and let them againſt, their horſes heart, and art,  
 Good judges will not ſee thee loſe. A *Carpenters* deſert  
 Stands more in cunning then in power. A *pylote* doth auert  
 His vessell from the rocke, and wracke, toſt with the churliſh winds,  
 By ſkill not strength: ſo ſorts it here; one chariotere that finds  
 Want of anotherſ power in horſe, muſt in his owne ſkill ſet  
 An ouerplus of that, to that; and ſo the proſe will get  
 Still, that ſtill refts within a man, more grace, then powre without.  
 He that in horſe and chariots trauels, is often hur'd about,  
 This way, and that, unhandſomely; all haue wide of his end.  
 He better ſkild, that rules worse horſe, will all obſeruance bend,  
 Right on the ſope ſtill of a Race, bear neare; know euer when to reine,  
 When give reine, as his boſſe before, (well noted in his veine,  
 Of manage, and his ſteeds elate) preſents occaſion.  
 Ile give thee inſtance now, as plaine, as if thou ſawſt it done.  
 Here stands adye ſtub of ſome tree, a cubit from the ground;  
 (Suppoſe the ſtub of *Oke*, or *Larch*; for either are ſo found  
 That neither rots with wet) two ſtones, white (marke you) white for view  
 Parted on either ſide the ſtub; and theſt lay where they drew  
 The way into a ſtreight; the Race, betwixt both lying cleare.  
 Imagine them ſome monument of one long fence tomb'd therē;  
 Or that they had bene lifts of race, for men of former yeares;  
 As now the lifts *Achilles* ſets, may ſerve for chariots  
 Many years hence. When neare to theſe, the race growes; then as right

*Nelion* to i.  
for *Antilochus*:  
in queſtions  
for the ſame  
with chariots

*A Cariſtis*  
mig. in the  
beginning  
openeth  
ſpeach  
ſtill

Driue on them as thy eye can judge; then lay thy bridles weight  
 Most of thy left side: thy right horse, then switching all thy throat  
 (Spent in encouragements) give him; and all the reine let flore  
 About his shoulders: thy neare horse, will yet be he that gave  
 Thy skill the priue; and him reine so, his head may touche the Nau  
 Of thy left wheele: but then take care, thou runst not on the stonye,  
 (With wracke of horse and chariot) which so thou bear' st vpon.  
 Shipwracke within the haucen auoide, by all meanes; that will breed  
 Others delight, and thee a flame. Be wise then, and take heed  
 (My lou'd sonne) get but to be first, at turning in the couries;  
 He liues not that can cote thee then: not if he backe the horse  
 The gods bred, and *Adrasius* ow'd. Diuine *Atrides* speed,  
 Could not outpace thee; or the horse *Diomedes* did breed;  
 Whose race is famous, and led here. Thus late *Nelides*

*Nelides* aged When all that could be said, was said. And then *Meriones*  
 loue of peech, Set fiftly forth his faire man'd horse. All leapt to charior,  
 was here And every man then for the start, cast in, his proper lot.  
 briefly noted. *Achilles* drew; *Antilochus*, the lot set foremost forth.

*Eumeulus* next; *Atrides* third; *Meriones* the fourth.  
 The fift and last was *Diomedes*, faire first in excellency.  
 All stood in order and the lists, *Achilles* fixt far theace.  
 In plaine field; and a seate ordain'd fast by. In which he set  
 Renowned *Phenix*, that in grace, of *Peleus* was so great;  
 To see the race, and gaine a truth, of all their passages.  
 All start together, scourg'd, and cried; and gane their businesse  
 Study and order. Through the field, they held a winged pace.  
 Beneath the bosome of their steeds, a dust so dim'd the race:  
 It stood aboue their heads in clouds; or like to stormes amaz'd  
 Manes flew like ensignes with the wind; the chariots sometime graz'd:  
 And sometimes iumpr vp to the aire; yet still late fast the men:  
 Their spirits eu'en panting in their breasts, with feruour to obtaine:  
 But when they turn'd to fleet againe: then all mens skils were tried;  
 Then stretcht the pastrns of their steeds; *Eumeulus* horse in pride  
 Still bore their Soueraigne. After them, came *Diomedes* couriers close,  
 Still apt to leape their chariot, and ready to repole

Vpon the shoulders of their king their heads: His backe een burn'd  
 With fire, that from their nostrills flew. And then, their Lord had turn'd  
 The race for him, or giuen it doubr, if *Phaebas* had not smit  
 The scourge out of his hands, and teares, of helpless wrath with it,  
 From forth his eyes; to see his horse for want of scourge, made slow;  
 And th' others (by *Apollo* helpe) with much more swiftnesse go.

*Apollo* spide, *Pallas* discern'd, and flew to *Tydeus* sonne;  
 His scourge reacht, and his horse made fresh. Then tooke her angry runne  
 At king *Eumeulus*; brake his geres; his mares on both sides flew;  
 His draught tree fell to earth; and him, the tost vp chariot threw  
 Downe to the earth; his elbowes torn'e; his forehead all his face  
 Stroake at the center; his speech lost. And then the turned race  
 Fell to *Tydides*: before all, his conquring horse he drawe:

And

And first he glitter'd in the race: divine *Athenia* gave  
 Strength to his horse, and fame to him. Next him, drove Sparta's King,  
*Antilochus*, his fathers horse, then urg'd, with all his sting  
 Of scourge and voyce. Runse low (and he) stretch out your lims, and stie.

*Antilochus*  
 to his steeds.

With *Diomedes* horse, I bid not strive; nor with himselfe strive I.  
*Athenia* wings his horse, and him renounes. *Atrides* steeds  
 Are they ye must not faile but reach; and soone, left soone succeeds  
 The blot of all your fames: to yeld, in swiftnesse to a mare:

To femall *Athe*. What's the caufe (ye best that ever were)  
 That thus ye faile us? Be assur'd, that *Nestors* love ye lose  
 For ever if ye fail his sonne: through both your beth sides goes

His hot steele, if ye suffer me to bring the last pris home.  
 Haile, overtake them instantly; we needs must overcome  
 This harsh way next us: this my minde will take, this I despise

For perill; this Ic crepe through; hard the way to honour lies.  
 And that take I, and that shall yeld. His horse by all this knew  
 He was not please, and feard his voyce, and for a while they flew:

But strait, more cleare appear'd the streight, *Antilochus* forefawys  
 It was a gaspe the earth gave, forc't by humors cold and raw,  
 Pour'd out of Winters warry breast; met there, and cleaving deepe

All that neare passage to the lists. This *Nestors* sonne would keepe,  
 And left the rode way, being about; *Atrides* fear'd, and cride:

*Antilochus* thy course is mad, containe thy horse, we ride  
 A way most dangerous; turne head, betime take larger field,  
 We shall be splitted. *Nestors* sonne with much more scourge impell'd  
 His horse for this, as if not heard; and got as fare before

As any youth can cast a quoyle; *Atrides* would no more;  
 He backe againe, for feare himselfe, his goodly chariot,  
 And horse together, strew'd the dust, in being to dust shot,  
 Of thirsted conquest. But he chid, at parting, passing sore:

*Antilochus* (said he) a worse then thee, earth never bore:

Farewell, we never thought thee wife, that were wife, but nor so

Without oathe, shall the wreath (be sure) crowne thy mad temples, Go.

Yet he bethought him, and went too, thus stirring up his steeds:

Leave me not last thus, nor stand vext; let these fail in the speeds  
 Of feet and knees, not you: shall these, these old jades, (past the flowre  
 Of youth, that you have) passe you? this, the horse fear'd, and more powre  
 Put to their knees, strait getting ground. Both flew, and so the rest,

All came in smokes, like spirits; the Greeks, (set to see who did best,

Without the race, aloft:) now made a new discerie,

Other then that they made at first; *Idomenus* eye

Distinguisht all; he knew the voyce of *Diomedes*, seeing a horse

Of speciall marke, of colour bay, and was the first in course,

His forehead putting forth a stare, round, like the Moone, and white,

Up stood the Cretan, uttering this: Is it alone my fight,

(Princes and Captaines) that discernes, another leade the race,

With other horse, then led of late! *Eumeulus* made most pace,

With his fleete mares, and he began, the flexure, as we thought.

Ec 3

*Eumeulus* in  
 feare to : d.  
 low in lo-  
 ckis, who re  
 may bee playd  
 u: an bus.

*Eumeulus*  
 chides *An-  
 tilochus*.

*Idomenus*  
 the King of  
 Crete, and  
 discouers his  
 rancor.

Now

Now all the field I search, and finde, no where his view<sup>2</sup> hath nought  
Befalne amisse to him? perhaps, he hath not with successe  
Perform'd his flexure: his reynes lost, or feate, or with the tressle  
His chariot faid him; and his mares have outraid with affright:  
Stand up, try you your eyes; for mine, hold with the second sight.  
This seemes to me, th' Etolian King, the Tydean Diomed.

*Ajax Oileus*  
*and Antilochus*  
*to Diomedes.*

To you it seemes so, (rustickly) *Ajax Oileus* said;  
Your words are suited to your eyes. Those mares leade still, that led;  
*Eumeus* owes them: and he still holds reynes and place that did,  
Nor laies as you hope t<sup>t</sup>: you must prate, before us all, though last  
In iury intent of all: y<sup>t</sup> are too old, your tongue goes still too fast;  
You must not take so. Here are those that better thee, and looke  
For iust place in the censure. This, *Idomenus* took  
*Diomedes* to *Ju* touch dildaine, and thus replide: thou best, in speeches wort,  
*Antilochus*  
*and Diomedes.*

Barbarous languag<sup>d</sup>, others here might have reprovd me first:  
Not thou, unftest of all. I hold a Tripode with thee here,  
Or Caldron, and our Generall make, our euall arbitre,  
Those horse are first, that when thou paist, thou then maist know. This fir'd  
*Oileades* more, and more then words, this quarell had inspir'd,  
Had not *Achilles* rose, and aſte this pacifying speech.

*Achilles*  
*and Diomedes.*

No more: away with words in warre, it toucheth both with breact.  
Of that which fits ye, your deſerts ſhould others reprehend,  
That give ſuch foule termes: ſit ye ſtill, the men themſelves will end  
The strife betw<sup>t</sup> xe you infantly; and either ſowne lode bear,  
Or his owne ſhoulders. Then to both, the firſt horſe will appear,  
And which is ſecond. These words uſe, *Tydiades* was at hand,  
His horſe ranne high, glanc't on the way, and up they toſt the ſand,  
Thicke on their Coachman, on their pace, their chariot deckt wth gold  
Swiftly attended, no wheele ſene, nor wheeles print in the mould  
Impreft behinde them. These horſe flew a flight, not ranne a race.

*The marners*  
*arrive at the*  
*caſtend.*

Arrid, amidst the lifts they stood; sweat trickling downe apace  
Their high manes, and their prominent breast, and downe iumpt *Diomed*,  
Laid up his ſcourge aloft the ſeate, and ſtraiſt his prieſt was led  
Home to his tent: rough *Sthenelus* laid quicke hand on the dame,  
And hanſed Trueſt, and ſent both home by his men. Next came  
*Antilochus*, that wonne with wiles, not ſwiftnesse of his horſe,  
Precedence of the gold-lockt King, who yet maintaynd the courſe  
So cloſe, that not the Kings owne horſe, gaſt more before the wheele  
Of his rich chariot; that might ſtill, the iuſticion ſeele  
With the extreme haireſ of his taile: (and that ſufficient cloſe  
Held to his leader: no great ſpace, it let him interpoſe,  
Conſidered ſo great a field.) Then *Nefors* wiſe ſonne  
Gate of the King: now at his heelis, though at the breach he wonne  
A quoytes caſt of him, which the king againe, at th'inſtant gaſt.  
*Aſtie, Agamemnonides* that was ſo richly maind,  
Greſt strength ſtill, as ſhe ſpent; which words her worth had prou'd with deeds,  
Hauing ground beſone allow the race, and coted farre his ſleeds,  
No question leaving for the prieſt. And now *Meriones*,

A darts cast caſe bebinde the king, his horſe of speed much leſſe,  
Himſelfe leſſe ſkild timportune them, and give a chariot wing.  
*Admetus* ſonne was laſt, whose plig<sup>t</sup>, *Achilles* pitying,  
Thus ſpake: Best man comes laſt, yet Right muſt ſee his prieſt not laſt,  
The ſecond, his deſerts muſt bear, and *Diomed* the beſt.

He ſaid, and all allow'd, and ſure the mare had beene his owne,  
Had not *Antilochus* ſtood forth, and in his anſwer ſhowne  
Good reaſon for his interceſt. *Achilles*, (he replied)  
I ſhould be angry with you much, to ſee this ratified.  
Ought you to take from me my right? because his horſe had wrong,  
Himſelfe being good? he ſhould haue uſe (as good men doe) his tongue,  
In prayer to thir poures that bleſſe good (not truſting to his owne)  
Not to have beene in this good, laſt. His chariot overthrowne,  
O'rethrew not me, who's laſt? who's firſt? mens goodneſſe, without theſe  
Is not our queſtion, If this good you pitie yet, and pleafe,  
Princeſly to gracie it, your tents hold a goodly deale of gold,  
Brasse, horſe, ſheepe, women; out of theſe your bountye may be bold  
To take a much more prieſt then my poore merit ſeekes,  
And give it he before my face, and all theſe, that he Greeks  
May, g̃rifie your liberall hands. This prieſt I will not yeeld,  
Who beares this (whatſoever man) he beares a tried field.  
*Achilles* laught, and ſaid:

If thy will be (*Antilochus*) I leſſe *Eumeus* paid  
Out of my tents; I leſſe him th' armes, which late I conquerd in  
*Aſteropaeus*, forgi'd of bralle, and wav'd about with tin,  
Twill be a preſent worthy him. This ſaid, *Automedon*,  
He ſent for them. He went, and brought, and to *Admetus* ſonne,  
*Achilles* gave them. He well pleaſe, receiv'd. Then arose,  
Wrong'd *Meriones*, much incenſt with yong *Antilochus*.  
He, bent to ſpeak, herald太ορευς took his Scepter, and gave charge  
Of silence to the other Greeks, then diſt he king enlarge  
The ſpicene he priſoned, uttering this: *Antilochus*? till now,  
We grant thee wife, but in this act, what wildeſome uterſt thou?  
Thou haſt disgrac't my vertue, wrongde my horſe, preferring thine,  
Much their inferiours; but goe to, Princes, nor his, nor mine,  
Juſge of with favour; him nor me, leſt any Grecian uſe,  
This ſcandal; *Eumeus* wonne, with *Nefors* ſonne abuse,  
The prieſt in queſtion; his horſe worſt, himſelfe yet wanne the beſt,  
By poure and greatneſſe. Yet because I would not thus confeſt,  
To make parts taking; I leſſe iudge, and I ſuppoſe none here  
Will blamē my iudgement; I leſſe do right. *Antilochus* come neare,  
Come (noble gentleman) is your place, ſwear by th' earth circling god,  
(Standing before your chariot, and horſe, and that ſelſe rod,  
With which you ſcourg'd them, in your hand) if both with will and wiſe,  
You did not croſſe my chariot. He thus did reconcile  
Grace with his diſgrace, and with wit, reſtor'd him to his wit,  
Now crave I patiencē: O king, what ever was unfit,  
Aſtride to much more youth in me, then you, you more in age.

*Achilles* ſen-  
tence.  
*Antilochus*  
to *Achilles*.

Note 12 re-  
lates to the  
ſecond ſen-  
tence, and  
for examp-  
le of the char-  
raller.

*Antilochus*  
his ironical  
reply.

And more in excellency; know weil, the outrayes that engage  
All yong mens actions; sharper wits, but duller wisedomes still  
From us flow, then from you; for which, curse with your wisedome, will.  
The prie I thought mine, I yeld yours, and (if you please) a prie  
Of greater value; to my tent, Ie fend for, and suffice  
Your will at full, and instantly; for in this point of time,  
I rather wyl to be enjouyd, your favours top to clime,  
Then to be falling all my time, from height of such a grace;  
(O lorde lovid king) and of the gods, receyue curse in place.

This said, he fetcht his prie to him, and it reioyc'd him so,  
That as corne ears shyn with the dew, yet having time to grow,  
When fields set all their bristles up: in such a ruffe wert thou.

(O Menelaus) answering thus; *Amsilochus*, I now,  
(Though I were angry) yeld to thee; because I see th'hadst wit,  
When I thought not, thy youth hath got the mastery of thy spirit.  
And yet for all this, tis more safe, not to abufe at all,  
Great men; then (venting) trusto wit, to take up what may fall.  
For no man in our host beside, had easely calm'd my spleene,  
Stid with like tempest. But thy selfe, hast a sustainer beeene  
Of much affliction in my cauer: so thy good father too,  
And so thy brother, at thy suit; I therefore let all goe,  
Give thee the game here, though mine owne, tha' ll them may discerne,  
King *Xenelias* bears a minde, at no part, proud o' steeke.

The king thus calmd, *Amsilochus* receiv'd, and gave the steed  
To ioy'd *Norman*, to leade thence, and then receiv'd beside  
The cauldon. Next, *Meriones*, for fourth game, wasto have  
Two talents gold. The fift (unwonne) renown'd *Achilles* gave  
To reverend *Nestor*, being a bowle, to set on either end,  
Which through the prease he carried him. Receive (did he) old friend,  
This g'it, as funerall monument of my deare friend deceast,  
Whom never you must see againe. I make it his bequest  
To you as without any strife, obtaining it from all.  
Your shoulders must not undergoe the churlish whourbats fall,  
Wrangling is past you, strife in darts, the feors celerity,  
I flashe age in your years setteth you, and honour sets you free.

Thus gave he it, he tooke and ioyd, but ere he thank, he laid,  
Now sure my honourable sonne, in all points thou hast plaid  
The comay Orator, no more must I contend with nerves,  
Feet faile, and hands, armes want that strength, that this and that swinge serves  
Vnder your shoulders. Would to heaven I were so yong chird now,  
And strength threw such a many of bones to celebrate this shew,  
As when the Epians brought to fire (actively honouring thus)  
King *Amargnac* funerals, in faire *Buprasius*.  
His sonnes put prieses downe for him, where, not a man mecht me,  
Nall the Epians, or the sonnes of great-foul'd *Etolie*,  
Nor the Pilians themselves, my countrymen. I beat  
Great *Adomedes*, *Euops* sonne, at buffets, at the feats  
Of wrangling. I laid under me; one that against me rose,

*Ancaus* cald Pleuronius. I made *Ipietas* lose,  
The foote-game to me. At the speare, I conquer'd *Polidore*,  
And strong *Phyleus*. *Actors* sonnes, (of all men) onely bore  
The palme at horse race; conquering, with lafshing on more horse,  
And enuying my victorie; because (before their course)  
All the best games were gone with me. These men were twins; one was  
A most sure guide, a most sure guide. The other gaue the passe  
With rod and mettle. This was then. But now, yong men must wage  
Theirs workes, and my ioynts vndergoe, the sad defects of age.  
Though then I was another man; \*at that time I exceld  
Amongst th'heroes. But forth now, let th'other rites be held  
For thy decaest friend, this thy gift, in all kind part I take?  
And much it ioyces my heart, that still, for my true kindnesse sake,  
You give me memory. You perceue, in what fit grace I stand  
Amongst the *Grecians*; and to theirs, you set your graciefull hand  
The gods give ample recompence, of grace againe to thic,  
For this, and all thy favours. Thus, backe through the thrust draue he,  
When he had staid ou all the prie, of old *Meleides*.

And now for buffets (that rough game) he ordered paſſages;  
Proposing a laborious Mule, of five years old, untam'd  
And fierce in handling; brought, and bound, in that place where they gam'd:  
And to the conquerd, a round cup; both which, he thus proclames.

*Atrides*, and all his friends of *Greece*, two men, for these two games;  
I bid stand forth; who best can strike, with high contracted fist,  
(Apollo giuing him the wreath) know all about these lifts,  
Shall winne a Mule, patient of toyle? the vanquish, this round cup.

This vtterd; *Panopeus* sonne, *Epeus*, straight flood vp;  
A tall huge man; that to the naiile, knew that rude sport of hard;  
And (seizing the tough male) thus spake: Now let some other stand  
Forth for the cup; this Mule is mine; at cuffs I bost me best.

Is't not enough I am no souldier? who is worshifst  
At all works? none not possiblie. At this yet, this I say,  
And will performe this, who stands forth; Ile burit him; I will bray  
His bones as in a morter, fetch surgoens snow, to take  
His coric from under me. This speech, did all men silent make;

At last stood forth *Euridius*; a man, god-like, and sonne  
To king *Melelaus*; the grand child, of honor'd *Tales*.  
He was so strong, that (coming once to *Tebes*, when *Oedipus*  
Had like rites solemniz'd for him) he went victorious

From all the *Thebans*. This rare man, *Tyrides* would prepare;  
Put on his girdle, oxhide cords, faire wrought, and spent much care,  
That he might conquer, heartned him, and taught him trickes. Both drest  
Fit for thataire, both forth were brought, then breake oppofole to breast,  
Fists against fists rose, and they ioynd, rading of iawes was there;  
Gnashing of teeth, and heanic blows, daft blood out every where.  
At length, *Epeus* spide cleare way, rusht in, and such a blow  
Draue vnderneath the others care, that his neate lims did stroe  
The knockt earth, no more legs had he, But as a huse fith laid

\* His desire of  
praise pants  
fitis.

Another note  
of Nestors  
humor, not  
so much be-  
ing to be  
plainly obser-  
ued in all  
the feefleads  
as in this  
book.

*Achilles* pro-  
piles the  
game for  
buffets.

Note the  
flair part of  
wit in our  
Homer, if  
where you  
look not for  
it you can  
find it.

Near to the cold-weed-gathering shore, is with a North flaw fraid,  
 Shootes backe; and in the backe deepe hides: So sent against the ground,  
 Was foild *Eurialus*, his strength, so hid in more profound  
 Deceas of *Epeus*; who tooke vp, th'intranc't Competitor,  
 About whom rulst a crowd of friends, that through the blustres bore  
 His faltering knees, he spitting vp thick clods of blood, his head  
 Tottred of one side, his sense gone. When (to a by-place led)  
 Thither they brought him the round cup. *Pelides* then set forth  
 Prize for wrastling, to the best, a triquet, that was worth  
 Twelue oxen, great and fit for sacrifice; the conquer'd was t'obtaine  
 A woman excellent in workes, her beauty, and her gaine,  
 Prisde at fourt oxen. Up he stood, and thus proclaim'd: Arise  
 You wrastlers, that will proue for these. Out stopt the ample fife  
 Of mighty *Aiax*, huge in strength; to him, *Laertes* sonne,  
 That cratice one, as huge in sleight. Their ceremonie done,  
 Of making readye, forth they stopt; catch elbowes with strong hands;  
 And as the beimes of some high houfe, cracke with a storne, yet stands  
 The houfe, being built by well skil'd men: So crakte their backe bones wrinchit  
 With horrid twiches. In their sides, armes, shoulders (al bepincht)  
 Ran thicke the wals, red with the blood, ready to start out; both  
 Long'd for the conquest, and the prisde; yet shewed no play, being loth  
 To lose both; nor could *Ithacus*, stire *Aiax*; nor could he  
 Hale downe *Vlysses*; being more strong, therewith mere strength to be  
 Hurld from all vantage of his sleight. Tird then, with tugging play;  
 Great *Aiax Telamonius* said: Thou wifest man; or lay  
 My face vp, or let me lay thine, let *Ious* take care for these.  
 This said, he hoist hym vp to aire, when *Laertes*:  
 His wiles forga not; *Aiax* thigh, he strooke behind; and flat  
 Hit on his backe fell; on his breast, *Vlysses*. Wonder at  
 Was this of fall; all stood amaz'd. Then the much-suffering-man  
 (Divine *Vlysses*) at next close; the *Telamonian*  
 A little rayld from earth; not quite, but with his knee implide  
 Lockt legs; and downe fell both on earth, close by each others side;  
 Both fill with dust, but starting up, the third clofet they had madc,  
 Had not *Achilles* selfe stood vp; restraining them, and bade,  
 No more rug amoneather thus nor moyle your selues, receive  
 Prisde equal; conquets crownes ye both; the lists to others leaue.  
 They heard and yeclded willingly; brush't off the dust, and on  
 Put other vestes. *Pelides* then, to thole that swiftest runne,  
 Proposde another prisde; a bowle, beyond comparison  
 (Both for the site and workmanship) past all the bowles of earth;  
 It held sixe measures, siluer all; but had his speciaall worth,  
 For workmanship; receivng forme, from those ingenious men  
 Of *Syria* & the *Hellenians*, made choise; and brought it then,  
 Along the green lea; giving it, to *Thetis*; by degrees  
 It came t'*Euaneus*, *Iason* sonne, who, yong *Priamides*,  
 (Lycan) of *Achilles* friend, bough't it; and this here,  
*Achilles* made best game, for him, that best his feet could bear.

For second, he propoisd an Ox; a huge one, and a fat,  
 And halfe a talent gold for last. These, thus he set them at.

Rise, you that will assay for these, forth stopt *Oileades*,  
*Vlysses* answere, and the third, was one, esteeme'd past these  
 For footmanship, *Amisochus*. All rankt, *Achilles* shrowd  
 The race-scope. From the start, they glide; *Oileades* bestow'd  
 His feete the swiftest, clost to him, flew god-like *Ithacus*,  
 And as a Ladie at her loome, being yong and beauteous,  
 Her silke-shirft clost to her breast (with grace that doth inflame),  
 And her white hand) lifts quicke, and oft, in drawing from her frame  
 Her gentle thread, which thence vnwinds, with euer at her breast,  
 Gracing her faire hand: So clost full, and with such interest,  
 In all mens likings, *Ithacus*, vnwound, and spent the race  
 By him before; tooke out his steeps, with putting in their place  
 Promptly and gracefully his owne, sprinkl'd the dust before,  
 And clouded with his breath his head: so facilte he bore  
 His royall person, that he strooke, shoutes from the *Greeke*, with thirst,  
 That he shoul conquer though he flew; yet come, come, o come first,  
 Euer they cried to him, and this evn his wife breast did moue,  
 To more desire of victorie; it made him pray, and proue,  
*Minerua* aide (his fauerte stily). O goddesse, heare (said he)  
 And to my feete stoope, with thy helpe, now happy Fauste be.

*Minerua* aide (his fauerte stily). O goddesse, heare (said he)  
 And to my feete stoope, with thy helpe, now happy Fauste be.

*Shee* was, and light madcall his lims, and now (both neare their crowne)  
*Minerua* tript vp *Aiax* heelcs, and headlong he fell downe,  
 Amids the ordure of the beasts, there negligently left,  
 Since they were slaine there; and by this, *Minerua* friend bereft  
*Oileades* of that rich bowle, and left his lips, nose, eyes,  
 Ruthfully smear'd. The fat oxe yet, he scald for second prisde,  
 Held by the horne, spit out the taile, and thus spake all besmeard

O villanous chance! this *Ithacus*, so highly is indear'd  
 To this *Minerua*, that her hand, is ever in his deeds:  
 She, like his mother, neffles him, from her it proceeds,  
 (I know) that I am vsde thus. This, all in light laughter cast,  
 Amongst whom quicke *Amisochus*, laught out his cominglast,  
 Thus wittily: Know all my friends, that all times past, and now,  
 The gods most honour, most-liu'd men, *Oileades* ye know,

More old then I, but *Ithacus*, is of the formost race,  
 First generation of men. Giucthe old man his grace,  
 They count him of the greene-hair'd cl, they may, or in his flowre,  
 For not our greatest flourisher, can equal him in powre  
 Of foote-strike, but *Esicles*. Thus sooth'd he *Thetis* sonne,  
 Who thus accepted it: Well youth, your praises shall not runne,  
 With vnrewarded feete on mine, your halfe a talents prisde  
 He make a whole one: take you sir. He tooke, and ioy'd. Then this  
 Another game forth, *Thetis* sonne, set in the lists, a lance,  
 A shield, and helmet, being th'armes, *Sarpedon* did aduance  
 Against *Patreclus*; and prisde. And thus he nam'd th' dñe  
 Stand forth, two the most excellent, arm'd, and before all these,

*Vlysses*, *Aiax*  
*Oileades* and  
*Amisochus*  
 for the Foot-  
 race.

Simile.

*Vlysses* prayes  
 to *Minerua*  
 for, seed

*Aiax* *Oileades*  
 sets out his  
 fall to the  
 Greeks

*Amisochus*  
 likewise helps  
 out his com-  
 ing last

*Achilles* is  
*Amisochus*.

Prisde for the  
 fighters  
 Give armes

THE XXIII. BOOKE

Great iustall onift, to the touch, and wounds of eithers fift  
 Who first shall wound, through others armes, his bloud appearing fresh;  
 Shall win this sword, silverd, and hatcht; the blade is right of Thrace;  
*Ajax* yecded it. These armes shall part their grace,  
 With eithers valour; and the men, Ile liberally feast  
 At my pavilion. To this game, the first man that addresst,  
 Was *Ajax Telamonius*; to him, king *Diomedes*,  
 Also combat. Both, in opposite parts of the preasse, full arm'd; both entred  
 The lists amids the multitude; pur lookesto auftere,  
 And loynd so roughly; that amaze, surprise the Greeks, in feare  
 Of eithers mischief. Thrice they threw, their fierce darts; and cloſe thrice;  
 Then *Ajax* strooke through *Diomedes* shield, but did no prejudice;  
 His curtes fast him: *Diomedes* dart, still ouer shoulders flew;  
 Still mounting with the spirit it bore. And now rough *Ajax* grew  
 So violent, that the Greeks cried: Hold, no more; let them no more  
 Give equall prie to either; yet the word, propoide before,  
 For him did belt; *Achilles* gaue, to *Diomedes*. Then a stone,  
 (In fathom of a ſphere) he thow'd, of no invention,  
 That naturally melted through, with iron. Twas the boule;  
 That king *Eteocles* to hurle; but he, bereft of foule,  
 By great skill; to the flie, with ſtore of other prie,  
 He brought it, and propoide it now, both for the exercife,  
 And prie it ſelfe. He stood, and ſaid: Rife you that will approue  
 How armes strengthes now, in this brave ſtrife: his vigor that can move  
 This furtheſt, needs no game but this, for reatch he nere to farre,  
 With large fields of his owne, in Greece; (and ſo needs for his Carre,  
 His plow, or other tooles of thrift, much iron) Ile able this  
 For the ſouled ycars, no neede, ſhall vſe his meffages  
 To my towne, to furniſh him, this onely boule ſhall yeld  
 It on enough, for all affaires. This ſaid, to tri this field,  
 First *Tenemos* illufed, next *Leontaeus*, their  
 Great *Ajax*, huge *Epeus* fourth. Yet he was first that ſtird  
 That runne of iron. Up went, and up he tolfit fo,  
 That laughter tooke up all the field. The next man that did throw,  
 Was *Leontaeus*; *Ajax* third, who gave it ſuch a hand,  
 That faſt paſt both their markes it flew. But now twas to be mannid  
 By *Polydorus*, and as fare, as at an Oxethat grayces,  
 A herdman can ſwing out his goade: ſo farre did he entraſe  
 The ſtone, cast all men; all the field, rose in a thout to tee.  
 About him, took his friends, and bore, the royall gamor to ſcete,  
 For Archene, he then ſet forth, ten axes, edg'd two waies,  
 And ten ofone edge. On the ſhort, farre off, he caud to rafe  
 A ship-maſt, to whose top they tied, a ſearful! Dowe by th' ſcore,  
 At which, all ſhot, the game put thus: He that the Deut could ſhoore,  
 Ne're touch the string that taſnid her, the two-edg'd to, Iſhould beare  
 All in the feet. Who touch the ſring, and miſt the ſtone, ſhould ſpare  
 The on, edg'd axes. This propoide, king *Tenemos* for a rule,  
 And ſent to the Greek *Meriones*, and now lots muſt diſpate

OF HOMERS ILIADS.

Their ihooring firſt, both which, let fall into a heime of brake,  
 First *Tenemos* came, and firſt he shot, and his croſſe fortune was,  
 To ſhoote the ſring, the Dove untocht: *Apollo* did envie  
 His ſkill; ſince not to him he vowed (being god of archerie)  
 A firſt falne Lambe. The bitter shaft yec cut in two the cord,  
 I bat downe fell; and the Dove aloft, up to the Welkin foard.  
 The Greeks gave ſhouts; *Meriones* firſt made a hearty vow,  
 To ſacrifice a firſt falne Lambe to him that rules the Bow,  
 And then fell to his ſime; his shaft being ready rocke before.  
 I ſpide her in the clouds, that here, there, every where did foare,  
 Let at her height he reachte her ſide, strooke her quite through, and downe.  
 The shaft fell at his ſteete; the Dove, the maſt againe did crowne,  
 There hung the head; and all her plumes were ruffl'd, the starkē dead,  
 And there (farre off from him) ſhe fell. The people wondered,  
 And ſtood aſtoniſht. Th' Archer pleas'd. *Aſcides* then ſhewes  
 A long lance, and a caldron, new, engral'd with twenty hewes;  
 Prieſte at an Oxe. These games were ſhew'd, for men at darts, and then  
 Up ſtole the Generall of all; uprore the king of men:  
 Vprofe late-crown'd *Meriones*. *Achilles* (feing the king  
 Doellum this grace) prevents more deeds; his roiall offering  
 I his interruping; king of men, we well conceive how fare  
 Thy worth, ſuperiour is to all; how much moſt ſingular  
 Thy powre is, and thy ſkill in darts; accept then thi poore prieſte,  
 Without contention; and (your will, pleaſe with what I aduife)  
 Aſſord *Meriones* the lance. The king was nothing flaw  
 To that firſt grace; *Achilles* then, the bralle lance did beſtow  
 On good *Meriones*. The king, his preſent would not ſave,  
 But to reknownd *Talthybius*, the goodly Caldron gave.

The end of the three and twentieth Booke.

F f

THE



## THE XXIII. BOOKE OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Iove, entercaining care of Hectors corse,  
Sendis Thetis to her sonne, for his remorsse;  
And his amissiōn of it. Iris then,  
steales to Priam; wiliing him to gaine  
his sonne for answere. He, by Hermes led,  
gets through Achilles guard; sleepes deepe, and dead,  
till awoken by h. quide. When, with acesse,  
Achilles face made to Ascanes,  
The gome, the blythe which to Troy he beareſt,  
And buried is with fayre, buried in teares.

### Another Argument.

Wimēa bringes the exequies,  
And Hectors redemptorie p̄ſe.

**H**e games perform'd, the souldiers wholly dispersit to fleete,  
Supper and sleepe, their onely care. Constant *Achilles* yet,  
Wept for his friend; nor sleepes it ſelue, that all things doth ſubdue,  
Could touch at him. This way and that, he turn'd, and did renue  
His friends deare memorie; his grace, in managing his strength,  
And his strengths greatness. How lifc rack into their uermot length,  
Griefes, battels, and the wraths of feas, in their joynit ſufferance.  
Each thought of which, turn'd to a teare. Sometimes he would advance  
(In tumbling on the ſhore) his ſide, ſometimes his face; then turnc  
Flat on his boſome, ſtar upright. Although he ſaw the morne  
Shew ſea and thore his exafe, he left not, till at laſt  
Rage vaited his diſtraction. Horse, chariot, in haſt  
He cald for; and (thoſe joyn'd) the corſe was to his chariot tide,  
And thric about the ſepulcher, he made his Furie ride;  
Dragging the perſon. All this paſt, in his pavilion  
Reſted him, but with *Hector's* corſe, his rage had never done,  
Till ſuffering it to opprefle the duff. *Apollo* yet, even dead,  
Dittied the Prince, and would not ſee inhumane tyrranic ſed,  
With mort pollution of his lims; and therefore covered round  
His perlon with his golden shields, that rude dogs might not wound  
The manly lineaments (which threat, *Achilles* cruelly  
Did dulde in furie.) But now heaven let fall a general eye  
To ſyng on him; the bleſt gods, perfwaded *Mercure*  
(The god obſeruer) to his ſteath; and every deit-

Stood

### OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

Stood pleid with it, *tuo excepti*; greene *Nephe*, and the Maide  
Geſet with the blew eyes; all their hearts stood hatefully appaid,  
Long ſince; and heid it, as at firſt, to *Priam*, *Ilio*,  
And all his ſubiects, for the rape of his licentious ſonne,  
Proud *Paris*, that defiſed thele dames, in their divine acceſſe,  
Made to his corrage; and praiſed her, that his ſad wantonelle,  
So coulſt nourish. The twelfth morn now ſhin'd on the delay  
Of *Hectors* reſcue, and then ſpake the deity of the day,  
Thus to th'immortals: Shame! ſe gods, authoſ of ill ye are,  
To ſuffer ill. Hath *Hector's* life at all times shoud his care  
Of all your rights; in burning thighs, of Beves and Goates to you,  
And are your cares no more of him? vouchſafe ye not even now  
(Even dead) to keep him? that his wife, his mother, and his ſonne,  
Father and ſabieſts may be movd to thofe deeds he hath done,  
Seeing you preſerve him that (try d you; and ſending to their hands  
His perſon for the rites of fire? *Achilles* that withstands  
All helpe to others, you can helpe; one that hath neither heart  
Nor faule within him, that will move or yeld to any part,  
That fits a man, but Lion like; uplandifh, and meere wilde,  
Slave to his pride; and all his nerves being naturally compil'd  
Of eminent strength; stalkes out and preyſe upon a filly ſheepe:  
And ſo fares this man. That fit ruth that now ſhould draw ſo deepe  
In all the world, being loſt in him. And Shame (a qualitie  
Of ſo much weight, that both it helpeſ, and hurts exceſſively,  
Men in their manners) is not knowne, nor hath the power to be  
In this man's being. Other men, a greater laſſe then he  
Have undergone; a ſonne, ſuppoſe, or brother of one wombe,  
Yet, after dues of woes and teares, they bury in his tombe  
All their deploiring. Fates have given to all that are true men,  
Truſmānly pitience; but this man ſo foorthes his bloody veine,  
That no bloud ſerves it; he muſt have divine-foul'd *Hector* bound  
To his proud chariot, and danc't in a moſt barbarous round,  
About his lov'd friends ſepulcher, when he is flaine: 'tis vile,  
And drawes no profit after it. But let him now awhile  
Mark: but our angers; his is ſpent; let all his strength take heed  
It tempts not our wraths; he begets in this outragious deed,  
The dull earth with his furie hate. White-wrifte *Ilio* ſaid,  
(Being much incenſt) This doome is one, that thou wouldſt have obaid,  
Thou bearer of the ſiluer bow, that we, in equall care  
And honour (bould hold *Hector's* worth, with him that claimes a ſlaare  
In our deſervings?) *Hector* ſucke a moreall womans breſt,  
Exciſes a goddesſes! our ſelfe had intereſt  
Both in his infant nouriſhment, and bringing up with ſtate;  
And to th' humaine *Paleus*, we gave his bridall mate,  
Because he had th'immortals loue. To celebraſe the feaſt  
Of their high nuptials; every god was glad to be a guest,  
And thou ſeit of his fathers caues, touching thy harpe, in grace  
Of that beginning of our friend, whom thy perfidious face,

F 2

(in

*Apollo* to  
the other  
gods

SHAME & RAGE  
thy  
hurts and  
helpe men  
exceedingly

## THE XXIII. BOKE.

in his perdition, blusther not to match with *Priam* sonnes,  
Thou, that to betray, and shame are still companion.  
Thus thus receyvd her: Never give thys broad temes to a god.  
For of two men shal not be compard, and yet, of all that tried  
The well-p'is'd Ilion none so deare to all the deities;  
As *Hector* was, at least to me. For offyngs most of pise,  
His heires would never pretermit. Our altars ever stod,  
Ever stod with i' requests fitting us; odors, and every good,  
To蔓 our temples; and for this, (foreseeing it) his fate  
To mark with honour, which mast stand: but to give steale, &c.  
A his deliuerance; than w' that; nor must we fauour one,  
To *Priam* mother. Privily, with wrong to *Tethys* sonne,  
We must not worke out *Hector's* right. There is a ranfome due,  
A stop in course, by lawes of armes: in which, must humbly see,  
The friends of *Hector*. Which iust meane, if any god would stay,  
Had like the other, twould not seue; for *Tethys*, night and day,  
Requerian to him. But would one, call *Iris* bither? I  
Would give directions, that for gifts, the Trojan king shold buy  
*Hector's* body; which the sonne of *Tethys* shal refigne.  
This said, his will was done; the Dame that doth in vapours shine,  
Dewy, and thin, footed with stormes; iumpt to the fable seas  
Twix Somos, and sharpe Imbers clifses; the lake groind with the pike  
Of byre, shag feete, and (plummet-like) put in an oxes horne  
That carres death to the raw-fed fife: she div'd, and found forlorne  
*Tethys*, lamenting her sonnes fate, who was in Troy to have  
A lance from his country) his death serv'd. Clofe to her *Iris* stood,  
And said; Rife *Tethys*: prudent love (whose counsels thirst not blood)  
Rise for thee. *Tethys* answred her, with asking; Whats the caufe  
That god calls? my sad poures feard, to breake th'immortal lawes,  
And bring ill with grieses to heaven. But he sets shars for none  
But his bound counfles; not a word of him, but shall be done.  
She said, and tooke a fable vaille; a blacker neuer wore  
Heauen's shoulder; and gave way. Swift *Iris* swum before,  
About both towld the brackish waves. They tooke their banks and flew  
Tope Olympus, where they found, *Saturnus* (arie-of view)  
A place with heauens ever-being states. *Amer*: a rose, and gave  
Her place to *Tethys*, neare to *Iove*; and *Juno* did receive  
Her entry with a cup of gold; in which she dranke to her;  
Graet her, with comfort; and the cup to her hand did referre.  
She dranke, refusing it. And then the fire of men and gods,  
Thus enter'd; and her; Com it thou up to these our blest abodes.  
Our gods, & *Tethys* yet artfull; and that in so high kinde,  
Is pifcethsuur; cert this I know, and try'd thee, and now finde  
Thy will by mine rule; which is rule to all worlds government.  
Besides this triall y'rs; this cause, sent downe for thy afferm;  
The dayes Contention hath bene held amongst th'immortals here,  
For *Hector* person, and thy sonnes; and some advices were,  
For *Iris* to good spie *Mercure*; steale from thy sonne the Coffe;

## PHOMER'S ILIADS.

But that reproch I kept farre off; to keepe in future force  
Thy former love and reverence. Haste then, and tell thy boar.  
The gods are angry; and my selfe take that wrong he hath done  
To *Hector*, in worst part of all: the rather, since he still  
Doth amiss his person. Charge him then, if he respect my will.  
For any reason, to retigne slaine *Hector*; I will lend  
*Iris* to *Priam*, to redeeme his sonne; and recommend  
Him to *Ailles* grace; in which right he may joy.  
Transforme to *Ailles* grace; in which right he may joy.  
Acten i his vaine griefe. To this charge, bright *Tethys* did employ  
Her endeavour. From heavens tops, she reachte *Achilles* tent;  
Found him still sighing, and some friends, with all their complaints  
Relating his honour: otherfome, with all contention  
Relating his dinner: all their paines and skil's confund'd upon  
A hug wool-beare, slaughtered there. His reverend mother then  
Came neare, tooke kindly his faire hand, and askt him; Dost thou, whiche  
Will sorrow leave thee? How long time wilt thou thus care thy bower?  
And with no other food, nor rest? were good thou wouldest drinke  
My friends love to some Ladies; cheare thy spirits with such kindly parts  
As they can quitt thy grace withall: the ioy of thy deserts,  
I shall not long have; death is neare, and thy all-conquering fate  
Whol hast thou must not haste with griefe; but understand the staze  
Of things belonging to thy life, which quickly order. I  
Am sent from *Iove* to adverteise thee, that every deitie  
Is angry with thee, himselfe most; that rage thus reignes in thee,  
Still to keep *Hector*. Quit him then, and for fit ranfome sake  
His iniurd person. He replied; Let him come ther shall give  
The ranfome, and the person take. *Iove*'s pleasure must depite  
Men of all pleasures. This good speech, and many more, the sonne  
Of a mother alde, in care of all the navall Station.  
And now to holy Ilion, *Saturnius Iris* lent:  
Goe swift-foot *Iris*, bid Troyes king bearc hit gifts, and content  
A while for his sonnes release; but let him greet alone  
The Grecian navies; not a man excepting such a one  
Maye his horse and chariot guide: a herald, or one old,  
Attending him; and let him take his *Hector*. Be he bold,  
Discourag'd, nor with death nor fear; wife *Atercuric* shall givc  
His pallage, till the Prince be neare. And (he gone) let him ride  
Reloud, even in *Achilles* tent. He shall not touch the state  
Of his high person; nor admit the deadliest desperate  
Of all about him. For (though fierce) he is not yet unwit:  
Nor inconfiderate; nor a man, past awe of deities:  
Nor passing free and curios, to doe a suppliant grace.

This said, the Rainbow to her feet, tyed whirlwindes, and th' *Col*  
Teache instantly the heavy Coart, Clamor and Mourning fil'd  
The fernes all sit about the fire, and there stood Griefe, and th' *Col*  
Cries on their garments. In the midst the old King sat, his w'ld  
All wrinkle'd head and necke dust fil'd; the Princesses his *teles*  
The Princesses, his sonnes faire wifes, all mourning by; he thought;

With nids so many, and so good, (being turn'd so foot to sought  
By Irecan hands) confir'd their youth, rai'd beauty from their eyes.

He came neare the king; her right hooke all his facies;  
And therefore spake he soft, and said; Be glad Herdendry,  
Of good occasions, and none ill; am I Amballadore.  
I see a grete thre, who, in care (as much as he is distant) daines  
Toe to thy forrowes, pityng thee. My ambassie containes  
The charge to thee, from him, he wi'st thou shouldest redeeme thy sonne,  
For gifts to helpe, cheare him for, but visite him alone;  
None our fore herald let attend, thy mules and chariot,  
To maigne for thee. Fete, nor death, let danc thee, love hath got  
Her me to quide thee; who as neare to *Thetis* sonne as needs,  
Shall graunt thee, and being once with him, nor his, nor oters deeds,  
Shall he lackt with, he will all containe. Nor is he mad nor vaine,  
Nor impious, eas with all his nerves, studious to entartaine  
One that submits, withall fit grace. Thus vanilth the like wind.

The mules and chariot cal's his sonnes bide see them loynd, and bind  
A trunke behinde it; he himselfe downe to his wardrobe goes,  
*Cedra*, higly roote, and odoriferous;  
What much stucke, warth the fight contaid. To him he calld his Queen,  
Thus greeting her. Come, haplesse dame, an Angell I have seene,  
Sent a swyn from *Troye*, that bade me free our deare sonne from the fleet,  
Wherof no manne pleasing to our soule, what holds thy judgement meet?  
My strength and spirit layes high charge on all my being, to bear  
The Grecianes wroth, ventring through their host. The Queen cried out to hear  
His earnest purpos, and replied; O whither now is fled,  
The faire desiracion that renouned, thy gracie and knowing head,  
Thy vngaine, and thine owne rulede realmes? that thus thou darst assay,  
Sight of that man in whose browes sticks the horrible decay  
Of bones so many, and so strong? thy heart is iron I thinke,  
That same man (whose thirst of bloud, makes cruele his drinke)  
Is dead, but rethine, thou art dead. He nothing pitties woe,  
Since hours age. Without his sight, we have enough to doe,  
To mene me with thought of him: keepe we our Palace, weepe we here,  
Our sorries past ou're helpes. Those throwes that my deliverers were,  
Oft haue happy liramentes; told me they shoulde be borne  
Vnto the keepe of foot dogs. Almighty fate, that blacke houre he was borne  
Spanning this springing thred that end, farre from his parents reach.  
This childe, *Hector*, then ordaind, to be their meane: this wretch,  
Whose bloudier lust, would to heauen, I might deuoure, my teeth,  
My sonnes, ere theys made. Curst Grecie, he gave him not his death  
Dying an ill woe; he alone, fought for his country, he  
Fled in it, not feareid, but stood his wroth, and cursed policie  
Was in upoing. He replied, What ever was his end,  
To set our question; we must now use meanes to defend  
Our self from scandall; from which act, diswade not my iust will;  
Nourish me nourish in my houise, a bird presaging ill  
To my iust intentions: tis in vaine, Had any earthly spiri?

## O S HOMER'S ILIAD.

Given this suggestion: if our Priests, or Soothsayers, challenging merit  
Of Prophets, I might hold it false, and be the rather mov'd  
To keepe my Pallace, but thefecautes, and these felte eyes approv'd  
It was a goddesse; I will goe, for not a word the speake,  
I know was idle. If it were, and that my fate will make  
Quicke riddance of me at the fleet; kill me *Achilles*; Come,  
When getting to thee, I shall finde a happy dying roome  
On *Hector*: bosome, when enough, thirst of my teares findes there.  
Gench to his seruor. This tselvd, the workes most faire, and deate.  
Of his rich screens, he brought abroad, twelve veiles wrought curiose  
Twelve plaine gownes, and as many lunts of wealthy tapistry,  
As many mantles, horsemens coats, ten talents of fine gold:  
Two Tripods, Caldrons four; a bowle, whose value he did hold  
Beyond all price, presented by th' Ambassadors of Thrace.  
The old king, nothing held too deare, to rescue from disgrace,  
His gracious *Hector*. Forth he came. At entry of his Court.  
The Trojan citizens so prest, that this opprobrious sort,  
Of checke his ulde; Hence cast-awayes; away ye impious crew,  
Are not your grieves enough at home? what come ye here to view?  
Cure ye for my grieves? would ye see how miserable I am?  
If not enough, imagine ye? ye might know ere ye came,  
What such a sonnes losse weigh'd with me. But know this for your paines,  
Your houses haue the weaker doores: the Greeks will finde their gaines  
The easier for his losse, be sure: but O Troy, ere I see  
Thy ruine, letthe doores of hell receiu and ruine me.

Thus, with his scepter set he on the crowding citizens,  
Who gaue backe, seeing him so urge. And now he enteraines  
His sonnes as roughly; *Hellenus*, *Paris*, *Hippothew*,  
*Pammon*, divine *Agathones*, renown'd *Desipheus*,  
*Aeson*, and *Antiphonus*, and last, not least in armes,  
The strong *Polites*: these nine sonnes, the violence of his harness,  
He put him to vent in these sharpe termes. Haſte you infamous brood.  
And get my charior, would to heaven that all the abject blood  
In all your veines, had *Hector* leuid: O me, accursed man,  
All my good sonnes are gone; my light, the shades Cimmerian  
Have swallow'd from me: I haue lost *Melior*, furnisid the faire  
*Troilus*, that ready knight at armes, that made his field repaire  
Euer so prompt and joyfully. And *Hector* amongst men,  
Esteem'd a god, not from a mortals seed, but of th' eternall straine.  
He seem'd to all eyes: these are gone, you that furuiue are base;  
Lyers and common free booters: all faulty, not a grace  
But in your heelies, in all your parts, dancing companions,  
Ye all are excellent: Hence ye brats: love ye to heare my mones?  
Will ye not get my chariot? command it quickly, flye,  
That I may receive this deare worke: this all did terrifie,  
And strake his mule-drawne chariot came, to which they fist did bridle  
The trunke with gifts: and then came forth, with an afflied minde,  
*Old Hecuba*. In her right hand, a bowle of gold she bore,

Prophets  
and soothsay-  
ers of  
the Trojans

Priests  
and  
soothsay-  
ers of  
the Trojans

All tweyne crownd; flood heare, and said; Recue this, and implore  
With sacrificing it to *love*; thy safe retурne. I see  
My minde likis full to goe; though mine dislikes it utterly.  
Doe to the blacke cloud-gathering god, (*dean love*) that vales  
To say, as all her minces; that he will daigne to use  
His moste glorie, to ratifie thy hopes, that her broad wing,  
Spred in thy right hand, thou maist know thy zealous offering  
Hath defende the safe retурne confirm'd; but if he faile,  
But stay intent, though never soe his labours to preuale.

Thus I spake not the replide; for no faith is so great,  
That it shal hold; but he rauish'd, with held up hands intreare,  
That in the chamber made that held the Liver and Panis by,  
The dñe Astarte on his handes; when looking to the skie,  
The sunne, and moon; did sacrifice, and thus implor'd: O *love*,  
As I bring thy commands, in all deuels above  
To thy bodye, ruckfale the safe, and pittie in the fight  
Achilles; and for trust, to that with grace excuse  
The wing'd messenger, most strong, most of aires region loyld,  
In my right hand, which fight, may firmlye see approu'd  
My maner, and my sped. He prayd, and heauens king heard,  
Whose longe wing'd chairel, perfectell of all fowles, which gods call  
Crows, or the eagle. And how broad the chamber nuptiall  
Of a mighty man, hath dores, such breadth cast either wing,  
Wher he know the rite, and spred them wide, on right hand of the king.  
At last he, red rovet, and up to charioe he arode,  
From earth the Portall and the Pottis, resounding as he goes,  
His friends all followed him, and mourn'd, as if he went to die.  
And bringg him past towne, to fields; all left him: and the eye  
Of a man was then his guard; who pittied him, and usde  
These words to *Hermes*: Mercurie, thy helpe hath beene profusse,  
With muche grace, in consors of travailers distrest;  
Now comfort *Achilles* to the fier; but lo, that not the iast  
Sight of him be statuted, till at *Achilles* tent,  
They say, by thane of him safe. This change incontinent  
Hee did effect; to his feet, his featherd shoes he ride,  
And a red mantele of gold, with which he usde to ride  
When hee came from unmeated earth, and equald in his pace  
The goddes in mind. Then tooke he up his god, that hath the grace  
To let him sleep; so he lidd, with sleep, and open them againe  
To see the Kinge; he held, flew forth, and did attaine  
The countenance of stoutnesse; then like a faire yong Prince,  
With chearefull, and of such a grace, as makes his looks convince  
The world; to th' righte tombe of Iulus; watering  
The eye Kynthius; as darke Even, fel on the earth; and then  
The Kinge of the Muses, seenid this Grace of men,  
And said unto *Prometheus*; Beware *Dardanides*.

Our stales aske counsell: I differne the dangerous accesse  
Of some man neare us; now I feare we perishe. Is it best  
To sticke or kisse his knees, and aske, his ruth of men distrest?  
Confusion strooke the king, cold Feare extreamly quench his voices,  
Vpright, upon his languishing head, his haire stood, and the chaines  
Of strong amaze, bound all his poures. To both which, then came neare  
The Prince turn'd Deitie; tooke his hand, and thus bespake the Peere.  
To what place (father) driv'd thou out, through solitarie Night,  
When others sleep; give not the Greekes, sufficient cause of fright,  
To these late traiales? being so neare, and such vow'd enemies?  
Or al which, if with all this lode, any shold cast his eyes  
On thy adventures, what wold then, thy minde esteem thy state?  
Thy felte old, and thy follower old? Resistance could not rate  
A tunc value: as for me, be sure I minde no harme  
To thy grave person, but against the hurt of others arme.  
Mine owne lov'd father did not get a greater loue in me  
To his good, then thou doft to thine. He answere: the degree  
Of danger in my course (faire sonne) is nothing lesse then that  
Thou urgest; but some gods faire hand, put in for my safe slate,  
That sends so weet a Guardian, in this so sterne a time  
Of night, and danger, as thy selfe; that all grace in his prime  
Of body, and of beuty shew'st all answere with a minde  
So knowing, that it cannot be, but of some blessed kinde,  
Thou art descended. Not untrue (said *Hermes*) thy conceit  
In all this holds; but further truth relate, if of such weight  
As I conceive thy carriage be? and that thy care concuas  
Thy goods of most price, to moreguard? or goe ye all your waies,  
Frighted from holly Ilion? So excellent a sonne  
As thou hast, (being your speciall strength) faine to Destruktion;  
Whan no Greeke betterd for his fight? O what art thou (said he)  
(Most worthy youth?) of what race borne? that thus recountst to me,  
My wretched sonnes death with such truth? Now father (he replide)  
You tempt me faire, in wondring how the death was signified.  
Of your divine sonne, to a man, to meere a stranger here,  
As y ou hold me: but I am one that oft have seen him bear  
His person like a god, in field; and when in heapes he flew  
The Greekes, all routed to their fier; his so victorious view,  
Made me admire; not feele his hand, because *Aeacides*  
(inconsent) admitted not our fight, my selfe being of accesse  
To his high person, seruing him; and both to Ilion  
In one ship saild. Besides, by birth, I breathe a Myrmidon,  
*Polyctor* (caid the rich) my sire; declin'd with age like you.  
Sixe sonnes he hath, and me a seventh, and all those sixe live now  
In Phthria, since all castling lots, my chance did only fall,  
To follow hither. Now for walke, I left my Generall.  
To marrow all the Sunne-burn'd Greekes, will circle Troy with armes,  
The Princes rage to be with-held, to idly; your alarms  
Not given halfe hot enough they thinke, and can containe no more.

Plautus  
Marcellus  
in. 1. 1. 100  
line

Plautus  
Asterius

*Priamus to Achiles.*

Hanswred, If you serue the Prince, let me be bold to implore  
This grace of thee, and tell me true, lies *Hector* here at fleet,  
Or haue the dogs his flesh? He said, nor dogs nor fowle haue yet  
Toucht at his person: still he lies at fleet, and in the tent  
Of our great Captaine, who indeed is much too negligent  
Of his hys refuge: but though now, twelve daies haue spent their beate  
On his cold body, neither wormes with any raint have eate,  
Nor putrification perisht it: yet euer when the morne  
Lifts her diuing light from the sea, unmercifully borne  
About *Patroclos* sepulcher; it bears his friends disdaine,  
Bound to his chariot; but no fits of further outrage raigne  
In his dis temper: you would muse to see how deepe a dew  
Fawn steepes the body, all the blood wafst off, no stendrel shew  
Of gore or quittance, but his wounds all clost, though many were  
Opened about him. Such a loue the blest immortall beare,  
Euen dead to thy deare sonne; because his life shewd loue to them.

He ioyfull answred, O my sonne, it is a grace supreme  
In any man, to serue the gods. And I must needs say this,  
For no cause (haunting scalon fit) my *Hectors* hands would misse  
Advancement to the gods with gifts, and therefore doe not they  
Mislike his remembrance after death. Now let an old man pray  
Thy graces to receiue this cup, and keepe it for my loue;  
Nor leue me till the gods and thee haue made my prayers approue  
*Achilles* pittie, by thy guide, brought to his Princely tent.

*Hermes* replide; you tempt me now (old king) to a consent  
I ure from me; though youth aptly erres. I secretly receive  
Gifts, that I cannot broadly vouch: take graces that will giue  
My Lord dishonour? or what he knowes not? or will effecte  
Perhaps unfit: such briberies, perhaps at first may seeme  
Sweet and seares; but futurly, they still proue sowre, and breed  
Both feare and danger. I could with thy graue affaires did need  
My guide to Argos; either shipt, or lacking by thy side,  
And would be itiduous in thy guard, so nothing could betrade,  
But care in me to keep thee safe, for that I could excuse,  
And vouch to all men. These words past, he put the deeds in use,  
For which *Iove* sent him; up he leapt to *Priamus* chariot,  
Tooke to surge and reines, and blew in strength, to his free steeds, and got  
The nayl bowres and deepe dike strait. The guards were all at meat,  
Those he enumbered; op't the ports, and in he safely let  
Old *Priamus*, with his wealthy pris. Forthwith they reacht the Tent  
Of great *Achilles*. Large and high, and in his most acent  
Albrigge roote of seedy reedes, mowne from the meades, a hall  
Of that they made their king in it, and strengthened it withall,  
Thicke with firre rafters; whose approach was let in by a dore  
That had but one barre, but so bigge, that three men evermore  
Mett it, to shut; three fresh take downe: which yet *Axides*  
Would bane and ope himselfe. And this with farre more ease  
*Hermes* let ope, entring the king; then leapt from horse, and said:

Now

*Priamus to Achiles.*

Now know (old king) that *Mercure* (a god) hath giuen this aide  
To thy endeavour, sent by *Iove*; and now, away must I:  
For men must envy thy estate, to see a Deitie  
Affect a man thus: enter thou, embrase *Achilles* knee,  
And by his fire, sonne, mother pray, his ruth and grace to thee.

This said, he high Olympus reacht, the king then left his coach  
To grave *Ideas*, and went on; made his resolv'd approach:  
And entred in a goodly roome; where, with his Princes fate  
Iove-lord *Achilles*, at their feast, two only kept the state  
Of his attendance, *Alcyonus*, and Lord *Antomedon*.

*Priamus to Achiles.*

At *Priamus* entry, a great time, *Achilles* gaz'd upon  
His wonderd-at approach; nor eate: the rest did nothing see,  
While close he came up, with his hands, fast holding the bent knee  
Of *Hectors* conqueror; and kist that large man-slaughtring hand,  
That much bloud from his sonnes had drawne; and as in some strange land,  
And great mans house, a man is driven, (with that abhor'd dismay,  
That followes wilfull blodblouded ill, his fortune being to slay

*Priamus to Achiles.*

One, whose bloud cries aloud for his) to pleade protection  
In such a miserable plight, as frighe the lookers on:

In such a stupified estate, *Achilles* fate to see,  
So unexpected, so in night, and so incredibly,  
Old *Priamus* entry; all his friends, one on another stard,  
To see his strange looks, seeing no cause. Thus *Priamus* prepar'd

*Priamus to Achiles.*

His sonnes redemption: See in me, O godlike *Thein* sonne,  
Thy aged father, and perhaps, euen now being outrunne  
With som of my woes; neighbour foes, (thou absent) taking time  
To do him mischiefe; no meane left, to terrifie the crime  
Of his oppression; yet he haenes thy graces still survive,  
And joyes to heare it; hoping still to see thee fate arrive,  
From ruind Troy: but I (curst man) of all my race, shall live  
To see none living. Fiftie sonnes, the Deities did give,

*Priamus to Achiles.*

My hopes to live in; all alive, when neare our trembling shore  
The Greekes ships harbord, and one wombe, nineteen of thole sons bore.

*Priamus to Achiles.*

Now *Mars*, a number of their knees, hath straighefesse left, and he

That was (of all) my onely joy, and Troyes sole guard, by thee

(Late fighting for his country) slaine; whose tender person, now

I come to ranfome. Infinite is that I offer you,

My selfe conferring it; expoide alone to all your oddes:

Only imploring right of armes, *Achilles* feare the gods,

Pittie an old man, like thy fire; different in onely this,

That I am wretcheder; and bear that weight of miseries

That never man did: my curst lips, enforc't to kisse that hand

That sue my children. This mov'd teares, his fathers name did stand

(Mention'd by *Priamus*) in much helpe, to his compassion;

And mov'd *Axides* so much, he could not looke upon

The weeping father. With his hand he gently put away

His grave face, calme remission now, did mutually display

Her powre in either's heauiness, old *Priamus*, to record

His

Hector's death; and his deathes man leet his teares, and bosome pour'd  
At his Achiles. At his feet he laid his reverend head.  
Greece's young men now with his fire, now with his friend, were fed,  
Till both shrowld the tent. But now *Exacides*,  
characteris parts, with the ruth of their calamities)  
Came up he ralld the king. His milke-white head and beard,  
Wherof he beheld and fand Poore man, thy minde is fear'd  
To much affliction; how durst thy person thus alone,  
In such light, that bath flaine so many a worthy sonne,  
And to thee? thy old heart is made of iron, sit  
And weare our woes, though huge; for nothing profits it.  
Our living wastes but our lives heates. The gods have destinate,  
That wretched mortals must live sad. Tis the immortall state  
To live, that lives secure. Two tunnes of gifts there lie  
At the gate: one of good, one ill; that our mortalitie,  
The world, trouble, order; which when *Troj* doth mixe to any man.  
One white frockes, one white mournes. If of his mournefull Kan  
He man drinke only; only wrongs, he doth exposhe him to.  
All anger, and abundant earth, doth tosse him to and fro;  
To god, nor of gods nor men. The mixt cup *Peleus* dranke,  
From his birth, heaven blest his life; he liv'd not that could thank  
These but such rare benefits, as let forth his estate.  
Heir to Iamong his Myrmidons, most rich, most fortunate.  
Not through a mortall had his bed deckt with a deatlele Dame.  
But al that is good, one ill, god mixt, that takes all name  
To all that goodnesse; his name now, (whole preseruation here,  
When euent the crowne of their most good) not blest with powre to bearre  
And blif me, but my selfe; and I, shakken as loone as blowne  
I fained I ave to cheate his age, and give nutrition  
To those currithe me. Farre off, my rest is set in Troy,  
To have therelife, and thy feed. Thy selfe, that did enjoy,  
(as we have heard) a happy life: what Lesbos doth containe,  
That par being a biell mans feate:) what the unmeasur'd maine  
Of Iouian, Iphygia holds; are all said to adorne  
The world; wealth end fones know: but when the gods did turne  
The world, the greate with bane; warre, and the blouds of men,  
The world, never cleare. So downe and suffer then,  
To see newe thinges; thy teares can spring no deeds  
And thy woe, recall thy lonne: impatience ever breeds  
And thy woe, worst things worse, and therfore fit. He said,  
That he did greate need of *Ioue* when yet unranomed,  
And best, in thy tents: but daigne with utmost speed  
To vespere, that these eyes may see his person freed;  
That grace is filled with gifts. Accept what I have brought,  
To the Phebus; it enough thy conquering hand hath fough,  
And fainted the trone, and Hectors father blood  
To contaminate. He frown'd and said; Give not my bloud  
To thy woe; I know well, I must reigne thy sonne,

love by my mother uttered it, and what besides is done,  
I know as amply, and thy selfe, (old *Priam*) I know too.  
Some god hath brought thee: for no man durst use a thought to goe  
On such a service; I have guards, and I have gates to stay  
Eastis accessess; doe not then presume thy will can sway.  
Like *Ioves* will, and incense againe my quencht bloud; lest nor thou,  
Nor *Ioue* gets the command of me. This made the old King bow,  
And downe he fale in feare, the Prince leapt like a Lyon forth,  
*Automedon* and *Acyamus* attending; all the worth  
Brought for the body, they tooke downe, and brought in; and with it,  
*Ideo* (herald to the King) a corse embroyderd yet,  
And two rich cloakes, they left to hide the person. *Tethys* sonne  
Cald out his women to annoint, and quickly over-runne  
The corse with water; lifting it in private to the coach;  
Left *Priam* law, and his cold bloud embrac't a fiery touch  
Of anger, at the turpitude, prophaning it; and blew  
Against his wraths fire to his death. This done, his women threw  
The corse and cloake on, but the Corfe, *Achilles* owne hand laid  
Upon a bed, and with his friends, to chariot it convaide.  
For which fore't grace (abhorring so from his free minde) he wept,  
Cried out for anger, and thus prade: O friend, doe not except  
Against this favour to our foe (sif in the deepe thou heare)  
And that I give him to his Sire, he gave faire ransome, deare  
In my obseruance is *Ioue*'s will, and whatsover part  
Of all these gifts, by any meane, I fide may convert  
To thy renoume here, and will there, it shall be pour'd upon  
Thy honour'd sepulcher. This said, he went and what was done,  
Told *Priam*, laying: Father, now thy wils fit rites are paide,  
Thy sonne is given up, in the moerne, thine eyes shall see him laid  
Deckt in the chariot on his bedjin meane space, let us eat.  
The rich-hair'd *Niobe* found thoughts, that made her take her meate;  
Though twelve deare children the law slaine: sixe daughters, sixe yong sons.  
The fones, incensit *Apollo* hue: the maides confusions  
*Diana* wrought; sincse *Niobe*, her meritis durst compare  
With great *Latoia*; arguing, that she did onely beare  
Two children, and her selfe had twelve; for which, chose only two  
Sic all her twelue nine dayes they lay steept in their bloud: her woe  
Found no friend to afford them fire; *Saturnius* had turnd  
Humanes to stones. The tenth day yet the good celestials burnd  
The trunkes themselves; and *Niobe*, when she was tyrd with teares,  
Fell to her food, and now with rockes, and wilde hilis mixt the beares  
(in *Sybilus*) the gods wraths still, in that place, where tis said,  
The goddes Fairies use to dance about the funerall bed  
Of *Achelous*, where (though turnd with cold griefe, to a stonc)  
Heaven gives her heate enough to feele, what plague companion  
With his poures (made by earth) deserves: affect not then too farre  
Without griefe, like a god, being a man; but for a mans life care,  
And take fit food: thou shalt haue time beside to mourne thy sonne;

He shall be fearfull, thou being full, not here, but Ilion  
Shall finde thee weeping roomes now. He said, and so arose,  
And caused a silver-sleec'd sheape, kill'd, his friends skils did dispise  
The fleinge, cutting of it up, and cookeely spitted it;  
Roasted, and drew it artfully. *Automedon* as fit  
Was for the recerend Sewers place, and all the browne joynts serv'd  
On wicker vessell to the boord; *Achilles* owne hands ker'd,  
And clost they sell too. Hunger stancht, talke, and obseruing time  
Was usde of all hands; *Priam* late amaz'd to see the prime  
(Of *Thetis* sonne; accomplit so, with stature, lookes and grace,  
In which the fathom of a god he thought had chang'd his place.  
*Achilles* sell to him as fast; admird as much his years,  
(Told in his graue, and good aspect) his speech even chartw'd his cares:  
So ordred, to materiall. With this food feasted too,

*Old Priam* spake thus: Now (*loves* feed) command that I may goe,  
And adde to this feast grace of rest: these lids necr close mine eyes  
Since under thy hands fled the soule of my deare sonne; sighes, cries,  
And woes, all use from food and sleepe, haue taken: the base courts  
Of my fad Pallace, made my beds, where all the abject sorts  
Of sorrow, I have varied, tumbld in dust, and hid;  
No bit, no drop of sustenance toucht. Then did *Achilles* bid  
His men and women see his bed laid downe, and covered  
With purple Blankets, and on them an Arras Couerlid,  
Waftcoates of silke plush laying by. The women strait tooke lights,  
And two beds made, with utmost speed, and all the other rites  
Their Lord nam'd, ilde, who pleasanly, the king in hand thus bore:  
Good father, you must sleepe without, left any Counsellor  
Make his accessse in depth of night, as oft their industrie  
Brings them to impart our warre-affaires, of whom should any eyne  
Discerne your preferenc, his next steeps, to *Agamemnon* slie,  
And then (hall I lose all these gifts. But goe to signifie  
(And that with truth) how many daies you meane to keepe the state  
Of *Hectors* funeralls: because so long would I rebate  
Mine owne edge, set to sacke your towne, and all our host containe  
From interruption of your rites. He answerd, If you meane

To suffer such rites to my sonne, you shall performe a part  
Of most grace to me. But you know, with how dismaid a heart  
Our host tooke Troy; and how much feare will therefore apprechend  
Their spites to make out againe, so farre as we must send  
For wood, to rafe our heape of death; unlesse I may assure,  
That this your high grace will stand good, and make their passe secure;  
Whiche if you seriously confirme, nine daies I meane to mourne,  
The tenth, keepe funerall and feast: th'eleventh rafe and adorne  
My sonnes fit Sepulcher. The twelveth (if we must needs) wcelle fight.  
Be it (frepled *Axidas*) doe *Hector* all this right,  
To hold warre, backe those whole twelve daies; of which, to free all feare,  
Take this my right hand. This confirmid, the old King rested there.  
His Herald lodg'd by him, and both, in forepart of the tent;

*Achilles*

*Chorus*  
of  
the  
moral  
interpretations  
of  
these  
poems

*Private*  
*notes*

*Notes*

*Achilles* in an innmost room of wondrous ornament,  
Whole side, bright-cheekt *Brisa* warm'd. Soft Sleepe tam'd gods and men,  
All, but most uscill *Mercurie*; Sleepe could not lay one chaine  
On his quicke temples, taking care for getting of againe  
Engaged *Priam*, undiscrend of those that did maintaine  
The sacred watch. Above his head he stood with this demand.

O father, sleepst thou so secure, still lying in the hand

Of so much ill? and being dismift by great *Axidas*?  
Tis true, thou hast redeeme the dead, but for thy lyes release  
(Should *Agamemnon* hear thes here) three times the price now paidie,  
Thy sonnes hands must repay for thes. This said, the King (afraid)  
Start from his sleepe; *Ideas* cald, and (for both) *Mercurie*  
The horse and mules, (before losde) joynde so soft and curiously,  
That no care heard, and through the host drove, but when they drew  
To gulpy *Xanthus* bright-wav'd stremme, up to Olympus flew  
industrious *Mercurie*. And now the saffron morning role,  
Spreading her white robe o'er all the world. When (full of woes)  
They scourgd on with the Corse to Troy, from whence no eyne had seene  
Before *Cassandra* their retурne. She (like loves golden Queene,  
Ascending Pergamus) discern her fathers person neie,  
His Herald, and her brothers Corse, and then the cast this cry  
Round about Troy; O Troians, if ever ye did greet

*Hector*, returnde from fight alive, now looke ye out, and meet  
His ranfornd person. Then his worth was all your citessoy,  
Now doe it honour. Out all rulz, woman, nor man in Troy  
Was left: a most unmeasurd cry, tooke up their voyces. Closse  
To Scaes Ports they met the Corse, and to it, headlong goes  
The reverend mother, the deare wife; upon it, strow their haire,  
And lyce entranced. Round about the people broke the ayre  
In lamentations, and all day had staid the people there,  
If *Priam* had not cryed: Give way, give me but leue to beare  
The body home, and mourne your filz. Then cleft the preache, and gave  
Way to the chariot. To the court Herald *Ideas* drove,

Where on a rich bed they bawld the honou'red perlon, round  
Gitt it with Singers; that the wo with skilfull voyces crownd.  
A woulf Elegie they sung, wept singing, and the dames  
Sigh'd as they sung: *Andromache* the downeright profe exclaims  
Began to all, fles on the necke of slaughterd *Hector* fell  
And cried out: O my husband! thou, in youth badf youth farewell,  
Lefest me a widow: thy sole sonne, an infant, our felues cursit  
In our birth, made him right our childe, for all my care, that nurst  
His infancie, will never give life to his youth, ere that,  
Troy from her top will be deftroyde, thou guardian of our state,  
Thou even of all her strength, the strength, thou that in care wer past  
Her careful mothers of their babes, being gone, how can the last?  
Soone will the twolne fleete fill her womb, with all their servitude,  
My selfe with them, and thou with me (deare sonne) in labours rude,  
Shall be emploid, sternly survayd by cruell Conquerors,

G g 2

*Mercurie ap-*  
*peares to Priam*  
*in his sleepe.*

*Ca. Junia to live*  
*Troyan.*

*and makes*  
*am. a. i. n. for*  
*herre bands.*

Or

Or rage not (suffering life so long) some one, whose hate abhorses  
*Antenor, Turneinge for Her.*  
 Thy presence, (putting him in mine of his fire flaine by thine,  
 His brother, sonne, or friend) shall work thy ruine before mine,  
 Tost from some towre, for many Greeks have eat earth from the hand  
 Of thy strong father. In sad fight, his spirit was too much man'd,  
 And therefore mourne his people, we, thy Parents (my deare Lord)

For that, thou mak'st endure a woe, blacke, and to be abhor'd.  
 Of all yet, thou hast left me worst; not dying in thy bed,  
 And reaching me thy last-raifd hand: in nothing counselled,  
 Nothing commanded by that powre thou hadst of me, to doe  
 Some deed for thy sake. Ofor these will never end my woe;  
 Never my teares cease. Thus wept she, and all the Ladies closte  
 Her passion with a general shrike. Then *Hecuba* dispoide  
*Her thoughts in like words.* O my sonne, of all mine, much most deare;

Deare while thou liv'st too, even to gods: and after death they were  
 Carefull to save thee. Being best, thou most wert envied,  
 My other sonnes, *Achilles* bold, but thee, he left not dead.

*Amber and Samos;* the false Ports of *Lemnos* encartain'd  
 Their persons; thine, no Port but death; nor there, in rest remain'd,  
 Thy violated Corse, the Tombe of his great friend was sphered  
 With thy dragg'd person; yet from death he was not therefore red.  
 But (all his rage usde) so the gods have tendered thy dead stafe,  
 Those left as living, sweet and fresh, as he that felt the fate  
 Of *Phœbus* holy shafts. These words the Queene wiste for her mons,  
 And next her, *Hellen* held that state of speech and passion.

O *Aector*, all my brothers more, were not so lov'd of me,  
 As thy, in all vertus. Not my Lord I held so deare as thee  
 That brought me hither, before which, I would I had beene brought  
 To ruine, for, what breeds that with (which is the mischiefe wrought  
 By my accesse) yet never found one harsh taunt, one words ill  
 From thy sweete cariage. Twenty yeeres doe now their circles fill,  
 Since my arrivall; all which time thou didst not only beare  
 Thy selfe without checke: but all else, that my Lords brothers were  
 Their sisters Lords, sisters themselues, the Queene my mother in law,  
 (The King being never, but most milde) when thy manspirit law  
 Sowre and reprochfull, it would still reprove their bitternes  
 With sweet words. And thy gentle soule. And therefore thy decease,  
 I truly mourne for, and my selfe, curse, as the wretched cause,  
 All broad Troy yelding me not one, that any humane lawes  
 Of pitty or forgivensise mou'd, t'entreat me humanly,  
 But onely thee, all else abhor'd me for my destinie.

Theſe words made even the commons mourn, to whom the king ſaid, Friends,  
 Ambush, or any violence, *Achilles* gave his word  
 At my diſmissiōn, that twelve daies he would keepe ſheathe'd his ſword,  
 And all mens eſte. Thus Oxen, Mules, in chariots ſtraiſt they put,  
 Went forth, and an unmeaſur'd pile of *Sylvanemater* cut,  
 Nine daies emplioide in cariage, but when the tenth morne ſhinde

## OF HOMERS ILL. 1. 1. 2. 3.

On wretched mortals, then they brought the fit to be rebirth'd.  
 Forth to be burn'd: Troy ſwim in teares. Vpon the ground it light  
 They laid the perfon, and gave fire; all day it burn'd, all night  
 But when the eleventh morne let on earth, her roſe fingers vine,  
 The people flock about the pile, and ſift, with blacke whie  
 Quench't all the flames. His brothers then and friends, the lewye bone  
 Gatherd into an urne of gold, ſtill pouring on their mones.  
 Then wrapt they in loſt purple veiles, the rich vne, digg'd a pit,  
 Grav'd it; ram'd up the grave with ſtones, and quickly buil'd to it  
 A ſepulcher. But while that worke, and all the funeral rites  
 Were in performance, guards were held at all parts, dayes and night,  
 For ſcar of ſurprise before they had impoide the crowne  
 To theſe ſolemnities. The tombe, advanc't once, all the towns  
 In iſo mirth Priams Court partooke, a paſſing lumping ſuſt,  
 And ſo horſe-taming Hectors rites, gave up his ſoule to r.a.

Thus farre the Ilian ruines I have lai'd  
 Open to English eyes. In which (repaid  
 With thine owne value) goe unvalued Booke,  
 Live, and be lov'd. If any envious looke  
 Hurt thy cleare fame, learne that no tare more hic  
 Attends on vertue, then pin'd envies eye.  
 Would thou wert worth it, that the belt doth worn,  
 Which this age feedes, and which the laſt ſhall beſt.

*T*Hus with labour enough (though with more comfort in the merits of my  
 wriuen Author) I have brought my translation of *Ilis* ſo farre, I. I. C.  
 ther therein, or in the harþe ſterne, or matter of my Couenant, before, I. I. C.,  
 for hafte, (cattered with my birthes) (leſſe then fifteen weeks bring the whole  
 time that the laſt twelve books tranſlation ſlood me in) to do for my profit well, and  
 (I doubt not) ability (if God give life) to reforme and refect al heretofore, may  
 be ingeniously accepted for the absolute worke. The rafter, conſidering the man  
 learned (with all their helps & time) haue been ſo oſten & unauſtably ſumptuously  
 taken halting. In the meane time, that moſt affiffull and unſcal'd leſſe ſit,  
 by whose thrice ſacred conduct and iſpiration, I haue ſin the ſame labour, diſſe  
 the fruitfull horne of his bleſſings through theſe goodieſt riſing waſt, without  
 which, utterly dry and bloudleſſe is whatſoever mortality ſouth.

But where can moſt diligent Spondanus end his worke with a prayer to ſet  
 taken out of theſe Maenders, and Eupiran rivers (as he termes them) of E. I. C.  
 and prophan writers (being quide contrary to himſelfe at the beginning) I. I. C.  
 bumbly beſeech the moſt deare and divine mercy (ever moſt uicomparablie) pre-  
 ferring the great light of his truth in his direct and infallible Scripture. I may  
 ever be inabled, by refuting wonder in his right comfortable ſtiches in theſe,  
 to magnifie the cleareneſſe of his almighty appearance in the other.

And with this ſalutacion of Poefie given, ur Spondanus in his Prefecte to  
 theſe Iliads. (All haile Saint ſacred Poefie, that under ſuch gall of fiction,  
 ſuch abundance of honey doctrine haſt hidden, not receyving th'm to the univer-  
 ſity worldly, wouldest thou but ſo much make mee, that amouſt thy Nations?)

me, he benumbed, no time shoulde ever come neare my life, that could make mee  
for sake thce. ) I will conclude with this my daily and mzly prayer, learned of the  
most learned Simplicius.

Supplico tibi Domine, Pater, & Dux rationis nostræ, ut nostræ nobilitatis recordemur qua tu nos ornasti; & ut tu nobis præstasti, ut ijs qui per se mouentur: ut & à corporis contagio, brutorumque affectione repurgemur, eosque superemus, & regamus, & sicut decet, pro instrumentis ijs utamur. Deinde ut nobis adjumento sis, ad accuratam rationis nostræ correctionem; & coniunctionem cum ijs que verè sunt, per lucem veritatis. Et tertium, Salvatori supplex oro; ut ab oculis animorum nostrorum caliginem profus altergas, ut (quod apud Homerum est) Norimus bene qui  
Deus, aut mortalis habendus.  
*Amen.*

## F I N I S.

## TO THE RIGHT GRACIOVS and worthy, the Duke of LENNOX.

 Mongt th'Heroes of the worlds prime yeates,  
Stand here great Duke, & see th' thine about you:  
Informeyour princely minde and spirit by theirs,  
And then, like them, live ever; looke without you,  
For subiects fit to use your place, and grace

Which throw about you, as the Sunne, his raias,  
In quickning with their powre, the dying race  
Of friendlesse Vertue, since they thus can raise  
Their honor'd Raifers to Eternitie.

None ever liv'd by Selfe-love: Others good  
Is th' obiect of our owne: they(living) die,  
That burie in themselves their fortunes brood.  
To this soule, then, your gracious count'rance give;  
That gave, to such as you, such meanes to live.

## TO THE MOST GRAVE AND bonored Temperer of Law and Equity, the Lord, CHANCELOR, &c.

 Hat Poescie is not so remov'd a thing  
From grave admynistracy of publike waales,  
As thesetimes take it; heare this Poet sing,  
Most judging Lord, and fee how he reveales  
The mysties of Rule, and rules to guide  
The life of man, through all his choicest waies.  
Nor be your timely paines the leſſe applied  
For Poescies idle name, because her Raies  
Have shin'd through greatest Counsellors and Kings.  
Heare Royall Hermes sing th'Egyptian Lawes,  
How Solon, Draco, Zoroafles sings  
Their Lawves in verſe: and let their just applause  
(By all the world given) yours (by us) allow;  
That, sincē you grace all vertue, honour you.

## TO THE MOST VVORTHIE Earle, Lord Treasurer, and Treasurer of our Country, the Earle of SALISBURY, &c.

**V**ouchsafe, great Treasurer, to turne your eye,  
And see the opening of a Grecian Mine,  
Which, wisedome long since made her treasurie,  
And now her title doth to you resigne.  
Wherein as th' Ocean walks not, with such waves  
The round of this Realme, as your wisedomes seas,  
Nor, with his great eye, sees, his Marble, saves  
Our State, like your Vlyssian policies :  
So, none like HOMER, hath the world enspier'd,  
Earth, seas, and heaven, fixt in his verse, and moving;  
Whom all times wised men, have held unper'de;  
And herefore would conclude with your approving.  
Then grace his spirit, that all wise men hath grac't,  
And made things ever fitting, ever last.

*An Anagram.*  
Robert Cecil, Earle of Salisbury.  
Curb foes; thy care is all our erly Be.

## TO THE MOST HONOR'D RE- slover of ancient Nobility, both in bloud and virtue, the Earle of SUFFOLKE, &c.

**C**OYNE, Nobleſt Earle, in giving worthy grace,  
To this great gracer of Nobilitie :  
**C**See here what ſort of men, your honord place  
Doth properly command; if Poesie  
(Profefit by them) were worthily exprefſt.  
The gravest, wifest, greatest, need not then,  
Accouſt, that part of your command the leaſt,  
Nor them ſuch idle, needlessſe, worthleſſe men.  
Who can be worthier men in publicke weales,  
Then thoſe (at all parts) that prefcribd' the beſt ?  
That ſtird up nobleſt vertues, holiſt zeales,  
And evermore have liv'd as they profefit ?  
A world of worthiſt men, ſee one create,  
(Great Earle;) whom no man ſince could imitate.

## TO THE MOST NOBLE AND learned Earle, the Earle of NORTHAMPTON, &c.

**E**nvy, most learned Earle, whose learning can  
Reiect unlearned Custom, and embrace  
The reall vertues of a worthy man,  
I proſtrate this great Worthy, for your grace,  
And pray that Poeties well-deserv'd ill Name  
(Being ſtuck, as many moderne Poets make her)  
May nought eclipse her cleare eſſentiall flame :  
But as ſhe shines here, ſo refufe or take her.  
Nor doe I hope, but even your high affaires  
May ſuffer intermixture with her view,  
Where Wiledome fits her for the highest chaires,  
And mindes, growne old, with cares of State, renew :  
You then (great Earle) that in his owne tongue know  
This King of Poets, ſee his English ſhow.

## TO THE MOST NOBLE, MY ſingular good Lord, the Earle of Arundell.

**S**Tand by your nobleſt ſtocke, and ever grow  
In love, and grace of vertue moſt admir'd;  
**S**And we will pay the ſacrifice we owe  
Of prayre and honour, with all good deiſir'd  
To your divine ſoule, that ſhall ever live  
In height of all bliſſe prepard' here beneath,  
In that ingenuous and free grace you give  
To knowledge, only Bulwarke againſt Death.  
Whose rare ſustainers here, her poures ſustaine  
Hereafter. Such reciprocall effects  
Meete in her vertues. Where the love doth raigne,  
The act of knowledge crownes our intellects.  
VVhere th'aſt, nor love is, there, like beaſts men die :  
Not Life, butti ne is their Eternitie.

## TO THE LEARNED AND most noble Patron of learning, the Earle of PEMBROOKE, &c.

**A**bove all others may your Honour shine,  
As, past all others, your ingenuous beames  
Exhale into your grace the forme divine  
Of godlike Learning, whose exiled streames  
Runne to your succour, charg'd with all the wracke  
Of sacred Virtue. Now the barbarous witch  
(Foule Ignorance) sits charming of them backe  
To their first Fountaine, in the great and rich;  
Though our great Soveraigne counter-checke her charms  
(Who in all learning, reigne so past example)  
Yet (with her) turkishe Policie puts on armes,  
To raze all knowledge in mans Christian temple.  
(You following yet our King) your guard redouble:  
Pure are thole streams, that these times cannot trouble.

## TO THE RIGHT GRACIOVS *Illustrator of vertue, and worthy of the favour* *Royal, the Earle of MONTGOMERIE.*

**M**Here runs a blood, faire Earle, through your clear vains,  
That well entitles you to all things Noble;  
Which still the living Sydian soule maintaines,  
And your names ancient Noblenesse doth redouble:  
For which I needs must tender to your Graces  
This noblest worke of man, as made your Right.  
And though Ignoblenesse, all such workes defaces,  
As tend to Learning, and the soules delight:  
Yet since the sacred Penne doth testifie,  
That Wisedome (which is Learnings naturall birth)  
Is the cleare Mirror of Gods Maiestie,  
And Image of his goodnesse here in earth,  
If you the daughter wish, respect the Mother:  
One cannot be obtain'd without the other.

## TO THE MOST LEARNE<sup>D</sup> and noble Concluader of the Warres arte, and the Muses, the Lord LISLE, &c.

**N**Or let my paines herein (long honour'd Lord,  
Faile of your ancient Nobly good respects,  
Though obscure Fortune never would afford  
My service hlow, till these thus late effects.  
And though my poore defferts weigh'd never more,  
Then might keepe downe their worthlesse memorie  
From your high thoughts (enricht wth better store)  
Yet yours in me are fixt eternally,  
Which all my fit occasions well shall prove.  
Meane space (with your most noble Nephewes, daine  
To shew your free and honourable love  
To this Greeke Poet, in his English vaine.  
You cannot more the point of death controule,  
Then to stand close by such a living soule.

## TO THE GREAT AND VER- *tuos, the Countesse of MONTGOMERIE.*

**M**Our Fame (great Lady) is so lowd resounded,  
By your free trumpet, my right worthy friend,  
That, with it, all my forces stand confounded,  
At n'd and disarm'd at once, to one iust end,  
To honour and delcribe the blest content  
Twixt your high blood and soule, in vertues rate.  
Of which, my friends praeife is so eminent,  
That I shall hardly like his Echo fare,  
To render onely th' ends of his shrill verfe.  
Besides, my bounds are short, and I must nearely,  
My will to honour your rare parts, rehearse  
With more time, singing your renoune more clearly  
Meane-time, take Homer for my wants supply:  
To whom adjoyn'd, your name shall never dye.

TO THE HAPPY STARRE, DIS-  
covered in our Sydenham Afterisme, comfort of  
learning, Sphere of all the vertues, the Lady  
WROTHE.

**V**hen all our other Starres set/in their skyes)  
To vertue, and all honour of her kinde,  
That you(rare Lady) should so clearely rise,  
Makes all the vertuous gloriſe your minde.  
And let true Reaton and Religion try,  
It is be Fancie, nor judiciall right,  
To vnto oppose the times apostacie,  
To take the foules part, and her ſaving Light,  
Whilſt others blinde and burie both in tenie,  
When tis the onely end for which all live.  
And, could thofe foules, in whom it dies, dispence  
As much with their religion, they would give  
That as ſmall grace. Then ſhun their courfe faire Starre,  
And ſtill keepe your way pure, and circular.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE PA-  
tronelle and Grace of Vertue, the Countesse  
of BEDFORD.

**V**ou you faire Patronelle, and Muse to Learning,  
The fount of learning, and the Mufes ſends  
This Cordiall for your vertues, and forewarning  
To leave no good, forthill the world commands.  
Cauſe he leduech but the vulgar fort;  
With whom, when Noblenesse mixeth, ſhe is vulgar,  
Be truly-Noble, fill repair their Fort,  
With ſaing good excitements, and gifts rare,  
In whiche narrow paſh to Happinesse  
Is onely eaten. Vulgar pleaſure ſets  
Darts for her teſte, in twinge of her exceſſe,  
And beates her ſelfe there dead, ere free the geſt,  
Ane pleaſureten with pleasure ſtill doth waſte;  
A pleaſurewith vertue Madame; that will laſt.

TO THE RIGHT VALOROUS  
and vertuous Lord, the Earle of  
SOUTH-HAMPTON, &c.

**V**N choice of all our Countries Nobleſt ſpirits  
(Borne ſlavifher barbarisme to convince)  
I could not but invoke your hono'red Merits,  
To follow the ſwift vertue of our Prince.  
The cries of Vertue, and her Fortrefſe, Learning,  
Blake earth, and to Elysium did deſcend,  
To call up Homer: who therein diſcerning  
That his excitements to their good, had end  
(As being a Grecian) puts on English armes,  
And to the hardie natures in theſe climes,  
Strikes up his high and ſpiriſfull alarms,  
That they may cleare earth of thofe impioſis Crimes  
Whofe conqueſt (though moſt faintly all apply)  
You know (learn'd Earle) all liue for, and ſhould dye.

TO MY EXCEEDING GOOD  
Lord, the Earle of SVSSEX: with duty alwaies  
remembered to his honor'd Countee.

**V**ou that have made in your great Princes Name  
(At his high birth) his holy Christian vowed,  
May wiſneſſe now (to his eternall Fame)  
How he perfromes them thus far: and full growes  
Above his birth in vertue; past his yeares,  
In strength of Bountie, and great forteſſude.  
Amongſt this traine, then of our choiſeſt Peers,  
That follow him in chace of vices rude,  
Summon'd by his great Herald Homers voice,  
March you, and euer let your Famille  
(In your vowed made for ſuch a Prince) rejoyce.  
Your ſervice to his State shall never dye,  
And, for my true obſervance, let this ſhow,  
No meaneſſ escapes when I may honour you.

## TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND

*Heroicall, my singular good Lord, the Lord  
of WALDEN, &c.*

**N** Or let the vulgar iway Opinion beares  
(Rare Lord,) that Poetries favor shewes men vaine,  
Ranke you amongst her sterne distauners;  
She all things worthy fauour doth manaine.  
Vertue, in all things else, at best sli betters;  
Honour she heightens, and giues Life in Death;  
She is the ornament, and soule of letters :  
The worlds deceit before her vanisheth.  
Simple she is as Doues, like Serpents wife;  
Sharpe, graue, and sacred: nought but things divine,  
And things diuining, fit her faculties ;  
(Accepting her as she is genuine,)  
If she be vaine then, all things else are vile;  
If vertuous, still be Patron of her stile.

## TO THE MOST TR VELY-N O-

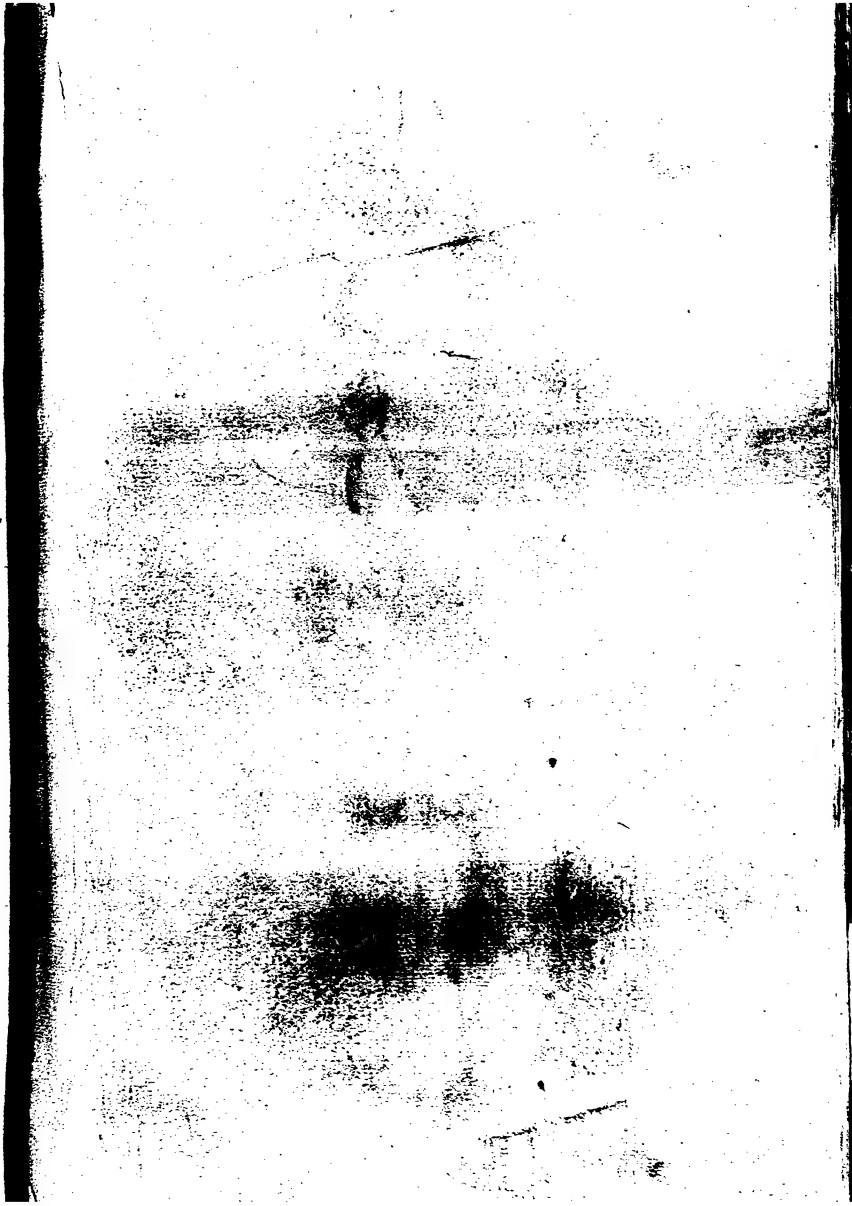
*ble and Virtue-gracing Knight, Sir*

THOMAS HOVVA RD.

**K** He true and nothing-lesse-then sacred spirit  
That moues your feete so farre from the prophane,  
In scorne of Pride, and grace of humblest mett,  
Shall fill your Names sphere, neuer seeing it wane.  
It is so rare, in bloud so high as yours  
To entertaine the humble skill of truth,  
And put a vertuous end to all your powres,  
That th' other age askes, we giue you in yoush,  
Your yere hath wonne the maistrie of your minde,  
As Homer sings of his *Antilochus*,  
The paralell of you in every kinde,  
Valiant, and milde, and most ingenious.  
Goe on in vertue, after death and grow,  
And shine like *Ledas* twins, my Lord & you.

*E ver most humbly and faithfully dedicated to you  
and all the rare Patrons of divine Homer.*

Geo. Chapman.



# HOMER'S ODYSSESS.

Translated according to ſe Grecke.

By Geo. Chapman

At mihi q̄ viuo dextraxcrit Inuidi Turba  
Post obitum duplci fænore redde: Honor.



# HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

TRANSLATED ACCORDING  
TO THE GREEK.

BY  
GEORGE CHAPMAN.

*At mibi quod vivo dixerit fui vix turba  
Post obitum duplaci senore reddet Honos.*



LONDON,  
Printed for Nathaniel Butter.

EDWARD H  
A E R C O  
M P S I M

TO THE MOST  
WORTHILY HONO-  
RED, MY SINGVLA  
GOOD LORD, ROBERT,  
Earle of SOMERSET,  
Lord Chamber-  
kaine, &c.

**H**ave aduentured (Right Noble Earle) out of  
my vrmest, and ever vowed seruice to your  
Vertues, to entitle their Merits to the Patro-  
noge of Homers English life: whose wift  
natuall life, the great Macedon would  
have protected, as the spirit of his Em-  
pire,

That he to his vnmeasur'd mightie Acts,  
Might adde a Fame as vast; and their extracts,  
In fires as bright, and endlesse as the starres,  
His breast might breathe; and thunder out his warres.  
But that great Monarks loue of fame and praise,  
Receiuers an envious Cloud in our foule daies:  
For since our Great ones, ceasse themselues to do  
Deeds worth their praise; they hold it folly too,  
To feed their praise in others. But what can  
(Of all the gifts that are) be giuen to man,  
More precious then Eternite and Glorie,  
Singing their praises, in vnsilenc't storie?  
Which No blacke Day, No Nation, nor no Age;  
No change of Time or Fortune, Force, nor Rage,

Shall

## THE EPISTLE

Shall euer race? All which, the Monarch knew,  
Where Homer liu'd entir'd, would ensue:

*Cuius de gurgite viuo*

*Combibit arcanos vatum omnis turbafurores, &c.*

From whose deepe Fount of life, the thirstie rout  
Of Thespian Prophets, haue lien sucking out  
Their sacred rages. And as th'influent stome  
Of Father Ioues great and laborious Sonne,  
Lifts high the heauie Iron; and farre implies  
The wide Orbs; that the Needle rectifies,  
In vertuous guide of euery sea-driuen course,  
To all aspiring, his one boundlesse force:  
So from one Homer, all the holy fire,  
That euer did the hidden heate inspire  
In each true Muse, came cleerly sparkling downe,  
And must for him, compose one flaming Crowne.

He, at Ioues Table set, fils our to vs,  
Cups that repaire Age, sad and ruinous;  
And giues it Buill, of an eternall stand,  
With his all-sinewie Odyssean hand.

Shifts Time, and Fate; puts Death in Lifes free state;  
And Life doth into Ages propagate.  
He doth in Men, the Gods affectes inflame;  
His fuell Vertue, blowne by *Praise* and *Fame*:  
And with the high soules, first impulsions driuen,  
Breakes through rude Chaos, Earth, the Seas, and Heauen.  
The Nerves of all things hid in Nature, lie  
Naked before him; all their Harmonie

Tun'd to his Accents; that in Beasts breathe Minds.  
What Fowles, what Floods, what Earth, what Aire, what Winds,  
What fires & thereall; what the Gods conclude  
In all their Counsels, his Muse makes indude  
With varied voices, that euen rockes haue mou'd.  
And yet for all this, (naked Vertue lou'd)  
Honors without her, he, as abiet, prises;  
And foolish Fame, deriu'd from thence, despises.  
When from the vulgar, taking glorious bound,  
Vp to the Mountaine, where the Muse is crownd;

I x Angeli Po-  
litiana Auctra.

## DEDICATORIE.

He sits and laughs, to see the iaded Rabble,  
Toile to his hard heights, tall accessi vnable. &c.

*This for Angel  
Politiana, for  
the most part  
translaid.*

And that your Lordship may in his Face, take view of his Mind: the first word of his Iliads, iswrath: the first word of his Odyses, and so, Man: contracting in either word, his each workes Proposition. In one, Predominant Perturbation: in the other, ouer-ruling Wisedome: in one, the Bodies formour and fashion of outward Fortitude, to all possible height of Heroical Action: in the other, the Minds inward, constant, and unconquerd Empire; unbroken, unaltered, with any most insolent, and tyrannous infiiction. To many most soueraine prajes is this Poeme entituled; but to that Grace in chiefe, which sets on the Crowne, both of Poets and Orators; n*te magis, magas; et ut res sint*; that is, Parua magnè dicere, perulgata nouè, iciuna plenè: To speake things little, greatly; things communie, rarely; things barren and emprie, fruitfully and fully. The returne of a man into his Countrie, is his whole scope and obiect; which, in it selfe, your Lordship may well say, is iuste and fruitlesse enough; affording nothing fearefull, nothing magnificent. And yet even this, doth the divine inspiration, render vast, illustrious, and of miraculus compoſure. And for this (my Lord) is this Poeme preferred to his Iliads; for therein much magnificence, both of person and action, gives great aide to his industrie; but in this, are these helpe, exceeding sparing, or nothing; and yet is the Structurē so elaborate, and pompos, that the poore plaine Groundworke (considered together) may seeme the naturally rich Soumbe to it, and produce it needfully. Much wonderd at therefore, is the Censure of Dionysius Longimus (a man otherwise affirmed, grave, and of elegant judgement) comparing Homer in his Iliads, to the Sunne rising; in his Odyses, to his descent or setting. Or to the Ocean robd of his asture; many tributarie stounds and riuers of excellens ornamens, withheld from their obseruance. When this his worke so farre exceeds the Ocean, with all his Court and concourse; that all his Sea, is onely a serviceable stremme to it. Nor can it be compared to any One power to be named in nature; being an entierly wel-forred and digested Confluence of all. Where the most solide and grave, is made as nimble and fluent, as the most arie and firie; the nimble and fluent, as firme and well bounded as the most grave and solid. And (taking all together) of so tender impression, and of such Command to the voice of the Muse; that they knocke heauen with her breath, and discouer their foundations as low as hell. Nor is this all-comprising Poeticke, phantastique,



## THE EPISTLE

(Amidst the Mysteries it did encoule)  
Brake powrfully abroad. And as we see  
The Sunne all hid in clouds, at length, got free,  
Through some for'e couert, over all the wayes,  
Nare and beneath him, shoots his venter rayes  
Farre off, and stickes them in some little Glade:  
All woods, fields, rivers, left besides in shade:  
So your Apollo, from that world of light,  
Close in his Poems body; shot to fight  
Some few for'e Beames: which neare him, were not seene,  
(As in his life or countrie) Fate and Spleene,  
Clouding their radiance, which, when Death had cleard:  
To farre off Regions, his free beames appear'd:  
In which, all stood and wended, striving which,  
His Birth and Rapture, shoud in right enrich.

Twelve Labours of your *Theban Hercules*,  
I now present your Lordship; Doe but please  
To lend Life meanes, till th other twelve receive  
Equall achievement: and let Death then reave  
My life now lost in our Partician Loves,  
That knocke heads with the herd; in whom there moves  
One bloud, one soule: both drownd in one set heigh  
Of stupid Envie, and meere popular Spight.  
VVhole loves, with no good, did my least vinefull:  
And from their hates, I feare as little ill,  
Their Bounties nourish not, when most they feed,  
But where there is no Merit, or no Needs:  
Raine into rivers still, and are such showres,  
As bubbles spring, and overflow the flowres.  
Their worke parts, and worst men, their Best suborned,  
Like winter Cowes, whose milke ruane to their homes,  
And as litigious Clients Bookes of Law,  
Cost infinitely: rafte of all the Awe,  
Bencht in our kingdome, Politie, State:  
Earne all their deepe explorings: satiate  
All foyls there thrust together by the heart,  
VVith thirst of wisedome, spent on either part

Horrid

## DEDICATORIE.

Horrid examples made of Life and Death,  
From their fine stiffe wouen: yet when once the breath  
Off sentence leaues them, all their worth is drawne  
As drie as dust; and weares like Cobweb Lawne:  
So these men set a price vpon their worth,  
That no man gives, but those that trot it forth,  
Through Needs soule wayes; feed Humors, with all cost,  
Though Judgement sterues in them: Rou: State engrost  
(At all Tabacco benches, solemne Tables,  
Where all that crosse their Enuies, are their fables)  
In their ranke faction: Shame, and Death approu'd  
Fit Penance for their Opposites: none lou'd  
But those that rub them: not a Reason heard,  
Thar doth not sooth and gloriifie their preferd  
Bitter Opinions. When, would Truth resume  
The cause to his hands; all would flie in fume  
Before his sentence; since the innocent mind,  
Ifst God makes good; to whom their wort is wind.  
For, that I freely all my Thoughts exprest,  
My Conscience is my Thousand witness:  
And to this stay, my constant Comforts vow;  
*You for the world I have, or God for you.*



## Certaine ancient Greeke Epigrammes Translated.

All starres are drunke up by the fire Samnes,  
And in so much a flame, lies strunke the Moone:  
Homers all-lit'd Name, all Names leuens in Death,  
Whose splendor onely, Muses before ones breath.

Another.

Heavens fires shall first fall darker'd from his Sphere,  
Grane Night, the light weed of the Day shall weare:  
Fro'st streames shall chase the Sea; tough Planets shall tearre:  
Her fishe bottomes: Men in long late dead:  
Shall rise, and live before Ollusion died:  
Those full greene leaves that crowne great Homers head.

Another.

The great Maonides doth onely write,  
And to him dictates the great God of Light.

Another.

Seven kingdome: briue, in which shoud swell the wonbe:  
That bore great Homer, whom Fame freed from Tombe:  
Argos, Chius, Pylos, Smyrna, Colopone;  
The learn'd Athenian, and Vlyssian Throne.

Another.

Art thou of Christ? No. Of Salamine?  
A little. Was the Styrene Countrye shine?  
Nor so. Which then? 'twas Cumae, Colopone,  
Nor one, nor other. Art thou then of none,  
That Fame proclames thee? No one. Thy Reason call,  
If I confess of one, I anger all.

## THE FIRST BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**T**He Gods in counsele fit, to call  
Vlysses from Calypso's thral;  
And order their high pleasures, thus;  
Gray Pallas, to Telemachus  
(In Ithaca) her may addresse;  
And did her beauteous lime much  
In Menta's likenesse, that did raise  
King of the Taphians (in the Manie,  
Whose rough waves wear Leucadia name)  
Advising wise Vlysses some  
To seek his father, and addresse  
His course to yong Tantalides  
That govern'd Sparta. Thus much said,  
She send her was Helenus married Maid,  
And waies from him. Next to this,  
The Banquet of the woors is.

Another.

Aapo. The Deities fit;  
The Maies reward;  
Th' Ulysses wit,  
By Pallas for'd.

**H**e Man (O Muse) informe, that many a way,  
Wound with his wifedome to his wilshed stay.  
That wanderd wondrous farre, when, He, the towne  
Of sacred Troy, had fackt, and shiuert downe.  
The cities of a world of nations,  
With all their manners, mindes, and fashions  
He saw and knew. At Sea fel many woes;  
Much care sustained, to save from ouerthrows  
Himselfe, and friends, in their retreate for home.  
But so, their fates, he could not ouercome.  
Though much he thirsted it. O men wiwif,  
They perisht by their owne impicities,  
That in their hungers rapine would not shunne  
The Oxen of the loftie-going Sunne:

gives him in the first vers; where signifying, Homo cauis ingentum velut per realtas, & varias vias, vertitur in re-

The information  
or fashions of an  
absolute man;  
and necessarie  
(or fatall) passage  
through many  
afflictions (ac-  
cording with the  
most sacred Let-  
ter) to his na-  
tural bauen and  
country; is the  
whole argument,  
and scope of this  
eminable, and  
miraculous Po-  
em. And therfore  
is the epis-  
theticus nowayes

Who therefore from their eyes, the day bereft  
Of safe returne. These acts in some part left,  
Tell vs, as others, deified seed of *love*,  
Now all the rest that austere Death out-stroue  
At *Troy*'s long siege, a home safe anchor'd are,  
Free from the malice both of sea and warre;  
Only *Vlysses* is denide accesse  
To wife and home, The Grace of Goddesses  
The reverend Nymph *Clytta* did detaine  
Him in her Caues: past all the race of men,  
Endam'd to make him her lou'd Lord and Spouse.  
And when the Gods had destin'd that his houle,  
Which *Ithaca* on her rough bofome beares,  
(The point of time wrought out by ambient years)  
Should be his hauen; Contention still extends  
Her enuite to him, euen amongst his friends.  
All Gods tooke pitie on him: only he  
That girds Earth in the cincture of the sea,  
Divine *Vlysses* euer did enuite,  
And made the first port of his birth to slie.

*Neptunes pro-  
gress to the  
Bishop*

But he himselfe solemniz'd a retreate  
To th' *Aethiops*, faire disunderd in their seate;  
(In two parts parted, at the Sunnes descent,  
And underneath his golden Orient,

The first and last of men) t'enjoy their feast  
Of bulls and lambes, in Hecatombs addrest:  
At which he sat, giuen ouer to Delight.

The other Gods, in heauens supreamest height  
Were all in Councell met: To whom began

differ from all  
other translati-  
ons) left the  
strange to erre  
out of that gro-  
vance that may  
perhaps refette  
my depresso-

a *swearer*,  
translated in this  
place incalculab-  
ly made the  
epitite of *A-  
gillius*; if from  
the true sense of  
the word, as it is

here to be under-  
stood: what is  
quite contrary  
to *Agamemnon*, and (in dread  
To suffer death himselfe) to shunne his ill,

Incur'd it by the loose bent of his will,  
In slaughtering *Atrides* in retreate.

As now *Agillius*, past his fate, did wed  
The wife of *Agamemnon*, and (in dread  
To suffer death himselfe) to shunne his ill,

Incur'd it by the loose bent of his will,  
In some place

Diuinus, or Deo Which we foretold him, would so hardly set  
similis; but in another (soone after) contrarius Deo. The person to whom the Epithete is given, giving reason to distinguish it. And so on; for an

*Epihete* given to *Atlas* instantly following, in one place significis. Mente perniciosa; in the next, qui venientia nunc gerit.

To

To his murtherous purpose, fending *Mercurie*  
(That slaughterd *Argus*) our confederate spie,  
To give him this charge: Do not wed his wife,  
Nor murther him; for thou shalt buy his life,  
With ranosome of thine owne; imposde on thee  
By his *Orefes*; when, in him shall be  
*Atrides* selfe renewd; and bur the prime  
Of youths spring put abroad; in thirst to clime  
His haughtie Fathers throne, by his high acts.  
These words of *Hermes*, wrought not into facts  
*Agillius* powres; good counsell he despise,  
And to that Good, his ill is sacrifice.

*Pallas* (whose eyes did sparkle like the skies)  
Answerd: O Sire! suprême of Deities,  
*Agillius* past his Fate, and had deser't  
To warrant our infliction, and conuert  
May all the paines, such impious men inflic'  
On innocent sufferers; to revenge as strict,  
Their owne hearts eating. But, that *Ithaca*  
(Thus nevermeriting) should suffer thus;  
I deeply suffer. His more pious mind  
Divides him from these fortunes. Though vnlkind  
Is Pietie to him, giuing him a faze,  
More suffering then the most unfortunate,  
So long kept friendleſſe, in a sea-girt foile,  
Where the seas name is a syluane ile,  
In which the Goddesse dwells, that doth derive  
Her birth from *Atlas* who, of all alme,  
The motion and the fashion doth command,  
With his b' wife mind, whose forces underland  
The inmost deepes and gulfs of all the sea:  
Who (for his skill of things superior) stayes  
The two steepe Columnes that prop earth and heaven.  
His daughter tis, who holds this homeleſſe driven,  
Still mourning with her. Euermore profuse  
Of soft and winning speeches, that abuse  
And make so languishingly, and posſest  
With so remisse a mind, her loued guest  
Manage the action of his way for home.  
Where he (though in affection overcome)  
In judgement yet; more longs to shew his hopes,  
His countries smoke leap from her chimney tops,

express *Plysses* deſert errors, super eo rime, ut sic, quibus locis immixte poterit vbi conficitur. d This is then transla-  
ted, she rather to exprefſe and approve the *Agillius* driven through the whole *Odyssey*. Deciphering the meaning of the wifſe  
in his afflictions; and the torment that breeds in every poor mind to be thereby hurried to arrive so directly as to defirſe, at the  
proper and only true natural course of every worthy man, whose boome is honest, and the next life, to which, this life is but a  
far, in continual floure and reviving. The words concerning all this, are *prosternere*, *deponere*; *probare*, *significare*, *qui language*, &  
animo remissio rem aliquantum gerit; which being the effect of *Clytta*'s sweete words in *Plysses*, where applied pefectly to his  
owne sufferance of their operation.

*Pallas to Iphi-  
tar.*

b In this place  
she takes quic-  
keſſe the Epithete  
shame, which  
figurates qui va-  
tuaſſe in meoſe a  
great, here gives  
him, for the pa-  
per the flares  
to me in all  
things. Yet this  
receives other  
interpretation  
in other places,  
as aboveſaid.

c *doctore* is  
here turned by  
others, in feſt;

in the general  
collection; when  
it hath here a  
particular ex-  
planacion.

And

## THE FIRST BOOKE

And death askes in her armes. Yet never shall  
 Thy lou'd heart be converted on his thrall,  
 (Austere *Olympius*) did not euer he,  
 In ample *Troy*, thy altars gratifie?  
 And Grecians Fleete make in thy offerings swim?  
 O *Ioue*, why still then burnes thy wrath to him?  
 Jupiter to *Pallas*  
 The Cloud-assembler answerto: What words flie  
 (Bold daughter) from thy Pale of Ivorie?  
 As if I euer could cast from my care  
 Divine *Vlysses*, who exceeds so faire  
 the better *found*. All men in wisedome: and so oft hath given  
 to all th'Immortals thron'd in ample heauen,  
 To all th'Immortals thron'd in ample heauen,  
 So great and sacred gifts! But his decrees,  
 That holds the earth i with his nimble knees,  
 Stand to *Vlysses* longings so extreme,  
 For taking from the God-foe *Polyphemus*  
 His onely eye; a *Cyclop*, that excell'd  
 All other *Cyclops*: with whose burthen swell'd  
 The Nymph *Thooea*, the divine increase  
 Of *Phorcus* seed, a great God of the seas.  
 She mixt with *Nepturne* in his hollow caues,  
 And bore this *Cyclop* to that God of waues,  
 For whose lost eye, th'Earth-shaker did not kill  
 Erring *Vlysses*; but referres him still  
 In life for more death. But vse we our powres,  
 And round about vs cast these care's of ours,  
 All to discouer how we may preferre  
 His wiſht retreate; and *Nepturne* make forbearne  
 His sterne eye to him: since no one God can  
 In spite of all, preuaile, but gainſt a man.  
 To this, this anſwer made the gray-eyd Maide:  
 Supreme of rulers, ſince ſo well apioide  
 The bleſſed Gods are all then, now, in thare  
 To limite wiſe *Vlysses* miserie;  
 And that you ſpeak, as you referre to me  
 Preſcription for the meaneſ; in this ſor be  
 Their ſacred order: let vs now addreſſe  
 With vroffit ſpeed, our ſwift *Argicidēs*,  
 To tell the Nymph that bears the golden Trefle  
 In th'ile *Ogygia*, that tis our will  
 She ſhould not ſtay our lou'd *Vlysses* ſtill;  
 But ſuffer his returne; and then will I  
 To *Ithaca*, to make his ſonne apply  
 His Sires inqueſt the more; infuling force  
 Into his ſoule, to summon the concurſe  
 Of curld-head Greeks to counſaile: and detene  
 Each woore that hath bene the slaughterer  
 Of his fat ſheepe and crooked-headed beeuces.

From

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

From more wrong to his mother, and their leases  
 Take in ſuch termes, as fit deferts ſo great.  
 To *Sparta* then, and *Pylas*, where doth beate  
 Bright *Amenan*, the flood and epithete.  
 To all that kingdome, my aduice ſhall ſend  
 The ſpirit-aduane'd Prince, to the pioes end  
 Of ſeeking his loſt father, if he may  
 Receiue report from Fame, where reſts his flay,  
 And make, besides, his owne ſuccesse worth,  
 Knowne to the world, and ſet in action forth.  
 This ſaid, her winged ſhoes to her ſteete ſhe tied,  
 Form'd all of gold, and all eternified;  
 That on the round earth, or the ſea, ſafteid  
 Her rauifh ſubſtance, ſwift as gufts of wind.  
 Then tooke ſhe her ſtrong Lance, with ſteele made ſcorne,  
 Great, maſſie, adiuie, that whole hoaſt of men  
 (Though all Heroes) conqueſt, if her iſe  
 Their wrongs inflame, backt by ſo great a Sire.  
 Downe from *Olympus* tops, the heaſtong diu'd;  
 And (wiſt as thought, in *Pallas* aniu'd),  
 Close at *Vlysses* gates, in whos'e firſt court,  
 She made her ſtand; and for her breſts ſupport,  
 Leant on her iron Lance: her forme impreft  
 With *Mens* likeiſſe, come, as being a queſt.  
 There found the thofe proud wooces, that were then  
 Set on thofe Oxen-hides that themſelues had ſlaine,  
 Before the gates, and all at dice were playing.  
 To them the heralds, and the refl obaying,  
 Fill'd wine and water; loſte, full as they plaid;  
 And ſome, for ſolemne ſupper ſtate, purſaid,  
 With porous ſponges, cleining tables ſem'd  
 With much rich feaſt; of which to all they heru'd.

God-like *Telemachus*, amogſt them iſt,  
 Grieu'd much in mind, and in his heart begat  
 All repreſentment of his abſent Sire,  
 How (come from far-off parts) his ſpirites would fire  
 With thofe proud wooces fight, with slaughter parting  
 Their bold concurſe; and to himſelfe conuerting  
 The honors they viſrupt, hiſe owne commanding.

In thiſ diſcourſe, he, firſt, ſaw *Pallas* flanſting  
 Vnbidden entrie: vp rofe, and addreſſe  
 His pace right to her, angry, that a queſt  
 Should ſtand so long at gate: and coming neare,  
 Her right hand rooke, tooke in his owne, her ſpear,  
 And thus ſaluted: Grace to your repaire,  
 (Faie queſt) your welcome ſhall be likewife faire.  
 Enter, and (chear'd with feaſt) diſcloſe th'entrie  
 That cauſde your coming. This ſaid, firſt he went,

B 3

The preparation  
of *Pallas* for  
*Ithaca*.

*Pallas*  
*Mater*

And

And *Pallas* followd. To a roome they came,  
Steepe, and of state; the Iauelin of the Dame,  
He set aginst a pillar, vast and hie,  
Amidst a large and bright-kept Armorie,  
Which was, besides, with woods of Lances grac'd,  
Of his graue fathers. In a thron, he plac'd  
The man-tumid Goddesse, vnder which was spred  
A Carpet, rich, and of deuicefull thred;  
A footloole staying her feete; and by her chaire,  
Another feate (all garnisht wondrous faire,  
To rest, or sleepe on in the day) he set  
Farre from the preafe of woopers, leſt at meate  
The noise they ſill made, might offend his guest,  
Disturbing him at banquet or at reſt,  
Euen to his combat, with that pride of theirs,  
That kept no noble forme in their affaires.  
And theſe he ſet fare from them, much the rather  
To queſtion freely of his abſent father.

A Table fairely poliſh then, was ſpread,  
On which a reverend officer ſet bread;  
And other ſervitors, all sorts of meate,  
(Salads, and fleſh, ſuch as their haſte could get)  
Seru'd with obftruance in. And then the Sewire,  
Prow'd water from a great and golden Ewe,  
That from their hands, 'a filuer Caldron ran,  
Both waſt, and feated cloſe; the voicefull man  
Fetcht cups of gold, and ſet by them, and round  
Those cups with wine, with all endeouer crownd.

Then ruſt in the rude woopers, themſelues plac'd,  
The heralds water gave; the maid's in haſte  
Seru'd bread from baskets. When, of all prepar'd,  
And ſet before them, the bold woopers ſhar'd,  
Their Pages plying their cups, paſt the reſt.  
But luſtic woopers muſt do more then feaſt;  
For now (their hungers and their thirſtis allaid)  
They call'd for ſongs, and Dances. Thoſe, they faid,  
Were th' ornaments of feaſt. The herald ſtrake  
A Harpe, car'd full of artificiall fleyght,  
Thrust into *Pheuia* (a leardingers hand,  
Who, till he muſch was vr'g'd, on termes did ſtand;  
But after, plaide and fung with all his art.

*Telemachus*, to *Pallas* then (apart,  
His eare inclining cloſe, that none might heare)  
In this ſort ſaid: My Gueſt, exceeding deare,  
Will you not fit incenſt, with what I lay?  
These are the cares: theſe men takes feaſt and play:  
Which ealſy they may vfe, because they eate,  
Free, and vnpunished, of another's meate.

*Telemachus* to  
*Pallas*.

And

And of a mans, whos white bones waſting lie  
In ſome farre region, with th' incelſancie  
Of ſhoores pow'r'd downe vpon them; lying abore,  
Or in the ſeaſ waſht nā'd. Who, if he wore  
Thoſe bones with fleſh, and life, and induftrie,  
And theſe, might here in *Thetis* ſet eyne  
On him returnd; they all would will to be,  
Either paſt other, in celeſtie  
Of feete and knees; and not contend i' exceed  
In golden garments. But his vertues feed  
The fate of ill death: nor is left to me  
The leaſt hope of his liues recoverie;  
No not, if any of the mortall race  
Should tell me his returne, the cheaſt face  
Of his returnd day, neuer will appeare.  
But tell me, and let Truth, your wiſeſſe bear,  
Who? and from whence you are? what cities birth?  
What parents? In what vefſell ſet you forth?  
And with what mariners arru'd you here?  
I cannot think you a foote paſſenger.  
Recount then to me all; to teach me well,  
Fit vſage for your worth. And if it fell  
In chance now firſt that you thus fee vs here,  
Or that in former paſſages you were  
My fathers gueſt? For many meaſure bene  
Gueſts to my father. Studiois of men,  
His ſociable nature euer was.  
On him againe, the grey-eyd Maide did paſie  
This kind reply; Ile anſwer paſſing true,  
All thou haſt askt: My birth, his honour drew  
From wife *Anchialus*. The name I bear,  
Is *Mentor*, the commanding flander:  
Of all the *Taphians*, ſtudious in the art  
Of Nauiigation. Having toucht this part  
With thiſ and men, of purpose to maintaine  
Courſe through the darke feas, oþer langug'd men.  
And *Temesis* ſultaines the cities name,  
To which my ſhip is bound; made knowne by fame,  
For rich in brasse, which my occasions need,  
And therefore bring I ſhining ſteels in breed,  
Which their wife wants; yet makes my vefſels freight,  
That neare a plowd field, tides at anchoris weight.  
Apaſt this citie, in the harbor calld  
*Rerbus*, whose waues, with *Ness* Woods are walld.  
Thy Sire and I, were euer muſtall gueſts  
At eitheris house, ſtill inþechangē ſeals.  
I glorie in it. Aske, when thou haſt ſee  
*Laertes*, th'old *Herac*, theſe of mee,

B 4

From

*Pallas* to *Telemachus*.

From the beginning, He, men say, no more  
 Visits the Citie; but will needs deplore  
 His sonnes beleu'd losse, in a private field;  
 One old maid onely, at his hands to yeeld  
 Foode to his life, as oft labour makes  
 His old limbs faint; which though he creepes, he takes  
 Along a fruitfull plaine, set all with vines,  
 Which, husbandman-like (though a King) he proues.  
 But now I come to be thy fathers guest;  
 I heare he wandres, while these woortes feast.  
 And (as th Immortals prompt me at this houre)  
 Ile tell thee, out of a propheticke powre,  
 (Nor as profest a Prophet, nor cleare seene  
 At all times, what shall after chance to men)  
 What I conceue, for this time, will be true:  
 The Gods afflictions keepe your Sire from you.  
 Diuine *Vyses*, yet, abides not dead  
 Above earth, nor beneath, nor buried.  
 In any seas, (as you did late conceive)  
 But, with the broad sea stig'd, is kept alime  
 Within an Ile, by rude and vp-land men,  
 That in his spite, his passage home detaine,  
 Yet long it shall not be, before he tread  
 His countys deare earth; though solicited,  
 And held from his retурne, with iron chaines.  
 For he hath wit to forge a world of traines,  
 And will, of all, be sure to make good one,  
 For his retурne, so much relide upon.  
 But tell me, and be true: Art thou indeed

6. next page  
 Tannus filius  
 Pallas thus ent  
 forcing her que  
 stion, to stirre up  
 the sonnes  
 to the fathers  
 worthinesse.

So much a sonne, as to be said the feed  
 Of *Ithacus* himselfe? Exceeding much  
 Thy forehead and faire eyes, at his forme touch:  
 For oftentimes we met, as you and I  
 Mette at this houre, before he did apply  
 His powres for *Troy*. When other Grecian States,  
 In hollow shippes were his associates.  
 But since that time, mine eyes could never see  
 Renownd *Vyses*; nor met his wish me.  
 The wife *Telemachus* againe replide:  
 You shall withall I know, be satisfide.  
 My mother, certaine, fayes I am his sonne:  
 I know not; nor was ever simply knowne  
 By any child, the sure truth of his Sire.  
 But would my veines had tooke in living fire  
 From some man happie, rather then one wiste,  
 Whom age might see feizd, of what youth made pride.  
 But he, whocuer of the mortall race  
 Is most ynblest, he holds my fathers place.

Telemachus to  
 Pallas.

This, since you aske, I answere. She, againe:

The Gods sure did not make the future straine  
 Both of thy race and dayes, obscure to thee,

Since thou went borne fo of *Penelope*.

The stile may by thy after acts be wonne,

Of so great Sire, the high vndoubted sonne.

Say truth in this then; what's this feasting here?

What all this rout? Is all this nuptiall cheare?

Or else some friendly banquet made by thee?

For here no shots are, where all sharets be.

Past meaure contumeliously, this crew

Fare through thy house, which should th' ingenuous view

Of any good or wylf man come and find,

(Impicit feing playd in euery kind)

He could not but through euerie veine be mou'd.

Againe *Telemachus*: My guest much lou'd,

Since you demand and sift these fightes so faire,

I grant twere fit, a houfe so regular,

Rich, and so faultlesse, once in government,

Should still, at all parts, the same forme preuent,

That gaue it glorie, while her Lord was here.

But now the Gods, that vs displeasure beare,

Hauue otherwyl appointed; and diigrace

My father most, of all the mortall race.

For whom I could not mourne fo, were he dead,

Amongst his fellow Captaines slaughtered

By common enemies; or in the hands

Of his kin friends, had ended his commands,

After he had egregiously bestlow'd

His powre and order in a wane fo vow'd,

And to his tombe, all Grecies their grace had done;

That to all ages he might leaue his sonne

Immortal honor: but now *Harpies* haue

Digg'd in their gorges his abhorred graue.

Obfice, inglorious, Death hath made his end;

And me (for glories) to all griefes contend.

Nor shall I any more mourne him alone;

The Gods haue giuen me other cause of moane.

For looke how many Optimates remaine

In *Samos*, or the shoares *Dalichian*,

Shadis *Zacynthus*; or how many beare

Rule in the rough browes of this Iland here;

So many now, my mother and this houfe,

At all parts make defam'd and ruinous.

And she, her hatefull nuptials, nor denies,

Nor will dispatch their importunitie;

Though she beholds them spoile still, as they feast,

All my free house yeelds: and the little rest

Pallas to Telemachus.

Of my dead Sire in me, perhaps intend  
To bring, ere long, to some vntimely end.  
This *Pallas* fight'd, and answerd: O (said she)  
Absent *Vlysses* is much mist by thee:  
That on these shamelesse fuiters he might lay  
His wreakefull hands. Should he now come, and stay  
In thy Courts first gates, arm'd with helme and shield,  
And two such darts as I have seen him wield,  
When first I saw him in our *Taphian* Court,  
Feasting, and doing his deserts disports;  
When from *Ephyus* he return'd by vs  
From *Ilio*, sonne to *Centaure Mermessus*,  
To whom he traueld through the warie dreads,  
For bane to poison his sharpe arrowes heads,  
That death, but toucht, caus'd; which he would not giue,  
Because he fear'd, the Gods that euer liue,  
Would plague such death with death, and yet their scare  
Was to my fathers bolome not so deare  
As was thy fathers loue; (for what he fought,  
My louing father found him, to a thought.)  
If such as then, *Vlysses* might but meete  
With these proud wooers; all were at his feete  
But instant dead men; and their nuptials  
Would proue as bitter as their dying galls.  
But these things in the Gods knes are repos'de,  
If his returne shall see with wreake incloide,  
These in his houfe, or he returne no more.  
And therefore I aduise thee to explore  
All waies thy selfe, to let these wooers gone;  
To which end give me fit attention;  
To morrow into solemne councell call  
The Grecie *Herots*; and declare to all  
(The Gods being witnessse) what thy pleasure is:  
Command to townes of their nativities,  
These frontlesse wooers. If thy mothers mind,  
Stands to her second nuptials, so enclinde,  
Returne she to her royll fathers towers,  
Where th'one of these may wed her, and her dowers  
Make rich, and such as may confort with grace,  
So deare a daughter, of so great a race.  
And thee I warne as well, (if thou as well  
Wilt heare and follow) take thy best built faine,  
With twentie owers man'd, and hastē t'enquire  
Where the abode is of thy absent Sire;  
If any can informe thee, or thine eare  
From *Ione* the fame of his retreate may heare;  
(For chiefly *Ione* giues all that honours men).  
To *Pyles* first be thy addresion then

To god-like *Nestor*. Thence, to *Sparte*, haste  
To gold-lockt *Menelau*, who was left  
Of all the braffe-arm'd Greckes that fald from *Troy*.  
And trie from both theſe, if thou canſt enjoy  
Newes of thy Sires returnd life, any where,  
Though fad thou ſufferſt in his ſearch, a yere.  
If of his death thou hear'ſt, returne thou home;  
And to his memorie erect a tombe:  
Performing parent-rites, of feaſt and game,  
Pompous, and ſuch as beſt may fit his fame:  
And then thy mother a fit husband giue.  
Theſe paſt, conſider how thou maſt deprive  
Of worthleſſe life, theſe woors in thy houſe,  
By open force, or proiects engiuious.  
Things childliſt fit not thee; thiſt ar no more:  
Haſt thou not heard, how all men did adore  
*Diuine Orefes*, after he had ſlaine  
*Egiffbus*, muſthering by a trecherous traïne  
His famous father? Be then (my moſt lou'd)  
Valiant and manly, every way approu'd  
As great as he. I fee thy perfon fit;  
Noble thy mind, and excellent thy wit;  
All giuen thee, ſo to vſe and manage here,  
That even paſt death they may their memories beare.  
In meane time Ile defend to thip and men,  
That much expec me. Be obſeruant then  
Of my aduice, and carefull to maintaine  
In equall acts thy royll fathers raigne.

*Telamachus* replide: You ope (fair *Gueſt*)  
A friends heart, in your ſpeech, as well expreſt,  
As might a father ſerue t'informe his ſonne:  
All which, ſure place haue in my memorie wonne.  
Abide yet, though your voyage calls away;  
That hauing bath'd, and dignifie your stay  
With ſome more honour; you may yet beſide,  
Delight your mind, by being gratide  
With ſome riſh Prefent, taken in your way;  
That, as a lewel, your reſpeſt may lay  
Vp in your treaſurie; beſtowd by me,  
As free friends vſe to giuels of ſuch degree.

Detaine me not (faid he) ſo much inclinde  
To haſte my voyage. What thy loued minde  
Commands to giue, at my returne this way,  
Beſtow on me, that I direcdly may  
Convey it home, which (more of price to mee)  
The more it askes my recompence to thee.

This faid, away gray-eyed *Minerva* flew,  
Like to a mounting Larke; and did endue

His mind with strength and boldnesse; and much more  
 Made him his father long for, then before.  
 And weighing better who his guest might be,  
 He stood amaz'd, and thought a Deitie  
 Was there descended: to whose will he fram'd  
 His powres at all parts; and went, so inflam'd  
 Amongst the wooces; who were silent set,  
 To heare a Poet sing the sad retreat  
 The Greeks performed from *Troy*: which was from thence  
 Proclaimed by *Pallas*, paine of her offence.

When which diuine song, was perceiu'd to beare  
 That mournfull subiect, by the listning eare  
 Of wife *Penelope* (*Icarius feed*),  
 Who from an upp'r roome had giu'n it heed)  
 Downe she descended by a winding staires,  
 Not solely; but the State, in her repaire,  
 Two Maides of Honour made. And when this Queene  
 Of women, stoote so low, she might be scene  
 By all her wooces. In the doore, aloofe  
 (Entring the Hall, grac'd with a goodly rooft)  
 She stood, in shad of gracefull vaines implide  
 About her beauties: on her either side,  
 Her honor'd women. When, (to teares mou'd) thus  
 She chid the sacred Singer: *Phemius*,  
 You know a number more of these great deeds,  
 Of Gods and men (that are the sacred seeds  
 And proper subiects of a Poets song,  
 And those due pleasures that to men belong)  
 Besides these faës that furnish *Trois* retreate,  
 Sing one of those to these, that round your feare  
 They may with silence sit, and taste their wine:  
 But ceasse this song, that through these cares of mine,  
 Convey deseru'd occasion to my heart  
 Of endlesse sorrowes; of which, the desert  
 In me, vnmeasur'd is, past all these men;  
 So endlesse is the memorie I retaine;  
 And lo desertfull is that memorie  
 Of such a man, as hath a dignitie  
 So broad, it spreads it selfe through all the pride  
 Of *Greece*, and *Argos*. To the Queene, replide  
 Infir'd *Telemachus*: Why thus envies  
 My mother, him that fits g' societies  
 With so much harmonie, to let him please  
 His owne mind, in his will to honor these?  
 For these b' ingenuous, and first sort of men,  
 That do immediately from *Love* retaine  
 immediately from *Love*: (as Plato in *Love* wittnesseth) The word deduced from *αρετη*, which is talke for him, qui priuatis honestatis aliq[ue]  
 in re: And will *disparre* then be sufficiently express with ingenuitatem, then which, no explication goes further.

This

Their singing raptures, are by *Love* as well  
 Infir'd with choice, of what their songs impell.  
*Love* will is free in it, and therefore theis;  
 Nor is this man to blame, that the repaires  
 The Greeks make homeward, sings: for his fresh Muse,  
 Men still most celebrate, that sings most newes.  
 And therefore in his note, your eares employ:  
 For, nor *Ulysses* only loft in *Troy*  
 The day of his returne; but numbers more,  
 The deadly ruines of his fortunes bore.  
 Go you then, and take your worke in hand,  
 Your web, and distaff, and your maids command  
 To plie their fit worke. Words, to men are due,  
 And those reproching counsels you pursee,  
 And most, to me, of all men, since I beare  
 The rule of all things, that are manag'd here.  
 She went amaz'd away; and in her heart,  
 Laid vp the wifelike *Pallas* did impart  
 To her lou'd sonne so lately, tund againe  
 Vp to her chamber; and no more would raigone  
 In manly counsels. To her women, she  
 Applied her sway; and to the wooces, he  
 Began new orders; other spirits bewaird  
 Then those, in spite of which, the wooces swaid.  
 And (whiles his mothers teares, full wrait her eies,  
 Till gray *Menes* did those teares surpise  
 With timely sleepe; and that her wooces did soufe  
 Rude *Tasmal* vp, through all the (hadie house),  
 Dispose to sleepe because their widow was)  
*Telemachus*, this new-given spirit did passe  
 On their old insolence: Ho! you that are  
 My mothers wooces! much too highe ye beare  
 Your petulant spirits: fit; and while ye may  
 Enjoy me in your banquets: fee ye lay  
 These loud notes downe; nor do this man the wrong  
 (Because my mother hath dislike his song)  
 To grace her interruption: tis a thing  
 Honest, and honourd too, to heare one sing  
 Numbers so like the Gods in elegante,  
 As this man flowes in. By the mornes first light,  
 Ill call ye all before me, in a Cour  
 That I may cleerly banish your report  
 With all your rudenesse, from these rooferes of mine.  
 Away, and elsewhere in your feasts combine:  
 Confume your owne goods, and make mutuall feast  
 At eibers houle. Or if ye still hold best,  
 And for your humors more suffisit fill,  
 To feed, to spoile (because vapunight fill)

C

Telemachus in  
new termes  
with the wooces.

i. 1. 1.  
principales.

On

On other findings: spoile, but here I call  
Tb'eternal Gods to wittnesse, if it fall  
In my wiht reach once, to be dealing wreakes,  
(By *toues* high bountie) thicke your present checks,  
To what I give in charge, shall adde more reines  
To my reuenge hereafter; and the paines  
Ye then must suffer, shall passe all your pride,  
Euer to see redrest, or qualifie.

At this, all bit their lips, and did admire  
His words sent from him, with such phrase, and fire:  
Which so much mou'd them, that *Aninous*  
(*Eupithebus* sonne) cried out: *Telemachus!*  
The Gods, I thinke, haue rapt thee to this height  
Of exection, and this great conceit  
Of selfe-abilitie. We all may pray,  
That *Ioue* inuest not in this kingdomes sway,  
Thy forward forces, which I see put forth  
A hote ambition in thee, for thy birth.  
*Ppm this answr* Be not offended, (he replide) if I  
because it bath so  
sodain a change. If *Ioue* gave leaue, You are not he that sings,  
and is so farre for *The rule of kingdome is the worst of things.*  
downyf the late  
height of states  
awring & temt. A man may quickly gaine possession  
perting to command. Of mightie riches; make a wondrous pise  
dulyng his affections, I thought. Set of his vertues; but the dignities'  
not amisse to in- That decke a King, there are enough beside  
set here ponde. In this circumfuous Ille, that want no pride  
nor further dñe. To think them worthy of; as yong as I,  
is thus: Pruden. And old as you are. An acent so hie,  
ter Telemachus? My thoughts affec't not: dead is he that held  
ioco, furesem. Desert of vertue to haue so exceld.  
Antioch alpe. But of these turrets, I will take on me  
ritate emollie. Nam it dicti. But of these turrets, I will take on me  
illius interpreta. To be the absolute King, and reigne as free  
tar vi exshme. As did my father, ouer all, his hand  
tar confere to- Left her, in this house, slaves to my command.  
cole illa etiam ab Antioch ad *Eurymacbus*, the sonne of *Polybus*,  
seruum se pro- To this, made this reply: *Telemachus!*  
mancata. Et pri The Girlond of this kingdome, let the knees  
tum irosus fe Regem effe ex. Of deitie runne for: but the faculties,  
opta proper This house is seafid of, and the turrets here,  
commoda que Thou shalt be Lord of, nor shall any beare  
Reges solent conuari. Ne ta The least part of, of all thou doest possesse,  
men inuidians As long as this land is no wildernes,  
in se ambitious conciter, tella Nor rul'd by out-lawes). But give thei their passe,  
tur le regnum And tell me (best of Princes) who he was  
Ithace non am- bire, mortuo Vlyssle, cum id alii possidere queat se longe prestantiores ac dignioribus vno s. se modici, ut propriam  
adiuua & bonorum solus sit dominus, iis exclusis ac cictis, qui vi illa occupare ac disperdere consonant.

That

That guesst here so late, from whence? and what  
In any region bofted he his state?

His race? his country? Brought he any news

Of thy returning Father? Or for dues

Of moneys to him, made he fit repaire?

How sodainly he rusht into the aire?

Nor would sustaine to stay, and make him knowne?

His Port shewd no debaucht companion.

He answred: The returne of my lou'd Sire,

Is past all hope, and shoud rude Fame inspire

From any place, a flattning messenger,

With newes of his futiliue; he shoud beare

No least beliefe off, from my desperate loue,

Which if a sacred Prophet shoud approue,

(Calld by my mother for her cares vnielt)

It shoud not moue me. For my late faire guest,

He was of old my Fathers: touching here

From Sea-girt *Taphus*; and for name doth beare

*Mentas*; the sonne of wife *Achias*,

And governes all the *Taphians*, studious

Of Nauigation. This he said: but knew

It was a Godeffe. These againe withdrew

To dances, and attraction of the song.

And while their pleasures did the time prolong,

The fable Euen descended; and did steepe

The lids of all men in desire of sleepe.

*Telemachus*, into a roome buit hie,

Of his illustrous Count; and to the eie

Of circular prospect; to his bed ascended;

And in his mind, much weightie thought contended.

Before him, *Euryalus* (that well knew

All the obseruance of a handmaids due,

Daughter to *Ope Pyenorides*)

Bore two bright torches. Who did so much please

*Larter* in her prime; that for the price

Of twentie Oxen, he made merchandize

Of her rare beauties; and Loues equall flame

To her he fel, as to his nuptiall Dame.

Yet neuer durst he mixe with her in bed;

So much the anger of his wife he fled.

She, now growne old, to yong *Telemachus*

Two torches bore; and was obsequious,

Past all his other maids; and did apply

Her seruice to him, from his infancie.

His wel-built chamber, reache the op't the dore;

He, on his bed sat. The soft weeds he wore,

Put off; and to the diligent old maid

Gane all; who fully all in thicke folds laid,

C 2

And

And hung them on a beame-pin neare the bed,  
That round about was rich embrodered.  
Then made she haft forth from him; and did bring  
The doore together with a siluer ring;  
And by a string, a barre to it did pull.  
He laid, and couerd well with curled wooll,  
Wouen in sylke quilts: all night emploid his minde  
Abour the taske that *Pallas* had desyng'd.

*Finis libri primi Hom. Odyssej.*



## THE

# THE SECOND BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**T**elemachus to Court doth call:  
*The woerz;* and commands them all  
To leave his boose: and, taking them  
From wife Minerva, ship and men;  
And all things fit for him beside,  
That Euryklea could prouide  
For sea-rutes, till he fand his Sire;  
He boosts saile, when beauen stoope his fire.

Another.

*Bella. The old Maids floure*  
*The voyage chever;*  
*The ship leaves shore,*  
*Minervua floures.*

**O**w when with rosie fingers, th'early borne,  
And, throwne through all the airc, appear'd the mom:  
*Vlysses* lou'd sonne from his bed appear'd;  
His weeds pur on, and did about him gird  
His sword, that thwart his shoulders hung, and tied  
To his faire feete, faire shooes, and all parts plied  
For spedie readinesse, who when he trod  
The open earth, to men, shewd like a God.

The Heralds then, he strait charg'd to confort  
The curld-head Greeks, with lowd calls to a Court.  
They summon'd; th'other came, in vmost haftie;  
Who, all assembl'd, and in one heape plac't;  
He likewise came to councell; and did bear  
In his faire hand, his iron-headed speare:  
Nor came alone, nor with men troops prepar'd;  
But two fleete dogs, made both his traine, and Guard.  
*Pallas* supplied with her high wisedomes grace,  
(That all mens wants supplies) *States* painted face.  
His entring prefence, all men did admire;  
Who tooke feate in the high throne of his Sire,  
To which the graue Peeres game him reverend way.  
Amongt whom, an *Egyptian Heroe*,  
(Crooked with age, and full of skill) begun  
The speech to all. Who had a loued sonne,  
That with diuine *Vlysses* did ascend  
His hollow feete to *Troy*: to serue which end,

The Greeks call'd to councell  
by Telemachus.

He kept faire horse, and was a man at Armes;  
 And in the cruel Cyclops sterne alarms,  
 His life lost by him, in his hollow caue;  
 Whose entrailes open'd his abhorred graue;  
 And made of him (of all *Vlysses* traine)  
 His latest supper, being latef slain.  
 His name was *Antiphua*. And this old man,  
 This crooked growne; this wife *Egyptian*,  
 Had three sonnes more, of which, one riotous,  
 A wooper was, and calld *Eurynomus*;  
 The other two,ooke both his owne wilft course.  
 Yet, both the belf fates, weighd not downe the worse;  
 But left the old man mindfull still of monies  
 Who, weeping, thus bespake the Session:  
 Hearc, *Ithacians*, all I fitly say,  
 Since our diuine *Vlysses* parting day  
 Neuer was councell calld, nor lesson,  
 And now, by whom is this thus vndergone?  
 Whom did Necessitie so much compell,  
 Of yong or old? Hath any one heard tell  
 Of any coming armie, that he thus now  
 May openly take boldnesse to auow?  
 First haung heard it. Or will any here  
 Some motion for the publicke good preferre?  
 Some worth of note there is in this command,  
 And me thinkes, it must be some good mans hand  
 That's put to it; that either hath dire&  
 Meanes to affis; or, for his good affis,  
 Hopes to be happie in the proofe he makes;  
 And that, *longe* grant, what ere he vndertaketh.  
*Telamachus* (reioycing much to hearc  
 The good hope, and opinion men did bear  
 Of his yong actions) no longer sat;  
 But longd t'aproue, what this man pointed at;  
 And make his first prooef, in a caufe so good:  
 And in the Councells chiefe place, vp he stod;  
 When strait, *Psenor* (Herald to his Sire,  
 And leard in counsels) fel his heart on fire,  
 To heare him speake; and put into his hand  
 The Scepter that his Father did command;  
 Then (to the old *Egyptian* turn'd) he spoke:  
 Father, nor faire he is, that vndertooke  
 To call this councell; whom you soone shall know.  
 My selfe, whose wrongs, my griefs will make me shew,  
 Am he that author'd this assembly here;  
 Nor have I heard of any armie neare;  
 Of which, being first told, I might iterate;  
 Nor for the publicke good, can aught, relate;

*Telamachus*: pro  
prefat his estate  
to the Greeks.

Only

Only mine owne affaires all this procure,  
 That in my houfe a double ill endure;  
 One, haung lost a Father so renownd,  
 Whose kind rule once, with your command was crownd:  
 The other is, what much more doth augment?  
 His weightie losse, the ruin imminent  
 Of all my houfe by it, my goods all spent.  
 And of all this, the woors, that are sonnes  
 To our chief Peeres, are the Confusions:  
 Importuning my Mothers mariage  
 Against her will, nor dare their blouds bold rage  
 Go to *Icarus*, her fathers Count,  
 That, his will askt, in kind and comely sort,  
 He may endow his daughter with a dowre,  
 And, she conenting, at his pleasure powre,  
 Dispose her to a man, that (thus behau'd)  
 May haue fit grace, and see her honor fau'd;  
 But these, in none but my houfe, all their lies  
 Resolue to spend; slaughtering my sheepe and beeues;  
 And with my fattel goates, lay feast on feasts;  
 My generous wine, consuming as they list,  
 A world of things they spoile; here wanting one,  
 That like *Vlysses*, quickly, could set gone.  
 These peace-plagues from his houfe, that spoile like ware.  
 Whom my powres are vnfit, to vnge so farre,  
 My selfe immortall. But had I the powre,  
 My will shold serue me, to exempt this houre  
 From out my lfe time. For past patience,  
 Base deeds are done here, that exceed defence  
 Of any honor. Falling is my houfe,  
 Which you shold shame to see so ruinous.  
 Reuerence the censures, that all good men giue,  
 That dwell about you; and for feare to live  
 Expode: to heavens wrath (that doth euer pay  
 Paines, for joyes forfeit) eu'en by *me* I pray  
 Or *Themis*; both which, powres haue to restraine  
 Or gather Councells; that ye will abstaine  
 From further spoile; and let me onely waste  
 In that most wretched griefe I haue embrac't  
 For my lost Father. And though I am free  
 From meriting your outrage; yet, if he  
 (Good man) hath euer, with a hostile heart  
 Done ill to any Greek; on me conuert  
 Your like hostilitie; and vengeance take  
 Of his ill, on my lfe; and all thefe, make  
 Ioyne in that justice; but to see abuside  
 Those goods that do none ill, but being ill vs'd,  
 Exceeds all right. Yet better tis for me,

C 4

My

My whole possestions, and my rents to see  
 Consum'd by you; then lose my life and all,  
 For on your rapine a revenger may fall,  
 While I live, and so long I may complaine  
 About the Cities, till my goods againe  
 (Oft askt) may be with all amends repaid.  
 But in the meane space, your misrule hath laid  
 Griefes on my bofome, that can onely speake,  
 And are denied the instant powre of wreake.

This said, his Sceper gainst the ground he threw,  
 And teares full'd from him, which mou'd all the crew:  
 The Court strooke silent; not a man did dare  
 To give a word, that might offend his eare.

*Antinous* only, in this sort replied:  
 High-spoken, and of spirit vnpacified,  
 How haue you sham'd vs, in this speech of yours?  
 Will you brand vs, for an offence not ours?  
 Your mother (first in craft) is first in caute,  
 Three years are past, and neare, the fourth now drawes,  
 Since first the mocked the Peeters *Achian*.

All, she made hope, and promist every man:  
 Sent for vs euer, left loues shew in nought;  
 But in her heart, conceal another thought.  
 Besides, (as curious in her craft) her loome  
 She with a web charg'd, hard to overcome,  
 And thus bespake vs: Youths that seeke my bed,  
 Since my diuine Spouse rests among the dead,  
 Hold on your suites, but till I end, at most  
 This funerall weed; left what is done, be lost.  
 Besidz, I purpose, that when th' austere fate

Of bitter death, shall take into his state,  
*Laertes* the Heros; it shall decke  
 His roiall corse; since I should suffer checke  
 In ill report, of euery common dame,  
 If one so rich, shoud shew in death his shame.  
 This speech she vsde, and this did loone perswade  
 Our gentle mindes. But this, a worke she made

So hugly long, vndoing still in night  
 (By torches) all, she did by dayes broade light;  
 That three yeares her deceit, clu'd past our viewz;  
 And made vs thinke, that all the fauld, was true.  
 But when the fourth year came, and those slie houres,  
 That still surprise at length, Dames craftiest powres;  
 One of her women, that knew all, disclosde  
 The secret to vs, that she stll vnloode  
 Her whole daies faire affaire, in depth of night.  
 And then, no further she could force her sleight,  
 But, of necessitie, her worke gaue end.

*Antinous to Te-*  
*lumachus.*

*The wife of Pe-*  
*nelope to her*  
*wooers.*

*Telam Penelo-*  
*pe. retex. e.*  
*Proteus. bim.*

And

And thus, by me, doth euery other friend,  
 Profesting loue to her, reply to thes;  
 That eu'en thy selfe, and all Greeks else may see,  
 That we offend not in our stay, but sheer,  
 To free thy house then, send her to her Sire,  
 Commanding that her choice be left entire  
 To his election, and one fent'd will.  
 Nor let her vexe with her illusions still,  
 Her friends that woo her, standing on her wit;  
 Because wife *Pallas* hath givuen wiles to it,  
 So full of Art, and made her understand  
 All workes, in faire skill of a Ladies hand.  
 But (for her working mind) we reade of none  
 Of all the old world, in which *Greece* hath showne  
 Her rarest peeces, that could equal her:  
*Tyro*, *Alcmena*, and *Mycena* were  
 To hold comparison in no degree  
 (For solide braine) with wife *Penelope*.  
 And yet in her delayes of vs, she showes  
 No profits skill, with all the wit she owes;  
 For all this time, thy goods and viuals go  
 To vtter ruine, and shall succ fo  
 While thus the Gods, her glorious mind dispose.  
 Glorie, her selfe may gaine; but thou shalt lose  
 Thy longings eu'en for necessarie food;  
 For we will never go, where lies our good;  
 Nor any other where, till this delay  
 She puts on all, she quins with th'endlesse stay  
 Of some one of vs; that to all the rest  
 May giue free farcwell with his nuptiall feast.

The wife yong Prince replide: *Antinous!*  
 I may by no meanes turne out of my house,  
 Her that hath brought me forth, and nourisht me.  
 Besides if quickle or dead my Father be  
 In any region, yet abides in doubt.  
 And twill go hard, (my meanes being so runne out)  
 To tender to *Tearius* againe  
 (If he againe, my mother must maintaine  
 In her retreat) the dowre she brought with her.  
 And then, a double ill it will conferte,  
 Both from my Father, and from God, on me;  
 When (thrust out of her house) on her bent knee,  
 My Mother shall the horrid Furies rale  
 With imprecations: and all men dispraise  
 My part in her exposure. Neuer then  
 Will I performe this counsell. If your splene  
 Swell at my courses, once more I command  
 Your absence from my house. Some others hand

*Telomachus to*  
*Antinous.*

Charge

Charge with your banquets. On your owne goods eate;  
 And either other mutually intreate,  
 At either of your houses, with your feast.  
 But if ye still effeeme more sweete and best,  
 Anotheris spoile; so you still wreakleſſe liue:  
 Gnaw (vermine-like) things sacred: no lawes giue  
 To your devouring; it remains that I  
 Inuoke each euer-living Deitie;

And vow if *Ioue* shall daigne in any date,  
 Powre of like paines, for pleasance lo paſt rate;  
 From thenceforth looke, where ye haue reueld ſo,  
 Vnwright, your ruines, all ſhall vndergo.

Augurias.

Thus ſpake *Telemachus*, t'afflire whose threat,  
 Farre-ſeeing *Ioue*, vpon their pinions ſet  
 Two Eagles from the high browes of a hill;  
 That, mounted on the winds, together ſtill  
 Their ſtokes extended. But arriuing now  
 Amidſt the Councell; ouer every brow,  
 Shooke their thicke wings; and (threatning deathes cold feares)  
 Their neckes and cheeke-tore with their eager Scars.  
 Then, on the Courts right-hand away they flew,  
 Aboue both Court and Cittie: with wholfe view  
 And ſtudie what events they might foretell,  
 The Councell into admiration fell.

*Hathiferas ab Augur.*

The old *Herce*, *Hathiferas* then,  
 The fonne of *Nefor*, that of all old men  
 (His Peeres in that Courte) onely could foreſee.  
 By flight of fowles, mans fixed deſtine;  
 Twixt them and their amaze, this interpoſeſe:  
 Hearc (*ibacensians*) all your doubts diſcloſe;  
 The woocres moſt are toucht in this oſtent,  
 To whom are dangers great and imminent.  
 For now, not long more ſhall *Vlyſſes* beare  
 Lacke of his moſt lou'd; but ſiſt ſome place neare,  
 Addrefſing to theſe woocres, Fate and Death.  
 And many more, this miſchiefe menaſeth  
 Of vs inhabiting this famous Ile.  
 Let vs conſult yet, in this long forewhile,  
 How to our ſclues we may preuent this ill.  
 Let theſe men reſt ſecure, and reuel ſtill:  
 Though they might find it ſafer, if with vs  
 They would in time preuent what threatens them thus:  
 Since now without ſure triall, I foretell  
 These coming stormes; but know their iſſue well.  
 For to *Vlyſſer*, all things haue euent,  
 As I foretold him; when for *Ilion* went  
 The whole Grecce fleete together; and with them,  
 Th'abundant in all counfels, tooke the ſtreame.

I told

*The word is  
 used: aqua  
 ſignifying, infa-  
 mably quidam  
 edacitate vero.*

I told him, that when much ill he had paſt,  
 And all his men were loſt, he ſhould at laſt,  
 The twentyth yearne turne home, to all uknowne;  
 All which effects are to perfection growne.

*Eurymachus*, the fonne of *Polybus*,  
 Oppoide this manne preſage, and anſwered thus:  
 Hence, Great in years; go, prophecie at home;  
 Thy children teach to ſhu[n] their iſt to come.  
 In theſe, ſuperior fare to thee, am I.  
 A world of fowles beneath the Sunne-beameſ ſlie,  
 That are not fit to forme a prophecie.  
 Besides, *Vlyſſes* perihit long ago,  
 And would thy fate to thee had defin'd foſ;  
 Since ſo, thy fo much prophecie had ſp̄d  
 Thy wronging of our rights; which for reward  
 Expelte, home with theſe, hath ſummon'd vs  
 Within the anger of *T elemachus*.

But this will I preſage, which thall be true,  
 If any ſparke of anger, chance t'caſe  
 Thy much old art, in theſe deepe Augurias,  
 In this yong man incenſed by thy lies;  
 Euen to himſelfe, his anger ſhall conſerfe  
 The greater anguſh; and thine owne ends ere  
 From all their obiects: and beſides, thine age  
 Shall ſeele a paine, to make thee curſe preſage,  
 With worthy caufe, for it thall conch thee neare.  
 But I will ſoone give end to all our fear,  
 Preuenting whatoeuer chance can fall,  
 In my ſuite to the yong Prince, for vs all  
 To ſend his mother to her fathers house,  
 That he may ſort her out a worthy ſpouse;  
 And ſuch a dowre beſlow, as may beſit  
 One lou'd, to leaue her friends, and follow it.  
 Before which courſe be, I believe that none  
 Of all the Greeks will ceafe th'ambition  
 Of ſuſh a match. For, chance what can to vs,  
 We, no man fear; no not *T elemachus*,  
 Though he're fo greatly ſpoken. Nor care we  
 For any threats of auſtere prophecie  
 Which thou (old dotard) vaniſt of in vaine.  
 And thus ſhalt thou in much morcheſt remaine;  
 For ſtill the Gods ſhall beare their ill expence;  
 Nor euer be diſpoſe by competence,  
 Till with her nuptials, ſhe diſmiffie our ſuites.  
 Our whole liues dayes ſhall ſow hopes for ſuſh fruites.  
 Her vertues we contend to; nor will go  
 To any other, be the neuer fo  
 Worthy of vs, and all the worth we owe.

*Eurymachus ex-  
 cept: againſt the  
 prophecie.*

He

*Telemachus to  
the woers.*

He answerd him: *Eurymachus!* and all  
Ye generous woers, now, in general;  
I see your braue resolues; and will no more  
Make speech of these points; and much leſſe implore.  
It is enough, that all the Grecians here,  
And all the Gods besides, iuft witnessē bear,  
What friendly premonitions haue bene spent  
On your forbearance, and their vaine enem.  
Yet with my other friends, let loue preuaile  
To fit me with a vesseſl, free of sailes;  
And twentie men, that may diuide to me  
My readie paſſage through the yeeding ſea.  
For Sparta, and *Amathoon Pylos* ſhore  
I now am bound; in purpoſe to explore  
My long lackt Father; and to trie if Fame  
(Or *Ioue*, moft author of mans honoured name)  
With his returne and life, may glad mine eare,  
Though toild in that prooſe, I laſtaine a year.  
If dead, I haere him, nor of more ſlate, here  
(Retir'd to my lou'd country) I will cerc  
A Sepulcher to him, and celebraſte  
Such royll parent-rites, as fits his ſtate.  
And then, my mother to a Spouse diſpoſe.

*Mentor for  
Telemachus.*

This faid, he ſat; and to the reſt, arose  
*Mentor*, that was *Vlyſſes* choſen friend;  
To whom, when he ſet forth, he did command  
His compleat family, and whom he willed  
To ſee the mind of his old Sire fuliſh;  
All things conſeruing ſafe, till his retreate,  
Who (tender of his charge, and ſeeking ſo ſet  
In ſlight care of their King, his ſubiects there;  
Suffering his ſonne, ſo much contemþt to bear)  
Thus grauelly, and with zeale to him began:  
No more, let any Scepter-bearing man,  
Benevolent, or milde, or humane be;  
Nor in his minde, forme acts of pietie,  
But euer feed on blood; and faſts vniuft  
Commit, even to the full (winge of his luſt;  
Since of diuine *Vlyſſes*, no man now  
Of all his ſubiects, any thought doth show.  
All whom, he gouern'd, and became to them  
(Rather then one that wore a diadem)  
A moft indulgent father. But (for all  
That can touch me) within no enuie fall  
These inſolent woers, that in violent kind,  
Commit things foule, by th'ill wit of the mind;  
And with the hazard of their heads, detourne  
*Vlyſſes* house, ſince his returning houre,

They

They hold paſt hope. But it affects me much,  
(Ye dull plebeians) that all this doth touſh  
Your free States nothing; who (ſtrooke dumbe) afford  
These woers, not ſo much wreake as a word;  
Though few, and you, with onely number might  
Extinguiſh to them the prophaneſh light.

*Euenors ſonne (*Licritus*) repliues*

*Mentor!* the railer, made a foole with pride;  
What language giu'ſt thou? that would quiet vs,  
With putting vs in ſtorme? exciting thus  
The rout againſt vs: who, though more then we,  
Should find it is no eaſie victorie  
To drue men habited in feaſt, from feaſts;  
No nor if *Hibacuſ* himſelfe, ſuch gueſts  
Should come, and fiind ſo furniſhing his Courte,  
And hope to force them from ſo ſweete a fort.  
His wife ſhould little ioy in his arriuſe,  
Though much the wants him: for, where the, aliue  
Would hers enjoy; there Death ſhould claime his riughts:  
He muſt be conqueſt, that with many fightes.  
Thou ſpeakſt vniſt things. To their labours then,  
Diſperſe theſe people; and let theſe two men  
(*Mentor* and *Haliſterſeſ*) that ſo boaſt,  
From the beginning to haue gouern'd moſt  
In friendſhip of the Father; to the ſonne  
Conſirms the courſe, he now affects to runne.  
But my mind fayes, that if he would but vfe  
A little patienc, he ſhould here haue newes  
Of all things that his wiſh would understand;  
But no good hope for, of the courſe in hand.

This ſaid, the Councell roſe, when every Peere  
And all the people, in diſperſion were  
To houses of their owne, the woers yet  
Made to *Vlyſſes* house their old retreat.

*Telemachus*, apart from all the preafe,  
Prepa'red to ſhore, and (in the aged feas,  
His faire hands waſht) diſthus to *Pallas* pray:  
Hearc me (O Goddeſſe) that but yeſterday  
Didſt daigne acceſſe to me at home; and lay  
Graue charge on me, to take ſhip, and enquire  
Along the dauke feas for mine abſent Sire;  
Which all the Greeks oppofe, amongst whom, moſt  
Thoſe that are proud ſtill at anothers coſt,  
Paſt meaſure, and the ciuill rights of men,  
(My mothers woers) my repulſe maintaine.

Thus ſpake he praying, when cloſe to him came  
*Pallas*, reſembling *Mentor*, both in frame  
Of voice and perion; and aduiſide him thus:

D

*Telemachus  
prayer to Pallas.*

Thoſe

*Antinous in the person of Menelaus, address to the voyage.*

Those woors well might know; *Telemachus!*  
 Thou wilt not ever weake and childifh be;  
 If to thee be instilld the facultie  
 Of mind and bodie, that thy Father gracie.  
 And if (like him) there be in thee enchaec't,  
 Vertue to giue words works, and works their end;  
 This voyage, that to them thou didst command  
 Shall not so quickly, as they idly weene,  
 Be vaine, or giuen vp, for their oppofite spleene.  
 But if *Vlyfes*, nor *Penelope*  
 Were thy true parents; I then hope in thee  
 Of no more vrging thy attempt in hand;  
 For few, that rightly bred on both sides stand,  
 Are like their parents; many that are wofe;  
 And moft few, better. Those then that the nurse,  
 Or mother call true borne, yet are not fo  
 Like worthy Sires, much leſſe are like to grow.  
 But thou shewit now, that in thee fades not quite  
 Thy Fathers wisedome; and that future light  
 Shall therefore shew thee farre from being vnuſife,  
 Or toucht with staine of bastard cowardize.  
*Hope* therefore fayes, that thou wilt to the end  
 Purſue the braue act, thou didſt eſt intend.  
 But for the foolish woors, they bewray  
 They neither counfell haue, nor soules, ſince they  
 Are neither wife nor iuft; and ſo muſt needs  
 Reſt ignorant, how blacke above their heads  
 Fate hours, holding Death; that one ſole day  
 Will make enough to make them all away.  
 For thee; the way thou wiſhest, ſhall no more  
 Fle thee a ſtep; I that haue bene before  
 Thy Fathers friend, thine likewife now will be;  
 Prouide thy ſhip my ſelfe, and follow thcē.  
 Go thou then home, and looth each woors vaine;  
 But under hand, fit all things for the Mainē;  
 Wine, in as ſtrong and ſweete caskes as you can;  
 And meale, the very marrow of a man;  
 Which put in good ſure lether facks, and ſee  
 That with ſweete foode, ſweete vefſels ſtill agree.  
 I, from the people, ſtrate will preſſe for you  
 Free voluntaries, and (for ſhips) enow  
 Sea-circl'd *Ithaca* containes, both new  
 And old builte, all which, Ile exactly view,  
 And chuse what one fouer most doth please,  
 Whiſch riggd, weel lraſt lanch, and affay the ſeaſ.

This ſpake *Jones* daughter, *Pallas*, whose voice heard;  
 No more *Telemachus* her charge deferd;  
 But hasted home; and, ſad at heart, did ſee

Amidſt

Amidſt his Hall, th' insulting woors fle  
 Goates, and roſt ſwine. Mongſt whom, *Antinous*  
 Careleſſe, (discouering in *Telemachus*

His grudge to ſet them laught, met, tooke his hand,  
 And ſaid, High ſpoken! with the mind ſo mannd;  
 Come, do as we do; put not vp your ſpirits  
 With theſe low trifles; nor our louing meritis,  
 In gall of any hatefull purpose, ſleepes;  
 But eate egregiously, and drinke as deepe.  
 The things thou thinkit on, all, at full ſhall be  
 By th' *Athenians* thought on, and perormed to thee;  
 Ship, and choife Oares, that in a trice will land  
 Thy haſtie Fleete, on heauyly *Pylos* fand;

And at the fame of thy illuſtrous Sire.

He anſwerd: Men whom Pride doth ſo inspire,  
 Are no fit conſorts for an humble guest;  
 Nor are constraint men, meritic at their feaſt.  
 Is't not enough, that all this time ye haue  
 Opt in your entrailes, my chiefe goods a graue?  
 And while I was a child, made me partake?  
 My now more growth, more grown my mind doth make;  
 And (hearing ſpeak, more iudging men then you)  
 Perceiue how muſt I was miſgouerned now.

I now will triſ, if I can bring ye home  
 An ill Fate to conſort you; if it come  
 From *Pylos*, or amongſt the people, here.  
 But thither I reſolute, and know that there  
 I shall not touch in vaine. Nor will I ſtay,  
 Though in a merchants ſhip I ſtere my way:  
 Which ſhewes in your fightes best, ſince me ye know  
 Incapable of ſhip, or men to row.

This ſaid, his hand he coily ſnatcht away  
 From forth *Antinous* hand. The reſt, the day  
 Spent through the house with banquets, ſome with iefs,  
 And ſome with railings, dignifying their ſeats.  
 To whom, a ieft-proud youth, the wit began:

*Telemachus* will kill vs every man.  
 From *Sparta*, or the very *Pylian* fand,  
 He will raife aides to his impetuouſ hand.  
 O he affects it ſtrangely! Or he meaneſſ  
 To ſearch *Ephyra* fat hores, and from thence  
 Bring deaſhull poifons, which amonſt our boules  
 Will make a generall ſhipwracke of our foules.

Another ſaid: Alas who knowes, but he  
 Once gone, and etring like his Sire at ſea,  
 May perih like him, fare from aide of friends?  
 And ſo he makes vs worke, for all the ends  
 Left of his goods here, we ſhall haue; the house

D 2

*Antinous to Telemachus.*

*Telemachus anſwers.*

The wiſe of the  
 woors vpon the  
 purpoſe of *Tele-*  
*machus* to ſeak  
 his Father.

Left

Left to his mother, and her chosen Spouse.  
 Thus they. While he a roome ascended, hie  
 And large, built by his Father; where did lie  
 Gold and braffe heape vp, and in coffers were  
 Rich robes; great store of odorous oiles; and there  
 Stood Tuns of weete old wines, along the wall;  
 Neate and dñe drinke, kept to cheare withall  
*Vlysses* old heart, if he turnd againe  
 From labors fatal to him to sustaine.  
 The doores of Planke were, their close exquisite,  
 Kept with a double key; and day and night  
 A woman lockt within; and that was she,  
 Who all trut had for her sufficiencie.  
 Old *Euryclae*, (one of *Opis* race,  
 Sonne to *Pheon*, and in passing grace  
 With gray *Minerva*;) her, the Prince did call;  
 And said, Nurse! draw me the most sweete of all  
 The winc thou keepest; next that, which for my Sire,  
 Thy care referues, in hope he shall retire.  
 Twelue vessells fill me forth, and stop them well.  
 Then into well-sewed facks, of fine ground meale,  
 Powre twentie measures. Nor to any one  
 But thou thy selfe, let this designe be knowne.  
 All this see got together, I, it all  
 In night will fetch off, when my mother shall  
 Ascend her high roome, and for sleepe prepare.  
*Sparta* and *Pylus*, I must see, in care  
 To find my Father. Our *Euryclae* cried,  
 And aske with teares: Why is your mind applied  
 (Deare sonne) to this course? whither will you go?  
 So faire off leue vs, and beloued so!  
 So onely, and the sole hope of your race:  
 Royal *Vlysses*, farre from the embrase  
 Of his kind countrie; in a land vñknowne  
 Is dead; and you (from your lou'd countrie gone)  
 The woers will with some deceit assay  
 To your destruction; making then their prey  
 Of all your goods. Where, in your owne yare strong,  
 Make sure abode. It fits not you so yong,  
 To suffer so much by the aged feas,  
 And erre in such a waylesse wildernesse.  
 Be cheard (lou'd nurse, said he) for not without  
 The will of God, go my attempts about.  
 Swearre therefore, not to wound my mothers eares  
 With word of this; before from heaven appeares  
 Th'eleventh or twelfth light; or her selfe shall please  
 To aske of me; or heares me put to seas;  
 Lest her faire bodie, with her woe be wore.

*Telemachus to  
Euryclae.*

*Euryclae saw  
Iver.*

*Telemachus com  
forts Euryclae.*

To this, the great oath of the Gods, she swore;  
 Which, haing sworne, and of it, every due  
 Performd to full: to vessels, wine she drew;  
 And into well-sewed facks powr'd foodie meal;  
 In meane time he (with cunning to conceale  
 All thought of this from others) himselfe bore  
 In broade houfe, with the woers, as before.

Then grey-cyd *Pallas*, other thoughts did owne;  
 And (like *Telemachus*) trod through the Townes,  
 Commanding all his men, in shauen to be  
 Aboord his ship. Againe then question'd she  
*Norman* (fam'd for aged *Phrynius* sonne)  
 About his ship, who all things to be done,  
 After'd her frely shoud. The Sunne then set,  
 And sable shadowes slid through every streete,  
 When forth they lancht; and soone aboord did bring  
 All Armes, and choice of every needfull thing:  
 That fits a well-rigged ship. The Goddess then  
 Stood in the Ports extreame part, where, her men  
 (Nobly appointed) thicke about her came,  
 Whose every breath, she did with spirit enflame.  
 Yet still freshi projects, laid the grey-cyd Dame.

Straight, to the houfe he hasted; and sweete sleepe  
 Powr'd on each woer, which so laid in steepe  
 Their drowsie temples, that each brow did nod,  
 As all were drinking; and each hand his lode  
 (The cup) let fall. All starr vp, and to bed,  
 Nor more would watch, when sleepe so lufeted  
 Their leaden ey-lids. Then did *all* call  
*Telemachus*, (in boode, voice, and all  
 Resemblimg *Mentor*) from his nativ neft:  
 And said, that all his arm'd men were addrest  
 To vse their Oares; and all expected now  
 He should the spirit of a souldier shew.  
 Come then (laid he) no more let vs deferre  
 Our honor'd action. Then she tooke on her  
 A rauifh spirit, and led as she did leape;  
 And he her most haste, tooke out, step by step.  
 Arm'd at sea, and ship, they found ashore  
 The foulidiers, that their fashond long haire wore,  
 To whom, the Prince said: Come, my friends, let's bring  
 Our voyages prouision: every thing  
 Is heapt together in our Court, and none  
 (No not my mother, nor her maids) but one  
 Knowes our intention. This exprest, he led;  
 The foulidiers close together followed;  
 And all together brought aboord their shre.  
 Aboord the Prince went; *Pallas* still before.

*The care of Mi  
merua for Tele  
machus.*

*Telemachus to  
his soldiers.*

Sat at the Stern: he close to her; the men  
Vp, hafted after. He, and *Pallas* then,  
Put from the shore. His sholdiers then he had  
See all their Armes fit; which they heard, and had.  
  
Nauigatur.  
A beechen Mast then, in the hollow bafe  
They put, and hoifted; fixt it in his place  
With cables; and with well-wreath'd halfers boife  
Their white sails; which gray *Pallas* now employs  
With full and fore-gales, through the darke deep maine.  
  
*Exulta  
magnopem.*  
The purple waues (*To swift cut*) roar'd againe  
Against the ship sides, that now ranne, and plowd  
The rugged seas vp. Then the men bestowd  
Their Armes about the ship; and sacrifice  
With crownd wine cups, to th' endleſſe Deities.  
They offerd vp. Of all yet thron'd aboue,  
They most obſeru'd the greyeyd feed of *Tome*:  
Who from the evening, till the morning rose,  
And all day long, their voyage did diſpose.

*Finis libri secundi Hom. Odyssej.*



## THE THIRD BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**T**Elemachus, and beautuſe wife *Dame*,  
That never laſh'd had, now came  
To Neſtor; who, his eicher quaff.  
Received at the religiouſe ſteep.  
He made to Neptune, on his barge,  
And there told what was done before  
To *Trisan*, tower'd; and the ſtar  
Of all the Grecians, ſince Iliouſe war.  
Two bookes, abothe ſtrone of great aff place,  
Doubt ſome with many a warred grace.  
(Which part;) *Minerva* takes her leane,  
Whofe ſtate, when Neſtor, dabb perceives,  
With ſacrifice be makes it knowne,  
Where many a pleafing riſe is ſonne,  
Which done, *Telemachus* had gaſt  
A charie of him; who ordeneſt  
Pifitratuſ, his ſonne, his guide  
To Sparta; and when ſtarrie eyd  
The ample heau'n began to be;  
All beautiſites to afford them free  
(In Pherie) *Diocles* diſpleaſt;  
His ſurname, *Ortilochides*.

Another.

*Tauſas*. Vlyfles ſome  
With Neſtor ſet  
To Sparta goe,  
Thence *Pallas* flies.

**C**ame He ſunne now left the great and goodly Lark,  
And to the firme heau'n, bright aſcent did make,  
To thine as well upon the mortall birth,  
Inhabiting the plowd life giving earth,  
As on the queſt nedders vpon Dicath.  
And now to *Pyles*, that ſo garniſheth:  
Her ſcife with buildings, old *Melior* towne,  
The Prince and Goddefſe come, had ſtrange fightis ſhowne;  
For on the Marine ſhore, the people there  
To *Neptuſe*, that the Azure lockes doth weare;  
Beetes that were wholy blacke, gaue holy flame.  
Nine ſeates of State they made to his high name;

D 4

And

*Pallas.*

*Vid. Minerva,  
Neſtor, & Tele-  
machus.*

And every Seate set with five hundred men,  
And each five hundred, wasto furnish them  
With nine blacke Oxen, every sacred Seate.  
These, of the entrailes onely, plead to eate;  
And to the God enflam'd the fleshlie thies.  
By this time *Pallas*, with the sparkling cits,  
And he flic led, within the hauen bore:  
*Minerva to Telemachus*  
strooke faile, cast anchor, and trod both the shore.  
She first, he after. Then said *Pallas*: Now  
No more befits thee the leaft baſhfull brow,  
Tembolden which, this act is put on thee  
To feele thy Father, both at shore, and sea:  
And learne in what Clime, he abides so close,  
Or in the powre of what Fate doth repose.  
Come then; go right to *Aegeus*; let vs see,  
If in his bosom any counſell be,  
That may informe vs. Pray him not to trace  
The common countreys, and to ſpeak in grace  
Of the Demander; but to tell the truth:  
Which will delight him; and command thy youth  
For ſuch preuentions; for he loues no lies;  
Nor will report them, being truly wife.

*Telemachus to Minerva*  
He anſwered: *Mentor*, how alas shall I  
Prefent my ſelfe; how greete his grauitie?  
My youth by no means that ripe forme affords,  
That can digelt my minds infinit, in words  
Wife, and beſemengh't eares of one ſo ſage.  
Youth of moft hope, bluſh vte words with Age.  
She ſaid: Thy mind will ſome conceit impelle,  
And ſomething God will prompt thy towardneſſe.  
For I ſuppoſe, thy birth and breeding too,  
Were not in ſpite of what the Gods could do.  
This ſaid, ſhe ſwifly went before, and he  
Her ſteps made guides, and followed inſtantly.  
When ſoone they reacht the *Pylian* throngs and ſeates,  
Where *Nefor* with his fonnes ſate; and the meates  
That for the ſeate ſeru'd, round about them were  
Aduerents drefling all their ſacred cheare,  
Being roſt and boyl'd meates. When the *Pylians* ſaw  
Theſe ſtrangers come: in thurst did all men draw  
About their entrie. Tooke their hands, and praide  
They both would ſit; Their entrie firſt afraid  
By *Nefor's* fonne, *Pipilatus*. In grace  
Of whōre repair, he gaue them honor'd place  
Betwixt hiſ ſire, and brother *Trafismis*,  
Who ſate at eaſt, on ſoft Fels that were ſpred  
Along the ſea ſands. Keru'd, and reache to them  
Parts of the inwards; and did make a ſtreame  
*They are received as guests.*

Of ſprightly wine, into a golden boule,  
Which to *Minerva*, with a gentle ſoule  
He gaue, and thus ſpake: Ere you eate, faire queſt,  
Inuoke the ſea Kings, of whose ſacred eaſt,  
Your trauell huther, makes ye partners now:  
When (ſacrificing, as becomes) bellow  
This boule of ſweete wine on your friend, that he  
May likewife vſe theſe rites of piecie:  
For I ſuppoſe, hiſ youth doth prayers vſe,  
Since all men need the Gods. But you I chafe  
First in thiſ cups diſpolure; ſince hiſ years  
Seeme ſhort of yours; who more like me appears?  
Thus gaue he her the cup of pleasant wine,  
And ſince a wife and iuft man did defigoe  
The golden boule firſt to her free receiſt,  
Euen to the Goddeſſe it did adde delight.  
Who thus inuokt: *Here thou whiche vſh embracē*  
*Enſpheres the whole earth, nor diſclaim thy grace*  
*To vs that take it, in performing thiſ:*  
*To Nefor firſt, and theſe faire fonnes of hiſ,*  
*Vouchſafe all honour: and next them, bellow*  
*On all theſe Pylians, that have offered now*  
*To hiſ moft renowned Etecambo to thee,*  
*Remaneration fit for them, and free;*  
*And laſtly daigne Telemachus, and me,*  
*(Thiſ works performed, for whoſe eſſet we came)*  
*Our ſafe returne, both with our ſhip and fame.*  
Thus praid ſhe, and her ſelfe, her ſelfe obaiſt,  
In thiſ end performing all for which the praid.  
And now to pray, and do as ſhe had done;  
She gaue the faire round boule t' *Pipilatus* ſonne.

The meate then dreſt, and drawne, and ſeru'd t' each queſt;  
They celebrated a moſt ſumpuous eaſt.  
When (appetite to wine and food allaid)

Horſe-taming *Nefor* then began, and ſaid:

Now lifes deſire is ſeru'd, as faire as fare,  
Time fits me to enquire, what queſt there are.  
Faire queſts, what are ye? and for what Coast tries  
Your ſhip the moſt deepeſt? For fit merchandize,  
Or rudyſt coaſt ye, like our men of prize?  
The rough ſea tempting, desperatly ering  
The ill of others, in their good conſeruing?

The wife Prince, now hiſ boldneſſe did begin;  
For *Pallas* ſelfe had hardned him within,  
By thiſ deuice of trauell to explore  
Hiſ abſent Father; which two Girlonds wore,  
Hiſ good, by manage of hiſ ſpirits; and then  
To gaine him high grace, in thiſ accounts of men.

*The ſummons  
of Pipilatus  
to ſtrangle.*

*Minerva grace.*

*Refuge to the  
ſtranger.*

*Telemachus an-  
swers.*

O Nestor! still in whom Neleus lives!  
And all the glorie of the Greeks suruiues;  
You aske, from whence we are; and I relate:  
From Ithaca (whose seat is situate  
Wher Nelea the renowned Mountaine reares  
His haughtie forehead, and the honor bears  
To be our Sea-marke) we assaid the waues;  
The businesse I must tell; our owne good craves,  
And not the publicke. I am come to enquire,  
If in the same that best men doth inspire,  
Of my most-suffering Father, I may hearre  
Some truth of his estate now; who did beare  
The name (being ioynd in fight with you alone)  
To euen with earth the height of Ilion.  
Of all men else, that any name did beare,  
And fought for Troy, the securall ends we heare;  
But his death, Ione keeps from the world vñknowne;  
The certaine fame thereof, being told by none.  
It on the Continent, by enemies slaine;  
Or with the waues eat, of the rauenous Maine.  
For his loue tis, that to your knees I sue;  
That you would please, out of your owne cleare view,  
T'affuse his sad end; or say, if your care  
Hath heard of the vnhappye wanderer,  
To too much sorrow, whom his mother bore.  
You then, by all your bounties I implore,  
(If euer to you, deed or word hath stood,  
By my good Father promist, renderd good  
Amongst the Trojans; where ye both haue tried  
The Grecian sufferance) that, in nought applied  
To my respect & pitie, you will glofe,  
But vnclothd Truth, to my desires dielose.

*Nestor to Tele-  
machus.*

O my much lou'd, (said he) since you renew  
Remembrance of the miseries that grew  
Vpon our still-in-strength-opposing Greece,  
Amongt Troy's people; I must touch a peece  
Of all our woes there; either in the men  
Achilles brought by sea, and led to gaine  
About the Country, or in vs that fought  
About the Cite, where to death were brought  
All our chiefe men, as many as were there.  
There Mars-like Ajax lies; Achilles there;  
There the in-counfell-like-the-Gods, his friends  
There my deare sonne Antilochus tooke end;  
Pall meafeure swift of foote, and staid in fight.  
A number more, that ils felte infinite:  
Of which to reckon all, what mortall man  
(If fve or sixe years you shoulde stay here) can

*Patratus.*

Scrue

Scrue such enquieres? You wold backe againe,  
Affected with vnufferable paine,  
Before you heard it. Nine years sieged we them,  
With all the depth and sleight of stratagem  
That could be thought. Ill knit to ill, past end:  
Yet still they tolld vs: nor would yet Ione send  
Rest to our labors: nor will scarcely yet.  
But no man liu'd, that would in publicke set  
His wil edome, by Mylles policie,  
(As thought his equall) so exceilingly  
He stood superiour all wayes. If you be  
His sonne indeed, mine eyes even rauish me  
To admiration. And in all consent,  
Your speech puts on his speeches ornament,  
Nor would one say, that one so yong could vise  
(Valeſſe his sonne) a Rhetorique so profuse.  
And while we liu'd together, he and I  
Neuer in speech maintayned diuerſitie:  
Nor set in counfell: but (by oare ſoule led)  
With ſpirit and prudent counfell furnished  
The Greeks at all houres: that with faireſt course,  
What best became them, they might put in force.  
But when Troy's high Towres, we had leuell thus;  
We put to ſea; and God diuided vs.  
And then did Ione, our ſad retreat deuife,  
For all the Greeks were neither iuft nor wiſe,  
And therefore many felt ſo ſharpe a fate,  
Sent from Minerva, moft pernicious hate;  
Whose mighty Father can do fearfull things.  
By whose helpe ſine, betwixt the brother Kings  
Let fall Contention: who in counfell met  
In vaine, and timeleſſe, when the Sunne was fet,  
And all the Greeks callid; that came charg'd with wine,  
Yet then the Kings would vtter their deſigne,  
And why they ſummond. Menelaus, he  
Put all in mind of home, and cried, To ſea.  
But Agamemnon stood on contraries,  
Whose will was, they ſhould ſtay and ſacrifice  
Whole Hecatombs to Pallas, to forgo  
Her high wrath to them. Foole, that did not know  
She would not ſo be wonne: for not with eaſe  
Th' eternall Gods are turnd from what they pleafe.  
So they (diuided) on ſoule language stood.  
The Greckes, in huge rout role their wine-heate bloud,  
Two wayces affeeting. And that nightes ſleepe too,  
We turnd to ſtudying either others wo.  
When Ione besides, made ready woes enow.  
Morne came, we lancht; and in our ſhips did ſtow

De Graecorum  
diffidio.

Our

Difctors nauige Our goods, and faire-girt women. Halfe our men  
tio Græcorum. The peoples guide (*Atrides*) did containe;  
And halfe (being now aboard) put forth to sea.  
A most free gale gaue all shippes prosperous way.  
God fiftid then the huge whale-bearing lake;  
And *Tenedos* we reacht; where, for times sake,  
We did diuine rites to the Gods: but *Ione*  
(Inexorable still) bore yet no loue  
To our returne; but did againe excite  
A fecond sad Contention, that turnd quite  
A great part of vs backe to sea againe,  
Which were th'abundant in all counells men,  
(Your matchleſſe Father) who, (to gratifie  
The great *Atrides*) backe to him did flie,  
But I fled all, with all that followd me;  
Because I knew, God fited miserie,  
To hurle amonſt vs. With me likewife fled  
Martiall *Tidides*, I, the men he led,  
Gat to go with him. Winds our flicete did bring  
To *Lesbos*, where the yellow-headed King  
(Though late, yet) found vs: as we put to choife  
A tedious voyage; if we faile ſhould hoife  
Aboue rough *Chios* (lefte on our left hand)  
To th'ile of *Pisidia*; or that rugged land  
Saile vnder; and for windie *Mimas* ſterre.  
We askt of God, that ſome oſtent might cleare  
Our cloudis buſineſſe: who gaue vs ſigne,  
And charge, that all ſhould (in a middle line)  
The ſea cut, for *Eubœa*; that with speed,  
Our long-ſuſtained infortune might be freed.  
Then did a whiſtling wind begin to rife,  
And ſwiftly flew we through the fishie ſkies,  
Till to *Cerelus* we in night were brought;  
Where (through the broad ſea, ſince we ſafe had wrought)  
At *Nepunes* altars, many ſolid thies  
Of slaughtered buls, we burn'd for ſacrifice.  
The fourth day came, when *Tydus* ſonne did greete  
The hauen of *Argos*, with his complete Fleet.  
But I, for *Pylas* ſtraiſter'd on my courſe,  
Nor euer left the wind his forte right force,  
Since God fore-fent it firſt. And thus I came  
(Deate ſonne) to *Pylas*, ynninform'd by fame;  
Nor know one fau'd by Fate, or ouercome,  
Whom I haue heard of ſince (ſet here at home)  
As fits, thou ſhalt be taught, nought left vnhowne.  
The expert ſpear-men, every Myrmidon,  
(Led by the braue heire of the mighty ſould  
Vnpeerd *Achilles*) ſafe of home got hold.

Safe *Philoctetes*, Peans famous feed:  
And ſafe *Idomenus*; his men led  
To his home, (Crete,) who fled the armeſt field,  
Of whom, yet none, the ſea from him witheld.  
*Atrides* (you haue both heard, though ye be  
His fare off dwellers) what an end had he,  
Done by *Aegisthus*, to a bitter death;  
Who miſerably paid for forced breath,  
*Atrides* leaving a good ſonne, that dide  
In blood of that deceitfull particide  
His wreakefull ſword. And thou my friend (as he  
For this hath his fame) the like ſpirit in thee  
Affume at all parts. Faire, and great I ſee  
Thou art, in all hope; make it good to th'end,  
That after-times, as much may thee command.  
He anſwered: O thou greatest grace of *Greece*;

*Oreles* made that wreake, his master pece;  
And him the Greeks will giue a master prafe,  
Verſe finding him, to laſt all after daies.  
And would to God, the Gods would ſame me  
With his performance, that my iniurie,  
Done by my mothers woɔers, (being ſo foule)  
I might revenge vpon their evry foule.  
Who (prefeing me with contumelie) dare  
Such things as paſt the powre of uerance are,  
But heauens great Powres, haue grac't my deſtine  
With no ſuch honor. Both my Sire and I,  
Are borne to ſuffer euerlaſtingly.

Because you name thoſe woɔers (Friend, ſaid he)  
Report fayes, many ſuch, in ſpite of thee,  
(Wooing thy mother) in thy house comit  
The iſl thou nam'ſt. But ſays proceſſed it  
From will in thee, to beare ſo foule a foule:  
Or from thy ſubieſts hate, that with thy ſpoile  
And will not aide thee, ſince their ſpirits relie  
(Againſt thy rule) on ſome gracie Augurie?  
What know they, but at length thy Father may  
Come, and with violence, thei're violence pay?  
Or he alone, or all the Greeks with him?  
But if *Minerva* now did ſo effeſte  
Thee, as thy Father, in times paſt, whom, paſt  
All meaſure, ſhe, with glorious famous gracie  
Amongſt the *Troians*, where we ſuffered ſo;  
(O! I did neuer ſee, in ſuch cleare ſhow,  
The Gods to graze a man, as the to him,  
To all our eyes, appear in all her trim)  
If ſo, I lay, ſhe would be pleſed to loue,  
And that her minds care, thou ſo much couldſt move,

Telemachus  
Nelton.

Nelton Tele-  
machus.

As did thy Father, every man of these,  
Would lose in death their seeking mariages.

Telemachus,

O Father, (anwerde he) you make amaze  
Seise me throughout. Beyond the height of phrase  
You raise exprestions but twill never be,  
That I shall moue in any Deite,  
So blest an honour. Not by any meanes,  
If Hope should prompt me, or blind Confidence,  
(The God of Fooles), or euryt Deitic  
Should will it; for, tis past my destinie.

Minerva,

The burning-cyd Dame answere: What a speech  
Hath past the teeth-guard, Nature gane to teach  
Fit question of thy words before they slie?  
God easly can (when to a mortall eie  
Hee's furthest off) a mortall satisfie:  
And does, the more stille. For thy car'd for Sire,  
I rather wile, that I might home retire,  
After my sufferance of a world of woes,  
Fare off; and then my glad eyes might disclose  
The day of my returme; then strait retire,  
And perish standing by my houfhold fire.  
As Agamemnon did, that lost his life,  
By false Egisthus, and his falser wife.  
For Death to come at length, tis due to all,  
Nor can the Gods themselues, when Fate shall call  
Their most lou'd man, extend his vital breath  
Beyond the fixt bounds of abhorred Death.

Telemachus,

Mentor! (laid he) let's dwell no more on this,  
Although in vs, the forrow pious is.  
No such returme, as we wile, Fates bequeath  
My erring Father; whom a prefent death,  
The deafelesse haue decreed. Ile now vse speech  
That tends to other purpose; and beseech  
Instruction of graue Nestor, since he flowes  
Past shore, in all experiance, and knowes  
The sleights and wisedomes, to whose heighus aspire  
Others, as well as my commended Sire;  
Whom Fame reports to haue commanded three  
Ages of men: and doth in sight to me  
Shew like th Immortals. Nestor! the renoune  
Of old Neleus; make the cleare truth knowne,  
How the most great in Empire, Atrie sonne,  
Sustaine the act of his destruction.  
Where then was Menelauis? how was it,  
That false Egisthus, being so faire vnfit  
A match for him, could his death so enforce?  
Was he nor then in Argos, or his course  
With men so left, to let a coward breathe?

Spirit

Spirit enough, to dare his brothers death?

Ile tell thee truth in all (faire sonne) said he:  
Right well was this euent conciu'd by thce.  
If Menelauis in his brothers house,  
Had found the idle liue with his spouse,  
(Arriu'd from Troy) he had not liu'd; nor dead  
Had the digged heape powrd on his lustfull head:  
But fowles and dogs had torne him in the fields,  
Farre off of Argos. Not a Dame it yeelds,  
Had giuen him any teare; so foul his fact  
Shewd even to women. Vs Troy warres had bracht  
To eury finewes sufferance; while\* he  
In Argos uplands liu'd, from those workes free.

And Agamemnon's wife, with force of word  
Flattered and sofit'd; who, at first abhord  
A fact so infamous. The heau'ly Dame,  
A good mind had; but was in blood too blame.  
There was a Poet, to whose care, the King  
His Queene committed; and in every thing  
(When he for Troy went) charg'd him to apply  
Himselfe in all guard to her dignitie.  
But when strong Fate, so wrapt-in her affeccs,  
That she resolu'd to leave her fit respects;

Into a deart Isle, her Guardian led,  
(There left) the rapine of the Vultures fed.

Then brought he willing home his wifes wonne prize;

On sacred Altars offerd many Thies:

Hung in the Gods Phantes many ornaments,  
Garments and gold; that he the vast events  
Of such a labor, to his wit had brought,  
As neither fell into his hope, nor thought.

At last, from Troy saild Sparta king and I,  
Both, holding her vntoucht. And (that his eie  
Might see no worse of her) when both were blowne  
To faced Samos (of Minervas towne)

The goodly Promontorie) with his shafts scure

Augur Apollo flue him that did stere

Strides ship, as he t're sterne did guide,

And he the full speed of her saile appilde.

He was a man, that nations of men

Excelld in safe guide of a vessel, when

A tempest ruffit in on the rutful seas:

His name was Phronis Ometorides.

And thus was Menelauis held from home,

Whose way he thirsted so to ouercome;

To give his friend the earth, beeing his puruite,

And all his exequies to execute.

But faling still the wind-hew'd seas, to reach

E 2

Nestor Telemachus  
cho de Egisthi  
adulterio.

Agibbus.

nudus erat.

Nestor Telemachus  
vixit facies  
vinclu regnante

Some

## THE THIRD BOOKE

Some shore for his performance; he did fetch  
The steepe Mount of the *Mallians*; and there  
With open voice, offended *Jupiter*,  
Proclaimd the voyage, his repugnant mind,  
And pow'rd the puffs out of a shreking wind,  
That nourish billowes, heighned like to hills.  
And with the Fleets diuision, fulfils  
His hate proclaimd, vpon a part of *Crete*,  
Casting the Nauic, where the sea-waus meete  
Rough *Iardanus*; and where the *Cydons* liue.  
There is a Rocke, on which the Sea doth driue;  
Bare, and all broken; on the confines set  
Of *Cortys*; that the darke seas likewise fret;  
And hither sent the South, a horrid drift  
Of waues against the top, that was the left  
Of that torne cliffe; as farre as *Pheftus* Strand.  
A litle stone, the great seas rage did stand.  
The men here drisen, scapt hard the shippes sore shocks;  
The shippes themselues being wrackt against the rocks,  
Sauie onely fife, that blue fore-castles bore,  
Which wind and water cast on *Egypt*'s shore.  
When he (there victilng well, and store of gold  
Aboard his shippes brought) his wilde way did hold,  
And t'other languag'd men, was forc't to ryme.  
Meane space *Egiphuu* made sad worke at home;  
And slue his brothers, forcing to his sway,  
*Agamemnonis*  
interitus.

*Atrides* subiects; and did feuen yeares lay  
His yoke vpon the rich *Mycean* State,  
But in the eight, (to his affrighting fate)  
Diuine *Orestes* home from *Athens* came;  
And what his royll Father felte, the same  
He made the false *Egiphuu* groane beneath:  
*Death euermore is the reward of Death.*  
Thus haungi flaine him; a sepulchral feast  
He made the *Argives*, for his lustfull guest,  
And for his mother, whom he did detest.  
The selfe-same day, vpon him stole the King,  
(Good at a martiall shout) and goods did bring,  
As many as his freighted Fleete could beare.  
But thou (my sonne) too long, by no meanes erre,  
Thy goods left free for many a spoifull guest,  
Left they consume some, and diuide the rest;  
And thou (perhaps besides) thy voyage lost.  
To *Menelau* yet thy course dispose,  
I wile and charge thee, who but late arriu'd,  
From such a shore, and men; as to haue liv'd  
In a returne from them; he never thought,  
And whom, blacke whirlwinds violently brought

Within

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

Within a sea so vast, that in a yare  
Not any fowle could passe it any where,  
So huge and horrid was it. But go thou  
With ship and men (or if thou pleaste now  
To passe by land, there shall be brought for thee  
Both horse and chariot, and thy guides shall be  
My sonnes themselves) to *Sparta*, the divine,  
And to the King, whose locks like Amber shone.  
Intreate the truth of him; nor loues he lies,  
Wisdom in truth is; and hee's puffing wife.

This said, the Sunne went downe, and vp rose Night,  
When *Pallas* spake; O Father, all good right  
Beate thy directions. But diuide we now  
The sacrifices tongues, mixe wine, and vow  
To *Nephtune*, and the other euer blest;  
That haungi sacrificid, we may to rest.  
The fit houre runnes now, light diuines out of date,  
At sacred feasts, we must not sit too late.

She said: They heard, the Herald water gaue,  
The youths crownd cups with wine, and let all haue  
Their equall shares; beginning from the cups,  
Their parting banquet. All the Tongues cur vp;  
The fire they gaue them; sacrificide, and roste,  
Wine, and diuine rites, vnde to each diispoles;  
*Minerva* and *Telemachus* definde  
They might to shipp be, with his leue, retirde.

He (mou'd with that) prouokt thus their abodes:  
Now *Iou* forbid, and all the long-liv'd Gods,  
Your leaving me, to sleepe aboard a shipp:  
As I had drunke of poor *Penias* whip,  
Euen to my nakednesse; and had nor sheete,  
Nor couering in my house; that warme nor sweete  
A guest, nor I my selfe, had meanes to sleepe;  
Where I, both weeds and wealthy couerings keepe  
For all my guests: nor shall Fame euer say,  
The deare sonne of the man *Plyffer*, lay  
All night a shipp boord here, while my dayes shine;  
Or in my Court, whiles any sonne of mine  
Enyoies suruall: who shall guests receiu,  
Whom euer, my house hath a nooke to leaue.

My much lou'd Father, (said *Minerva*) well  
All this becomes thee. But perswade to dwell  
This night with thee thy sonne *Telemachus*;  
For more conuenient is the courfe for vs,  
That he may follow to thy houise, and rest.  
And I may boord our blacke sail; that addrest  
At all parts I may make our men, and cheare  
All with my presence; since of all men there

*Pallas Neftori.*

I boast my selfe the senior; th'others are  
Youths, that attend in free and friendly care,  
Great-sould *Telemachus*, and are his peers,  
In fresh similitude of forme and yeeres.  
For their conformance, I will therefore now  
Sleepe in our blake Bark. But when Light shall shew  
Her siluer forehead, I intend my way,  
Amongst the *Caucos*; men that are to pay  
A debt to me, nor small, nor new. For this,  
Take you him home, whom in the morne dismisse,  
With chariot and your sonnes, and give him horse  
Ablest in strength, and of the speediest course.

*Disparet Mi-  
nerua.*

*Nefor Tele-  
machus.*

This said, away she flew; formd like the fowle  
Men call the *Oiffrage*; when every soule  
Amaze inuided: euen th'old man admir'd;  
The youths hand tooke, and said: O most desir'd;  
My hope fayes, thy proofoe will no coward shew,  
Nor one vnskild in warre; when Deities now  
So yong attend thee, and become thy guides:  
Nor any of the heauen-houſe States besides;  
But *Triogenias* selfe, the seed of *Tone*;  
The great in prey; that did in honor moue  
So much about thy Father, amongſt all  
The Grecian armie. Fairerf Queen, let fall  
On me like fauours: give me good renoune;  
Which, as on me; on my lou'd wife, let downe,  
And all my children. I will burne to theer  
An Ox right bred, brode headed, and yoke-free,  
To no mans hand yet humbled. Him will I  
(His hornes in gold hid) giue thy Deitic.

Thus praid he, and the heard; and home he led  
His sonnes, and all his heapes of kindred;  
Who entring his Court royll, every one  
He marhald in his feuerall leate and throne.  
And every one, so kindly come, he gaue  
His sweet-wine cup, which none was let to haue  
Before this eleuenthe yere, landed him from *Troy*;  
Which now the Butlerfesse had leau'e employ.  
Who therefore pierſt it, and did giue it vent.  
Of this, the old Duke did a cup preſent  
To every gueſt: made his maid many a paire  
That weares the Shield fring'd with his nurses haire;  
And gaue her ſacrifice. With this rich wine  
And food ſuffide, Sleepe all eyes did decline.  
And all for home went: but his Court alone,  
*Telemachus*, diuine *Vlyſſes* ſonne,  
Must make his lodging, or not please his heart.  
A bed, all chequerd with elaborate Art,

Within

Within a Portico, that rung like brasse,  
He brought his guest to; and his bedfere was  
*Pifſtratus*, the martiall guide of men,  
That liv'd, of all his ſonnes, vnewed till then.  
Himfelfe lay in a by-roome, faire aboue,  
His bed made by his barren wife, his loue.

The rosie-fingered morne, no ſooner ſhone,  
But vp he roſe, tooke aire, and sat vpon  
A ſteate of white, and goodly poliſht ſtone,  
That ſuch a glorie as riſcheſt ointments wore  
Before his high gates, where the Counſellor  
That matchr the Gods (his Father) vſide to fit.  
Who now (by Fate forſt) ſtoopt as low as it.  
And here late *Nefor*, holding in his hand  
A Scepter, and about him round did stand  
(As early vp) his ſonnes troope, *Perſeu*,  
The God-like *Thraſiſmed*, and *Aretus*,  
*Echepbron*, *Stratius*, the firſt and laſt  
*Pifſtratus*; and by him (halfe embrac't  
Still as they came) diuine *Telemachus*.  
To theſe ſpake *Nefor*, old *Gerenius*:

Halfe (loued ſonnes) and do me a deſire,  
That (firſt of all the Gods) I may aſpire  
To *Pallas* fauour, who vouchſhaft to me,  
At *Neptunes* feaſt, her ſight ſo openly.  
Let one to field go, and an Ox with ſped  
Caufe hither brought; which, let the Heardsman leade,  
Another to my deare gueſt weſt il go,  
And all his ſouldiers bring, ſauue onely two.  
A third, the Smith that works in gold, command  
(*Laertius*) to attend, and lend his hand,  
To plate the both hornes round about with gold,  
The reſt remaine here cloſe. But firſt, ſee told  
The maidis within, that they prepare a feaſt,  
Set ſeates through all the Court: ſee fitteſt address  
The pureſt water, and get full ſeld.

This ſaid, not one, but in the feruice held  
Officious hand. The Ox came led from field,  
The Souldiers troopt from ſhip, the Smith he came,  
And thoſe toooles brought, that ſerv'd the achtall frame,  
His Art conciu'd, brought Anvile, hammers brought,  
Faire tongys, and all, with which the gold was wrought.  
*Mineras* likewiſe came, to ſet the Crowne  
On that kind ſacrifice, and mak' her owne.

Then th'old Knight *Nefor* gave the Smith the gold,  
With which he ſtrai did bothe the homes infold,  
And trimm'd the Offering ſo, the Goddefe ioyd.  
About which, thus were *Nefor*' ſonnes employd:

E 4

*Neforis filij pa-  
triſ illuſ Miner-  
us lacrum ap-  
parant.*

*The forme of the  
Sacrifice.*

Diuine

Divine *Erebphon*, and faire *Stratius*,  
Held both the hornes: the water odorous,  
In which they walst, what to the rites was vowd,  
*Aretus* (in a caldron, all beforeyd  
With herbes and flowres) seru'd in from th' holy roome  
Where all were dreſt; and whence the rites muſt come.  
And after him, a hallowd virgin came,  
That brought the barley cake, and blew the flame.  
The axe, with which the Ox should both be ſeld  
And cut forth, *Thrasimedes* ſtood by, and held.  
*Perseus* the veſcell held, that ſhould retaine  
The purple licour of the offering ſlaine.  
Then walſt, the pious Father: then the Cake  
(Of barley, salt, and oilē made) tooke, and brake.  
Aſkt many a boone of *Pallas*; and the ſtate  
Of all the offering, did initiate.  
In three parts cutting off the haire, and caſt  
Amidſt the flame. All thi nūcation paſt,  
And all the Cake broke; manly *Thrasimedes*  
Stood neare, and ſure, and ſuch a blow he laid  
Aloft the offring; that to earth he funke,  
His neck-nerues funderd, and his ſpirits shrunk.  
Out ſhriket the daughters, daughter in lawes, and wife  
Of three ag'd *Nefor*, (who had eldeſt life  
Of Clymens daughters) chafe *Eurydice*.  
The Oxen on broad earth, then layd laterally,  
They held, while Duke *Piffratus*, the throte  
Diſſolu'd and fet, the ſable blood aſſolute;  
And then the life the bones left. Instantly  
They cut him vp; apart flew either Thie;  
That with the fat they dubd, with art alone,  
The throte-briske, and the ſweet-bread pricking on.  
Then *Nefor* broild them on the cole-turnd wood,  
Powr'd blacke wine on; and by him yong men stood,  
That ſpits fine-pointed held, on which (when burnd  
The ſolid Thies were) they tranfixt, and turnd  
The inwards, cut in cantles: which (the meate  
Vowd to the Gods, conſum'd) they roſt and ate.  
In meane ſpace, *Polycaſte* (callid the faire,  
*Nefors* yongſt daughter) bath'd *Vlyſſes* heire,  
Whom, hauing cleand, and with rich balmes bespreſd,  
She caſt a white ſhirt quickly o're his head,  
And then his weeds put on, when, forth he went,  
And did the perſon of a God preſent.  
Came, and by *Nefor* tooke his honourd ſearc,  
This paſtor of the people. Then, the meate  
Of all the ſpare parts roſted, off they drew,  
Sate, and fell to. But ſoone the temperate few,

Roſe,

Roſe, and in golden bolles, fill'd others wine.  
Till, when the reſt felthirift of feaſt decline;  
*Nefor* his ſonne bad, ſet奇 his high-man'd horſe,  
And them in chariot ioyne, to runne the courfe  
The Prince refolvd. Obaid, as ſoone as heard  
Was *Nefor* by his ſonne, who ſtraiſt prepar'd  
Both horſe and chariot. She that kept the ſtore,  
Both bread and wine, and all ſuch viands more,  
As ſhould the eaſt of *Ioue*-fed Kings compole;  
Pouriad the voyage. To the rich Coach, roſe  
*Vlyſſis* ſonne, and cloſe to him ascended  
The Duke *Piffratus*; the riues intended,  
And ſcourg'd, to force to field, who freely flew;  
And left the Towne, that farre her ſplendor threw.  
Both holding yoke, and flooke it all the day;  
But now the Sunne ſet, darkning every way,  
When they to *Pherus* came; and in the houſe  
Of *Dicles* (the ſonne *Ortilachus*),  
Whom flood *Alpheus* got) ſlept all that night:  
Who gaue them each due hospitable rite.  
But when the roſie-fingerd morne arose,  
They went to Coach, and did their horſe incloſe,  
Draue forth the fore-court, and the porch that yeelds  
Each breath a ſound; and to the fruitfull fields  
Rode ſcourging till their willing flying ſteeds;  
Who ſtrenuously performd their wondred ſpeeds.  
Their journey ending iuft when Sunne went downe,  
And shadowes all wayes through the earth were throwne.

Finis libri tertij Hom. Odyſſ.

THE

Telmaclus  
proficitur ad  
Meclam.

# THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**R**ecord now, in the Spartan Court  
Telemachus, prefers report.  
To Menelaus, of the strong  
Of wrokers with him, and their wrong.  
Atrides sets the Grecians recreate,  
And doth a Prophetic repeate,  
That Proteus made; by which he knew  
His brothers death; and then doth seem  
How with Calypso thid the fire  
Of his young grief. To be wo'st confire  
Their Princes death: whose treachery knownne,  
Penelope in teares doth drome.  
Whom Pallas by a dreame doth cheare,  
And in similitude appearre  
Of faire Iphthima, knownne to be  
The sister of Penelope.

Another.

**D**eere. Here, of the Sire  
The Sonne doth heare:  
The wo'st confire;  
The mothers feare.

*Aeneas Silvius: ex-  
trator which is  
exposed Spar-  
tan ampler, or  
procedo mag-  
nam: where are  
gentiles proper-  
ly plurima cete  
nautisitem.*

**L**acedemon now, the nurse of Whales,  
These two arriu'd, and found at teuffals  
(With mighty concourse) the renowned King,  
His sonne and daughter, ioyntly marrying.  
Alecto's daughter, he did giue his sonne  
Strong Megapembe, who his life begunne  
By Menelaus bondmaide, whom he knew  
In yeares. When Hellen could no more renew  
In issue like diuine Hermione;  
Who held in all faire forme, as high degree  
As golden Venus. Her he married now  
To great Achilles sonne; who was by vow  
Betrothd to her at Troy. And thus the Gods  
To constant loues, giue nuptiall periods.  
Whose stately past, the Myrmidon's rich towne  
(Of which she shad in the Imperiall Crowne)  
With horse and chariots he resign'd her to.  
Meane space, the high huge house, with feast did flow

Menelaus.

Of

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

Of friends and neighbours, ioying with the King.  
Amongst whom, did a heavenly Poet sing,  
And touch his Harpe. Amongst whom likewise danc't  
Two, who in that dumbe motione aduanc't,  
Would prompt the Singer, what to sing and play.  
All this time, in the vter Court did stay,  
With horse and chariot, *Telamachus*,  
And Nestor's noble sonne, *Pisistratus*.  
Whom *Etessans* coming forth, decried,  
And, being a servant to the King, most tried  
In care, and his respect, he ranne and cried:  
Guests! I have kept *Menelaus* two such men,  
As are for me, of high *Saturnine* straine.  
Informe your pleasure, if we shall vnclose  
Their horse from coach; or say, they must dispose  
Their way to some flich house, as may embrace  
Their knownne artiuall, with more welcome graces;

He (angry) answerd, Thou didst never shew  
Thy selfe a tool (Beooids) till now,  
But now (as if turnd child) a childish speech  
Vents thy vaine spirits. We our selues now reach  
Our home, by much spent hospitalite  
Of other men; nor know, if *Menelaus* will trie,  
With other after wants, our state againe:  
And therefore, from our feast, no more detaine  
Those welcome guests; but take their Steeds from Coach,  
And with attendance guide in their approach.

This said, he rul'd abroad, and calld some more  
Tried in such seruice, that together bore  
Up to the guests: and tooke their Steeds that swer  
Beneath their yokes, from Coach. At mangers set,  
Wheate and white barley gaue them mixt; and plac't  
Their Chariot by a wall so cleare, it cast  
A light quite thorough it. And then they led  
Their guests to the divine house, which so fed.  
Their eyes at all parts with illustrious sightes,  
That Admiracion seid them. Like the lights  
The Sunne and Moone gaue; all the Pallace threw  
A lustre through it. Satiate with whose view,  
Downe to the Kings molt bright-kept Baths, they went:  
Where handmaids did their seruices present:  
Bath'd, balmd them; shirts, and well-napt weeds put on,  
And by *Atrides* side, set each his throne.  
Then did the handmaid royll, water bring,  
And to a Lauer, rich and glittering,  
Of masse gold, powr'd: which she plac't vpon  
A siluer Caldron, into which, might runne  
The water as they waft. Then set she neare

*guitar of a sword  
Cantum auspicio-  
cantes: of which  
place, the Crispy  
affirms, that sal-  
taores most  
fit indicate  
cantori, quo  
genera canus  
fatuus forent.  
The capture of  
Etessans at fight  
of Telamachus  
and Pisistratus.*

*Menelaus re-  
bukes his seruants  
for his doubts to  
entertaine guests  
warily.*

A

A polisht table; on which all the cheare  
The present could afford; a reverend Dame  
That kept the Larder, set. A Cooke then came,  
And diuers dishes, borne thence, ser'd againe;  
Furnishe the boord with bolles of gold; and then  
(His right hand giuen the gueſſt) *Atrides* ſaid,  
Eate, and be chearfull; appetitie allaid,  
I long to aſke, of what ſtocke ye descend;  
For not from parents, whose race nameleſſe end,  
We muſt derive your offſpring. Men obfcurie,  
Could get none ſuch as you. The pourtrayre  
Of loue, fuitland, and Scepter-bearing Kings,  
Your either perfon, in his preſence brings.  
An Oxes fat chine, then they vp did lift,  
And ſet before the gueſſt, which was a gift,  
Sent as an honor, to the Kings owne taſt.  
They law yet, twas buſt to be eaten plac't,

And fell to it. But food and wines care paſt,  
*Telemachus* thus prompted *Nestors* fonnie;  
(His care cloſe laying, to be heard of none)  
Confider (thou whom moft my mind eſteemeſt)  
The bratfe-worke here, how rich it is in beameſt;  
And how beſides, it makes the whole houſe ſound:  
What gold, and amber, filver, iorrie, round  
Is wrought about it. Out of doubt, the Hall  
Of *Iapetus Olympius*, bath of all  
This ſtate, the like. How many infinites,  
Take vp to admiration, all mens fightes?

*Atrides* ouer-heard, and ſaid, Lou'd fonnie,

*Telemachus* to  
Piffiration  
obſervation  
of the  
trouſe, ſo  
much that he  
hartyly admiſed  
it, as to pleafe  
*Mentor*, who  
he knew heard,  
though he ſeem'd  
deſtrous he bold  
not heart.

No mortall muſt affect contention  
With *Iove*, whose dwelings are of endleſſe date.  
Perhaps (of men) ſome one may emulate,  
(Or none) my houſe, or me. For I am one,  
That many a graue extreme haue vndergone.  
Much error fel by fea; and till th' eight yeaſt,  
Had never ſtay; but wandered farre and neare,  
*Cyprus*, *Pheuenia*, and *Sydonie*;  
And fetcht the fare off *Ethiopia*:  
Reacht the *Erembi* of *Arabie*;  
And *Lybia*, where, with hornes, Ewes yeane their Lambs:  
Where every full yeaſt, Ewes are three times dams.  
Where neither King, nor ſhepherd, want comes neare  
Of cheeſe, or fleſh, or ſweete milke. All the yeaſt  
They euer milke their Ewes. And here while I  
Er'd, gathering meanes to live: one, murtheroufly,  
Vnwares, vſenee, bereft my brothers life;  
Chiefly betrayed by his abhorred wife.  
So, hold I, (not enioyng) what you ſee.

And

And of your Fathers (if they living be)  
You muſt have heard this: ſince unpeaching, to ſee  
So great and famous. From this Palace here, of all the world  
(So rarely, well-built, furnisheſd, well, and to ſee  
And ſublantient with ſuch a pretioſe deale,  
Of well-got treaſure) banifched by the deame  
Of Fate; and ering as I had ſerueth.  
And now I haue, and viſe it, not to take  
Th' entrie delight it offers, but to make  
Continual wilches, that a triple peat,  
Of all it holds, were wanting, to my heart.  
Were caſte of forrowes (caſh for their deaſt,  
That fell at *Troy*) by their ruined brethes.  
And thus fit I here, weeping, mourning still  
Each leaſt man loſt; and ſometimes make moore ill  
(In paying juſt teares for their loſte) my ioy.  
Sometimes I breathe my woes, for in annoy,  
The pleaſure ſoone adiuſe ſatiſtieſt.  
But all theſe mens wants, were not to mine only  
(Though much they moouement) as one folke ſeem'd only.  
For which, my ſleepe and mean ſuen loſeſt me,  
In his renewd thought; ſince no Grecie haſt ſtonne  
Grace, for ſuch labours, as *Laerte* fame  
Hath wrought and ſuffer'd: to himſelfe, ſomghe elie  
But future forrowes forgieng: to me, hel.  
For his long abſence; ſince I do not know  
If life or death detaine him: ſince ſuch woe  
For his loue, old *Laerte*, his wife wife,  
And poore young ſonne ſuitaines, whom new with life,  
He left as ſurclieſt. This ſpeech, griefe to teares  
(Powrd from the ſonne lids on the earth) his eaves  
(Told of the Father) did excite, who kept  
His cheekes drie with his red wondres; he wept:  
His both hands vnde thercin: *Atrides* then  
Began to know him; and did ſome reueane,  
If he ſhould let himſelfe confeſſe his ſore,  
Or with all fitting circumſtance, enquire.

While this, his thoughts diſputed, forth did ſhine,  
(Like to the golden *diſtaſſe-deckt diuine*)  
From her bedſ high and odoriferous roome,  
*Hellen*. To whom (of an elaborate loome)  
*Adriſa* ſet a chaire: *Alope* brought  
A peice of Tapetrie, of fine wool wrought.  
*Philo*, filuer Cabinet conſerfd:  
(Given by *Aleandra*, Nuptially endear'd  
To Lord *Polybius*; whofc abode in *Thebes*,  
Th' Egyptian citie was; where wealth in beapes,  
His famous houſe held: out of which did go

Intending Fly-  
ſee.

Diana.  
Hellen repre-  
ſance and orna-  
ment.

In

F

In

In gift o' *Atrides*, siluer bath-tubs two;  
 Two Tripods; and of fine gold, plate ten.  
 His wife did likewise send to *Hellen* them,  
 Faite gifts; Distaffe that of gold was wrought;  
 And that rich Cabinet that *Phyle* brought,  
 Round, and with gold ribb; now of fine shadd, full:  
 On which extended (crown'd with fine fwooll,  
 Of violet glosse) the golden Distaffe lay.

*Hellen to Menelaus*  
*law concerning  
 the gift.*

She tooke her State-chaire; and a foot-stooles lay  
 Had for feete; and of her husband, the  
 Ask to know all things: Is it knowne to very  
 (King *Menelaus*) whom these men commenched  
 Themselues for; that our Court, now takes to friends?  
 I must affirme, (be I decei'd or no)  
 I never yet saw man nor woman so  
 Like one another, as this man is like  
*Vlysses* sonne. With admiration strike  
 His lookes, my thoughts; that they should come now,  
 Powre to perswade me thus, who did but know,  
 When newly he was borne, the forme they bore,  
 But tis his Fathers grace, whom more and more  
 His grace resembles; that makes me retaine  
 Thought, that he now, is like *Telemachus* then.  
 Left by his Sire, when *Greecedid* undertake  
*Troy's* bold ware, for my impudencies sake.

He answerd: Now wife, what you thinke, I know,  
 The true cast of his Fathers eye, doth shew  
 In his eyes order. Both his head and haire,  
 His hands and feete, his very fathers are.  
 Of whom (so well remembred) I should now  
 Acknowlede for him, his countinall flow  
 Of cares and perils; yet still patient.  
 But I should too much moue him, that doth went  
 Such bitter teares for that which hath bene spoke;  
 Which (hunning soft shew) see how he would cloke,  
 And with his purple weed, his weepings hide.

Then *Nestor* sonne, *Pisistratus* replide:  
 Great Pastor of the people; kept of God!  
 He is *Vlysses* sonne; but his abode  
 Not made before here; and he modest too;  
 He holds it an indignity to do  
 A deed so vaine, to vse the boast of words,  
 Where your words are on wing, whose voice affords  
 Delight to vs, as if a God did breake  
 The aire amongst vs, and vouchsafe to speake.  
 But me, my father (old Duke *Nestor*) sent  
 To be his consore hithir; his content,  
 Not to be heightned so, as with your sight.

*Pisistratus tells  
 who they are.*

In hope that therewith words and actions might  
 Informe his comforts from your sicer he is  
 Extremely grieu'd and iniur'd, by the misse  
 Of his great Father; suffering euen at home.  
 And few friends found, to helpe him overcome  
 His too weake suffrance, now his Sire is gone.  
 Amongst the people, not afforded one  
 To checke the miseries, that mate him thus;  
 And this the state is of *Telemachus*.

O Gods (said he) how certayne, now, I fee  
 My houfe enioyes that friends sonne, that for me  
 Hath undergoen so many willing fightes?  
 Whom I relou'd, past all the Grecian Knights,  
 To hold in loue; if our returne by feas,  
 The fare-off Thunderer did euer pleafe  
 To grant our wifes. And to his respect,  
 A Pallace and a Cittie to erect,  
 My vow had bound me. Whither bringing then  
 His riches, and his sonne, and all his men  
 From barren *Ithaca*, (ome one sole Towne  
 Inhabited about him, baterd downe)  
 All shoul'd in *Argos* lieue. And there would I  
 Ease him of rule; and take the Emperie.  
 Of all on me. And often here would we  
 (Delighting, louing eithers companie)  
 Meete and conuerce; whom nothing should diuide,  
 Till deathes blacke veile did each all ouer hide.  
 But this perhaps had bene a meane to take  
 Euen God himselfe with enuie, who did make  
*Vlysses* therefore onely the vnblessed,  
 That shoul'd not reach his loued countries rest.

These woes made every one with woe in loues,  
 Euen *Argive Hellen* wept, (the feed of *Age*)  
*Vlysses* sonne wept; *Aeneas*\* sonne did weepe,  
 And *Nestor* sonne, his eyes in teares did steepe.  
 But his teares fel not from the present cloud,  
 That from *Vlysses* was exhal'd; but flowd  
 From braue *Antilochus* remember due,  
 Whom the renownd \* Sonne of the Morning flue.  
 Which yethe thus excuside: O *Aeneas* sonne!  
 Old *Nestor* fayes, There lies not such a one  
 Amongst all mortals, as *Atrides* is.  
 For deathlesse wifedome. Tis a prafe of his,  
 Still given in your remembrance; when at home  
 Our speech concernes you. Since then overcome  
 You please to be, with sorrow euen to teares,  
 That are in wifedome so exempt from peres;  
 Vouchsafe the like effect in me excuse.

*Menelaus* ioy  
 for *Telemachus*,  
 and name for  
*Vlysses* abesse.

*Menelaus.*

*Pisistratus* weeps  
 with remembrance  
 of his brother  
*Antilochus*.  
*Vid. Mem. 2.*

## THE FOUVRTH BOOKE

(If it be lawfull) I affe & no vfe  
Of teares thus, after meales; at least, at night:  
But when the morne brings forth, with teares, her light,  
It shall not then empaire me to bestow  
My teares on any worties outcithrow.  
It is the onely right, that wretched men  
Can do dead friends, to cut haire, and complaine.  
But Death my brother tooke, whom none could call  
The Grecian coward; you best knew of all.  
I was not there, nor faw; but men report,  
*Antilochus* exeld the common sort,  
For footmanship, or for the Chariot race;  
Or in the fight, for hardie hold of place.

O friend (said he) since thou haft spoken so,  
At all parts, as one wife shoulde say and do;  
And like one, fare beyond thy selfe in years;  
Thy words shall bounds be, to our former teares.  
O he is questionlesse a right borne sonne,  
That of his Father hath not onely wonne  
The person, but the wisedome; and that Sire,  
(Complete himselfe) that bath a sonne entire;  
*Troeus* did not onely his full Fate adome,  
When he was wedded; but when he was borne.  
As now *Saturnus*, through his lifes whole date,  
Hath *Xerxes* for blisse raidid to as steepe a stafe:  
Both in his age to keepe in peace his houes;  
And to haue children wife and valorous.

But let vs not forget our rere Feast thus;  
Let some give water here, *Telamachus!*  
The morning shall yeeld time to you and me,  
To do what fits; and reasoun mutually.  
This saids the carefull servant of the King;  
(*Aphthonia*) powr'd on, th' issue of the Springs;  
All to ready feast, let readye hand.  
But *Hellen* now, on new deuice did stand;  
Infusing strait a medicine to their wine,  
That (drowning Cares and Angers) did decline  
All thought of ill. Who drunke her cup, could shed  
All that day, not a care, no not if dead  
That day his father or his mother were;  
Not if his brother, child, or chiefeſt deare,  
He should see murtherd then before his face.  
Such vſefull medicines (only borne in grace,  
Of what was good) would *Hellen* euer haue.  
And this Iuyce to her, *Polydamma* gaue  
The wife of *Thoos*, an Egyptian borne;  
Whose rich earth, herbes of medicine do adorne  
In great abundance. Many healthfull are,

*Hellen's potion  
against Cares.*

And

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

And many banefull. Every man is there  
A good Phyſition, out of natures grace;  
For all the nation sprung of *Paeon* race.

When *Hellen* then her medicine had infouide,  
She bad powre write to it, and this speech aide:  
*Aristedes*, and theſe good incis founes, great loue

Makes good ill, one after other moue  
In all things earthly: for he can do all.

The woes past therefore, he to late let falls;

The comforts he affoords vs, let vs take;

Feaſt, and with fit diſcourſes, merrie make.

Nor will I other vfe. As then our blood  
Griev'd for *Troy*, ſince he was ſo good;  
Since he was good, let vs delight to hearre  
How good he was, and what his ſufferings were.  
Though every fight, and every ſuffering deed,

Patience *Troy* underwent; exceed

My womans powre to number her to name.

But what he did, and ſufferd, when he came  
Amongſt the Troians, (where ye Grecians)

Tooke part with ſufferance) I in part can call

To your kind memories. How wan grilly wounds

Hiſmelfe he mangl'd, and the Trojan boundes

(Thruſt thicke with enemies) aduentured on:

His royll shoulders, haning caſt vpon

Bafe abiect weeds, and enterd like a flame.

Then (begger-like) he diel of all men crame,

And ſuch a wretch was, as the whole Grecie fleete

Brought not beſides. And thus through euery ſtreete

He crept diſcouering of no one man knowne.

And yet through all this diſference, I alone

Smok's his true peron. Talk with him. But he

Fled me with wiles ſtil. Nor could we agree,

Till I dielaid him quite. And fo (as moal'd

With womanly remorke, of one that prou'd

So wretched an estate, what ere he were).

Wonne him to take my houfe. And yet euen there,

Till freely I (to make him doubleffe) ſwore

A powrefull oash, to let him reach the ſhore

Of ſhips and tents, before *Troy* understood;

I could not force on him his proper good.

But then I bath'd and ſooth'd him, and he then

Confest, and told me all. And (hauing ſlaine

A number of the Trojan guards) retinde,

And reacht the Fleete; for flight and force admide.

Their husbands death by him, the Trojan wifes

Shrik't for; but I made triumphs for their liues.

For then my heart conciu'd, that once againe

*Hellen of Troye*  
and the ſacke of  
*Troy*.

## THE FOURTH BOOKE

I should reach home; and yet did still retaine  
Woe for the flaugethe, *Venus* made for me:  
When both my husband, my *Hermione*,  
And bridall roome, the rob'd of so much right,  
And drew me from my countrey, with her ieliche.  
Though nothing vnder heauen, I here did need,  
That could my Fancie, or my Beautie feed.

*Menelaus to Helen and his guests.*

Her husband said: Wife! what you please to tell,  
Is true at all parts, and becomes you well.  
And I my selfe, that now may say, haue seene  
The minds and manners of a world of men:  
And great Heroes, measuring many a ground,  
Haue neuer (by these eyes that light me) found  
One, with a boosome, so to be belou'd,  
As that in which, th'accomplicst spirit, mou'd  
Of patient *Plysses*. What (braue man)  
He both did act, and suffer, when we war  
The towne of *Ilium*, in the braue-built horre.  
When all we chiefe States of the Grecian force,  
Were houled together, bringing Death and Fate  
Amongst the Troians; you (wife) may relate.  
For you, at last, came to vs, God that would  
The Troians glorie gue; gaue charge you shold  
Approch the engine; and *Deiphobus*  
(The god-like) followd. Thrice ye circld vs,  
With full furuay of vs; and often tried  
The hollow crafts, that in it were implied.  
When all the voices of their wifes in it

*Hellen counter-fasted the wifes voices of bothe Kings of Greece, that were in the woodden horre, and calls them husbands.*

You tooke on you, with voice so like, and fig  
And every man by name, so visitid;  
That I, *Plysses*, and King *Diamond*,  
(Set in the midift, and hearing how you calld)  
*Tydius*, and my selfe, (as halfe appalld  
With your remorcefull plains) would, paffing faine  
Haue broke our silences; rather then againe  
Endure, respectlesse, their so mouing cries.  
But, *Iliacus*, our strongest fantasies  
Contain within vs, from the flendrest noise,  
And every man there, sat without a voice.  
*Antilochus* onely, would haue answerd thee:  
But, his speech, *Iliacus* incessantly  
With strong hand held in; till (*Minerva* call,  
Charging thee off) *Plysses* fau'd vs all.

*Telemachus to Menelaus.*

*Telemachus* replide: Much greater is  
My griefe, for hearing this high praise of his.  
For all this doth not his sad death diuer,  
Nor can, though in him swelld an iron heart,  
Prepare, and leade then (if you please) to rest:

Sleepe

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

Sleepe (that we haue not) will content vs best.

Then *Agamemnon* made her handmaid go,  
And put faire bedding in the *Paricis*,  
Lay purple blankets on, Rugge vulture and sofie;  
And east an Armes couerlet aloft.

*Iur ad Ileum.*

They torches tooke, made haife, and made the bed,  
Whens both the guests were to their lodgings led,  
Within a *Paricis*, without the house;

*Atrides*, and his large-traine-wearing Spouse,  
(The excellent of women) for the way,  
In a riuid receiv, together lay.  
The morn aray, the King rose, and put on  
His royall weedes, his sharpe sword hung vpon  
His ample shoulders; forth his chamber went,  
And did the person of a God present.

*Telemachus* accoiles him, who began  
Speech of his journeys propositon.

And what (my young Vlyssian Heroe)  
Provoke thee on the broad backe of the sea,  
To visit *Lacedaemon* the Divine?  
Speake truth, Some publicke? or onely drame?

I come (said he) to hear, if any fame  
Breath'd of my Father, to thy notice came.  
My house is lackt, my fat workes of the field,  
Are all deftord: my house doth nothing yeld  
But enemies, that kill my harmless shepe,  
And sinewie Oxen: nor will euer keepe  
Their steeks without them. And these men are they,  
That wooo my Mother, most inhumanely  
Committing iniurie on iniurie.  
To thy knees therefore I am come, t'attend  
Relation of the sad and wretched end,  
My ering Father fel: if wimsey by  
Your owne eyes, or the certaine newes that sic  
From others knowledges. For, more then is  
The vifull heape of humane miseries,  
His Mother bore him to. Vouchsafe me then  
(Without all ruth of what I can sustaine)  
The plaine and simple truth of all you know.  
Let me befech so much, If euer row  
Was made, and put in good effect to you  
At *Troy* (where suffrance bred you so much smart)  
Vpon my Father, good *Plysses* part,  
And quit it now to me (himselfe in youth)  
Vnfolding onely the vnclosed truth.

He (deeply fighting) answerd him: O shame  
That such poore vassals should affect the same,  
To share the joyes of such a Wealthies Bed!

*Menelaus enquires the cause of his voyage.*

## THE FORTHE BOOKE

As when a Hinde (her calues late farrowed)  
To give sucke) enters the bold Lions den:  
He, rootes of hills, and herbie vallies then  
For food (therre feeding) hunting: but at length  
Returning to his Cauerne, gives his strength  
The liues of both the mother and her blood,  
In deaths indecent, so the woouers blood.  
Must pay *Phyllis* powres, as sharpe an end.  
O would to *Jove*, *Apollo*, and thy friend,  
(The wife *Minerva*) that thy Father were  
As once he was, when he his spirits did reue  
Against *Phiomelides*, in a fight  
Performd in well-built *Lesbos*, where, downe-right  
He strooke the earth with him, and gat a shout  
Of all the Grecians. O if now full out  
He were as then; and with the woouers cop't,  
Short-liu'd they all were; and their nuptials, hop't  
Would proue as desperate. But for thy demand,  
Enforc't with prayrs; Ile let thee understand  
The truth directly; nor decline a thought.  
Much lesse deceiue, or sooth thy search irought.  
But what the old, and full-truе-spoken God,  
That from the sea breathes oracles abroad,  
Disclosde to me, to thee Ile all impart,  
Nor hide one word from thy follicious heart.

I was in *Egypt*, where a mightie time,  
The Gods detaine me: though my naturall clime,  
I neuer so desir'd; because then homes  
I did not greeete, with perfect Hecatombs.  
For they will put men euermore in mind,  
How much their masterly commandments bind.

There is (besides) a certayne Iland, call'd  
*pharos*, that with the high-wau'd sea is walld;  
Iust against *Egypt*; and so much remote,  
As in a whole day, with a fore-gale smote,  
A hollow ship can saile. And this Ile beares  
A Port, most portly; where sea-passengers  
Put in still for freth water, and away  
To sea againe. Yet here the Gods did stay  
My Fleete, full twentie dayes: the winds (that are  
Masters at sea) no proprouous puffe would spare,  
To put vs off: and all my victoies here,  
Had quite corrupted; as my mens minds were;  
Had not a certaine Goddess giuen regard,  
And pitteide me in an estate so hard:  
And twas *Edoshea*, honourd *Proteus* feed,  
That old sea-farer. Her mind I made bleed  
With my compassion, when (walkt all alone,

Meneli nau-  
gatio.

From

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

From all my souldiers, that were euer gone  
About the Ile on fishing, with hookes beny;  
*Hunger*, their bellies, on her errand sent)  
She came clofe to me; (spake), and thus began:  
Of all men, thou art the most foolish man,  
Or flacke in busynesse, or flayst here of choice;  
And doest in all thy suffrances reioyce,  
That thus long liu'ſt detain'd here, and no end  
Canſt give thy tariance. Thou doest much offend  
The minds of all thy fellowes. I replied:

Who ever thou art of the Deified,  
I must affirme, that no way with my will,  
I make abode here: but, it seemes, some ill  
The Gods, inhabiting broad heauen, sustaine  
Against my getting off. Informe me then,  
(For Godheads all things know) what God is he  
That stayes my paſſage, from the fishie ſea?

Stranger (aid the) Ile tell thee true: there liues  
An old ſea-farer in theſe ſeas, that giues  
A true ſolution of all ſecrets here.  
Who, deatheleſe *Proteus* is, th' *Egyptian Peere*  
Who can the deepes of all the ſeas exquise;  
Who *Neptunes* Priest is; and (they ſay) the ſire  
That did beget me. Him, if any way  
Thou couldest inveagle, he would cleare diſplay  
Thy courſe from hence, and how fare off doth lie  
Thy voyages wholē ſcope through *Neptunes* ſkies.  
Informing thee (O Godpreferr'd) belide  
(If thy deſires would to be faiſſide)  
What euer good or ill hath got euent,  
In all the time, thy long and hard courſe ſpent,  
Since thy departure from thy houſe. This ſaid,  
Againe I anſwerd: Make the ſlichts diſplaid,  
Thy Father veth; leſt his foresight ſee,  
Or his forknowledge taking note of me,  
He ſlies the firſt place of his vſde abode;  
Tis hard for man to countermine with God.

She ſtrai repled: Ile vter trutn in all;  
When heauens ſupremest height, the Sunne doth ſkall,  
The old ſea-tell-truth leaues the deepes, and hides  
Amidſt a blaſke ſtorme, when the Weſt wind chides;  
In caues ſtill ſleeping, round about him ſleep  
(With ſhort feete, ſwimming forth the ſoune deepe)  
The ſea-caues (loudly; *Halloſdunes* callid)  
From whom a noifeome odour is exhalld,  
Got from the whirl-pooles, on whose earth they lie.  
Here, when the moone illuſtrates all the ſkie,  
Ile guide, and ſeate thee, in the fitteſt place,

*Idothes counſell  
to take her fa-  
ther Proteus.*

For

For the performance thou hast now in chace.  
In meantime, reach thy Fleete; and chuse our three  
Of best exploit, to go as aides to thee.  
But now Ile thiew thee all the old Gods sleights;  
He first will number, and take all the fightes  
Of thofe, his guard, that on the shore arrives.  
When haung viewd, and told them forth by fities;  
He takes place in their midis, and there doth sleepe,  
Like to a sheepheard midst his flocke of sheepe.  
In his first sleepe, call vp your hardiest cheare,  
Vigor and violence, and hold him there,  
In spite of all his strivings to be gone.  
He then will turne him selfe to euery one  
Of all things that in earth creape and respire,  
In water swym, or shone in heauenly fire.  
Yet still hold you him firme; and much the more  
Preſe him from paffing. But when, as before  
(When sleepe first bound his powres) his forme ye ſee,  
Then ceaſte your force, and th'old Heroe free;  
And then demand, which heauen-borne it may bee  
That ſo affiſts you, hindring your retreate,  
And free ſea-paſſage to your native ſteate.

This ſaid, ſhe diu'd into the wauie ſeaſ;  
And my courfe did to my ſhips addreſſe,  
That on the ſands ſtucke, where arriu'd, we made  
Our ſupper ready. Then th'Ambroſian thade  
Of night fell on vs; and to ſleepe we fell.  
Rofie Aurora roſe; we roſe as well;  
And three of them, on whom I moſt relied,  
For firme at euery force, I chufide, and hied  
Strait to the many-riuer-ferued ſeaſ.  
And all affiſtance, aſk the Deities.

Meane time Edothæ, the ſeaſ broad breſt  
Embrac't, and brought for me, and all my reſt,  
Foure of the ſea-calves ſkins, but newly flead,  
To worke a wife, which ſhe hadлаfioned  
Vpon her Father. Then (within the ſand  
A couert digging) when theſe Calves ſhould land,  
She ſat expecting. We came cloſe to her:  
She plac't vs orderly; and madew ſware  
Each one his Calves ſkin. But we then muſt paſſe  
A huge exploit. The ſea-calves ſauour was  
So paſſing foulwe (they ſtill being bred at ſeaſ)  
It muſt affiſted vs: for who can pleafe  
To lie by one of theſe ſame ſea-bred whales?  
But ſhe preferues vs; and to memorie calls  
A rare commodity: ſhe fetcht to vs  
Ambroſia, that an aire moſt odorous

*The ſtrights of  
Proteus.*

Ironice.

Beaſes ſtill about it, which long mindeſt do bad.  
Our eather nothraſ, and in it quicke wind, righted  
The naſtie whale-fincl. Then the great excheſt  
The whole mores date, with ſports patient late,  
We lay expeſting. Wheareby Nodoo did ſcure our ſaue  
Forth from the ſea, in ſholes the ſea-calves came,  
And orderly, at laſt, lay downe and ſlept. Along the ſands. And then th'old fea-god crept  
From forth the deepeſ; and found his ſwiftneſſe ſtill  
Suruaid, and numbeſ; and came neare. The craft we vide, but told vs ſine for mindeſ.  
His temples then diſdaſt, with ſleepe he ſaintes,  
And in ruſt we, with an abhorreduſe, ſaw him ſtand. Caſt all our hands about him manfully, and in the ſtrake  
And then th'old Forger, all his formeſ began  
First was a Lion, with a mighty mane, with tufts of hair  
Then next a Dragon, a pide Panther then, a ſtorme, a ſtorme,  
A vaf Boare next, and ſodainly did ſtrake out his ſtrake  
All into water. Laſt, he was a ſea, and ſwam away, and curd all at top, and thor vp to the ſkie, and ſtand.  
We, with refolud hearts, held him ſtrake, and ſtrake  
When th'old one (held to ſtrake) ſeauall, and ſeauall,  
To extricate) gaue words, and queſtions ſtak.

Which of the Gods, O new forme, (ſtak)  
Aduiſde and taught thy fortitude that ſtak  
To take and hold me thus, ſay my depeſtation, ſay my depeſtation  
What aſks thy wiſh now? I replide: How knowſt  
Why doſt thou aſke: What wiſes are theſe thou thouwiſt?  
I haue within this Ille, bene held for wiſe,  
A wondrouſ time; and can by no meaneſ find  
An end to my retencion. It hath ſpent  
The very heart in me. Give thou then vent  
To doubts thus bound in me, (ye Gods know all)  
Which of the Godheads, doth fo foulwy fall  
On my addreſſion home, to ſtay me here?  
Auer me from my way! The ſhifſeſt, ſtak  
Bar'd to my paſſage? He replide: Of force,  
(If to thy home, thou wiſh free recourſe)  
To ſome, and all the other Deities,  
Thou muſt exhibite ſolemaſſe ſacrifice,  
And then the blacke ſea for thee ſhall be cleare,  
Till thy lou'd countries fer'd reach. But where  
Aſke theſe riſes thy performance? Tis a faſe  
To thee and thy affaires appropriate,  
That thou haſt neuer ſee thy friends, nor tried  
Thy Countries earth, nor ſee inhabited  
Thy ſo maſtificent hoſte, till thou make good  
Thy voyage backe to the Aegyptian flood,

*Pretors taken  
by Menelium.*

Whose waters fell from *Ione*; and there haft given  
To *Ione*, and all Gods, houſd in ample heauens,  
Deuoted Hecatombs; and then ſue wayes  
Shall open to thee; cleare of all delayes.

This told he; and me thought, he breake my heart,  
In ſuch a long and hard come to diuerce;  
My hope for home, and change my bade reteate,  
As fare as *Egypt*. I made answere yet:

Father, thy charge Ile perfecē; but before,  
Reſolute me truly, if their natural shore,  
All thoſe Greeks, and their ſhips, do ſafe enioy,  
That *Aenor* and my ſelfe left, when from *Troy*?  
We firſt raidē ſaile? Or whether any died  
At ſea a death vnwiſht? Or (ſatiſh'd)  
When warre was paſt, by friends embraſt, in peace  
Reſign'd their ſpirits? He made anſwer: Ceafe  
To aſke ſo farre; it fitſ thee not to be  
So cunning in thine owne calamities.  
Nor ſeeke to leaue what leard, thou ſhouldſt forgoe,  
Mens knowledges haue proper limits ſet,  
And ſhould not preache into the mind of God.  
But twill not long be (as my thought abode)  
Before thou buy this curious ſkill with teares.  
Many of thoſe, whose ſtares ſo tempt thine eare,  
Are ſtoopt by Death, and many leſt alive:  
One chiefe of which, in ſtrong hold doth ſumme,  
Amidſt the broad ſea. Two, in their reteate,  
Are done to death. I lift not to repeate,  
Who fell at *Troy*; thy ſelfe was there in fight.  
But in returne, (whiſt *Ajax* loſt the light,  
In his long-oard ſhip, *Nepane* yet a whiile,  
Saſt him vnwrackt: to the *Gyrean* Ile,  
A mightie Rocke remouing from his way.

And surely he had ſcapt the fatal day,  
In ſpite of *Pallas*, if to that foulé deed,  
He in her Phane did, (when he nauished  
The Troian Propheteſſe) he had not here  
Adioynd an impious boaſt: that he would beare  
(Defpite the Gods) his ſhip ſafe through the waues,  
Then raidē againſt him. Theſe his impious braies,  
When *Nepane* heard, in his ſtrong hand he tooke  
His maſſie Trident; and ſo ſoundly strooke  
The rocke *Gyrean*, that in two it cleft.  
Of which, one fragment on the land he left,  
The other fell into the troubl'd ſeas;  
At which, firſt rufli *Ajax* Oileader,  
And ſplit his ſhip: and then himſelfe aſtole  
Swum on the rough waues of the worlds vast moze;

Till

*The wreake of  
Ajax Oileader.**Cassandra.*

Till hauing drunke a ſalt cup for his ſinne,  
There perifht he. Thy brother yet did winne  
The wreath from *Death*, while in the waues they ſtroue,  
Afflicted by the reverend wife of *Ione*.  
But when the ſleepe Mount of the *Maleas* shore,  
He ſeemē to reach; a moſt tempeſtuous blore,  
Faire to the filiie world, that fighes fo ſore,  
Strait rauiſt him againe; as fare away,  
Aſto th'extreme bounds where the *Agiens* ſtayz,  
Where firſt *Thrusa* dwelt: but then his ſonne  
*Egithus* *Thrusa* liud. This done,  
When his returne vntoucht appear'd againe,  
Backe turnd the Gods the wind; and let him then  
Hard by his houſe. Then, full of ioy, he left  
His ſhip; and cloſe t'his countrie earth he cleſt;  
Kift it, and wept for ioy: pow'd teare on teare,  
To ſet ſo wiſhedly his footing there.  
But ſee: a Sentinel that all the yere,  
Crafte *Egithus*, in a watchtower let  
To ſpie his landing; for reward as great  
As two gold talents; all his poures did call  
To ſtrick remembrance of his charge; and all  
Dilchang'd at firſt fight, which at firſt he caſt  
On *Agamemnon*; and with all his haſt,  
Inform'd *Egithus*. He, an iſtant traïne  
Laid for his flaughter: Twentie choſen men  
Of his *Plebeians*, he in ambuſh laid.  
His other men, he charg'd to ſee puruaid  
A Feaſt: and forth, with horſe and chariots grac't,  
He rode t'invite him: but in heart embrac't  
Horrible welcomes: and to death did bring,  
With trecherous flaughter, the vnwarie King.  
Receu'd him at a Feaſt; and (like an Ox  
Slaine at his manger) gaue him bies and knobs.  
No one left of *Atrides* traïne; nor one  
Saw'd to *Egithus*; but himſelfe alone:  
All ſtrowd together there, the bloudie Court.  
This ſaid: my ſoule he funke wiſh his report:  
Flat on the lands I fell: teares spent their ſtore;  
I, light abhord: my heart woulde live no more.

When drie of teares, and tir'd with tumbling there,  
Th'old *Tel-truth* thus my danted ſpirits did cheare:  
No more ſpend teares nor time, ô *Atræs* ſonnes  
With ceaſe ſle weeping, neuer with was wonne.  
Vſt vtemoſt affay to reach thy home,  
And all vnewares vpon the murtherer come,  
(For torture) taking him thy ſelfe, aliue;  
Or let *Orcles*, that ſhould fare ouſtrive

G

*Agamemnon  
slaughtered by *E-  
githus* treachery.*

Thee

Thee in fit vengeance, quickly quit the light  
Of such a darke loule: and do thou the right  
Of buriall to him, with a Funerall feast.  
With these last words, I fortiside my breast;  
In which againe, a generous spring began,  
Off fritting comfort, as I was a man;  
But, as a brother, I must euer mourne.  
Yet forth I went; and told him the returne  
Of thefe I knew: but he had nam'd a third,  
Heid on the broad sea, full with life inspir'd;  
Whom I befoight to know, though likewise dead,  
And I must mourne alike. He answered:

He is *Laertes* sonne, whom I beheld  
In Nymph *Calypso* Pallace; who compeld  
His stay with her: and since he could not see  
His countrie earth, he mournd incessantly.  
For he had neither ship, instruct with oares,  
Nor men to fetch him from thos stranger shores.  
Where, leave we him; and to thyfelfe descend;  
Whom, not in *Argos*, Fate nor Death shall end;  
But the immortall ends of all the earth,  
Soruld by them, that order death by birth,  
*(The fields Elisan)* Fate to thee will give:  
Where *Rhadamanthus* rules; and where men liue  
A never-troublid life: where now, nor shoures,  
Nor irkome Winter spends his fruitlesse powres;  
But from the Ocean, *Zephrye* still refurnes  
A constant breath, that all the fields perfumes.  
Which, since thou marriedst *Hellen*, are thy hire;  
And *Ioue* himselfe, is by her syde thy Sire.

*Elisan desir-*  
*bed;*

This saids he diu'd the deeporne watrie heapes;  
I, and my tried men, tooke vs to our ships;  
And worlds of thoughts, I varied with my steps.

Ariu'd and shipt, the silent solcmne Night,  
And Sleape bereft vs of our visuall light.  
At morne, masts, sailes reard, we late, left the shores,  
And beate the formie Ocean with our oares.

Againe then we, the *Ioue*-faine flood did fetch,  
As faire as *Egypt*: where we did beseech  
The Gods with Hecatombs, whose angers ceast;  
I toomb'd my brother, that I might be blest.

All rites performed; all haste I made for home;  
And all the prosperous winds about were come;  
I had the Pasport now of euery God,  
And here cloilde all these labours period.

Here stay then, till th'eleventh or twelvth daies light;  
And Ile dismiss thee well; gifts exquisite  
Preparing for thee: Chariot, horses three;

A Cup of curious frame to serue for thee,  
To serue th'immortall Gods with sacrifice;  
Mindfull of me, while all Sunnes light thy skies.

He answred: Stay me not too long time here,  
Though I could sit, attending all the year:  
Nor should my houfe, nor parents, with definie,  
Take my affections from you, so on fire  
With loue to heare you, are my thoughts: but so,  
My *Pylas* friends, I shall affide with wo,  
Who mourne euen this stay. Whatsoeuer be  
The gifts your Grace is to bestow on me,  
Vouchsafe them firscht, as I may beare and lane,  
For your sake euer. Horse, I lift not hane,  
To keepe in *Ithaca*: but leane them here,  
To your foiles dainties; where the broad fields beare  
Sweet *Cypris* grafe, wherc men-fid *Lote* doth flow,  
Where wheate-like *Speks* and wheate is felse doth grow,  
Wherc Barley, white, and spreading like a tree:  
But *Ithaca*, hath neither ground to be  
(For any length it, comprehendeth) a race  
To tric a horses speed: nor any place  
To make him fat in: fitter fare to feed  
A Cliffe-bred Goate, then rafe or pleife a *Succed*.  
Of all illes, *Ithaca* doth least prouide,  
Or meades to feed a horse, or wayes to ride.

He, smiling said: Of good blood art thou (sonne):  
What speech, lo yong! what oblation  
Hast thou made of the world? I well am pleaseid  
To change my gifts to thee; as being confessid  
Vnfit indeed: my store is such, I may.  
Of all my houfe-gifts then, that vp I lay  
For treasure there, I will bestow on thee  
The fairest, and of greatest price to me.  
I will bestow on thee a rich car'd Cup.  
Of silver all: but all the brims wrought vp  
With finest gold: it was the only thing  
That the Heroicall *Sydonian* King  
Presented to me, when we were to part  
At his receit of me; and twas the Art  
Of that great Artifit, that heauen is free;  
And yet euen this, will I bestow on thee.

This speech thus ended, guests came, and did bring  
Mutons (for Presents) to the God-like King:  
And spirit-promting wine, that strenuous makes.  
Their Riband-wreathed wines, brought fruit and cakes.

Thus, in this house, did these their Feast apply:  
And in *Ulysses* house, Activity  
The woots practiside. Tossing of the Spears,

Telomachus  
Mourning.  
8c

*Ithaca* decribed  
by *Telemachus*.

The woots con-  
spiracys against  
Telemachus.

## THE FOVRTH BOOKE

The Stone, and hurling; thus delighted, where  
They exercise such infolence before:  
Euca in the Court, that wealthy paument wore.  
*Antinous* did still their strifes decide;  
And he that was in person deuide:  
*Eurymachus*, both ring-leaders of all;  
For in their vertues they were principlall.  
These, by *Noemon* (sonne to *Pbromius*)  
Were sida now; who made the question thus:  
*Antinous*! does any friend here know,  
When this *Telemachus* returns? or no,  
From sandie *Pylas*? He made bold to take  
My ship with him: of which, I now shoulde make  
Fit vse my selfe, and saile in her as faire  
As spacious *Elis*; where, of mine, there are  
Twelue delicate Mares; and vnder their sides, go  
Laborious Mules, that yet did never know  
The yoke, nor labour: some of which shoulde bearre  
The taming now, if I could fetch them there.  
This speech, the rest admir'd; nor dreamd that he  
*Nelian Pylas*, ever thought to see:  
But was at field about his flocks suray:  
Or thought, his heardsmen held him so awaie.  
*Euphebus* sonne, *Antinous*, then replied:  
When went he? or with what Traide dignified  
Of his selected *Ithacensias* youthe?  
Prest men, or Bond men were they? Tell the truthe.  
Could he effect this? let me truly know:  
To gain thy vessell, did he violence shew,  
And vnde her gainst thy will? or had her free,  
When siting question, he had made with thee?

*Noemon* answere: I did freely give  
My vessell to him; who deserves to liue,  
That would do other? when such men as he,  
Did in distresse aske? he should churlish be,  
That would denie him: Of our youth, the best  
Amongst the peoples to the interest  
His charge did challenge in them; giuing way,  
With all the tribute, all their powres could pay.  
Their Capaine (as he tooke the ship) I knew;  
Who *Mentor* was, or God. A deuises shew,  
Maskt in his likenesse. But to thinke twas he,  
I much admire, for I did clearly see,  
But yeffer morning, God-like *Mentor* here;  
Yet, th' other euening, he tooke shippynge there,  
And went for *Pylas*. Thus went he for home,  
And left the rest, with enui overcomme:  
Who late, and pastime left. *Euphebus* sonne

Sad

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

(Sad, and with rage, his entrailes ouerrunne)  
His eyes like flames; thus interpose his speech.  
Strange thing; an action of how proud a reach,  
Is here committed by *Telemachus*?  
A boy, a child; and we, a sort of vs,  
Vowd gainst his voyage; yet admit it thus,  
With ship, and choise youth of our people too?  
But let him on; and all his mischiefe do;  
*Iwe* shall conturct vpon himselfe his powres,  
Before their ill prefum'd, he brings on ouers.  
Prouide me then a ship, and twentie men  
To give her manage; that against again  
He turns for honore, on th' *Ithacensias* seas,  
Or Cliffe *Samian*, I may interprete,  
Way-lay, and take him; and make all his craft,  
Saille with his ruine, for his Father saf't.

This, all applauded; and gaue charge to do,  
Rose, and to greete *Vlysses* houste, did go.  
But long time past not, ere *Penelope*  
Had notice of their far-fetcht trecherie.  
*Medon* the Herald told her, who had heard  
Without the Hall, how they within confest:  
And halftid straig, to tell it to the Queene:  
Who from the entrie, hauing *Medon* scene  
Preuentis him thus: Now Herald, what affaire  
Intend the famous woo'r, in your repaire?  
To tell *Vlysses* maids, that they mult cauffe  
From doing our worke, and their banquets drinke?  
I would to heauen, (leauing wooing me,  
Nor ever troubling other companie)  
Here might the last Feast be, and most extreme,  
That euer any shall addresse for them.  
They never meeete, but to content in spoile,  
And repeare the free frutes of anothers toile.  
O did they never, when they children were,  
What to their Fathers, was *Vlysses*, heare?  
Who never did gainft any one proceed,  
With vniust vsage, or in word or deed?  
Tis yet with other Kings, another right,  
One to pursue with loue, another spight;  
He still yet iuft; nor would, though mighte deuoure,  
Nor to the worst, did ever taste of powre.  
But their vnrulde acts, shew their minds estate:  
Good turns receiu'd once, thanks grow out of date.

*Medon*, the learn'd in wisedome, answere her:  
I wish (O Queene) that their ingratiudes were  
Their worst ill towards you: but worse by faire,  
And much more deadly their endeuours are;

*Antinous* anger  
for the scaps of  
*Telemachus*.

*Penelope* to *Medon*.

*Medon* to *Penelope* relates the  
vergery of *Telemachus*.

Which *lone* will fail them in. *Telemachus*  
 Their purposē is (as he returns to vs)  
 To giue their sharpe steeles in a cruell death:  
 Who now is gone to learme, if *Fame* can breathe  
 Newes of his Sire; and will the *Pylas* shore,  
 And facred *Sparta*, in his search explore.

This newes dissolt'd to her both knees and heart,  
 Long silence held her, ere one word would part:  
 Her eyes stood full of teares; her small soft voice,  
 Allate vife lost; that yet at lat had choice  
 Of wonted words, which briefly thus she vsde:

Why left my sonne his mother? why refuside  
 His wit the solid shore, to tie the seas,  
 And put in shipe the trufft of his distresse?  
 That are at sea to men vnbiold horse,  
 And runne, past rule, their farre-engaged course,  
 Amidst a moisture, past all meane vnfaid?  
 No need compeld this: did he it, afraid  
 To liue and leaue posteritie his name?

I know not (he replide) if th'humor came  
 From current of his owne instinct, or flowd  
 From others infestigations; but he vowed  
 Attempt to *Pylas*; or to see defcited  
 His Sires returne, or know what death he died.

This said; he tooke him to *Plysses* house  
 After the woores; the *Plyssian* Spouse  
 (Runne through with woes) let *Torture* scise her mind;  
 Nor, in her choice of state-chaires, stood endlin'd  
 To take her seate; but th'abie& threshold chose  
 Other faire chamber, for her loth'd repose;  
 And mournd most wretch-like, round about her fell  
 Her handmaids, ioynd in a continuall yell.  
 From every corner of the Pallace, all  
 Of all degrees, tun'd to her comforts fall  
 Their owne dejections: to whom, her complainte  
 She thus enforc't: The Gods beyond constraint  
 Of any measure, vrge these teares on me;  
 Nor was there euer Dame of my degree,  
 So past degree grieu'd. First, a Lord, so good,  
 That had such hardie spirits in his blood.  
 That all the vertues was adorn'd withall;  
 That all the Greeks did their Superiour call,  
 To part with thus, and lose. And now a sonne  
 So worthily belou'd, a course to runne  
 Beyond my knowledge; whom rude tempests haue  
 Made farre from home, his most inglorious graue.  
 Vnhappie wenches, that no one of all,  
 (Though in the reach of euery one, must fall

*Penelope velut-*  
*h, sh her Ladies*  
*for not telling her*  
*of Telemachus.*

His taking ship sustaint the carefull mind,  
 To call me from my bed; who, this desynd,  
 And most vowd course in him, had either staid,  
 (How much sooner hasted) or dead laid  
 He shoud haue left me. Many a man I hate,  
 That would haue calld old *Dolius* my flauie,  
 (That keeps my Orchard, whom my Father gaue )  
 At my departure) to haue runne, and told  
*Laertes* this, to trie if he could hold  
 From running through the people, and from teanes,  
 In telling them of these vowd muntherers;  
 That both diuine *Vffys* hope, and his,  
 Resolute to end in their conspiracies.

His Nurse then, *Euryclae* made reply:  
 Deare Soueraine, let me with your owne hands die;  
 Or cast me off here, Ile not keepe from thee,  
 One word of what I know: He trusted me  
 With all his purposē, and I gaue him all  
 The bread and wine, for which he plead to call.  
 But then a mightie oath he made me sware,  
 Not to report it to your roiall eare,  
 Before the twelfth day either shoud appeare,  
 Or you shoud ask me, when you heard him gone.  
 Empaire not then your beauties with your mone,  
 But wafh, and put vntearne-flaund garments on:  
 Ascend your chamber, with your Ladies here;  
 And pray the seed of Goat-nurst *Impiter*,  
 (Divine *Athenia*) to preferue your ionne;  
 And she will faue him from confusione.  
 Th'old King, to whom your hopes stand so inclin'd,  
 For his graue counfels, you perhaps may find  
 Unfit affected, for his ages sake.  
 But heauen-kings waxe not old, and therefore make  
 Fit pray to them, for my thoughts never will  
 Belieue the heauenly poures conceit so ill.  
 The seed of righteous *Arcefiades*,  
 To end it vterly; but still will please  
 In some place euermore, some one of them  
 To faue, and decke him with a Diadem:  
 Gie him possession of crecked Towres,  
 And farre-stretch fields, crownd all of fruits and floweres.  
 This eas'd her heart, and dride her humerous cies,  
 When hausing walsh, and weeds of sacrifice  
 (Pure, and vntaintid with her distruittfull teares)  
 Put on; (with all her women-ministers)  
 Up to a chamber of most height, she rose,  
 And cakes of salt and barley did impose  
 Within a wicker basket, all which broke

*Euryclae as priour  
 comfort of Pe-*  
*mone.*

*Laertes* came to  
*Arcefiades* the son  
 of Impiter.

*Penelope to  
Pallas.*

In decent order; thus she did invoke:  
Great Virgin of the Goat-preserved God;  
If ever the inhabited abode  
Of wife *Vyses*, held the fatted Thies  
Of sheepe and Oxen, made thy sacrifice  
By his deuotion; heare me; nor forget  
His pious seruices; but fate see fet  
His deare sonne, on these shores; and banish hence  
These woovers, past all meane in insolence.

This said, she shriket; and *Pallas* heard her praise.  
The woovers broke with tumult all the aire  
About the shadic house; and one of them,  
Whose pride his youth had made the more extreme,  
Said, Now the many-wooer-honoured Queene,  
Will surely satiate her delayfull spleene,  
And one of vs, in instant nuptials take.  
Poore Dame, she dreames not, what designe we make,  
Vpon the life and slaughter of her sonne.

So said he; but so said, was not so done;  
Whose arrogant spirit, in a vaunt so vaine,  
*Antinous* chid, and said; For shame containe  
These brauing speeches; who can tell who heares?  
Are we not now in reach of others eare?  
If our intentions please vs, let vs call  
Our spirits vp to them, and let speeches fall.  
By watchfull Danger, men must silent go:  
What we resolute on, let's not say, but do.  
This said, he chudde our twentie men, that bore  
Belt reckning with him; and to ship and shore,  
All hasted; reacht the ship, lancht, raid the mast,  
Put sailes in; and with leather loopes made fast  
The oares; Sailes hoisted; Armes their men did bring;  
All giuing speed, and forme to every thing.  
Then to the high-deepes, their riggd vefell driven,  
They supt; expecting the approching Euen.

Meane space, *Penelope* her chamber kept,  
And bed, and neither eat, nor dranke, nor slept;  
Her strong thoughts wrought so on her blamless sonne;  
Still in contention, if he shold be done  
To death; or scape the impious woovers designe.  
Looke how a Lion, whom men-troopes combine  
To hunt, and close him in a craftie ring,  
Much varied thought conciuers; and feare doth sting  
For vrgent danger: So far'd the ill sleep,  
All iuncture of her ioynts, and nerves did steepe  
In his dissolving humor. When (ar rest)  
*Pallas* her fauours varied; and addrest  
An Idoll, that *Ipbibima* did present

*Antinous to the  
refts.*

In \* structure of her every lineament,  
Great-fould *Icarus* daughter: whom, for Spouse  
*Eumeus* tooke, that kept in *Aegina* house.  
This, to diuine *Vyses* house she sent,  
To trie her best meane, how she might eschew:  
Mourfull *Penelope*, and make *Peleus* lament  
The strict addiction in her to deplore,  
This Idoll (like a \*wome, that is lese or more,  
Contracts or straines her) didis selfe convey,  
Beyond the wards, or windings of the key,  
Into the chamber, and aboue her head,  
Her feate assuining, thus she comforted,  
Distrest *Penelope*. Doth sleepe thus feafe  
Thy poures, affected with so much disease?  
The Gods, that nothing trouble, will nooles  
Thy teares nor grieves, in any least degree,  
Sustaint with cause; for they will guard thy loue,  
Safe to his wifte, and native mansion,  
Since he is no offender of their States,  
And they to such, are firmer then their fates.

The wife *Penelope* receard her thone,  
(Bound with a flamber most delicious,  
And in the Port of dreams) O sister, why  
Repaire you hither? since so faire off lie  
Your house and houehold? You were never here  
Before this houre, and would you now give cheare  
To me so many woes and miseries?  
Affecting fuly all the faculties  
My soule and mind hold; hauing lost before  
A husband, that of all the vertues bore  
The Palme amongst the Greeks; and whose renowne  
So ample was, that *Fame* the found hath blowne  
Through *Greece* and *Argos*, to her very heart.  
And now againe, a sonne that did coovert  
My whole poures to his loue, by ship is gone.  
A tender Plant, that yet was never growne  
To labours taife, nor the commerce of men;  
For whom, more then my husband I complaine,  
And leit he shold at any sufferance touch  
(Or in the sea, or by the men so much  
Estrang'd to him, that must his consolets be)  
Feare and chill tremblings, shake each ioynt of me.  
Besides: his danger sets on, soes profest  
To way-lay his retorne, that haue address  
Plots for his death. The scarce-discrend Dreame,  
Said: Be of comfort, nor feares so extreme,  
Let thus distray thee; thou haft such a mate  
Attending thee, as some at any rate

*Jove mem-  
brorum fru-  
stra.*

*Uxoris malitia  
Icarus. Icarus  
affection cur-  
culation signi-  
ficiat quod lo-  
gor & graci-  
lor exauerit.*

*Mirera sub  
Iphthime per-  
ficiata, solatia Pe-  
nelopei in  
sonnia.*

*Penelope to the  
Dreame.*

Would

Would will to purchase; for her powre is great;  
Mineras pities thy delights deafe;

*Penelope to the  
Idoll.*

Whose Grace hath sent me to foretell thee theede.  
If thou (said she) be of the Goddesses,  
And heardst her tell thine thefe; then mayst as well  
From her, tell all things else, daigne then to tell,  
If yet the man, to all misfortunes borne,  
(My husband) liues; and sees the Sunne adorne  
The darksome earth; or hides his wretched head  
In *Pallas* house, and liues amongst the dead?

I will now (the replide) my breath exhale,  
In one continue, and perpetuall tale;  
Lives he, or dies he. Tis a filthy vfe,  
To be in vaine and idle speech profuse.

This said, she through the key-hole of the dore  
Vanidt againe into the open blore.  
*Icarus* daughter started from her sleepe,  
And loye fresh humor, her lou'd breift did steepe:

When now so cleare, in that first watch of night,  
She saw the scene dreame vanish from her sight.

The wooers (shipt) the seas moist waues did plie,  
And thought the Prince, a haughty death should die.  
There lies a certayne Iland in the sea,  
Twixt rockie *Samos* and rough *Rhacea*,  
That cliffe is it selfe, and nothing great;  
Yet holds conuenient haunes, that two wayes let  
Ships in and out; calld *Asteria*: and there  
The wooers hop't to make their massac're.

*Finis libri quarti Hom. Odyssej.*

## THE

## THE FIFTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### THE ARGVEMENT.

**A** Second Court, on Ione attendes;  
Who, Hermes to Calypso sendes;  
Commanding her to cleare the wayes  
Vlysses shipp; and see obayes.  
When Neptune saw Vlysses free,  
And, so as saftey, plow the see;  
Eurog'd, he ruffles up the waves,  
And plisst his ship. Leucothea saves  
His person yet; as being a Dame,  
Whose Godhead generid in the frame  
Of those seas tempers. But the meane  
By which she curbs dread Neptunes spleene,  
Is made a jewel; which she takes  
From off her head; and then she makes  
Vlysses on his beforeme weare,  
About his necke, she ties it there:  
And when he is with waves beset,  
Bids weare it as an Amuler;  
Commanding him, that not before  
He toucht upon Phazicias shore,  
He shold not part with it; but then  
Returnd is to the sea again,  
And left it from him. He performes;  
Yet after this bides bitter stormes;  
And in the rocket, see Death engrav'd;  
But on Rhagacias shore is saud.

Another.

**E.** Vlysses builds  
A shipp; and gaines  
The Gaffie fields;  
Payes Neptune paines.

**A** Then rose from high-borne *Tithons* Bed,  
That men and Gods might be illustrated:  
And then the Deities fate, Imperiall *Ione*,  
That makes the horrid murmure abe above,  
Tooke place past all; whose height for euer springs;  
And from whom flowes th'eternal powre of things.  
Then *Pallas* (mindfull of *Vlysses*) told

The many Cares, that in *Calypso* hold,  
He still suffraund; when he had fel before,  
So much affliction, and such dangers more.

*Pallus to the  
Guds.*

O Father, (said she) and ye euer blest,  
Gue neuer King hereafter, interest  
In any aide of yours, by seruing you;  
By being gentle, humane, iust; but grow  
Rude, and for euer scormfull of your rights;  
All iustice ordyning by their appetites.  
Since he that rul'd, as it in right behou'd,  
That all his subiects, as his children lou'd,  
Finds you so thoughtlesse of him, and his birth.  
Thus men begin to say, ye rule in earth;  
And grudge at what ye let him vndergo;  
Who yet the leaft part of his sufferance know:  
Thrall'd in an ill; shipwreckt in his teares;  
And in the fancies that *Calyppo* beares,  
Bound from his binright; all his shipping gone;  
And of his fouldiers, not retaining one.  
And now his most lou'd Sonnes life doth inflame  
Their slaughterous enuies, since hi. Fathers fame  
He puts in puruite; and is gone as farre  
As sacred *Pylos*, and the singular  
Dame breeding *Sparta*. This, with this reply,

*Ioue to Pallas.*  
The Cloud-assembler answerd: What word, fie  
Thine owne remembrance (daughter?) hast not thou?  
The counsell giuen thy selfe, that told thee how

*Vlysses* shall with his retурne addresse  
His woote wrongs? And, for the lase acceſſe,  
His Sonne shall make to his innatiue Port,  
Do thou direct it, in as curios ſort,  
As thy wit serues thee: it obeys thy powres;  
And in their ſhip retурne the ſpeedeſſe wowers.

Then turnd he to his iſſue *Mercurie*,

*Ioue to Mercury.*  
And ſaid: Thou haſt made good our Ambaſſie  
To th' other Statift; To the Nymph then now,  
On whose faire head a tuft of gold doth grow;

Beare our true ſpoken counſell, for retreat  
Of patient *Vlyſſes*; who ſhall get  
No aide from vs, nor any mortall man;  
But in a \*patch vp ſkiffe, (built as he can,  
And ſuffering woes enow) the twentith day  
At fruitfull Scheria, let him breathe his way,  
With the *Phaeacians*, that halfe Deities liue,  
Who like a God will honour him; and giue  
His wiſdomē clothes, and ſhip, and brasse, and gold,  
More then for gaine of *Troy* he euer told;  
Where, at the whole diuision of the prey,  
If he a fauer were, or got away  
Without a wound (if he ſhould grudge) twas well;  
But th' end ſhall crowne all; there fore Fate will deale

*In ſeafide groves  
deſerted in late  
multis viciular  
ligatus.*

So well with him, to let him land, and fee  
His native earth, friends, house and family.

Thus chang'd he, nor *Ariadiſe* denied;  
But to his feete, his faire winged ſhoes he took  
Amitrofian, golden; that in his command,  
Put either ſea, or the vnteachor'd land,  
With pace as ſpeddie as a puff of wind.  
Then vp his Rod went, with which he declin'd  
The eyes of any waker, when he pleaf'd,  
And any ſleeper, when he wilte, difeald.

This tooke, he floopt *Pierre*, and thence  
Glid through the airc, and *Nauauer Confluence*  
Kift as he flew; and checkt the waues as light  
As any Sea-mew, in her fishing flight.  
Her thicke wings ſoucing in the furorie ſeas.  
Like her, he paſt a world of wilderneſſe,  
But when the far-off Ile, he toucht, he went  
Vp from the blue ſea, to the Continent,  
And reaſt the ample Camere of the Queene,  
Whom he within found, without, ſeldome ſeeing.

A Sun-like fire vpon the hard diſt flamed;  
The matter precious, and diuine the flame;  
Of Cedar cleſt, and Incenſe was the Pile,  
That breath'd an odour round about the Ile.  
Her ſelfe was ſeated in an inner roome,  
Whom sweetly ſing he heard; and at her loome,  
About a curious web, wholē yarne the threw  
In, with a golden thimble. A Groue grew  
In endleſſe ſpring about her Caueſe round;

With odorous Cyprife, Pines, and Poplars crownd,  
Where Hawks, Sea-owles, and long-tongu'd Bittrours breed.

And other birds their ſhadie pinions ſped.  
All Fowles unmittelable, none roofed there,  
But thoſe who labours in the waters were.  
A Vine did all the hollow Caue embraceth;  
Still green, yet ſill ripe bunches gaue it grace.  
Fourte Fountaines, one againſt another powrd  
Their filer ſreames, and meadowes all enflowrd  
With ſweete Balme, gentle, and blue Violets hid,  
That deckt the ſoft breſts of each fragrant Mead.  
Should any one (though he immortall were)  
Arrive and ſee the ſacred obiects there,  
He would admire them, and be ouer-joyed.

And ſo stood *Hermes* rauiſht powres employd.

But hauing all admir'd, he entered on  
The ample Caue, nor could be ſeen vndeſcended  
Of great *Calyppo*, (for all Deities are  
Prompt in each others knowledge, though ſo ſure

*Mercurij deſcription.*

*Descriptio ſpoti  
cas Calypſus.*

Seuerd in dwellings) but he could not fee  
*Vlysses* there within. Without was he  
Set sad ahoire, where twas his vle to view  
Th'v'nquiet sea; sigh'd, wept, and empie drew  
His heart of comfort. Plac't here in her throne  
(That beames cast vp, to Admiracion)  
Divine *Calypso*, question'd *Hermes* thus:  
For what caufe (deare, and much-esteem'd by vs,  
Thou golden-rod-adorned *Mercure*)  
Artiu'st thou here? thou haft not vife t'apply  
Thy paſſage this way. Say, what euer be  
Thy hearts defire, my mind commands it thee,  
If in my meanes it lie, or power of fact.  
But first, what hospitable rights exact,  
Come yet more neare, and take. This faid, she set  
A Table forth, and furniſh'd with meate,  
Such as the Gods taste; and seru'd in with it,  
Vermilion *Neter*. When with banquer, fit  
He had confund his spirites; he thus exprefst  
His caufe of coming: Th'ou haſt made request  
(Goddesse of Goddesſes) to vnderſtand  
My caufe of touch here: which thou ſhalt command,  
And know with truth: *Ioue* caufd my course to thee,  
Againſt my will; for who would willingly  
Lackey along ſo vafte a lake of Brine?  
Neare to no Citiie; that the poures diuine  
Receives with ſolemne rites and Hecatombs?  
But *Ioue* will euer, all law ouercomes;  
No other God can croſſe or make it void.  
And he affirmes, that one, the moſt annoide  
With woes and toiles, of all thoſe men that fought  
For *Priamus* Citiie, and to end hath brought  
Nine years in the contention, is with thee.  
For in the tenth year, when roiy *Victorie*  
Was wonne, to giue the Greeks the spoile of *Troy*;  
Returne they did profeſſe, but not enioy,  
Since *Pallas* they incniſt; and ſhe, the waues  
By all the winds powre, that blew ope their granes.  
And there they reſted. Only this poore one,  
This Coaſt, both winds and waues haue caſt vpon:  
Whom now forthwith he wiſt thee to diſmiss;  
Affirming that th'vaulerd definties,  
Not onely haue decreed, he ſhall not die  
Apar his friends, but of Necelſtice  
Enjoy their fights before thoſe fatall houres,  
His countrie earth reach, and erected Towres.  
This strook, a loue-cheekt horror through her poures;  
When (naming him) ſhe this reply did giue:

*Calypso to Mercurie.**Mercure to Calypso.*

Inflatiate are ye Gods, paſt all that liue;  
In all things you affec't, which full concurſt  
Your poures to Ennies. It afficks your hearts,  
That any Goddeſſe ſhould (as you obtein  
The vle of earthly Dames) enioy the meane  
And moſt in open mariage. So ye far'd,  
When the delicious-finger'd *Morning* ſtar'd  
Orions bed; you eaſie-living States,  
Could neuer ſatisfie your emulous haſtes;  
Till in *Grygia*, the precife-liv'd Dame  
(Gold-thron'd *Diana*) on him rideley came,  
And with her ſwift shafts flue him. And ſuch paines,  
(When rich-hair'd *Ceres* pleiaſd to giue the rance  
To her affections; and the grace did yeeld  
Of loue and bed amideſt a three-cropte field;  
To her *Taſſon*) he paid angrie *Ioue*,  
Who loſt, no long time, notice of their loue;  
But with a glowing lightning, was his death.  
And now your enuies labour vnderneath  
A mortals choice of mine, whose life, I tooke  
To liberall ſacie; when his ſhip, *Loue* strooke  
With red-hot fulches, pecc-e-meale in the feaſt,  
And all his friends and foulders, ſuccourleſſe  
Periſh but he. Him, caſt upon this coaſt  
With blaſts and billowes; I (in life gien lost)  
Prefeu'd alone, lou'd, nourisht, and did vowe  
To make him deaſleſſe, and yet neuer grow  
Crooked, or worne with age, his whole life long.  
But ſince no reaſon may be made ſo ſtrong,  
To ſtrike with *Ioue* will, or to make it vaine,  
No not if all the other Gods ſhould ſtraine  
Their poures againſt it; let his will be law,  
So he affoord him ſit meaneſ to withdraw,  
(As he commands him) to the raging *Maine*:  
But meaneſ from me, he neuer ſhall obtaine,  
For my meaneſ yeeld, nor them, nor ſhip, nor oareſ,  
To ſet him off, from my ſo enuied shores.  
But if my council and goodwill can aide  
His ſafe paſſe home, my beſt ſhall be afraide.  
Vouchſafe it fo, (faid heauenous Ambaffador)  
And daigne it quickly. By all meaneſ abhorre  
Tincenle *Ioue* wrath againſt thee, ſhar with grace  
He may hereafter, all thy withiembrace.

Thus tooke the *Aieu*, killing God, his wings.  
And ſince the reverend *Nymph*, theſe awfull thiengs  
Receu'd from *Ioue*; ſhe to *Vlyſſes* went:  
Whom the ahoire found, drowned in diſcontent,  
His eyes kept neuer dry, he diſ ſo mourne,

*Calypſo diſpleas.*  
*for reply to*  
*Mercure.*

## THE FIFTH BOOKE

And waste his deare age, for his wiþt returne.  
Which still without the Cae he vſde to do,  
Because he could not please the Goddesse so.  
At night yet (fore't) together tooke their rest,  
The willing Goddesse, and th vnwilling Guest.  
But he, all day in rockes, and on the shore  
The vex'd ſea viewd; and did his Pate deplore.  
Him, now, the Goddesſe (coming neare) beſpake:

*Calyſſo to Phœbus*

Vnhappy man, no more diſcomfort take,  
For my constraint of thee, nor waste thine age;  
I now will paſſing freely diſengage  
Thy irokome lay here. Come then, fell thee wood,  
And build a ſhip, to ſave thee from the flood.  
Ile furnish thee with fresh wauē, bread and wine,  
Ruddie and ſweet, that will the \* Piner pine;  
Put garments on thee; give thee winds for right;  
That every way thy home-bent appetite  
May ſafe attaine to it, if ſo it pleafe  
At all parts, all the heauen-houſd Deities!  
That moare in poure are, more in ſkill then I;  
And moare can iudge, what fit humānitie.

*Phœbus to Calyſſo*

He ſtood amaz'd, at this ſtrange change in her;  
And ſaid: O Goddesſe! thy intents preferre  
Some other proiect, then my parting hence;  
Commanding things of too high confeſſion  
For my performance. That my ſelfe ſhould build  
A ſhip of poure, my home-affaires to hielde.  
Againſt the great ſea, of ſuch dread to paſſe;  
Which not the beſt-built ſhip that euer was,  
Will paſſe exulting, when ſuch winds as *Ioue*  
Can thund're vp, their trims and tacklings proue.  
But could I build one, I would ne're aboord,  
(Thy will oppoſte) nor (won) without thy word,  
Gien in the great oath of the Gods to me,  
Not to beguile me in the leaſt degree.

The Goddesſe ſmilid; held hard his hand, and ſaid:  
O y'are a ſhrewd one; and ſo habited.  
In taking heed, thou knowſt not what it is  
To be viñwary; nor vſe words amiffe.  
How haſt thou charmed me, were I ne're ſo ſlie?  
Let earth know then; and heauen, ſo broad, ſo tie;  
And th vnder-fanke wauēs of th' ifernall ſtreame;  
(Which is an oath, as terribly ſupreme,  
As any God ſweares) that I had no thought,  
But ſtood with what I ſpake; nor would haue wrought,  
Nor countefold any act, againſt thy goods;  
But euer diligently weighed, and ſtood  
On thoſe points in perſuading thee; that I

## OF HOMER &amp; ODYSSES.

Would vſe my ſelfe in ſuch extremitie.  
For my mind ſimple is, and innocent;  
Not given by cruel ſlights to circumſpect;  
Nor bear'e I in my breafth a ſcimed ticke.  
But with the Sufferer, willing Indiference ſeels.  
This ſaid, the Grace of Goddesſes led hōmage;  
He track her ſteps, and (to the Cauſe come)  
In that rich Throne, whence *Uranus* ſat,  
He ſate. The Nymph her ſelfe did then ſpoole  
For food and beſtride to him, all her meane  
And diinke, that mortals vſe to taſte and eate.  
Then ſate the oppofite, and for her Peal, whom oþer wou'd ſet  
Was *Neter* and *Ambroſe* addrefſt.  
By handmaides to her. Both, what was purpoſed  
Did freely fall to. Haſing ſidy gard.  
The Nymph *Calyſſo* this diſcource began:  
*Calyſſo to Phœbus*

Love-bred *Vlffel* many-witted man!  
Still is thy home ſo wiþr, ſo ſoone away?  
Be ſtill of cheare, for all the world I lay, ſo diſtinctly ſay.  
But if thy foule knew what a ſummer of miſerie, ſore ſet  
For thee to caſt vp, thy ſterne fates impoſe.  
Ere to thy country earth thy bones amme, ſet  
Vadoubtely thy choice would haue ſomewher.  
Keep house with me, and be a ligner over,  
Which (me thinkes) ſhould thy boſie and choiſe differ.  
Though for thy wife there, thou art ſo ſorowful, ſet  
And all thy daies are ſpent in her defore, ſighing  
And though it be no boſt in me to ſay, ſo diſtinctly ſay.  
In forme and mind, I match her euery way.  
Nor can it fit a mortall Dames compare,  
Taffect those terms with vs, that deaſhle ſee.

The great in counſels, made her this reply:  
Renown'd, and to be reverenc'd Deaſic!  
Let it not moue thee, that ſo much I vow,  
My comforts to my wife; though well I know,  
All cauſe my ſelfe, why wife *Peleage*.  
In wife is fare iſſerious to thee;  
In feature, ſtature, all the parts of ſhow,  
She being a mortall, an immortall thouſ;  
Old enger growing, and yet never old.  
Yet her deſire, ſhall all my daies ſee told,  
Adding the ſight of my returning day,  
And natural home. If any God shall lay  
His hand upon me, as I paſſe the leas;  
Ile bear'e the worſt of what his hand ſhall pleaf.  
As haſing given me ſuch a mind, as ſhall  
The more ſtrife, the more his hand lets fall.  
In waſes and wauēs, my ſufferings were neaſmall.

I now haue sufferd much, as much before;  
Hereafter let as much refel, and more.  
This said, the Sunne set; and earth shadowes gane  
When these two (in an in-roome of the Caeu,  
Left to themselues) left Loue no rites vident.  
The early Morn vp; vp he rose; yet on  
His in and out-weed. She, her selfe inchaunes  
Amidst a white robe, full of all the Graces;  
Ample, and pleated, thicke, like fishe scales.  
A golden girdle then, her wafcempales;  
Her head, a veile decks; and abroad they come;  
And now began *Vyses* to go home.  
A great Axe, first she gane, that two wayes cut,  
In which a faire wel-polisht helme was pur,  
That from an Olie bough receiu'd his frame:  
A plainer then. Then led the till they came  
To lofie woods, that did the Ile confine.  
The firre tree, Poplar, and heauen-scaling Pine,  
Had there their of spring, Of which, thole that were  
Of drieft matter, and grew longest there,  
He chuse for lighter saile. This place, thus showne,  
*The Nymph* turned home. He fell to tellling downie;  
And twentie trees he stoopt, i.e. the space,  
Plaind, vnde his Plumb; did all with artful grace.  
In meane time did *Cupps* wrimble bring.  
He bor'd, cloſde, naild, and ordred every thing;  
And tooke how much a ship-wright will allow  
A ship of burthen; (one that best doth know  
What fits his Art) so large a Keele he cast.  
Wrought vp her decks, and hatches, side-boords, mast;  
With willow watlings arm'd her, & refist  
The billowes outrage; added all the mift,  
Sail-yards, and sterne for guide. *The Nymph* then brought  
Linnen for sailles; which, with dispatch, he wrought.  
Gables, and halsters, tacklings. All the Frame  
In foure dayes space, to full perfection came.  
The fift day, they dismift him from the shore;  
Weeds, neat, and odorotous gave him; vicles store;  
Wine, and strong waters, and a prosperous wind.  
To which, *Vyses* (fit to be diuin'd)  
His sailes expold, and hoised. Off he gat;  
And chearfull was he. At the Sterne he sat,  
And ster'd right artfully. No slepe could seife  
His ey-lids: he beheld the *Pleades*,  
The Beare, surnam'd the Waine, that round doth moue  
About *Orion*, and keepes still above.  
The billowie Ocean. The flow-setting stame,  
Boates calld, by some, the Waggonar.

This fourt dayes  
wroke (you will  
say) is too much  
for one man:  
Pleas affirms,  
that Herro (a  
king of Englan'  
is five and forty  
dyes twentie two  
hundred and  
twentie sh. ps.  
rigged them  
and put to sea with  
item.  
Gables, and haliters, tacklings. All the Frame  
In fourt dayes space, to full perfection came.  
The fift day, they dismift him from the shore;  
Weeds, neat, and odorous gave him; vichtles stote;  
Wine, and strong waters, and a prosperous wind.  
To which, *Vlysses* (fit to be diuin'd)  
His sailes expos'd, and hoisted. Off he gat;  
And chearfull was he. At the Sterne he sat,  
And ster'd right artfully. No slecpe could seise  
His cy-lids: he beheld the *Pleatedes*  
The Beare, furnam'd the Waine, that round doth move

## OF HOMERS ODYSSEES.

*Cabppo* wond him, he his courfe should flere  
Still to his left hand. Seuentene dayes did cleare  
The cloudie *Nights* command, in his moist way;  
And by the eighteenth light, he might display  
The thadic hills of the *Pheaccus* shore;  
For which, as to his next abode, he bore.  
The countrey did a pretie figure yeld,  
And look from off the darke fles, like a shield.  
Imperious *Neposse* (making his remeate)  
From th' *Ethiopia* earth, and taking feate  
Vpon the mountaines of the *Sayne*,  
From thence, faire off discouering) did descre  
*Vlysses*, his fields plowing. All on fire  
The ficht strait fet his heart, and made desire  
Of weake runne ouer, it did bole to hic.  
When (his head nodding) O impietie  
(He cried out) now, the Gods inconstancie  
Is most apperant; alring their designes  
Since I the *Athrops* saw, and here confines  
To this *Vlysses* fate, his misery.  
The great marde, on which all his hope redy,  
Lies in *Pheaccus*. But I hope he shall  
Feeke woe at height, ere that dead calme befal.  
This said, he (begging) gatherd calmes from land,  
Righted the feas vp, snatched into his hand,  
His horrid Trident, and aloft did tosse  
Of all the winds) all stormes he could engrose.  
All earth tooke into sea with clouds grim *Night*,  
Well tumbling headlong from the cope of Light.  
The East and Southwinds iustifid in the aire,  
The violent *Zephire*, and *Norlb*-making *Fare*,  
ould vp the waves before them: and then, bent  
*Vlysses* knees; then all his spirit was spent.  
In which despaire, he thus spake: Woe is me!  
What was I borne to man of miserie?  
I tell me now, that all the Goddesse said,  
Wraths felfe will author; that *Fate* would be paid  
Wrathes whole summe due from me, arsea, before  
Eacht the deare touch of my countries shore  
With what clouds low, heauens heighthed forehead b  
How tyranize the wraths of all the winds?  
How all the tops, he bottomes with the deepest?  
And in the bottomes, all the tops he sleepes?  
A dreadfull is the prefence of our death.  
Sir fourc times blest were they that funke bentath  
Their Fates at *Troy*; and did to neught contend,  
To renomwe *Atrides* with their end?  
Would to God, my hour of death, and Fate,

## THE FIFTH BOOKE

That day had held the power to terminate,  
When shoures of darts, my life bore vndeprest,  
About diuine *Eacles* deceast.  
Then had I bene allotted to haue died,  
By all the Greeks, with funeralls glorified;  
(Whence *Death*, encouraging good life, had grawne)  
Where now I die, by no man mourned, nor knowne.  
This spake; a huge wawe tooke him by the head,  
And hurlid him o're-boord: ship and all it laide  
Inuerterd quite amidds the waues; but he  
Fare off from her sprawld, strowd about the sea:  
His Stern still holding, broken off his Mast  
Burst in the midst: so horrible a blake  
Of mixt winds strooke it. Sails and saile-yards fell  
Amongst the billowes; and himselfe did dwelle  
A long time vnder water: nor could get  
In halte his head out: wawe with wawe so met  
In his depression, and his garments too,  
(Givuen by *Calypso*) gaue him much to do,  
Hindring his swimmings; yet he left not so  
His drenched vessel, for the ouerthrow  
Of her nor him; but gaue at length againe  
(Wrestling with *Nepturne*) hold of her; and then  
Sate in her Bulke, infulting ouer Death,  
Which (with the salt streeame, prest to stop his breath)  
He scap't, and gaue the sea againe, to give  
To other men. His ship so strid to lieue,  
Floting at randon, cuffit from wawe to wawe;  
As you haue seene the *Northward* when he draue  
In *Autumne*, heapes of thorne-fed Grahoppers,  
Hither and thither; one heape this way beares,  
Another that; and makes them often meete  
In his confulde gales; so *Vlysses* flete,  
The winds hurl'd vp and downe: now *Boreas*  
Tost it to *Notus*, *Notus* gaue it passe  
To *Eurus*; *Eurus*, *Zephire* made it pursue  
The horrid Tennis. This sport calld the vicy  
Of *Cadmus* daughter, with the narrow heele,  
(*Ino Leucosbea*) that first did feele  
A mortall Darnes desires, and had a tongue.  
But now had sh' honor to be nam'd among  
The marine Godheads. She, with pitie law  
*Vlysses* iu'l'd thus, from flaw to flaw;  
And (like a Cormorand, in forme and flight)  
Rose from a whirl-poolle: on the ship did light,  
And thus bespeakē him: Why is *Nepturne* thus  
In thy pursuise extremely furious,  
Oppressing thee with such a world of ill,

*Leucosbea*  
*Vlysses*

Euca

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

Euen to thy death? He must not serue his will,  
Though to his studie, Let me then aduise,  
As my thoughts serue, thou shal not be vnwise  
To leue thy weeds and shipp to the commandes  
Of these rude winds; and worke out with thy hands,  
Passe to *Phaeacia*; where thy auerre *Fate*,  
Is to pursue thee with no more such hate.  
Take here this Tablet, with this riband strung,  
And see it still about thy bosome hungs  
By whose eternall vertue, never feare  
To suffer this againe, nor perish here.  
But when thou toucheſt with thy hand the shore,  
Then take it from thy necke, nor weare it more;  
But cast it fare off from the Continent,  
And then thy person fare ashore preuent.  
Thus gaue the him the Tablet, and againe  
(Turnd to a Cormorand) diu'd past sight the Maine.  
Patient *Vlysses* sighd at this; and stucke  
In the conceit of such faire-spoken Lucke:  
And said, Alas, I must suspect eu'en this  
Left any other of the Dcites  
Add sleight to *Nepturne* force; to counsell me  
To lave my vessell, and so fare off see  
The shore Iaime ar. Not with thoughts too cleare  
Will I obey her: but to me appere  
These counsels best, as long as I perceue  
My ship not quite dissolu'd, I will not leave  
The heipe she may afford me; but abide,  
And suffer all woes, till the worst be tride.  
When the is split, Ile swim no miracle can  
Past me: and cleare meanes, moue a knowing man.  
While this discourse emploid him, *Nepturne* raid  
A huge, a high, and horrid sea, that seid  
Him and his shipp, and toſt them through the Lake;  
As when the violent winds together take  
Heapes of drie chaffe, and hurle them every way,  
So his long woodstacke, *Nepturne* strooke astray.  
Then did *Vlysses* mount onrib, perforce,  
Like to a rider of a running horse,  
To stay himselfe a time, while he might shift  
His drenched weeds, that were *Calypso* gift.  
When parting strait, *Leucosbea* Amuler  
Abouit her necke, he all his forces set  
To swim; and cast him prostrate to the seas.  
When powrefull *Nepturne* saw the ruthlesse preafe  
Of perils siege him thus, he mou'd his head,  
And this betwixt him and his heart, he said:  
So, now feele iles crow, and struggle so,

*Passes* full suffi-  
cient of faire  
fortunes.

*Nepturne* in V.  
lydian incle-  
ments.

## THE FIFTH BOOKE

Till to your loue-lou'd Ilanders you row.  
 But my mind fayes, you will not so avoide  
 This last taske too, but be with suffrance cloid.  
 This said; his rich-mand horse he mislaid; and reache  
 His house at *Egæa*. But *Mimene* fetcht  
 The winds from sea, and all their wayes but one  
 Bard to their passage; the bleake *Norib* alone  
 She set to blow, the rest, shewchard to keepe  
 Their rages in; and bind themselfes in sleepe.  
 But *Boreas* still flew high, to breake the seas,  
 Till loue-bred *Ithacus*, the more with eas,  
 The nauigation-skild *Pheasson* States  
 Might make his refuge; *Death*, and angrie *Fates*,  
 At length escaping. Two nights yet, and daies,  
 He spent in wretching with the sable seas;  
 In which space, often did his heart propose  
 Death to his eyes. But when *Aurora* rose,  
 And threw the third light from her orient haire,  
 The winds grew calme, and cleare was all the aire;  
 Not one breath stirring. Then he might descre  
 (Raist by the high seas) cleare, the land was ne.  
 Simile.  
 And then, looke how to good sonnes that effecte  
 Their fathers life deare, (after paines extreame,  
 Felt in some sicknesse, that hath held him long  
 Downe to his bed; and with affections strong,  
 Waisted his boode; made his life his lode,  
 As being inflicted by some angrie God)  
 When on their praies, they see descend at length  
*Health* from the heauen, clad all in spirit and strength;  
 The sight is precious: so, since here shold end  
*Vlysses* toiles, which therein shold extend  
 Health to his countrie, (held to him, his Sire)  
 And on which, long for him, *Diseafe* did tire.  
 And then besides, for his owne sake to see  
 The shores, the woods so neare, such ioy had he,  
 As those good sonnes for their recovered Sire.  
 Then laboured feete and all parts, to aspire  
 To that wiþt Continent, which, when as neare  
 He came, as *Clamor* might informe an eare;  
 He heard a sound beate from the sea-bred rocks,  
 Against which gaue a huge sea horrid shocks,  
 That belcht vpon the firme land, weeds and fome,  
 With which were all things hid there, where no roome  
 Of fit capacite was for any port,  
 Nor (from the sea) for any mans resorit,  
 The shores, the rocks, and clifffes so prouinent were.  
 O (said *Vlysses* then) now *Iupiter*  
 I hath giuen me sight of an vnhop't for shore,

(Though

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

(Though I haue wrought these seas so long, so sore)  
 Of rest yet, no place shewes the stedfast priue,  
 The rugged shore so bristled with flis:  
 Against which, every way the waves to stocke,  
 And all the shore shewes as one eminent rocke.  
 So neare which, tis so deep, that not a fand  
 Is there, for any tired foote to stand:  
 Nor fit his death-fast following miseries,  
 Left if he land, vpon him fore-sight flies.  
 A churlish waue, to crush him gainst a Cliff,  
 Worse then vane rending, all his landing strife.  
 And should I swim to seeke a banen elsewhere,  
 Or land,esse way-beate, I may justly feare  
 I shall be taken with a gale againe,  
 And cast a huge way off into the Maine.  
 And there, the great Earth-shaker (hanging scene  
 My so neare landing, and againe, his spleene  
 Forcinge to him) will come Whatc send our,  
 (Of which a horrid number here abour,  
 His *Amphitrite* breeds) to swallow me.  
 I well haue proud, with what malignite  
 He trede my steeps. While this discourse he held,  
 A curs Surge, gaist a cutting rocke impell  
 His naked boode, which it gaſt and tore;  
 And had his bones broke, if but one fea more  
 Had cast him on it. But \* he prompted him,  
 That never faid, and bad him no more swim  
 Still off and on, but boldly force the shore,  
 And hog the rocke, that him so rudely tore.  
 Which he, with both hands, figh'd and clapt; till past  
 The billowes rage was, which scap't, backe, so fast  
 The rocke repulſt it, that it ref't his hold,  
 Sucking him from it, and farre backe he rould.  
 And as the *Polypus*, that (fore't from home  
 Amidst the soft sea, and neare rough land come  
 For shelter gaist the stormes that beat on her  
 At open sea, as the abroad doth er'e)  
 A deale of grauill, and sharpe little stones,  
 Needfully gathers in her hollow bones:  
 So he forc't hither, (by the sharper ill,  
 Shunning the smoother) where he best hop't, still  
 The worst succeeded: for the cruel friend,  
 To which he clinged for succour, off did rend  
 From his broad hands, the solem flesh to fore,  
 That off he fell, and could sustaine no more.  
 Quite vnder water fell he, and, past Fate,  
 Haplesse *Vlysses*, ther had lost the state  
 He held in life; if (still the grey-eyed Maid,

Pela.

 Per sepiora  
 viare latua.

## THE FIFTH BOOKE

His wisedome prompting) he had not affaid  
Another course; and ceast t'attempt that shore;  
Swimming, and casting round his eye, t'explore  
Some other shelter. Then, the mouth he found  
Of faire *Callices* flood; whose shores were crownd  
With most apt succors: Rocks so smooth, they seemd  
Polift of purpose; land that quite redound'd  
With breathlesse couerts, th'others blafed shores.  
The flood he knew; and thus in heart implores:  
King of this Riuver! heare; what euer name  
Makes thee inuokt: to thee I humbly frame  
My flight from *Neptunes* furies; Reuerend is  
To all the euer-living Deities,  
What erring man souer seekes their aid.  
To thy both flood and knees, a man dismaid  
With varied sufferance fues. Yeld then some rest  
To him that is thy suppliant profeſt.

This (though but spoke in thought) the Godhead heard;  
Her Current strait staid; and her thickc waues cleard  
Before him, smooth'd her waters; and iuft where  
He praid, halfe dround; entirely fau'd him there.

Then forth he came, his both knees faltring, both  
His strong hands hanging downe; and all with froth  
His cheeks and nostrils flowing. Voice and breath  
Spent to all vfe; and downe hefunkt to Death.  
The sea had soakt his heart through: all his vaines,  
His toiles had rakk'd, ralabouring womans paines.  
Dead wearie was he. But when breath did find  
A pafle reciprocall; and in his mind,  
His spirit was recollected; vp he rose,  
And from his necke did th'Amulet vnloſe,  
That *Ino* gaue him; which he hord from him  
To sea. It sounding fell; and backe did swim  
With th'ebbing waters; till it strait arriu'd,  
Where *Ino* faire hand, it againe receiu'd.  
Then kif he th'humble earth; and on he goes,  
Till bulrushes shewd place for his repole;  
Where laid, he figh'd, and thus faid to his soule:  
O me, what strange perplexities controule  
The whole skill of thy poures, in this euent?  
What feele I? if till Care-nurfe Night be spent,  
I watch amidst the flood; the seas chill breath,  
And vegetant dewes, I feare will be my death:  
So low brought with my labours. Towards day,  
A passing sharpe aire euer breathes at lea.  
If l the pitch of this next mountaine scale,  
And shadie wood; and in some thicker fall  
Into the hands of Sleep; though th're the cold

*of the othes.  
a partu doles.*

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

May well be chek't; and healthfull slumbers bold  
Hc sweete hand on my poures; all care alaid,  
Yet there will beaſts denoure me. Beſt appaid  
Doth th'ouſte make me yet; for there, tonic drift,  
Strength, and my ſpirit, may make me make for life.  
Whick, though empaird, may yet be fresh applied,  
Whene peull, poſſible of eſcape is tried.  
But he that fights with heauen, or with the ſea,  
To Indiſcretion, addes Impietie.

Thus to the woods he haffed; which he found  
Not fare from ſea; but on fare-icing ground,  
Where two twin vnder-woods, he cutted ons,  
With Oliue trees, and ole-trees ouergrownne:  
Through which, the moist force of the loud-voic't wind,  
Did neuer beat; nor euer *Phebus* shin'd,  
Nor ſhowere beat through; they grew fo one in one;  
And had, by turnes, their poure t'exclude the Sunne.  
Here entred our *Phyllis*, and a bed  
Of leaves huge, and of huge abundance ſpred  
With all his ſped. Large he made it, for there,  
For two or three men, ample Couerings were;  
Such a mighti shield them from the *Wint'res* worfy  
Though \* ſeede it breath'd, and blew as it would burst.

Patient *Phyllis* toyd, that euer day  
Shewd ſuch a shelter. In the midſt he lay,  
Store of leaves heping high on every ſide.  
And as in ſome out-field, a man doth hide  
A kindld brand, to keepe the feed of fire;  
Noneighbour dwelling neare; and his deſire  
Sen'd with ſelfe ſtores he eſe would aſke of none,  
But of his fore-spent ſparks, rakes th'affes on:  
So this out-place, *Phyllis* thus receuies;  
And thus nak't vertues feed, lies hid in leauers.  
Yet *Pallas* made him ſleepe, as ſoon as men.  
Whom *Delicacies*, all their flatteris daine.  
And all that all his labours could comprie,  
Quickly concluded, in his cloſed eies.

*A meteorical  
Hyperbole, or  
profying the Wint'res  
ever accromatic  
of ſtarreſſe.*

*Simile.*

*Finis libri quinti Hom. Odysſ.*

I

THE

# THE SIXTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**M**ercuria in a vision stands  
Before Nausicaa; and commands  
She to the flood her needs shoud bear,  
For now her Nuptial day was neare.  
Nausicaa her charge obeyes;  
And then with other virgin players,  
Their portis make walk Vlydies wifez;  
Walk to them, and before such supplies  
Off food and clothes. His naked sight  
Putteth other Maids, afraid to fight.  
Nausicaa only boldly stayes,  
And gladly his desire obeyes.  
He (armes with her fauour shonne)  
Attends her, and her selfe, to Ixome.

Another.

Zilla. Here Oline leaves  
Thidias shame began.  
The Maide receves  
The naked man.

Mercuria in a vision stands  
Before Nausicaa; and commands  
She to the flood her needs shoud bear,  
For now her Nuptial day was neare.  
Nausicaa her charge obeyes;  
And then with other virgin players,  
Their portis make walk Vlydies wifez;  
Walk to them, and before such supplies  
Off food and clothes. His naked sight  
Putteth other Maids, afraid to fight.  
Nausicaa only boldly stayes,  
And gladly his desire obeyes.  
He (armes with her fauour shonne)  
Attends her, and her selfe, to Ixome.

**H**e much-sustaining, patient, heavenly Man,  
Whom Toile and \*Sleepe had worne so weake and wan;  
Thus wonne his rest. In meane space Pallas went  
To the Pheasian citie; and descent  
That first did broad Hyperias lands diuide,  
Neare the vast Cyclops, men of monstrous pride.  
That preyd on thole Hyperians, since they were  
Of greater powre; and therefore longer there  
Diuine Nausithous dwelt not; but arose,  
And did for Scheria, all his powres dispole:  
Farre from ingenious Art-inventing men.  
But there did he erect a Citie then.  
First, drew a wall round; then he houses builds;  
And then a Temple to the Gods; the fields  
Lastly diuiding. But he (stoopt by Fate)  
Diu'd to th'internals: and Alcinous late  
In his command: a man, the Gods did teach,  
Commanding counsels. His house held the reach  
Of grey Minervas protec<sup>t</sup>; to prouide,  
That great-sould Ithacus might be supplide

With

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

With all things fitting his returne. She went  
Vp to the chamber, where the faire \*descent  
Of great Alcinous flept. A maid, whose parts  
In wit and beaute, wore divine deserts.  
Well deckt her chamber was: of which, the dore  
Did seeme to lighten; such a glorie it bore  
Bewixt the postes: and now flew ope, to find  
The Goddess entrie. Like a puffe of wind  
She reacht the Virgin bed. Neare which, there lay  
Two maids, to whom, the Graces did conuay,  
Figure, and manners. But above the head  
Of bright Nausicaa, did Pallas tread  
The subtle aire; and put the person on  
Of Dymas daughter; from comparison  
Exempt in busynesse Nauall. Like his seed,  
Mineras lookt now,\* whom one year did breed,  
With bright Nausicaa; and who had gaide  
Grace in her loue; yet on her thus complained:

Nausicaa! why bry thy mother one  
So negligent, in rites so stood vpon  
By other virgins? Thy faire garments lie  
Negleced by thee; yet thy Nuptials nie.  
When, rich in all attire, both thou shouldest be,  
And garments giue to others honoring thee,  
That leade thee to the Temple. Thy good name  
Growes amongst men for these things; they enflame  
Father, and reverend Mother with delight.  
Come; when the Day takes any winkle from Night,  
Let's to the riuere, and repurifie  
Thy wedding garments: my societie  
Shall frely serue thee, for thy speedier aid,  
Because thou shalt no more stand on the Maid.  
The best of all Phaeacia wooe thy Grace,  
Where thou wert bred, and ow'ft thy selfe a race.  
Vp, and sturre vp to thee thy honourd Sire,  
Togiuе thee Mules and Coach; thee and thy tire,  
Veiles, girdles, mantles, early to the flood,  
To beate in state. It suites thy high-borne blood;  
And fare more firs thee, then to foote so fare;  
For far from towne thou knowift the Bath-fountains are.  
This said, away blue-eyd Mineras went  
Vp to Olympus: the firme Continent,  
That bears in endlesse being, the deified kind;  
That's neither souet with howres, nor shooke with wind,  
Nor child with snow; but where Serenitie flies,  
Exempt from clouds; and ever-beamie skies  
Circle the glittering hill. And all their daies,  
Give the delights of blessed Deities prale.

Nausicaa.

Introducing Dy-  
mas daughter.Olympus descri-  
bed.

And hither *Pallas* flew; and left the Maid,  
When she had all that might excite her, said.  
Strait rose the louely Morne, that vp did raise  
Faire-veild *Nausicaa*, whose dreame, her prafe  
To *Admiration* tooke. Who no time spent  
To give the rapture of her vision vent,  
To her lou'd parents: whom she found within.  
Her mother set at fire, who had to spin  
A Rocke, whose tincture with sea-purple shin'd;  
Her maids about her. But she chanc't to find  
Her Father going abroad: to Counsell calld  
By his graue *Senate*. And to him, exhal'd  
Her smotherd bosome was. Lou'd Sire (said she)  
Will you not now command a Coach for me?  
Stately and compleat: fit for me to beare  
To wash at flood, the weeds I cannot weare  
Before repurified? Your selfe it fit  
To weare faire weeds; as every man that fits  
In place of counsell. And sue sonnes you han'e;  
Two wed, three Bachelors, that must be braue  
In every dayes shif, that they may go dance;  
For these three last, with these things must advance  
Their states in mariage: and who else but I  
Their sister, shold their dancing rites supply?

This generall caufe she shewd, and would not name  
Her mind of Nuptials to her Sire, for shame.  
He vnderstood her yet; and thus replide:  
Daughter! nor thefe, nor any grace beside,  
I eicher will denie thee, or deferre,  
Mules, nor a Coach, of state and circular,  
Fitting at all parts. Go; my seruants shall  
Serue thy defires, and thy command in all.

The seruants then (commanded) soone obaid;  
Fetcht Coach, and Mules ioynd in it. Then the Maid  
Brought from the chamber her rich weeds, and laid  
All vp in Coach: in which, her mother plac't  
A maund of vicles varied well in taste,  
And other junkets. Wine she likewife fill'd  
Within a goat-skin boete, and distill'd  
Sweete and moist oile into a golden Cruse,  
Both for her daughters, and her handmaids vfe;  
To soften their bright bodies, when they rofe  
Clenf'd from their cold baths. Up to Coach then goes  
Th'obserued Maid: takes both the scourge and raines;  
And to her side, her handmaid strait attaines.  
Nor these alone, but other virgins gract  
The Nuptiall Chariot. The whole Beuie plac't;  
*Nausicaa* scourged to make the Coach Mules runne;

That

That neigh'd, and pac'd their viall speed; and soone,  
Both maids and weeds brought to the riuer side;  
Where Bathes for all the yeare, their vfe fapplede.  
Whose waters were so pure, they wold not staine;  
But still ran faire forth, and did more reseine:  
Apt to purge staines, for thar pung'd staine within,  
Which, by the waters pure stoe, was not seen.

These (here arrid,) the Mules vnoacht, and drave  
Vp to the gulphie riuers thore, that gane  
Sweet grafe to them. The maids from Coach then tooke  
Their cloths, and skepte them in the fable brooke.  
Then put them into springs, and wroth them cleane,  
With cleanly feet, aduentring waggers then,  
Who shold have sooneft, and most cleanly done.  
Whan hausing through cleandis, they spred them on  
The floods thore, all in order. And then, where  
The waues the pibbles walft, and ground was cleare,  
They bath'd themfelves, and all with glaming oile,  
Smooth'd their white skins: refreshing then their tole  
With pleasant dianc, by the riuers side.  
Yet still watcht when the Sunne, their cloths had doide,  
Till which time (hausing din'd) *Nausicaa*  
With other virgins, did at stool-ball play;  
Their shoulder-reaching head-tires layng by.

*Nausicaa* (with the wrefts of Ivory)  
The liking stroke stroke, singine first a song;  
(As custome ordred) and amid the throng,  
Made such a shew; and fo past all was seen c;  
As when the Chaff-borne, Arrow-louing *Queenne*,  
Along the mountaines gliding, either ouer  
*Spartan Targettes*, whose tops fare discouer;  
Or *Eurymanthos*, in the wilde Borts chace;  
Or swift-hou'd Hart, and with her, *Ames* faire race  
(The field Nymphs) sporting. Amongst whom, to see  
How fare *Diana* had priorite  
(Though all were faire) for fairnesse, yet of ali,  
(As both by head and forehead being more tall)  
*Leto* triumph; since the dullest fight,  
Might easly iudge, whom her paines brought to light,  
*Nausicaa* fo (whom never husband tam'd),  
Aboue them all, in all the beauties sham'd.  
But when they now made homeward, and axid,  
Ordning their weeds, disorderd as they plaid;  
Mules and Coach ready; then *Menes* thought,  
What meanes to wake *Thysser*, might be wrought,  
That he might see this louely fighted maid,  
Whom he intended, shold become his ait:  
Bring him to Townes, and his retume adusree.

The partie and  
wifedome of he  
That was such,  
that (agreeing  
with the fairest  
letter) and the  
least of things he  
makes come to  
peafe. fine Nu-  
muns prou-  
dencie. As Spoud  
well notes of him

Her meane was \*this, (thoug thought a stoo-fall chance)  
The Queene now (for the vpstroke) strooke the ball  
Quite wide off th'other maidis; and made it fall  
Amidst the whirlpools. At which, our shriket all;  
And with the shrike, did wife *Vlysses* wake:  
Who, sitting vp, was doubtfull who should make  
That sodaine outcrie; and in mind, thus stirr'd:  
On what a people am I now arm'd?  
At ciuill hospitable men, that feare  
The Gods? or dwell iniurious mortals here?  
Vniust, and churlish like the female crie  
Of youth it founds. What are they? *Nymphs* bred hie,  
On tops of hilis; or in the founts of floods?  
In herbic marshes; or in leavy woods?  
Or are they high-spoke men, I now am neare?  
Ile proue, and fee. With this, the wary Peere  
Crept forth the thicket; and an Olyue bough  
Broke with his broad hand, which he did beelow  
In couert of his nakednesse; and then,  
Put haſtie head out: Looke how from his den,  
A mountaine Lion lookeſ, that, all embrewd  
With drops of trees; and weather-beaten hewd;  
(Bold of his strength) goes on; and in his eye,  
A burning fornace glowes; all bent to prey  
On sheep, or oxen; or the upland Hart;  
His belly charging him; and he must part  
Stakes with the Heards-man, in his beasts attempt,  
Euen where from rape, their strengths are most exempt:  
So wet, so weather-beate, so stung with *Need*,  
Euen to the home-fields of the countries breed,  
*Vlysses* was to force forth his acceſſe,  
Though meety naked; and his fight did preſſe  
The eyes of ſoft-hair virgins. Horrid was  
His rough appearance to them: the hard paſſe  
He had at ſea, ſtruck by him. All in fight  
The Virgin ſcatterd, frightened with this fight,  
Abou the prominent windings of the flood.  
All but *Ceſſicas* fled; but ſhe faſt stood:  
*Pallas* had put a boldneſſe in her breſt;  
And in her faire lims, tender *Fear* compreſſe.  
And ſtille ſhe stood him, as refol'd to know  
What man he was; or out of what ſhould grow  
His ſtrange repairie to them. And here was he  
Put to his wifedome; if her virgin knees,  
He ſhould be bold, but kneeling, to embracē;  
Or keepe aloofe, and tie with words of grace,  
In humbleſt ſupppliance, if he might obtaine  
Some couer for his nakednes; and gaue

Similes.

Her

Her grace to ſhew and guide him to the Towne.  
The laſt, he beſt thought, to be worth his owne,  
In weighing both well: to keepe ſhill aloofe,  
And giue with ſoft words, his deſires their prooſe;  
Left preffing ſo neare, as to touch her knee,  
He might incenſe her maiden modeſtie.  
This faire and fil'd ſpeech then, ſhewd this was he,

Preface to Homer's Odysſes.

Let me beſeech (O Queene) this truth of thee?  
Are you of mortall, or the deified race?  
If of the Gods, that th'ample beauens embrace;  
I can reſemble you to none above,  
So neare as to the chaſt-borne birth of *Ione*,  
The beauteous *Cyberia*. Her you full preſent,  
In grace of every God-like lineament;  
Her godly magnitude, and all th'admiralitie  
You promife of her very perfeccitie.  
If ſprong of humanes, that inhabite earth,  
Thrice bleſſt are both the authors of your birth,  
Thrice bleſſt your brothers, that in your deſerts,  
Muſt, even to rapture, beare delighted hearts,  
To ſee ſo like the firſt trim of a tree,  
Your forme adorne a dance. But moſt bleſſt, he  
Of all that breathe, that hath the gift to engage  
Your bright necke in the yoke of manage;  
And decke his house with your commanding merit.  
I haue not ſene a man of ſomuch ſpirit,  
Nor man, nor woman, I did euer fee,  
Allt al parts equal to the parts in thee.  
Tenioy your fight, doth *Admetus* feſte  
My eies, and apprehenſive faculties.  
Lateſt in *Delos* (with a charge of men  
Arriu'd, that renderd me moſt wretched then,  
Now making me thus naked) I beheld  
The burthen of a Palme, whose iſſue ſweld  
About *Apollon Phœbus*; and that put on  
A grace like thee; for Earth had neuer none  
Of all her Syluane iſſue ſo adorn'd:  
Into amaze my very ſoule was turnd,  
To give it obſtruacion; as now thec.  
To view (O Virgin) a ſtupiditie  
Paff admiration itrikes me, ioynd with feare  
To do a ſuppliants due, and preſe ſo neare,  
Aſto embracie thy knees. Nor is it strange,  
For one of fresh and firmeſt ſpirit, would change  
Tembrace ſo bright an objeſt. But, for me,  
A cruell habite of calamitie,  
Prepar'd the strong imprefſion thou haſt made:  
For this laſt Day did ſic Nights twentieth ſlade

I 4

Since

## THE SIXTH BOOKE

*Nomina sua  
Pythagoras.*

Since I at length escapt the fable seas,  
When in the meane time, th'vnreleting preafe  
Of waues and sterne stormes, toſt me vp and downe,  
From th'ile *Ogygia*: and now God hath throwne  
My wracke on this shore; that perhaps I may  
My miseries vary here: for yet their stay,  
I feare, heauen hath not ordred: though before  
These late afflictions, it hath lent me thore.  
O Queene, daine pite then, ſince firſt to you  
My Fate impotunes my diſtreſſe to vow.  
No other Dame, nor man, that this Earth owne,  
And neighbour Citie, I haue ſene or knowne.  
The Towne then ſhew me, give my nakednes  
Some ſhroud to shelter it, if to theſe ſeaſ,  
Linnen or woollen, you haue brought to cleſe.  
God giue you, in requitall, all th'amends  
Your heart can wiſh: a husband, family,  
And good agreement: Nought beneath the ſkies,  
More ſweet, more worthy is, then firme content  
Of man and wife, in houſhold government.  
It ioyes their wiſhers well, their enemis wounds;  
But to themſelues, the ſpeciall good redounds.  
She anſwerd: Stranger! I diſcernē in thee,  
Nor *Sloth*, nor *Folly* raignes; and yet I ſee,  
Th'art poore and wretched. In which I conclude,  
That Industry nor wiſedome make endude  
Men with thoſe gifts, that make them best to th'cies;  
*Ione* only orders mans felicitie.  
To good and bad, his platiſure faſhions ſtill,  
The whole proportion of their good and ill.  
And he perhaſe hath formd this pliſt in thee,  
Of which thou muſt be patient, as he, firſt.  
But after all thy wandrings, ſince thy way,  
Both to our Earth, and neare our Citie, lay,  
As being expoſe to our cares to relieuſe;  
Weeds, and what elſe, a humane hand ſhould giue,  
To one ſo ſuppliant, and tam'd with woe,  
Thou ſhalt not want. Our Citie, I will ſhowe;  
And tell our peoples name: This neighbor Towne,  
And all this kingdome, the *Pheacians* owne.  
And (ſince thou ſeendſt ſo faorne, to know my birth;  
And mad'ſt a queſtion, if of heauen or earth)  
This Earth hath bred me; and my Fathers name  
*Alcinous* is; that in the powre and frame  
Of this Iles rule, is ſupereminent.  
Thus (paſſing him) ſle to the Virgins went.  
And faid: Gife stay, both to your feet and right;  
Why thus diſperfe ye, for a mans mere fight?

Eſteeme

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

Eſteeme you him a *Cyclop*, that long ſince  
Made vſe to prey vpon our Citizens?  
This man, no moſt man is; (not vratiſh thing,  
That's euer flitting; euer rauiſhing  
All it can compaſſe; and, like it, doth range  
In rape of women, neuer ſtaid in change.)  
This man is truly "manly, wife, and ſtaid,"  
In ſoule more rich, the more to ſenſe decaid.  
Who, nor will do, nor ſuffer to be done,  
Aſt lead and abieſt, nor can ſuch a one  
Greſte the *Pheacians*, with a mind enuiouſe;  
Deare to the Gods they are; and he is pious.  
Befides, diuided from the world we are;  
The oupart of it, billowes circulaſe  
The ſea reuoluſe, round about our ſhore;  
Nor is there any man, that enters more  
Then our owne countreyn, with what is brought  
From other countries. This man, minding nought  
But his reliefs: a poore vnhappie wretch,  
Wrackt here, and hath no other land to fetch.  
Him now we muſt prouide for, from *Aſſonne*:  
All strangers, and the needie of a home.  
Who any gift, though he're ſo ſmall it be,  
Eſteeme as great, and take it gratefully.  
And therefore Virgins, giue the ſtranger food,  
And wine, and ſee ye bath him in the flood.  
Neare to ſome ſhore, to ſhelter moſt encloſ'd,  
*To cold Bath-bathers, bathfull is the wind.*  
Not onely rugged making thi' outward ſkin,  
But by hiſ thin poures, pierceth parts within.  
This faid, their flight in a retume they ſet:  
And did *Vyffes* with all grace entrate:  
Shewd him a ſhore, wind-prooſt, and full of shade:  
By him a shirt, and vitter mantle laid.  
A golden Jugge of liquid oile did adde;  
Bad wafh; and all things as *Nauſicaa* bad.  
Divine *Vyffes* would not vie their aid,  
But thus beſpeak them: Every louchy maid,  
Let me entreat to ſtand a little by;  
That I alone the frelh flood may apply,  
To cleſe my boſome of the ſea-wrought brine.  
And then vi'e oile, which long time did not thine  
On my poore ſhoulders. Ile not wafh in fight  
Of faire-haired maidens. I ſhould blieſh outright.  
To bathe all bare by ſuſh a virgin light.

They mou'd, and muſde, a man had ſo much grace;  
And told their Miftris, what a man he was.  
He cleaſd his broad-fold-ſhoulders, backe and head

*duces Reges.*  
Qui vitatis vel  
ſenilitatis hu-  
miditas metit,  
Reges à ſuſi-  
vitate: qui ſuſi-  
vit, quod nihil fit  
magis fluctum  
quam homo.  
"Non nulli ani-  
mo praediti,  
formi, magni-  
mum. Non are-  
thys affirmat  
be men qui fer-  
tile, quidam  
& abiectum fa-  
ciunt, vel facere  
infinitum: accor-  
ding to this of  
Herodotus in  
Persia, in Asia  
oriental, in  
Europe & Africa.  
Many mens  
forms ſuſaini-  
but few are men.  
According to an  
other tranſlator:  
Ab iove nam  
ſupply pauperi,  
procedit & ho-  
pes: Reſ brevis,  
at clara eſt,  
Magis quoque  
muſtū militar.  
Whiſt I crie to  
ſhow he good  
when he keepeſ  
him to the Ori-  
giſinal, and meaſ-  
in any degree ex-  
pounds it.

*Vyffes: modeſtia  
to the Virgins.*

He taught their  
youth modeſtia,  
by aged judg-  
ment. As rea-  
ning the culmina-  
tion of maidens then re-  
ferred to that en-  
tertainment of  
men: notwith-  
ſtanding the mo-  
deſtia of that  
age could not be

Yet

corrupted inwardly, for those outward kind observations of guests and strangers, and was therefore priuied ledged. It is easie to aside shew: and those that most curiously avoid the outward conseruation, are ever most tainted with the inward corruption. Simile.

Yet never tan'd, But now, had fome and weed,  
Knit in the faire curlies. Which diffould; and he  
Slickt all with sweet oyle: the sweet charicie,  
The vntoucht virgin shewd in his attire,  
He cloth'd him with. Then *Pallas* put a fire,  
More then before, into his sparkling eies;  
His late foil set off, with his soone fresh guise.  
His locks (clensd) curld the more, and matcht (in power  
To please an eye) the *Hyacinthias* flower.  
And as a workman, that can well combine  
Siluer and gold, and make both shiu to shine;  
As being by *Vulcan*, and *Mineru*s too,  
Taught how farre either may be vrg'd to go,  
In strife of eminence; when worke lets forth  
A worthy soule, so bodies of such worth;  
No thought reproving th'act, in any place;  
Nor *Ari* no debt to *Natures* liveliest grace:  
So *Pallas* wrought in him, a grace as greev,  
From head to shoulders; and aforre did feate  
His goodly prefence. To which, such a guise  
He shewd in going, that it rauisht eies.  
All which (continude) as he face apart,  
*Nausicaa* eye strooke wonder through her heart;  
Who thus bespake her confort: Hear me, you  
Faire-wristed Virgins; this rare man (I know)  
Treds not our country earth, against the will  
Of some God, thron'd on the *Olympian* hill.  
He shewd to me, till now, not worth the note;  
But now he lookes, as he had Godhead gor.  
I would to heauen, my husband were no worse,  
And would be calld no better; but the course  
Of other husbands pleasd to dwell ou here:  
Obserue and serue him, with our vtmost cheare.

*Nausicaa* admira-  
tion of *Pallas*.

She laid, they heard, and did. He drunke and eat  
Like to a Harpy; hauing toucht no meat  
A long before time. But *Nausicaa* now  
Thought of the more grace, she did lately vow:  
Had horfe to Chariot ioynd; and vp she rofe:  
Vp chear'd her guest, and said: Gueft, now dispofe  
Your selfe for Towne; that I may let you see  
My Fathers Court, where all the Peeres will be  
Of our *Phaeacian* State. At all parts then,  
Obserue to whom, and what place y'are t'attain,  
Though I need vther you with no aduice,  
Since I suppose you absolutely wife.  
While we the fields pafte, and mens labours there;  
So long (in these maidis guides) directly bearne  
Vpon my Chariot (I must go before,

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

95

For cause that after comes to which, this more  
Be by my induction) you thanl then jogn end  
Your way to Towne, whos Townes you fee afred  
To fuch a steepnese. On whose farther side,  
A faire Port stands, to which is nothing wide.  
An enteres pallage: on whole, both bands ride.  
Ships in faire harbors, which, once past, you win.  
The goodly market place, (that cayles in  
A Phane to *Neptune*, built of curious stone,  
And passing ample) where munition,  
Gables, and mafts men make, and polisht oars:  
For the *Phaeaciens* are not conquerors  
By bowes nor quiuers; Oars, mafts, ships they are,  
With which they plow the sea, and wage their ware.  
And now the caufe comes, why I leade the way,  
Not taking you to Coach. The men that way,  
In worke of those tooles, that so fit our State,  
Are rude Mechanicks; that rare and late  
Worke in the market place, and those are they  
Whose bitter tonges I shun; who strait would say,  
(For these vile vulgar are extreamly proud,  
And foully langug d) What, ishe allowd  
To coach it with *Nausicaa*? so lage fet,  
And fairely fashioneid; where were the twaine?  
He shall be sure her husband. She hath bene  
Gadding in some place; and (of forraine men,  
Fitting her fancie) kindly brought him home  
In her owne ship. He must, of force, be come  
From some faire region; we have no such man.  
It may be (praying hard, when her heart ran  
On some wifh husband) out of heauen, some God  
Dropt in her lap; and there lies the at rode,  
Her complete life time. But, in foot, if the  
Ranging aboad, a husband such as he,  
Whom now we saw, laid hand on; the was wife,  
For none of all our Nobles, are of pride  
Enough for her: he must beyond-lea come,  
That wins her high mind, and will haue her home.  
Of our Peeres, many haue importun'd her,  
Yet she will none. Thus these folks will conferte  
Behind my backe; or (meeting) to my face,  
The foule-mouth rout dare put home this disgrace.  
And this would be reproches to my fame;  
For eu'en my selfe, iust anger would enflame,  
If any other virgin I should see  
(Her parents living) keepe the companie  
Of any man; to any end of loue,  
Till open Nuptials should her act approue.

The Cities de-  
scription so far  
forth as may in  
parts induce her  
promise reason,  
why he took me  
Vp to coach  
with her.

And therefore heare me guesst, and take such way,  
 That you your selfe may compasse, in your stay,  
 Your quicke deduction, by my Fathers grace;  
 And meanes to reach the roote of all your race.  
 We shall, not fare out of our way to Towne,  
 A neuter-feld Groue find, that Poplars crowne,  
 To *Pallas* sacred, where a fountaine flowes;  
 And round about the Groue, a Meadow growes,  
 In which, my Father holds a Manno houle,  
 Deckt all with Orchards, greene, and odorous;  
 As farre from Towne, as one may heare a shour.  
 There stay, and rest your foote paines, till full out  
 We reach the Cittie. Where, when you may guesse  
 We are arriu'd, and enter our acsesie  
 Within my Fathers Court; then put you on  
 For our *Phaeacian* State; where, to be showne  
 My Fathers houle, desirre. Each infant there  
 Can bring you to it; and your selfe will cleare  
 Distinguist it from others: for no shoures,  
 The Cittie buildings make, compar'd with those  
 That King *Aclonus* seate doth celebrate.  
 In whose roofes, and the Court, (where men of state,  
 And suitors sit and stay) when you shall hide:  
 Strait pass it, entring further: where abide  
 My Mother, with her withdrawne houswifetries;  
 Who still sits in the fire, shone, and applies  
 Her Rocke, all purple, and of pomposit shew:  
 Her Chaire plac't gauntit a Pillar: all arow  
 Her maidis behind her set, and to her here,  
 My Fathers dining Throne lookest. Seated where  
 He powres his choice of wine in, like a God.  
 This view once past; for th' end of your abode,  
 Addresse suite to my Mother; that her meane,  
 May make the day of your redition scene.  
 And you may frolick strait, though fare away  
 You are in distance from your wifhed stay.  
 For if she once be won to wish you well,  
 Your *Hope* may instantly your Paþport seale,  
 And thenceforth lurne abide to see your friends,  
 Faire house, and all, to which your heart contends.

*Note without some like note  
 of our omniſuffi-  
 ciente Blowers, ge-  
 nerall rough of  
 the leafs, finifhing  
 tyng in the ways,  
 may thin country  
 discretion be de-  
 sribes in New-  
 firs, and obſtrud,  
 if you pleafe.*

This laid, she vſde her shining scourge, and laſt  
 Her Mules, that foone the shore left, where the waſht;  
 And (knowing well the way) their pace was fleet,  
 And thickē they gatherd vp their nimble feet,  
 Which yet \*the temperd lo; and vſde her scourge  
 With ſo much ſkill; as not to ouer-vige  
 The foote behind; and make them ſtraggole ſo,  
 From cloſe ſocietie. Firme together go

*Vlyſſes* and her maidis. And now the Sunne  
 Sunke to the waters; when they all had wonne  
 The neuer-feld, and ſound creaſing wood,  
 Sacred to *Pallas*; where the God-like good  
*Vlyſſes* refled, and to *Pallas* praid:  
 Hear me, of Goode kept *Aeneas*, th unconquerd Maid,  
 Now throughly heare me; ſince in all the time  
 Of all my wracke, my pray'r could never clime  
 Thy far-off eares; when noifefull *Nepheus* roſt  
 Vpon his watty briffles, my imbrod  
 And rock-torne body: heare yet now, and daigne  
 I may of the *Phaeacian* State obtaine  
 Pitie, and grace. Thus praid he, and the heard:  
 By no meanes yet (expofde to fight) appear'd,  
 For feare I offend her *Vnkle*, the ſupreme  
 Of all the \*Sea-Gods, whose wrath ſill extreme  
 Stood to *Vlyſſes*; and would never ceafe,  
 Till with his Country ſhore, he crownd his peace.

*More of our  
 Poets curiouſe  
 and ſweete poete;*

*Neptune.*

*Finis libri sexti Hom. Odysſ.*

K THE



# THE SEVENTH BOOK OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**N**AUICUS arrives at Towne;  
And then Vlysses. He makes known  
His suete to Arete: who, view  
Takes of his wifre; whish for knew,  
And ask him, from whose bands it came.  
He tells, with all the haplyffe frame  
Of his affaires, an all the while,  
Since he forsooke Calypso Ile.

Another.

**H**ie. The bonord minds,  
And welcome things,  
Vlysses finds,  
In Scherias Kings.

**H**us praid the wife, and God-obseruing Man.  
The Maid, by free force of her Palfreys, wan  
Access to Towne; and the renowned Court,  
Reacht of her Father; where, within the Port,  
She staid her Coach; and round about her came  
Her Brothers, (made as of immortall frame.)  
Who yet disdaind not, for her loue, meane deeds;  
But tooke from \*Coach her Mules, brought in her weeds.  
And she ascends her chamber; where puruaid  
A quicke fire was, by her old chamber-maid  
*Eurymedusa*, th' *Aperas* borne;  
And brought by lea, from *Apera*, i'adorne  
The Court of great *Alcinous*; because  
He gaue to all, the blest *Pheacians* lawes;  
And, like a heauen-borne Powre in speech, acquir'd  
The peoples care. To one then so admir'd,  
*Eurymedusa* was esteemd no worse,  
Then worth the gift: yet now growne old, was Nurse  
To Ivory-arm'd *Nausicaa*; gaue heare  
To all her fires, and drest her priuie meate.  
Then rose *Vlysses*, and made way to Towne;  
Which ere he reacht, a mighty mist was throwne  
By *Pallas* round about him; in her Care,  
Left in the sway of enuies popular,  
Some proud *Pheacian* might loule language passe,  
Iustle him vp, and aske him what he was.

Eating

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

Entering the lonely Towne yet: through the cloud  
*Pallas* appeard; and like a yong wench shrowd  
Beareing a pitcher, Stood before him so,  
As if obiectd purposely to know  
What there he needed; whom he questiond thus:

Know you not (daughter) whiche *Alcinous*,  
That rules this Towne, dwels? I, a poore distrest  
Meere stranger here; know none I may request,  
To make this Court knowne to me. She replied:

Strange Father, I will see you satisfied  
In that request: my Father dwels, just by  
The house you feele for; but go silenty,  
Nor aske, nor speake to any other; I  
Shall be enough to shew you way: the men  
That here inhabite, do not entertain  
With ready kindnesse, strangers; of what worth,  
Or state soever: nor haue taken forth  
Lessons of ciuill vifage, or respect  
To men beyond them. They (vpon their powres  
Of swift shipp building) top the watry towres:  
And *Ione* hath given them shippes, for fairelye wronge,  
They cut a fether, and command a thought.

This said, she vtherd him; and after, he  
Trod in the swift steps of the Deitie.  
The free-faide sea-men could not get a fight  
Of our *Vlysses*, yet: though he foreght,  
Both by their houses and their persons paſt:  
*Pallas* about him, such a darknelle cast,  
By her divine powre, and her reverend care,  
She would not give the Towne-borne, caufe to flaire.

He wonderd, as he paſt, to see the Ports,  
The ſhipping in them; and for all reforts,  
The goodly market ſteeds, and Iles beside  
For the *Heroes*; walls ſo large and wide,  
Rampires ſo high, and of ſuch strength withall,  
It would with wonder, any eye appall.

At laſt they reaſh the Court; and *Pallas* ſaid:  
Now, honourd stranger, I will ſee obaid  
Your will, to ſhew our Rulers house, tis here,  
Where you ſhall find, Kings celebrating cheare,  
Enter amongst them; nor admit a feare,  
*More bold a man is, he preuailes the more;*  
*Thoug̃ man nor place, he ever ſaw before.*

You firſt ſhall find the Queene in Court, whofe name  
Is *Arete*: of parents borne, the fame  
That was the King her Spouse: their Pedigree  
I can report: the great Earth-shaker, he  
Of *Peribea*, (that her ſex out-shone,

K 2

Vlysses & Mi-  
seria in aedes  
Alcinoi perdi-  
ctor, leptus ne-  
bus,

see simili ob-  
natus velocias  
veluti penas,  
sequi cogitatio.

*Arete* the wife  
of *Alcinous*.

And

And yongest daughter was, *Eurymedon*;  
 Who of th vnmeafur'd-minded Giants, twaid  
 Th'Imperiall Scepter; and the pride allaid  
 Of men so impious, with cold death, and died  
 Himselfe soone after) got the magnified  
 In mind, *Nausithous*, who the kingdome slate  
 First held in supream rule. *Nausithous* gan  
*Rhexenor*, and *Alcinous*, now King:  
*Rhexenor* (whose seed did no male fruite spring,  
 And whom the siluer-bow-glac't *Phobus* slue  
 Yong in the Court) his shed blood did renew  
 In onely *Aret*, who now is Spouse  
 To him that rules the kingdome, in this house,  
 And is her Vnkle, King *Alcinous*.

Who honors her, past equal. She may boast  
 More honor of him, then the honord most  
 Of any wife in earth, can of her Lord;  
 How many more souer, Realmes affoord,  
 That keepe house vnder husbands. Yet no more  
 Her husband honors her, then her blest store  
 Of gracious children. All the Cittie cast  
 Eyes on her, as a Goddess; and give taste  
 Of their affections to her, in their prairies,  
 Still as the decks the streets. For all affaires,  
 Wrapt in contention, she dissolues to men.  
 Whom she affects, she wants no mind to deigne  
 Goodnesse enough. If her heart stond inclin'd  
 To your dispatch, hope all you wish to find;  
 Your friends, your longing family, and all,  
 That can within your most affections fall.

This said, away the grey-eyed Goddess flew  
 Along th'untamed sea. Left the louely hew,  
*Sheria* presented. Our flew *Marathon*,  
 And ample-streeted *Athens* lighted on.  
 Where, to the house that casts so thicke a shade,  
 Of *Eretheus*, the ingressio[n] made.  
*Vlysses*, to the loslie-builted Court  
 Of King *Alcinous*, made bold reforr,  
 Yet in his heart cast many a thought, before  
 The brazen paement of the rich Court, bore:  
 His enterd person, like heauens two maine Lights,  
 The roomes illustrated, both daies and nights.  
 On every side stood firme a wall of brasse,  
 Euen from the threshold to the inmost passe;  
 Which bore a rooef vp, that all Saphire was;  
 The brazen thresholds both sides, did enfold  
 Siluer Pilasters, hung with gates of gold;  
 Whose Portall was of siluer; ouer which

avures spissas:

The Court of  
*Alcinous*.

Agolden Cornish did the front enrich.  
 On each side, Dogs of gold and silver fram'd,  
 The houses Guard stood, which the Deesse ("iam'd")  
 With knowing inwards had inspir'd, and made,  
 That Death nor Age, shoul their estates invade.

Along the wall, stood every way a throne,  
 From th' entry to the Lobbie: every one,  
 Catt ouer with a rich-wrought cloth of state.  
 Beneath which, the *Pheacian* Princes sat  
 At wine and food, and feasted all the year.  
 Youths song'd of gold, at every table there,  
 Stood holding flaming torches; that, in night  
 Gane through the houfe, each boundyd Guest, his light.

And (to encounter feast with houswifry)  
 In one roome fiftie women did apply  
 Their severall tasks. Some, apple-coloured corne  
 Ground in faire Quernes, and some did spindles turne.  
 Some work in loomes: no hand, least reft receives;  
 But all had motion, apt, as Aspen leaves.  
 And from the weeds they wroue, (so fast they laid,  
 And so thicke thrust together, thred by thred)  
 That th'oile (of which the wool had drunke his fill)  
 Did with his moistur, in light dewes dabil.

As much as the *Pheacian* men exceed!  
 All other countreyn, in Art to build  
 A swift-saild ship: so much the women there,  
 For worke of webs, past other women were.  
 Past meane, by *Pallas* meane, they understood  
 The grace of good works, and had wits as good.

Without the Hall, and close vpon the Gate,  
 A goodly Orchard ground was situate,  
 Of neare ten Acres; about which, was led  
 A loslie Quicklet. In it flourished  
 High and broad fruit trees, that Pomegranates bore,  
 Sweet Figs, Peares, Olives, and a number more  
 Most viciell Plants, did there produce their flore.  
 Whose fruits, the hardest Winter could not kill,  
 Nor hotest Summer wither. There was still  
 Fruite in his proper season, all the yeaer.  
 Sweet *Zephire* breath'd vpon them, blasts that were  
 Of varied tempers: these, he made to bearre  
 Ripe fruities: thef blossomes: Peare grew after Peare,  
 Apple succeeded apple; Grape, the Grapes,  
 Fig after Fig came, Tyme made never ripe,  
 Of any daintie there. A spritle vine  
 Spred here his roote, whose fruite, a hot sun-shine  
 Made ripe betimes. Here grew another, greene.  
 Here, some were gathering; here, some preffing scene.

Falcon.

Horus Alcinous  
memorabilia.

A large-allortet feuerall, each fruite had;  
And all th'adorned grounds, their apperance made,  
In flowre and fruite, at which the King did aime,  
To the precipitall order he could claime.

Two Fountaines grac't the garden; of which, one  
Powrd out a winding streme, that ouer-runne  
The grounds for their vse chiefly: th'other wene  
Close by the lofie Palace gate, and lente  
The Citie his sweet benefit: and thus  
The Gods the Court deckt of *Alcinous*.

Patient *Vlysses* stood a while at gaze,  
But (having all obseru'd) made instant pace  
Into the Court, where all the Peeres he found,  
And Capitaines of *Pheacia*, with Cupps crownd,  
Offering to sharp-eyed *Hermes*: to whom, last  
They vde to sacrifice, when *Sleepe* had cast  
His inclination through their thoughts. But these,  
*Vlysses* past, and forth went; nor their eies  
Tooke note of him: for *Pallas* stope the light  
With mistis about him, that, vnstaide, he might  
First to *Alcinous*, and *Arete*,  
Present his person; and, of both them, she  
(By *Pallas* counsill) was to haue the grace  
Of foremost greeting. Therefore his embrase,  
He cast about her knee. And then off flew  
The heavenly aire that hid him. When his view,  
With silence and with admiration strooke  
The Court quite through: but thus he silence broake:  
Divine *Rhexenos* offspring, *Arete*,

To thy most honourd husband, and to thee,  
A man whom many labours haue diff'rent,  
Is come for comfort, and to every gueft:  
To all whom, heauen vouchsafe delightsome lies;  
And after, to your issue that suruiues,  
A good resigment of the Goods ye leave;  
With all the honor that your selues receive  
Amongst your people. Onely this of me,  
Is the Ambition, that I may but see  
(By your vouchsafe meanes, and beimes vouchsaft)  
My country earth; since I haue long bin left  
To labors, and to errors, bard from end;  
And farre from benefit of any friend.

He said no more, but left them dumbe with that;  
Went to the harth, and in the ashes sat,  
Aside the fire. At last their silence brake;  
And *Echinetus*, th'old Heroe spake.  
A man that all *Pheacians* past in years,  
And in perswasive eloquence, all the Peeres;

Mercurie.

Arete, Vlysses  
supplex orat.

Knew much, and vde it well; and thus spake he:

*Alcinous*! it shewes not decently,

Nor doth your honor, what you see, admitt;

That this your gueft, should thus abieitly sit:

His chaines the earth, the harth his cushion;

*Athenes*, as if apposite for foods a Throne

Adorned with due rites, stands you more in hand

To see his person plac't in, and command

That instantly your Heraldis fill in wine;

That to the God that doth in lightnings shine,

We may do sacrifice: for he is there,

Where these his reverend suppliants appeare,

Let what you haue within, be brought abroad,

To sup the stranger. All these would haue show'd

This fir respect to him: but that they stay

For your precedence, that should grace the way.

When this had added to the well-inclin'd,

And sacred order of *Alcinous* mind,

Then, of the great in wit, the hand he seid;

And from the alnes, his fair: perfon raid;

Adorn'd him to a well-adorned Throne;

And from his seat raid his most loued sonne,

(*Ladamas*, that next himselfe was set)

To give him place. The handmaid then did get

An Ewre of gold, with water fild, which plact

Vpon a Caldron, all with silver grac't

She powrd out on their hands. And then was spred

A Table, which the Butler set with bread;

Assothers ser'd with other food, the boord;

In all the choife, the present could affoord.

*Vlysses*, meat and wine tooke; and then thus;

The King the Herald calld: *Pontanus*!

Serve wine through all the house, that all may pay

Rites to the Lightner, who is still in way

With humble suppliants, and them purfies,

With all benigne, and hospitable dues.

*Pontanus*, gave act to all he will'd,

And honi-sweetnesse-giving-minds: \*wine fill'd,

Dipositing it in cupps for all to drinke.

All haning drunke, what either's heart could thinke

Fit for duc sacrifice; *Alcinous* said:

Hearre me, ye Dukes, that the *Pheacian* lead;

And you our Counsellors, that I may now

Discharge the charge, my mind suggestes to you,

For this our gueft: Feast past, and this nightes sleepe;

Next morn (our Senate summond) we will keepe

Iusts, sacred to the Gods; and this our Gueft

Receiu'e in solemne Court, with fitting Feast:

Echinetus to *Alcinous*.

The word that  
beare: the long  
Epithet, is trans-  
lated only da-  
ctecious figu-  
res more.

\*supra:

Vinum quod  
mellea dulce,  
dine, amorem  
perfundit, &  
oblectat.

Then thinke of his retурne; that vnder hand  
Of our deduction; his naturall land  
(Without more toile or care; and with delight;  
And that soone gien him; how faire hence diffire  
Soone it can be) he may ascend;  
And in the meane time, without wrong attend,  
Or other want, fit meanes to that ascent.  
*A scene to his  
Countryes, bore,*  
What, after, auſtere Fates, shall make th' enemey  
Of his lifes thred (now spinning, and began  
When his paind mother freed his roote of man)  
He must endure in all kinds. If ſome God,  
Perhaps abides with vs, in his abode;  
And other things will think vpon then we;  
The Gods wils stand: who ever yet were free  
Of their appearance to vs; when to them  
We offerd Hecatombs, of fit esteem.  
*Eufathus will  
have this compa-  
rison of the Phi-  
licians with the  
Giants, and Cy-  
clops, to proceede  
out of the inme-  
rate virulencie of  
Antinous to the  
Cyclops, who were  
cauſed u before  
ſand of their re-  
moue from their  
country, & with  
great endeuour  
Labours the appro-  
bation of: but  
(under his peace)  
from the purpote:  
for the ſene of  
the Poore is cleer,  
that the Cyclops  
& Giants being  
in part the ſonne  
of the Godz, and  
yeir afterward  
their deſerts, as  
Poly, hereafter  
dares profit)  
*Aniuauſe (out of  
bold and manly  
reafon, even to  
ſte face of one  
that might haue  
bin a God, for the  
paſt manly ap-  
pearane he made  
ther) would tell  
him, and the reſt  
To let me taste your free-given food, in peace:  
they gracie thof  
Cyclops with  
their open appear-  
ances, that ſtang  
defended from  
them, durſt ye  
dene them, they  
myght much more  
do them the honor  
of their open pre-  
fence that ado-  
red them.*  
Then think of his retурne; that vnder hand  
Of our deduction; his naturall land  
(Without more toile or care; and with delight;  
And that soone gien him; how faire hence diffire  
Soone it can be) he may ascend;  
And in the meane time, without wrong attend,  
Or other want, fit meanes to that ascent.  
The Gods wils stand: who ever yet were free  
Of their appearance to vs; when to them  
We offord Hecatombs, of fit esteem.  
And would at feaſt ſit with vſ; even where we  
Orderd our ſeſſion. They would like wife be  
Encountred of vs, when in way, alone  
About his fit affaires, went any one.  
Nor let them cloke themſelues in any care,  
To do vs comfort; we as neare them are,  
Or are the Cyclops; or the impious race,  
Of earthly Giants, that would heauen outface.  
*Vlyffes anſwerd, Let ſome other doubt  
Employ your thoughts, then what your words give out;*  
Which intame a kind of doubt, that I  
Should (shadow in this ſhape, a Deitie.  
I beare no ſuch leaſt ſemblance, or in wit,  
Vertue, or perfon. What may well befit  
One of thoſe mortals, whom you chiefly know,  
Bears vp and downe, the burthen of the woe  
Appropiate to poore man; give that to me;  
Of whole mones I ſit, in the moſt degree;  
And might ſay more, lufaining grices that all  
The Gods conſent to: no one twixt their fall  
And my unpitied ſhoulders, letting downe  
The leaſt diuerſion. Be the grace then showne,  
To let me taste your free-given food, in peace:  
Through great griefe, the belly muſt haue eafe.  
Worſe then an eniuious belly, nothing is.  
It will command his ſtrict Necesſities,  
Of men moſt grieu'd in body or in mind,  
Thar are in health, and will not give their kind,  
A deſperate wound. When moſt with caufe I grieue,  
It bids me ſtill, Eate man, and drinke, and liue;  
And this makes all forgo. What euer ill  
I euer bear, it euer bids me fill.*

But

But this caſe is but forc't, and will not laſt,  
Till what the mind likes, be as well embrac't;  
And therefore let me with you would parteake  
In your late purpoſe, when the Morne ſhall make  
Her next appearance, daigne me bot the grace,  
(Vnhappie man) that I may once embrace  
My country earth: though I be ſtill thrift at,  
By ancient iſ; yet make me but fee that,  
And then let life go. When (withall) I fee  
My high-roof, large house, lands and family.

This, all approu'd; and each, wilde every one,  
Since he hath laid ſo fairly, ſet him gone.

Feaſt paſt, and ſacrifice, to ſleepe, all vow  
Their eies at eitheris houſe. *Vlyffe now,*  
Was left here with *Alcinous*, and his Queene,  
The all-lou'd *Arte*. The handmaids then  
The veſtell of the Banquet, tooke away.

When *Arte* ſet eye on his array,  
Knew both his out, and vnderweare, which ſhe  
Made with her maids; and muſle by what meanes he  
Obtainged their wearing: which ſhe made requeſt  
To know and wincs gave to theſe ſpeeches: Good  
First let me aske, what, and from whence you are?  
And then, who gracie you with the weeds you weare?  
Said you not lately, you had cri'd at feaſt?  
And thence arriu'd here? *Laertides*

To this, thus anſwerd: Tis a paine (O Queene)  
Still to be opening wounds wrought deepe and greene;  
Of which, the Gods haue opened ſtore in me;  
Yet your will muſt be ſen'd: Fare hence, at ſea,  
There lies an Ile, that beares *Ogygias* name;  
Where *Atlas* daughter, the ingenious Dame,  
Faire-haired *Calyppo* liues: a Goddesse graue,  
And with whom, men, nor Gods, ſocietie hane.  
Yet I (paſt man vnhappie) liu'd alone,  
By heau'n's wrath forc't) her houſe companion.  
For *Ione* had with a feruent lightning cleſt  
My ſhip in twaine, and fare at blacke ſea left  
Me and my ſoldiers, all whiche liues I loſt.  
I, in mine armes the keele tooke, and was toſt  
Nine dayes together vp from wave to wave.  
The tenth grim Night, the angry Deities drame  
Me and my wracke, on th' Ile, in which doth dwell  
Dreadfull *Calyppo*; who exaſtly well  
Receiued and nouriſh me, and promise made,  
To make me deaſleſſe: nor ſhould Age inuaide  
My poures with his deſerts, through all my daies.  
All mou'd not me, and therefore, on her ſlayes,

*Arte to Vlyffe.**Vlyffe to Arte.**Seuen.*

Seuen years she made me lie; and there spent I  
 The long time; steeping in the miserie  
 Of ceaslesse teares, the Garments I did weare  
 From her faire hand. The eight revolued yere,  
 (Or by her chang'd mind; or by charge of *loue*)  
 She gaue prouokt way to my wifht remoue:  
 And in a many-ioyned shipp, with wine,  
 (Daintie in sautour) bread, and weeds diuinie;  
 Sign'd with a harsleffe and sweet wind, my pafce.  
 Then, seuentene dayes at sea, I homeward was;  
 And by the eighteenth, the darke hilis appeared,  
 That your Earth thrus vp. Much my heart was cheard;  
 (Vnhappie man) for that was but a beame,  
 To shew I yet, had agonies extreame,  
 To put in sufferance: which th'Earth-shaker sent,  
 Croſſing my way, with tempests violent,  
 Vnmeau'r d'feas vp-lifting: not would give  
 The billowes leaue, to let my vefell liue  
 The laſt time quiet: that euen figh'd to beare  
 Their bitter outrage: which, at laſt, did teare  
 Her ſides in peeces, fet on by the winds.  
 I yet, through-fwomme the waues, that your ſhore binds,  
 Till wind and water threw me vp to it;  
 When, coming forth, a rutherlie billow smit  
 Against huge rocks, and an acceslesſe shore  
 My mangl'd body. Backe againe I bore,  
 And fwom till I was falne vpon a flood,  
 Whose shores, me thought, on good aduantage flood,  
 For my receit: rock-free, and fenc't from wind.  
 And this I put for, gathering vp my mind.  
 Then the diuine Night came; and tredding Earth,  
 Cloſe by the flood, that had from *loue* her birth.  
 Within a thicket I repofde; when round  
 I ruf'd vp falne leaues in heape; and found  
 (Let fall from heaven) a ſleepe interminate.  
 And here, my heart (long time excruciate)  
 Amongſt the leaues I reſted all that night,  
 Euen till the morning and meridian light.  
 The Sunne declining then; delightsome ſleepe,  
 No longer laid my temples in his ſteepes;  
 But forth I went, and on the ſhore might ſee  
 Your daughters maid's play. Like a Deitie  
 She ſhin'd aboue them; and I praid to her:  
 And ſhe, in diſpoſition did prefer  
 Noblesſe, and wiſedome, no more low then might  
 Become the goodnessſe of a Goddessē height.  
 Nor would you therefore hope (ſuppoſide diſtreſt  
 As I was then, and old) to find the laſt

Of any Grace from her, being younger faire.  
*Wib yong folkes, Wicdome maketh her commerce rare.*  
 Yet ſhe in all abundance did beflow,  
 Both wine (that makes the "blood in humanes grow")  
 And food, and bath'd me in the blodd, and ganie  
 The weeds to me, which now yake me home:  
 This, through my grifics I tell you, and tis true.  
*Alicous anſwercd:* Gueſt! my daughter knew  
 Least of what moſt you giue her, nor became  
 The courſe the tooke, to let, with every Dame,  
 Your perfon lackey; nor hath with them brought  
 Your ſelfe home to, which firſt you had beſought.  
 O blame her not (ſaid he) Hennacall Lord;  
 Nor let me heare, againſt her worth, a word.  
 She faultieſſe is, and wiſt I would haue gone  
 With all her women home: but I alone  
 Would venture my receit here, haſting feare  
 And reverend aw of accidents that were  
 Of likely iſſue: both your wrath to moſe,  
 And to inflame the common peoples loue,  
 Of ſpeaking ill: to which they ſooe give place;  
*We men are all a moſt iſſuſion race.*

My gueſt (ſaid he) I ſe not ſo be ſtrid  
 To wrath too rathly, and where are prefend  
 To mens conceits, things that may both waies faile,  
 The nobleſt euer ſhould the moſt preuale.  
 Would *loue* our Father, *Pallas*, and the *Sonne*,  
 That (were you ſtill as now, and could but runne  
 One Fate with me) you would my daughter wed,  
 And be my ſon-in-law, ſtill vowed to leade  
 Your reſt of life here. La house would giue,  
 And houſhold goods; ſo freely you would liue,  
 Confin'd with vs: but gaifſt you will, ſhall none  
 Containe you here; ſince that were violence done  
 To *loue* our Father. For your paſſage home,  
 That you may well know, we can ouercome  
 So great a voyage; thus it ſhall ſucceed:  
 To morrow shall our men take all their heed  
 (While you ſecurely ſleep) to ſee the feas  
 In calmest temper, and (if that will please)  
 Shew you your Country and your house ere night;  
 Though farre beyond *Eubea* be that fight.  
 And this *Eubea* (as our ſubiects ſay,  
 That haue bin there, and ſeenie) is fare away  
 Fartheſt from vs, of all the parts they know.  
 And made the triall, when they helpt to row  
 The gold-lockt *Rhadamantus*, to giue him view  
 Of Earth-borne *Tityus*: whom their ſpeeds did ſhew

et ſe: ave;  
 Vnum calefa-  
 ciendi vim ha-  
 bem.

(In that far-off *Eubea*) the same day  
They let from hence; and home made good their way  
With ease againe, and him they did conuaie,  
Which, I report to you, to let you fee  
How swift my ships are; and how matchlely  
My yong *Pheasies*, with their oars preuisle,  
To beate the sea through, and affil a sail.

This cheard *Vlysses*, who in private praudit,  
I would to *lose* our Father, what he said,  
He could performe at all parts, he shoulde then  
Be glorified for euer, and I gaue  
My naturall Country. This discourse they had,  
When faire-armd *Arete*, her handmaids bad  
A bed make in the *Portico*; and plie  
With cloaths; the Couering Tapestrie,  
The Blankets purple. Wel-napt Wastcoates too,  
To weare for more warmth. What these had to do,  
They torches tooke, and did. The Bed puruaid,  
They mou'd *Vlysses* for his rest; and said  
Come Giest, your Bed is fit, now for me to goe.

Come Guest, your Bed is fit, now frame to rest.  
Motion of sleepe, was gracious to their Guest,  
Which now he tooke profoundly, being laid  
Within a loop-hole Towre, where was conuaide  
The sounding Portico. The King tooke rest  
In a retir'd part of the house, where dreft  
The Queene her selfe, a Bed, and Trundled bed;  
And by her Lord, reposide her reverend head.

*Finis libri septimi Hom. Odys.*

## THE



# THE EIGHTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSEYS.

## **THE ARGUMENT** towards a new paradigm: first steps

**T**He Peers of the Peerless Sons  
A Council call to confabulate  
Vlysses, with all means for Hom  
The Counsell to a Banquet, etc.  
Issu'd by the king : which done  
Affairs for barding of the state,  
The Tenth made with the brimstone  
Democritus, a foolish knave  
Th' Addicte of the God of Arme,  
Wish her that rules, in Amours chace  
And after, fang the entercourse  
Of Atis about the Espan Hafis.

**Another.** . . . . .

**Gala.** *The Council-frame;*  
*At first applied*  
*Infringement of Game;*  
*Vivifies trees,*

Ow when the Rose flaged more and  
The sacred powre did dispise her blosome,  
Did likewise rise; and let her, like her blosome,  
The Cantic-eater. *Envy*. O Aspasia, you have  
The Countess an abhorrer of her selfe. *Envy*  
To which *Envy* with the sacred blosome in her hand,  
Came first of all. *Envy* shewes they have  
Neare to the Natic. *Envy* make the other.

*Miseries* took the heralds forme on her shoulders, and her regal crown  
That fer'd *Alexander*, studious to prefer his good name before his dwo  
*Whiffes* Suite for home. About the towns he did affire his modir, and did  
She made quicke way; and fild with the ~~restraine~~ <sup>restraine</sup> The boord of his ship  
Of that detigne, the ears of every man Proclaiming thus; *Peers Phasenfian!*  
And men of Councill : all hale ~~the Countys~~ <sup>the Countys</sup> from within brasse armes  
To hearre the stranger that made laste fort <sup>laste fort</sup> in oblygation to him  
To king *Alexander*: long time he had <sup>had</sup> a quaffall of wine, and was very  
And is in person, like a Deitie.

This, all their powres set vp, and spake nothing; but the propositors of the State  
And straight the Court and Corte, with muche farring, shew'd their iudgement,  
The whole State wonder'd at Lante Sone, whose cause and order of the State  
Whene they beheld him. *Fuller* pachado the 17<sup>th</sup> of the next year of Edward

A supernaturally, and heavenly dresse,  
Enlarg'd him with a height, and goodlinessse  
In breast, and shouelders, that he might oppace  
Gracious, and grane, and reverend, and beare  
A perfect hand in his performance ther,  
In all the trials they refolud' impofe.

All met, and gatherd in attencion close;

*Alcinous, &c.* thus bespake them : Dukes, and Lords,  
Hear me digeft, my hearty thoughts in worts:  
This Stranger here whose trauels found my Court,  
I know not ; nor can tell if his refort  
From Eaſt or West comes : But his ſuite is this,  
That to his Countrey earth we would diſmis  
His hither-forced perfon, and doth beare  
The minde to paſſe iu vnder euerie Peere:  
Whom I prepare, and ſuirre vp, making knowne  
My free defire of his deducſion.  
Nor ſhall there euer, any other man  
That tries the goodneſſe *Pheacian*,  
In me, and my Courts entertainment, ſtay  
Mourning for paſſage, under leaſt delay.  
Come then; A ſhip into the ſacred feas,  
New-built, now lanch we, and from our preafe,  
Chufe two andiftie Youths of all, the beſt  
To vfe an oare. All which, ſee ſtraight impreſt,  
And in their Oare-bound ſtares. Let others hie  
Home to our Courte, commanding iuſtantly  
The ſolemne preparation of a feaſt,  
In which, prouifion may for any queſt  
Be made at my charge. Charge of theſe low things,  
I giue ou Youth. You Scepter-bearing kings,  
Conſort me home, and helpe with grace to vfe  
This queſt of ours : no one man ſhall refuſe.  
Some other of you, haſte, and call to vs  
The ſacred ſinger, graue *Demodocus*  
To whom hath God giuen, ſong that can excite  
The heart of whom he lifteth with delight.  
This ſaid, he led, The Scepter-bearers leſt  
Their free attendance, and with all ſpedde, wenē  
The herald for the ſacred man in ſong,  
Youths two andiftie, chosen from the throng  
Went, as was wiſſil, to the vntam'd feas Shore,  
Where come, they lancht the ſhip : the Maſt it bore  
Aduançt, failes hoifed, euerie ſteate, his Ore  
Gave with a lether thong : the deepe moist then  
They further reaſh. The drie ſtreets ſlowd with men,  
That troup't vp to the kings capacious Court,  
Whose Porticos, were chokt with the refort:

Whoe wals were hung with men : young, old, thrift there,  
In mighty concouſe, for whoe promis'd there  
*Alcinous* ſluue twelue Sheepe, eight white-toothed Swine:  
Two crook-hancht Beues, which ſead, and deſt, diuine  
The ſhow was of ſo many a iocund Gueſt  
All fet together, at ſo fet a feaſt.

To whote accompliſh ſtate, the Herald then  
The louely Singer led; Who paſt all meaſur  
The Muſe affected, gaue him good, and ill,  
His eies put ou, but put in foule at will.  
His place was giuen him, in a chaire, all grac'ſt  
With filier ſtuſs, and againſt a Pillar plac't,  
Where, as the Center to the State, he reſt;  
And round about, the circle of the Guests.  
The Herald, on a Pinne, aboue his head  
His ſoundfull harpe hung : to whote height, he led  
His hand for taking of it downe at will.  
A Boord fet by, with food, and forth did fill  
A Bowle of wine, to diinke at his deſire.  
The reft then, fell to feaſt; and when the fire  
Of appetitie was quencht : the Muſe iadiam'd  
The facred Singer. Of men highlieſt fam'd,  
He ſung the glories, and a Poeme pend,  
That in aplauife, did ample heaſen ascend.  
Whoe ſubiect was, the ſteme contention  
Betwixt *Ulyſſes*, and Great *Troja*' ſonne;  
As, at a banker, facred to the Gods

In deadfull language, they exprefſt their ods.  
When *Agamemnon*, far reioyct in foule  
To hear the Greek Peeres iare, in temes ſo foule,  
For *Anger Phœbus*, in prefage had told  
The king of men, (deiuorſe to vnfold  
The warre perplexed end; and being therefore gone  
In heaſenly *Pythia*, to the Porch of ſtone,)  
That then the end, of all griefes ſhould begin,  
Twixt *Greece*, and *Troy*; when *Greece* (with ſtrife to winne  
That wiſt conclusion) in her kings ſhould iare,  
And pleade, if force, or wit muſt end the warre.

This brame contention did the Poet ſing,  
Exprefſing ſo the ſplene of either kings  
That his lange purple weede, *Ulyſſes* held  
Before his face, and eies; ſince thence diſtill'd  
Teaſes uncontroll, which he oblear'd, in feare  
To let th' obſcuring Prefence, note a teaſe.  
But when his ſacred ſong the meere Divine  
Had giuen an end, a Goblet crownd with wine  
*Ulyſſes* (dryng his wet eies) did ſeife,  
And ſacrifice to thoſe Gods that would pleafe

*Demodocus  
Poet.*

*The contenſion  
of Achilles and  
Ulyſſes.*

*Viphis congeſter  
factor.*

*The continued partie of Pylus through all places, and soe his tears then flaid. But when againe began*

T'inspire the Poet with a song so fit  
To do him honour, and renowne his wit.  
*His teares then flaid. But when againe began*  
(By all the kings desires) the moving man;  
Againe *Pylus*, could not chuse but yeeld  
To that soft passion: which againe, withheld,  
He kept so cunningly from sight; that none  
(Except *Alcinous* himself, alone)  
Discern'd him mou'd so much. But he sat next;  
And heard him deeply sigh. Whiche, his pretext  
Could not keepe hid from him. Yet he conceal'd  
His vitterance of it; and would haue it held  
From all the rest. Brake off the song, and this  
Said to those Ore-affecting Peeres of his:

Princes, and Peeres! we now are satiate  
With sacred song, that fits a feast of state:  
With wine, and food. Now then, to field, and try,  
In all kinds our approu'd actiuitie;  
That thisour Guest, may give his friends to know  
In his retурne: that we, as little owe  
To fights, and wrestlings, leaping, speede of race,  
As these our Court-rites; and commend our grace  
In all, to all superiour. Foorth he led  
The Peeres and people, troupt' up to their head:  
Nor must *Demodocus* be left within;  
Whose harpe, the Herald hung ypon the pinnes  
His hand, in his tooke, and abroad he brought  
The heauenly Poet: our, the same way wrought  
That did the Princes: and what they would see  
With admiration, with his companie  
They wifht to honour. To the place of Game  
Thefe throng'd; and after, routis of other came,  
Oftall sort, infinite. Of Youths that stroke,  
Many, and strong, role to their trials loue.

*Since the Phae-  
cians were not  
only dwellers by  
sea but studious  
soe faring figuri-  
nation, except  
Laedamus.*

Vp rose *Acroneus*, and *Ocyalus*;  
*Elatreus*, *Prymneus*, and *Anchyaleus*;  
*Elatreus*, *Prymneus*, and *Anchyaleus*;  
*Nanteus*, *Eretmeus*, *Iboon*, *Prorenus*;  
*Simeus*, *Yrapse* *Pontineus*, and the strong *Amphialus*,  
*Amphialus*,  
Sonne to *Tetlonides*, *Palinius*.  
Vp rose to thefe, the great *Euryalus*;  
In action like the homicide of ware.  
*Nambolides*, that was for person faire.  
Past all the rest: but one he could not passe;  
Nor any thought improue, *Laedamus*.  
Vp *Anabeleucus* then arose;  
And three tonnes of the Scepter state, and those;  
Were *Halius*, and fore-praife *Laedamus*;  
And *Clytoneus*, like a God in grace.

Thefe

Thefe first the foote-game tride, and from the lifts  
Tooke start together. Vp the dust, in trifles  
They hould about; as in their spedde, they flew;  
But *Clytemnestra*, first, of all the crew  
A Stiches length in any fallow field  
Made good his pace; when where the Judges yeeld  
The pride, and prafe, his glorious speed arri'd.  
Next, for the boistrous wrestling Game they striv'd;  
At which, *Euryalus*, the reft outhone.  
At leape, *Amphialus*. At the hollow stoe  
*Elatreus* exceld. At buffets, last,  
*Laedamus*, the kings faire sonne surpast.  
When all had flirr'd in thefe affaires their fill;  
*Laedamus* said, Come friends, let's proue what skill  
This Stranger hath attaingd to, in our sport;  
Me thinks, he must be of the actiu'e sort.  
His calues, thighs, hands, and well-knit shoulders show,  
That *Nature* disposition did beflow  
To fit with fact their forme. Nor wants he prime.  
But soure *Affliction*, made a mate with *Time*,  
Makes *Time* the more scene. Nor imagine I,  
A worse thing to enforce debilitie,  
Then is the Sea: though nature ne're so strong  
Knipte one together. Nor conceive you wrong,  
(Replied *Euryalus*) but proue his blood  
With what you question. In the midft then stood  
Renown'd *Laedamus*, and prou'd him thus;

Come (stranger Father) and assaie with vs  
Your pouers in thefe contentions: If your shew  
Be answereid with your worth, tis fit that you  
Should know thefe conflicts: nor doth glorie stand  
On any worth more, in a mans command,  
Then to be strenuous, both of foote and hand:  
Come then, make proofe with vs, discharge your mind  
Of discontentments: for not fare behind  
Comes your deduction. Ship is ready now;  
And men, and all things. Why (said he) doft thou  
Mocke me *Laedamus*? and thefe stripes bind  
My pouers to answere? I am more inclind  
To cares, then conflicts. Much sustaint I have,  
And still am suffering. I come here to cruce  
In your assemblies, meane to be dismift,  
And pray, both Kings, and subiects to affift.  
*Euryalus*, an open brawl began;  
And said: I take you Sir, for no such man.  
As fits thefe horrid stripes. A number more  
Strange men there are, that I would chuse before,  
To one that loues to lie a ship-board much;

L 3

*Laedamus vs  
gives Pylus to  
their spart.*

*The word is  
wurum suppinga;  
deuctio, qua  
transficiendom  
curramus cum  
qui nobilcum  
aliquandia est  
verius.*

*Euryalus vs  
brings Pylus.*

Or

Or is the Prince of sailours; or to such  
As traffique farre and neare, and nothing minde  
But freight, and passage, and a foreight windes,  
Or to a victor of a shipp : or men  
That set vp all their powsr for rampant Gaine,  
I can compare, or hold you like to be:

But, for a wretcher, or of qualite  
Fit for contentions nobles, you abhor  
From worth of any such competitor.

*Vlysses* (frowning) answerd; Stranger! fare  
Thy words are from the fashions regular

Of kinde, or honour. Thou art in thy guise  
Like to a man, that authors injuries.  
I see, the Gods to all men, give not all  
Manly addiction, wisedome, words that fall  
(Like dice) vpon the square stell. Some man takes  
Ill forme from parents; but God often makes  
That fault of forme vp, with obseru'd repaire  
Of pleasing speech: that makes him held for faire;  
That makes him speake securely: makes him shine  
In an assembly, with a grace diuine.

Men take delight, to see how evenly lie  
His words asteape, in honey modestie.

Another then, hath fathions like a Gods;  
But in his language, he is foule, and broad:  
And such art thou. A person faire is giuen;  
But nothing else is in thee, sent from heaven.

For in thee lurkes, a bafe, and earthly soule  
And t'haſt compellid me, with a speech most foule  
To be thus bitter. I am not vnſcene  
In these faire ſtrifes, as thy words ouerweene:  
But in the firſt ranke of the beſt I stand.  
At leaſt, I did, when youth and strength of hand  
Made me thus conſiſtent: but now am worne  
With wocs, and labours; as a humane borne  
To beare all anguifh. Sufferd much I haue.  
The warre of men, and the inhumane waue  
Haue I diuen through at all parts: but with all  
My waste in ſufferance: what yet may fall  
In my performance, at these ſtrifes Ic trie;  
Thy ſpeech hath mou'd, and made my wrath runne hic.

This ſaid; with robe, and all, he graſpt a ſtone,  
A little grauer then was euer throwne  
By theſe *Pheacians*, in their wretſling rout;  
More firme, more maſſie, which (turnd round about)  
He hurriid from him, with a hand fo ſtrong  
It ſung, and flew: and ouer all the throng  
(That at the others markes stood) quite it went:

*explicatio[n] apposite.*

*Vlysses* (angry).

*explicatio[n] Dammorum magorum auctor.*

Yet

Yet downe fell all beneath ir; fearing ſpent  
The force that draue it flying from his hand,  
As a dart were, or a walking wand.  
And, fare paſt all the markes of all the refl  
His wing ſhole way. When *Pallas* straight impreſt  
A marke at fall of it, reſemblign them  
One of the navy-giu[n] *Pheacian* men;  
And thus aduanc't *Vlyſſes*: One, (though blinde)  
(O stranger!) groping, may thy ſtones fall finde,  
For not amidſt the rout of markes it fell,  
But fare before all. Of thy worth, thinke well;  
And ſtand in all ſtrifes: no *Pheacian* here,  
This bound, can either better or come nere.

*Vlyſſes* ioyd, to heare that one man yet  
Videhim benignly; and would Truth aber  
In thoſe contentions. And then, thus ſmooth  
He tooke his ſpeech downe: Reach me that now Youth,  
You ſhall (and ſtraight I think) haue one ſuch more;

And one beyond it too. And now, whose Core  
Stands found, and great within him (ſince ye haue  
Thus put my ſplene vp) come againe and braue  
The Guest ye tempted, with ſuch groſſe diſgrace:  
At wretſling, buſters, whirbat, ſpeed of race.  
Atall, or either, I except at none,

But vige the whole State of you; onely one  
I will not challenge, in my forced boaſt,  
And that's *Laeademus*; for hee's mine Host.  
And who will fight, or wrangle with his friend?

Vnwife he is, and bafe, that will contend  
With him that feedes him, in a foreigne place;  
And takes all edge off, from his owne fought grace.

None elſe except I haue; nor none despite;  
But wiſh to know, and proue his faculties,  
That dares appeare now. No ſtrife ye can name

Am I vnskillid in ſteekon any game  
Of all that are, as many as there are  
In vfe with men) for Archerie I dare

Affirme my ſelfe not meane. Of all a troupe  
Ile make the firſt foe with mine arrow ſhoupe;  
Though, with me ne're ſo many fellowes bend  
Their bowes at mark men, and aſſeſt their ene;

Onely was *Philoſteſes* with his bow

Still my ſuperior, when we Greeks would show

Our Archerie againſt our foes of *Troy*:

But all that now by bread, traile life enjoy,

I fare hold my interious. Men of old

None now aline, ſhall wiſhē ſeo bold

To vant equality with ſuch men as theſe,

*He names Laeademus onely for all the other brothers; ſince in his exception, the others enuies were curbd: for brothers either are or ſhould be of one acceptation in all his things.*  
*And Laeademus, he calleth his host, being eldēſt ſon to Alcimus: the heire being over the young maſters; nar- migh be conve- niently prefer Alcimus in his exception, ſince he ſhed not in competition at theſe contentions.*

*Oeclalan, Eurym, Hercules,  
Who with their bowes, durst with the Gods contend.  
And therefore caught Eurylo foone his end.  
Nor did at home, in age, a ruderend man;  
But by the Great incensed Delphian  
Was shot to death, for daring competence  
With him, in all an Archers excellency.  
A Speare Ile hurle as farre, as any man  
Shall shooote a shaft. How at a race I can  
Bestirre my feete; I onely yeld to Feare,  
And doubt to meete with my superiour here.  
So many seas, so too much have misilde  
My lims for race; and therefore haue diffuside  
A dissolution through my loued knees.*

The ingenious  
and royal speech  
of Alcinous to  
Ulysses.

This said, he still dall talking properties;  
Alcinos only answرد: O my Guest  
In good part take we, what you have bene prest  
With speech to answر. You would make appear  
Your vertues therefore, that will still shine where  
Your only looke is. Yet must this man give  
Your worth ill language; when, he does not live  
In sort of mortals (whence so ere he springs  
That judgement hath to speake becoming things)  
That will depraye your vertues. Note then now  
My speech, and what, my loue presents to you;  
That you may tell *Heroes*, when you come  
To banquet with your Wife, and Birth at home,  
(Mindfull of our worth) what deseruings *love*  
Hath put on our parts likewise; in remoue  
From Site to Sonne, as an inherente grace  
Kinde, and perperual. We must needs give place  
To other Countreymen; and freely yeld  
We are not blameleſſe, in our fightes of field;  
Buffets, nor wretlings: but in spedee of feete;  
And all the Equipage that fits a fleete,  
We boast vs best. For table euer spred  
With neigbour feasts, for garments varied;  
For Poesie, Musique, Dancing, Balſis, and Beds.  
And now, Phaeacians, you that beare your heads  
And feete with best grace, in enamouring dance;  
Enflame our guest here; that he may advance  
Our worth past all the worlds, to his home friends;  
As well for the vnmatcht grace, that commends  
Your skills in footing of a dance; as theirs  
That fie a race beſt.. And so, all affaires,  
At which we boast vs best; he best may trie;  
As Sea-race, Land-race, Dance, and Poesie.  
Some one, with instant spedee to Court retire,

**And**

And fetch Demodoc, his soundfull lyre.  
This said, the God-grac't king, and quicke report  
Pentanguis made, for that faire harpe, to Court.

Nine of the lot-chuse publicke Rulers roſe,  
That all in those contentions did diſpoſe;  
Commanding a moſt ſmooth ground, and a wide,  
And all the people, in faire game, aſide.

Then with the rich harpe, came *Pandore*,  
And in the midſt, tooke place *Demodæon*.  
About him then ſtood forth, the choife yong men,  
That on mans firſt youth, made freſh entrie then:  
Had Art to make their naturall motion ſweete  
And ſhooke a moft diuine dance from their feete;  
That twincklid Star-like, mou'd as swift, and fine,  
And beatre the aire fo thinne, they made it ſhine.  
*Vixies* wondered at it, but amaz'd.

He stod in minde, to heare the dance so phras'd.  
For, as they danc't, *Demodes* did sing,  
The bright-crownd *Venus* loue, with *Batailles* king;  
As furt they clostly mixt, in a houfe of fire.  
What worlds of gifts, wonne her to his desire,  
Who then, the night-and-day-bed did defile:  
Of good king *Vulcas*. But in litle while  
The Sunne their mixture faw; and came, and told.  
The bitter newes, did by his ears take hold  
Of *Vulcans* heart. Then to his Forge he went;  
And in his shrewd mind, deepe strife did invent.  
His mighrie Anule, in the stocke he putt  
And fong'd a net, that none could loose, or cut;  
That when it had them, it might hold them fast.  
Which, hausing finisht, he made vrimost haste  
Vp to the deare roome, where his wife he woud:  
And (madly wrath with *Mars*) he all besfrowd  
The bed, and bed-pofts : all the beame abone  
That croft the chamber, and a circle stroue,  
Of his deuice, to wrap in all the roome.  
And twas as pure, as of a Spiders loome,  
The woofe before its woen. No man nor God  
Could fet his eis on it: a slight fo odde,  
His Art shewd in it. All his craft bespent  
About the bed: he faid, as if he went  
To well-built *Lemnos*, his most loued towne,  
Of all townes earthly. Nor left this unknowne  
To golden-bridle-vlging *Mars*, who kepe  
No blonde watch ouer him: but, seeing sleep  
His riall fo aside, he hasted home  
With faire-wreath'd *Venus* loue flung, who was co  
New from the Court of her most mighrie Sire.

*μαραργατην τοῦ  
μαραργατην σημα-  
τικες splendor  
vibrans  
et vivens d splen-  
dor: μαραργατην  
Vibrare veluti  
radios solares.  
Myre rarefied  
turns first.*

The matter  
whereof now  
can / see.

अमृतसंकलन

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Mars entred; wrung her hand; and the reuise  
 Her husband made to *Lemnos* told; and said;  
 Now (*Lone*) is *Vulcan* gone; let vs to bed.  
 Hee's for the barbarous *Sinians*. Well appaid  
 Was *Venus* with it; and afresh assaid  
 Their old encounter. Downe they went, and straight  
 About them clinged, the artificialle sleight  
 Of most wife *Vulcan*; and were so ensnar'd,  
 That neither they could stire their course prepar'd,  
 In any lim about them; nor arise.  
 And then they knew, they could no more disguise  
 Their clost conueiance; but lay, for'c<sup>t</sup>, stone full.  
 Backe rusht the Both foote cook't; but straight in skill,  
 From his neare skout-hole turnd; nor euer went  
 To any *Lemnos*; but the sure euent  
 Left *Phabus* to discouer, who told all.  
 Then, home hopt *Vulcan*, full of grieve, and gall,  
 Stood in the Portall, and cried out to hie;  
 That all the Gods heard. Father of the skie  
 And every other deathlesse God (said he)  
 Come all, and a ridiculous obiect fee;  
 And yet not sufferable neither; Come,  
 And witnelle, how when I'll I step from home,  
 (Lame that I am) *Ione*'s daughter doth professe  
 To do me all the shamefull offices;  
 Indignities, despises, that can be thought;  
 And loues this all-things-making-come to nought  
 Since he is faire forsooth; foote-found, and I  
 Tooke in my braine a little; leg'd awrie;  
 And no fault mine; but all my parenes fault,  
 Who shold not get, if mocke me, with my halfe.  
 But see how fast they sleepe, while I, in mone,  
 Am onely made, an idle looke on.  
 One bed their turne serues; and it must be mine;  
 I thinke yet, I haue made their selfe-loues shinc.  
 They shall no more wrong me, and none perciue:  
 Not will they sleepe together, I beleue  
 With too hote hafte againe. Thus both shall lie  
 In crast, and force; till the extremitie  
 Of all the drowre, I gaue her Sire (to gaine  
 A dogged set-fac't Girle, that will not staine  
 Her face with blushing, though the flame her head.)  
 He pates me backe: She's faire, but was no maide.

While this long speech was making, all were come  
 To *Vulcan*'s stolne brazen-founded house.  
 Earth-shaking *Neptune*, vefull *Mercurie*,  
 And far-shot *Phabus*. No She Deitie  
 For shame, wo ould shew there: all the giue good Gods

Stood

stood in the Portall; and past periodes, durynge bytys, blythe  
 Gau length to laughters, almes, and blawes.  
 That which they had, then accomplish'd, then go to, unthrift, and unkin.  
 Finds good successe at th' end. And nowe (said he) did he, and *Admetus*  
 The flow outgoes the swifte. *Asadias* cometh wide  
 To be the floweft of the Gods; outgoes  
*Mars* the most swift. And this is him, which growes  
 To greatest iustice, that *Admetus* spake.  
 Obeain'd by craft, by craft of othe's fort,  
 (And lame craft too) is plagyd, which giveth the more,  
 That found lims turning lame the same, \*solid.

This speech amongt themselves they entreated.  
 When *Phabus*, thus askt *Hermes*: Thus entreated  
 Wouldst thou be *Hermes*, to be thus disconsol'd?  
 Though, with thee, golden *Venus* were reposed?

He soone gaue that an answer: O (said he) I  
 Thou king of Archers, wouldswere thus withaste.  
 Though thrice so much flame, may, though infinite  
 Were powrd about me; and that every light  
 In great heauen shinin, wimberall my haines,  
 So golden now flamberd in mine Asseas.

The Gods againe laught, even the wary *fire*  
 Wrung out a laugher. But propria  
 Was still for *Mars*, and praid the God of fire  
 He would disfoule him, offering the defice  
 He made to *Ione*, to pay himselfe, and find  
 All due debes, should be, by the Gods repaid.

Pay me, no words (said he) where deuchland paine,  
 Wretched the words are, given for wretched men.  
 How shall I blinde you in th' Immortals fight,  
 If *Mars* be once los'd; nor will pay his right?

*Vulcan* (said he) if *Mars* should lie, suffice  
 Thy right repaid, it shold be paid by me:  
 Your word, so given, I must accepte (said he).  
 Which said, he loeld them: *Mars* then rusht from side  
 And shroop't cold *Thrase*. The laughing Deity  
 For *Cypris* was, and took her *Paphian* flame:  
 Where, She a *Gresse*, ne're cut, hath confeſſed:  
 All with *Arabian* odors fum'd, and hath  
 An Altar there, at which the *Gresse* bathe,  
 And with immortall Balms beneath her skin,  
 Fit for the blisse Immortals solace in:  
 Deckt her in to-be-fludid attire,  
 And apt to fet beholders hearts on fire.

This sung the faceted Muse, whose notes and words  
 The dancers feete kept, as his hands his coade  
*Riffes*, much was pleased, and all the crew:  
 This would the king haue varied with a new

This is  
*Vulcan*, prouing his  
 Power. See, for  
 His magic discov-  
 ery grows in  
 excess out of  
 Lightness, & power.

And

And pleasing measure; and performed by Two, with whom none would shone in deuarce. And those, his sonnes were, that must them forsworne Alone, and onely to the haippance, Without the words; And this fweste couple was Yong *Haines*, and diuine *Zeadamis*: Who danc't a Ball dance. Then stierch wrought Ball, (That *Polybus* had made, of purpleall). They tooke to hand: one threw it to the shie, And then danc't backe, the other (capring hie) Would surely catch it, ere his foote toucht ground. And vp againe aduanc't it, and so found The other, cause of dance, and thon did he Dance lofty trickes; till next it came to be His turne to catch, and serue the other still. When they had kept it vp to eithers will, They then danc't ground trickes, off mixt hand in hand, And did so gracefully their change command; That all the other Youth that stood at pausie, With deafning shours, gave them the great aplause.

*Myses to Alcinous.*

Then said *Vlysses*; O past all men here Cleare, not in powre, but in deserf as cleare, You laid your dances, did the world suspasse, And they perorme it, cleare, and to amaze. This wonne *Alcinous* heart, and equal prie He gaue *Vlysses*, saying; Matchleſſe wife (Princes, and Rulers) I percive our guesſ, And therefore let our hospitable bēſt In fitting gifts be giuen him: twelve chiefe kings There are that order all the gloriouſ things Of this our kingdome; and the thirteenth, I Exit, as Crownē to all: lett flandy Be thirteene garments giuen him: and, of gold Precious, and fine, a Talent. While we held This our assembly, be all fetcht, and giuen; That to our feaſt prepaſ'd, as to his heaven. One guesſ may enter. And that nothing be Left vperformd, that fits his dignitie; *Euryalus* ſhall here conciliate Himeſſe, with words and gifts; ſince paſt our rate He gaue bad language. This didall command And give in charge, and every king did ſend His Herald for his gift. *Euryalus* (Anſwering for his part) faid; *Alcinous*! Our chiefe of all; ſince you command, I will To this our guesſ, by all meaneſ ſeconcide; And give him this entirley mettald ſword: The handle maſſie ſiluer, and the bord

That giues it couer, all of Ivorye, New, and in all kinds, worth his qualitie. This put he ſtraiſt into his hand, and faid: Frolicke, O Guesſ and Father; if words fled, Haue bene offendue, let ſwift whirlwinds take, And rauiſh them from thought. May all Gods make Thy wifes fight good to thee; in quicke retrete To all thy friends, and beſt lou'd bredding feare; Their long miſe quittine with the greater toy; In whose ſweet, vaniſh all thy worſt annoy.

And frolicke thou, to all height, Friend (faid he) Which heauen conſirme, with wiſt felicitie. Nor cuer giue againe defire to thee, Of this ſwords vie, which with affeſs ſo free, In my reclame, thou haſt beſtowd on me.

This faid, athwart his ſhoulders he put on The right faire ſword; and then did ſet the Sunne. When all the giſts were brought, which backe againe (With King *Alcinous*, in all the traïne) Were by the honoured Heralds borne to Court, Which his faire ſonnes tooke; and from the reſort Laid by their reverend Mother. Each his throne, Of all the Peeres (which yet were ouerſhone In King *Alcinous* command) aſcended: Whom he, to paſſe as much in gifts contended, And to his Queene, faid: Wife! ſee brought me here The faireſt Cabinet I haue, and there Impoſe a well-cleanſed, in, and viſt̄ weed; A Caldron heate with water, that with ſped Our Guesſ well bat̄d, and all his giſts made ſure; It may a ioyfull appetite proture

To his ſucceeding Feaſt; and make him heare The Poets *Hymne*, with the ſecurer care. To all which, I will addē my boſt of gold, In all frame curioſ, to make him hold My memory alwaies deare, and faciſe With it at home, to all the Deities.

Then *Arete*, her maidz charg'd to ſet on A wellſiz'd Caldron quickly. Which was done; Cleare water pou'rd in, flame made to entre, It gilt the brach, and made the water fire. In meane ſpace, from her chamber brought the Queene A wealthy Cabinet, where (pure and cleane) She put the garments, and the gold beſtowd By that free State; and then, the other vowed By her *Alcinous*, and faid: Now Guesſ Make cloſe and falſt your giſts, leſt when you reſt A ſhip-boord ſweeſtly, in your way you meet

Some losse, that lesse may make your next sleepe sweet.  
 This when *Vlysses* heard, all ure he made,  
 Enclosde and bound safe, for the fauine trade,  
 The Reuerend for her wisedome (*Circe*) had  
 In fortyeares taught him. Then the handmaid bad  
 His worth to bathing, which rejoyc't his heart.  
 For since he did with his *Calypso* part,  
 He had no hote baths. None had fauoured him;  
 Nor bin so tender of his kingly lim.  
 But all the time he spent in her abode,  
 He liv'd respeted, as he were a God.

Cleans'd then and balm'd faire shirt, and robe put on;  
 Frefh come from bath, and to the Feasters gone;  
*Nausicaa*, that from the Gods hands tooke  
 The soueraigne beautie of her blessed looke,  
 Stood by a well-caru'd Columnne of theroom,  
 And through her eye, her heart was ouercome  
 With admiration of the Port imprest  
 In his aspect; and said: God faue you Guest!  
 Be chearfull, as in all the future state,  
 Your home will shew you in your better Fate.  
 But yet, euen then, let this remembred be,  
 Your lifes price, I lent, and you owe it me.

The varied in all counsels gaue reply:

*Nausicaa*! flowre of all this Emperie!  
 So Junos husband, that the strife for noise  
 Makes in the clouds, blesse me with strife of loyes,  
 In the desir'd day, that my house shall shew,  
 As I, as to a Goddesse, there shall vow,  
 To thy faire hand, that did my Being giue;  
 Which Ile acknowledge every hour I live.

This said, *Aleinus* plac'd him by his side,  
 Then tooke they feast, and did in parts diuide  
 The severall dishes, fill out wine, and then  
 The stiu'd-for, for his worth, of worthy men,  
 And reuerenc't of the State; *Demodocus*  
 Was brought in by the good *Pontous*.

In midst of all the guests, they gaue him place,  
 Against a loftie Pillar, when, this grace  
 The gracie with wisedome did him. From the Chine  
 That stood before him of a white-tooth'd Swine,  
 (Being fare the daintiest ioynt) mixt through with fat,  
 He car'd to him, and sent it where he sat,  
 By his old friend, the Herald, willing thus:  
 Herald! reach this to graue *Demodocus*;  
 Say, I salute him, and his worth embrace.  
 Poets deserue past all the humane race,  
 Reuerend respect and honor; since the Queen

*Nausicaa* entwined with *Vlysses*

*Argonauta*,  
 Poetam cuius  
 hominibus dig-  
 na est societas.

Of knowledge, and the supreme worth in men  
 (*The Maſe*) informes them; and loves all their race.

This, reaſh the Herald to him; who, the gracie  
 Recciu'd encourag'd: which, when feast was spent,  
*Vlysses* amplified to this aſcent:

*Demodocus*! I must preferre you faire,  
 Paſt all your ſort; if, or the *Maſe* of warre,  
*Ioues* daughter prompts you; (that the Greeks respects)  
 Or if the Sunne, that thofe of *Troy* affects.  
 For I haue heard you, ſince my coming, ſing

The Fate of *Greece*, to an admited ſiring.  
 How much ourufferance was, how much we wrongte,  
 How much the actions rofe to, when we foughte.  
 So liuely forming, as you had bin there,  
 Or to ſome free relator, lent your care.

Forth then, and ſing the wooden horſes frame,  
 Built by *Epeor*, by the martiall Dame,  
 Taught the whole Fabricke, which by force of flichte,  
*Vlysses* brought into the Cities height;  
 When he had ſtuft it with as many men,  
 As leuell loſtie *Ilios* with the Plaine.

With all which, if you can as well enchaunt,  
 As with exprefſion quicker and elegauer,  
 You ſung the reſt, I will pronounce you cleare,  
 Inſpir'd by God, paſt all that euer were.

This faids euen ſtird by God vp, he began,  
 And to his Song fell, paſt the forme of man:  
 Beginning where, the Greeks a ſhip-boord went,  
 And euerie Chiefie, had ſet on fire his Tent.  
 When th'other Kings, in great *Vlysses* guide,  
 In *Troy*'s vast market place, the horſe did hide:  
 From whence, the *Troians*, vp to *Ilios* drew  
 The dreadfull Engine. Where (late all arew)  
 Their Kings about it: many counſels giuen,  
 How to diſpoſe it. In three waies were diuen  
 Their whole diſtractions: firſt, if they ſhould ſeele  
 The hollow woods heat, (ſearcht with piercing ſteele)  
 Or from the battemenſe (drawne higher yet)

Deicēt it headlong, or, that counterfeit,  
 So vaf and nouell, ſet on ſacred fire;  
 Vowd to appeafe each angred Godheads ire.  
 On which opinion, they, thereafter, ſaw,  
 They then ſhould haue refol'd: bi'malterd law  
 Of Fate prefaging, that *Troy* then ſhould end,  
 When th'hostile horſe, he ſhould receiue to friend;  
 For therein ſhould the *Grecian* Kings lie hid,  
 To bring the Fate and death, they after did.  
 He ſung beſides, the Greeks euption

## THE EIGHTH BOOKE

Vlysses.  
As by the divine  
fury direly ex-  
spired, so ver-  
lyffes glory.

In that the  
flanckes he  
made were ex-  
prof so itely.

SHIPS OF divers  
meanes, destap,  
signifying, con-  
sumo, tabelco.

Simile.

From those their hollow craftes; and horse forgone;  
And how they made *Depopulation* tred  
Beneath her feete, so high a Cities head.  
In which affaire, he lung in other place,  
That of that ambush, some man ellie did race  
The *Ilion* Towres, then \**Laertides*:  
But here he \*sung, that he alone did seise  
(With *Menelau*) the ascended roofe  
Of Prince *Deiphobus*; and *Mars*-like proose  
Made of his valour: a most dreadfull fight,  
Daring against him. And there vanquish quite,  
In little time (by great *Minervas* aid)  
All *Ilios* remnant, and *Troy* leuell laid.  
This the divine Expressor, did so give  
Both act and passion, that he made it due;  
And to *Vlysses* facts did breathe a fire,  
So \*deadly quickning, that it did inspire  
Old death with life; and renderd life so sweet,  
And passionate, that all there felt it fleet,  
Which made him pitie his owne crueltie,  
And put into that rutch, so pure an eie  
Of humane frailtie, that to see a man  
Could so reviuie from Death, yet no way can  
Defend from death; his owne quicke powres it made  
Feele there deaths horrors: and he felk life fade  
In \*teares, his feeling braine fweet: for in things  
That move past vtterance, teares ope all their springs.  
Nor are there in the Powres, that all life beares,  
More true interpreters of all, then teares.  
And as a Ladie mournes her sole-lou'd Lord,  
That falle before his Citiie, by the sword,  
Fighting to refuse from a cruell Fate,  
His towne and children; and, in dead estate  
Yet panting, seeing him, wraps him in her armes,  
Weeps, shriekes, and powres her healt into his armes;  
Lies on him, stryving to become his shield  
From foes that still assaile him; speares impeld  
Through backe and shouolders, by whose points embrude,  
They raise and leade him into seruitude,  
Labor and languor: for all which, the Dame  
Eates downe her cheekes with teares, and feeds lifes flame  
With miserable sufferanc: So this King,  
Of teare-sweet anguish, op't a boundlesse spring:  
Nor yet was scene to any one man there,  
But King *Akinous*, who late so neare,  
He could not scape him: sighs (so chok't) so brake  
From all his tempers, which the King d.d take  
Both note, and graue resp: & of, and thus spake:

Hearc

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

Hear me, *Pheasian* Counsellers, and Peeres,  
And ceaste, *Demodocus*; perhaps all ears  
Are not delighted with his song, for, euer  
Since the divine Muse sung, our Guest hath never  
Contain'd from secret mourninges. It may fall,  
Thar something sung, he hath bin grieu'd withall,  
As touching his particular, Foebare:  
That *Fest* may ioynly comfort all hearts here,  
And we may cheare our Guest vp, tis our best,  
In all due honor. For our reverend Guest,  
Is all our celebration, gifts, and all;  
His loue hath added to our Festivall.  
A Guest, and suppliant too, we shoud esteeme  
Deare as our brother; one that doth but dreame  
He hath a soule; or touch but a mind  
Deathlesse and manly, shoud stand so enclin'd.  
Nor clokeyou, longer, with your curious wit,  
(Lou'd Guest) what ever we shall aske of it.  
It now stands on your honest state to tell,  
And therefore give your name, nor more conceale,  
What of your parents, and the Towne that bears  
Name of your nativie, or of foreiners  
That neare vs border, you are calld in fame.  
There's no man living, walkes without a name;  
Noble nor base, but had on'e from his birth,  
Imposde as fit, as to be borne. What earth,  
People, and citie, owne you? Give to know:  
Tell but our shippes all, that your way must shew,  
For our \*ships know th' exprested minds of men;  
And will so moit intenciontely retaine  
Their scopes appointed, that they never erre;  
And yet vse never any man to stere:  
Nor any Rudders hant, as others need.  
They know mens thoughts, and whither tend their speed.  
And there will fet them. For you cannot name  
A Citiie to them; nor far Soile, that *Fame*  
Hath any notice ginen: but well they know,  
And will fete to them, though they ebbe and flow,  
In blackest clouds and nightes; and never bege  
Of any wracke or rocke, the stendreft feare.  
But this I heard my Sire *Nestor* say  
Long since, that *Captaine* seeing vs conuay  
So safely passengers of all degrees,  
Was angry with vs, and vpon our seas,  
A well-built ship we had (neare harbor come,  
From safe deduction of some stranger home)  
Made in his flitting billowes, stickt stone stell,  
And dimm'd our Citiie, like a mighty hill,

This expression  
or affirmation of  
mariners, how  
impossible seauer  
in these times of  
safetys, in those  
ages they were  
winter abord  
our frigate. These  
inanimate things,  
having (as seemed)  
certain Genius,  
whose powers,  
they supposed,  
that shippes facili-  
ties, as others  
have affirmed.  
Open to have  
sence of hearing,  
and to shew shipp  
of Troy was said  
to have a Man  
made of *Dedalus*,  
an Oryctes was  
scull, and could  
speak.

With shade cast round about it. This report,  
*Intending hisse  
ther Neighbournes.*  
 The old \*King made; in which miraculous sort,  
 If God had done such things, or left vndone;  
 At his good pleasure be it. But now, on,  
 And truth relate vs; both whence you card;  
 And to what Clime of men would be transfeird;  
 With all their faire Townes; be they, as they are,  
 If rude, vnjust, and all irregular;  
 Or hospitable, bearing minds that please  
 The mightie Deitic. Which one of these  
 You would be set at, say; and you are there;  
 And therefore what affiſt you? why, to heare  
 The Fate of *Greece* and *Ilion*, mourne you ſo?  
 The Gods haue done it; as to all, they do  
 Delfine deſtruſion; that from thence may rife  
 A Poeme to inſtruct posterities.  
 Fell any kinfman before *Ilion*?  
 Some worthy Sire-in-law, or like-neare ſonne?  
 Whom next our owne blood, and ſelfe-race we loue?  
 Or any friend perhaps, in whom did moue  
 A knowing foulē, and no vnpleading thing?  
 Since ſuch a good one, is no vnderling  
 To any brother: for, what fits true friends,  
 True wifedome is, that blood and birth tranſcend.

*Finis libri octauii Hom. Odysſ.*



## THE

## THE NINTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**V**lyffes here, is first made knowne;  
*Who tells the ſtraine contenion,*  
*His power did gaue the Cicones tryg,*  
*And thence to the Lotophagie*  
*Extends his conqueſt: and from them,*  
*Affoyes the Cyclop Polyphemus;*  
*And by the craft, his wiſe apply,*  
*He puts him out his eandy ey.*

Another.

*Illa. The ſtrangeſſe fed*  
*Lotophagie.*  
*The Cicones fed,*  
*The Cyclops ey.*

**V**lyffes thus refold' d the Kinge demands.  
*Alcinous! (in whom this Empire ſtands)*  
 You ſhould mor of ſo neuerall right differ.  
 Your princely ſteat, as take from the ſpirit.  
 To heare a Poet, that in accent brings  
 The Gods breſts downe, and breathes them as he finges,  
*He begins where  
Alcinous com-  
manded Demi-  
deuce to end.*  
 Is ſweet, and ſacred; nor can I conceiue,  
 In any common weake, what more doth doth give  
 Note of the iuft and bleſſed Emperie,  
 Then to ſee *Comfort vniuerſal*.  
 Cheare vp the people. When in eury rooſe,  
 She giues obſtruers a moſt humane prooſe  
 Of menſ contents. To ſee a neigheours Feaſt  
 Adome it through, and therar, bearre the brackt  
 Of the diuine Muſe; men in order ſet;  
 A wine-page waiting, Tables crownd with meate;  
 Set cloſe to queſſe, that are to vſe it ſtill;  
 The Cup-boords furniſht; and the cups ſtill fill'd.  
 This ſhewes (to my mind) moſt humainely faire.  
 Nor ſhould you, for me, ſtill the heauenly ſire,  
 That ſtirrd my ſoule ſo; for I loue ſuch teares,  
 As fall from ſi notes, beaten through mine eare,  
 With repetitions of what heauen hath done;  
 And breake from heartie apprehencion  
 Of God and goodneſſe, though they ſhew my ill.  
 And therefore doth my mind excite me ſtill,

To tell my bleeding moane, but much more now,  
To serue your pleasure; that to ouer-flow  
My tears with such caufe, may by fight be driven;  
Though he're so much plaguid, may feeme by heaven.

And now my name; which way shall leade to all  
My miseries after: that their sounds may fall  
Through your eares also; and shew (having fied  
So much affliction) first, who rests his head  
In your embraces; when (to fare from home)  
I knew not where to obtaine it resting roome.

I am *Viffier Laertides*,  
The fear of all the world for policies;  
For which, my facts as high as heauen resound.  
I dwell in *Ithaca*, Earths moft renoumd:  
All ouer-shadow'd with the \* Shake-leafe hill  
Tree-fam'd *Neritus*; whose neare confines fill  
Ilands a number, well inhabited,  
That vnder my obseruance taste their bread.  
*Dulichium Samos*, and the full-of-\* food  
*Zacynthus*, likewife gract' with store of wood.  
But *Ithaca*, (though in the feas it lie)  
Yet lies he aloft, he casts her eye  
Quite ouer all the neighbour Continent.

Farre Norward situate, and (being lent  
But little fauour of the Monne, and Sunne)  
With barren rocks and cliftes is ouer-runne:  
And yet of hardie youths, a Nurse of Name.  
Nor could I see a Soile, where ere I came,  
More sweete and willfull. Yet, from hence was I  
Withheld with horror, by the Deitie  
Divine *Calypso*, in her cauie houfe,  
Enflam'd to make me her sole Lord and Spouse.  
*Circe* *Aea* too, (that knowing Dame,  
Whose veines, the like affections did infame)  
Detaind me like wife. But to neithers loue,  
Could I be tempted; which doth well approue;  
Nothing so sweete is as our countries earth,  
And ioy of thofe, from whom we claime our birth.

Though roofer farre richer, we fare off poore,  
Yet (from our native) all our more, is lefle.

To which, as I contended, I will tell.  
The much-distrest-conferring-facts, that fell  
By *Ioves* diuine preuention; since I fer,  
From ruin'd *Troy*, my firſt foote in retreat.

From *Ilion*, ill winds cast me on the Coast  
The *Cicrons* hold; where I emploide mine hoaſt  
For *Smyrna*, a Cittie built iuft by  
My place of landing; of which, *Victory*

*enrivaſſor.*  
quæſtioneſſor  
frondeſſor.

*quæſtioneſſor*  
corpus a ſur &  
vita iuffentatuſſor  
moſt appellator.

*Amor patiſſor.*

Made me expugner. I depeopl'd it,  
Slic all the men, and did their wifes remir,  
With much spoile taken, which we did diuide,  
That none might need his paſt. I then applide  
All speed for flight: but my command therew<sup>t</sup>  
(Fooles that they were) could no obſeruance win  
Of many foulidies, who with spoile fed hic,  
Would yet fill higher, and exceſſively  
Fell to their wine; gane flatneth on the ſhore,  
Clouen-footed becnes and heepe in mightie ſtore.  
In meane ſpace, *Circe* did to *Cicans* nie  
When, of their neareſt dwelers, inſtantly  
Many and better foulidies made strong head,  
That held the Continent, and managed  
Their horſe with high ſkill: on which they would fight,  
When firſt caufe feru'd, and againe alight,  
(With ſoone ſcene vantage) and on foote contend.  
Their concurſe iwiſt was, and had neuer end;  
As thiſe and ſodaine twas, as flowres and leaues  
Dark Spring diſcouers, when the \*Light receaues.  
And then began the bitter Fate of *Uane*

To alter vs vnhappie, which, even troue  
To giue vs ſuffurance. At our Fleet we made  
Enforced ſtand; and there did they inuaide  
Our thriſt-yp Forces: darts encouert darts,  
With blowes on both ſides: either making paſt  
Good vpon either, while the Morning ſhone,  
And ſacred *Dy* her bright increafe held on;  
Though much ouer-macht in number. But as ſoone  
As *Phœbus* Westward fell, the *Cicans* wonne  
Much hand of vs; ſixt proued foulidies fell  
(Of euery ſhip) the reſt they did compell  
To ſecke of *Flight* escape from *Death and Fate*.

Thence (fad in heart) we ſai'd: and yet our State  
Was ſomething chear'd; that (being ouer-macht to much  
In violence number) our retraite was ſuch,  
As fau'd ſo many. Our deare loſſe the leſte,  
That they furui'd, ſo like for like ſuccesse.  
Yet left we not the Coaſt, before we calld  
Home to our country earth, the foulcs exhal'd,  
Of all the friends, the *Cicans* overcame.  
Thrice calld we on them, by their ſeuerall name,  
And then tooke leaue. Then from the angry *Neris*,  
Cloud-gathering *hore*, a dreadfull ſtorme calld forth  
Againſt our Naue; couerd ſhore and all,  
With gloomy vapors. *Night* did headlong fall  
Fromrowning *Heauen*. And then hundreſe and there  
Was all our Naue; the rude winds did teare,

*After Night, in  
the ſeare of the  
Morning.*

*The ancient an-  
tient of calling  
home the dead.*

## THE NINTH BOOKE

In three, in foure parts, all their failles; and downe  
 Driuen vnder hatches were we, prefet to drowne.  
 Vp rusht we yet againe; and with tough hand  
 (Two daies, two nights entould) we gat nere land,  
 Labours and sorrowes, eating vp our minds.  
 The third cleare day yet, to more friendly winds  
 We maist aduanct, we white sailes spred, and late.  
 Forewinds, and guides, againe did iterate,  
 Our easse and home-hopes; which we cleare had reache,  
 Had not, by chance, a fadaine North-wind fetcht,  
 With an extreame sea, quite about againe,  
 Our whole endeoures; and our course constraine  
 To giddie round; and with our bowd sailes greete  
 Dreadfull *Maleia*; calling backe our flette,  
 As farre forth as *Cythere*. Nine dayes more,  
 Aduerter winds tost me, and the tenth, the thore,  
 Where dwell the blossome-fed *Lophagie*,  
 I fetcht: fresh water tooke in; instantly  
 Fell to our food a ship-boord; and then sent  
 Two of my choice men to the Continent,  
 (Adding a third, a Herald) to discouer,  
 What sort of people were the Rulers ouer  
 The *Lophagie*. The land next to vs. Where, the first they met,  
 Were the *Lophagie*, that made them eate  
 Their Country diet; and no ill intent,  
 Hid in their hearts to them: abd yet th'euent,  
 To ill conuerted it; for, hauing eate  
 Their daintie viands; they did quite forget  
 (As all men else, that did but taste their feast)  
 Both country-men and country; nor address  
 Any returne, to inforne what sort of men  
 Made fixt abode there; but would needs maintaine,  
 Abode themselves there; and eate that food euer.  
 I made out after; and was faine to feuer  
 Th'enchanted knot; by forcing their retreate;  
 That strid, and wept, and would not leave their meat  
 For heauen it selfe. But, dragging them to flete;  
 I wrapt in sure bands, both their hands and feete,  
 And cast them vnder hatches; and away  
 Commanded all the reft, without least stay;  
 Lest they should taste the *Lote* too; and forget  
 With such strange raptures, their despisde retreate.  
 All then aboord, we beat the sea with Ores;  
 And still with sad hearts laid by our-way thores;  
 Till th'out-lawd *Cyclops* land we fetcht; a race  
 Of proud-liu'd loiterers, that never sow,  
 Nor put a plant in earth, nor vse a plow;  
 But trust in God for all things; and their earth,

*The idle Cyclops.*

(Vn-

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

(Vnflowne, vnplowd) gives every of spring birth,  
 That other lands haue. Wheate, and Bailey, Vines  
 That beare in goodly Grapes, delicious wines;  
 And *hue* sends shoures for all: no counsels there,  
 Nor counsellers, nor lawes; but all men beare  
 Their heads aloft on mountaines, and those sleepe,  
 And on their tops too: and there, houses keepe  
 In vaultie Caues; their households gouernd all  
 By each mans law, impofide in feuerall;  
 Nor wife, nor child awd, but as he thinks good,  
 None for another caring. But there stod  
 Another little Ile, well stoid with wood,  
 Betwixt this and the entry, neither ne  
 The *Cyclops* Ile, nor yet fare off doth lie.  
 Mens want it sufferd, but the mens supplies,  
 The Goates made with their inarticulate cries.  
 Goates beyond number, this small Iland breeds,  
 So tame, that no accesse disturbs their feeds.  
 No hunters (that the tops of mountaines scale,  
 And rub through woods with toile) fecke them at all.  
 Nor is the soile with flocks fed downe, nor plowd;  
 Nor euer in it any feed was fowd.  
 Nor place the neighbour *Cyclops* their delights,  
 In braue Vermilion prow-deck shipes, nor wrights  
 Vsefull and skilfull, in such works, as need  
 Perfection to thosse trafficks, that exceed  
 Their natural confines: to slie out and see  
 Cities of men, and take in, mutually  
 The prease of others; To them selues they live,  
 And to their Iland, that enough would give  
 A good inhabitant, and time of yeare  
 Observe to all things Art could order there.  
 There, clost vpon the sea, sweet medowes spring,  
 That yet of fresh stremes want no watering  
 To their soft burthenes: but of speciall yeeld,  
 Your vines would be there; and your common field,  
 Burgenle worke make for your plow; yet beare  
 A lofie haruest when you came to sheare.  
 For passing fat the soile is. In it lies  
 A harbor so opportune, that no ties,  
 Halscs, or gables need; nor anchors cast.  
 Whom stormes \*put in there, are with stay embrac't,  
 Or to their full wils safe; or winds aspire  
 To Pilots vies their more quicke define.  
 At entry of the hauen, a siluer foord  
 Is from a rock-impressing fountaine powrd,  
 All set with fable Poplars; and this Port  
 Were we arriu'd at, by the sweet resor

*The description  
 of all the coun-  
 tries, and admi-  
 nistrative  
 offices, before  
 their arriva-  
 lity and placings  
 relation.*

Of some God guiding vs: for twas a night  
 So gaſtly darke, all Port was past our sight,  
 Clouds hid our ſhips, and would not let the Moone  
 Afford a beame to vs; the whole Ile wonne,  
 By not an eye of ours. None thought the Blore  
 That then was vp, thou d' waues againſt the ſhore,  
 That then to an vntmeauſd height put on.  
 We ſtill at ſea eſtemed vs, till alone  
 Our fleet put in it ſelfe. And then were strooke  
 Our gathered failes: our reſt aſhore we tooke,  
 And day expec'ted. When the Morne gave fire,  
 We rofe, and walke, and did the Ile admire.  
 The *Nymphs*, Ioue's daughters, putting vp a heard  
 Of mountain Goates to vs, to render cheard  
 My fellow foulders. To our Fleet we flew;  
 Our crooked bowes tooke, long-pil'd darts, and drew  
 Our ſelues in three parts out; when, by the grace  
 That God vouch-faſt, we made a gainfull chace.  
 Twelve ſhips we had, and every ſhip had nine  
 Fat Goates allotted; ten onely mine.  
 Thus all that day, euē till the Sunne was ſet,  
 We ſate and feasted; pleasant wine and meat,  
 Plenteously taking, for we had not ſpent  
 Our ruddie wine aſhip-boord: ſupplemente  
 Of large ſort, each man to his vefell drew,  
 When we the ſacred Citie ouerthrew,  
 That held the *Ciares*. Now then ſaw we neare,  
 The *Cyclops* late-praifd Iland; and might heare  
 The murmure of their ſheepe and goates; and ſee  
 Their ſmokes ascend. The Sunne then ſet, and we  
 (When Night ſucceeded) tooke our reſt aſhore.  
 And when the world the Mornings fauour wore,  
 I caſt my friends to counſell; charging them  
 To make ſtay there, while I tooke ſhip and ſtreame,  
 With ſome affociates, and explor'd what men  
 The neighbour Ile held: if of rude diſdaine,  
 Churliſh and tyraſſous, or minds bewraigid  
 Pious and hoſpitable. Thus much ſaid,  
 I boorded, and commanded to ascend  
 My friends and foulders, to put off, and lend  
 Way to our ſhip. They boorded, ſate, and beate  
 The old ſea forth, till we might ſee the feate,  
 The greatest *Cyclop* held for his abode;  
 Which was a deepe Cau'e, neare the common rode  
 Of ſhips that touche there, thicke with Lawrels ſpred,  
 Where many ſheepe and goates lay shadowed:  
 And neare to this, a Hall of torne-up ſtone,  
 High buiſt with Pines, that heauen and earth attone;

And

And loſſie-fronted Oke: in which kept houle,  
 A man in shape, immaſe, and monſterous,  
 Fed all his flocks alone; nor would afford  
 Commerce with men; but had a wit abhoſed,  
 His mind, his body anſwering. Nor was he  
 Like any man, that food could proſably  
 Enhance ſo hugely; but (beheld alone)  
 Sbewd like a ſteepe his top, all ouergrownne  
 With trees and brambles; little thought had I  
 Of ſuch vast obiects. When, aniu'd ſo nice,  
 Some of my lou'd friends, I made ſtay aboard,  
 To guard my ſhip, and twelve with me I ſhot'd,  
 The choice of all. I tooke beſides along,  
 A Goat-skin flagon of wine, blacke and ſtrong,  
 That *Maro* did preſent, *Euanchew* forme,  
 And Priet to *Phebus*, who had manion  
 In *Thraciaſ ſmarus* (the Towne I tooke)  
 He gaue it me, ſince I (with reuerence strooke,  
 Of his graue place, his wife, and childrens good)  
 Freed all of violence. Amidſt a wood  
 Sacred to *Phebus*, ſtood his house, from whence  
 He ferche me gifts of varied excellencie;  
 Seuen talents of fine gold; a boll all fram'd  
 Of maffeſiluer. But his gift, moft fam'd,  
 Was twelve great vefells, fill'd with ſuch rich wine,  
 As was incorruptionable, and diuine.  
 He kept it as his iewell, which none knew  
 But he himſelfe, his wife, and he that drew.  
 It was ſo strong, that neuer any fill'd  
 A cup, where that was but by drops infill'd,  
 And drunke it off; but twas before allaid  
 With twentie parts in water; yet ſo ſwaid  
 The ſpirit of that hide, that the whole,  
 A ſacred odour breath'd about the boll.  
 Had you the odour ſmelt, and ſent it caſt,  
 It would haue vext you to forbear the taste.  
 But then (the taste gaide too) the ſpirit it wrought,  
 To dare things high, ſet vp an end my thought.  
 Of this, a huge great flagon full I bore,  
 And in a good large knapfacke, vicles ſtore;  
 And longd to ſee this heape of fortitude,  
 That ſo illiterate was, and upland rude.  
 That lawes diuine nor humane he had leard,  
 With ſpeed we reacht the Caueerne, nor diſcerned  
 His preſence there. His flockes he fed at field.  
 Entring his den; each thing beheld, did yecld  
 Our admiration: shelves with cheeſes heapt,  
 Sheds ſtuſt with Lambs and Goates, diſtinctly kept;

Vixen Maro-  
neum memo-  
rable.

Diffinct

## THE NINTH BOOKE

Difinck the biggest; the more meane difinck;  
Difinck the yongest, And in their precinct  
(Proper and placefull) stood the troughs and pales,  
In which he milkt; and what was giuen at meales,  
Set vp a creaming: in the Euening still,  
All scouring bright, as dewe vpon the hill.  
Then were my fellowes instant to conauy  
Kids, cheeves, lambs, a ship-boord, and away  
Saille the fat billow. I thought best, not so,  
But better otherwile, and first would know,  
What guest-gifts he would spare me. Little knew  
My friends, or whom they would haue preyd: his view  
Prou'd after, that his inwards were too rough  
For such bold vifage: we were bold enough,  
In what I suffered; which was there to stay,  
Make fire and feed there, though beare none away.  
There late we siall we saw him feeding come,  
And on his necke a burthen linging home,  
Most highly hoge of Sere-wood; which the pile  
That fed his fire, supplide all supper while.  
Downe by his den he threw it, and vp rose  
A tumult with the fall. Afraid, we clost  
Withdrew our felues, while he into a Caue  
Of huge receit, his high-fed catell draue,  
All that he milkt; the males he left without  
His loslie roofer, that all besfrowd about  
With Rams and buck-goates were. And then a rocke  
He lift aloft, that dauld vp to his flocke,  
The doore they enterd: twas so hard to wield,  
That two and twentie Waggons, all fourc-wheel'd,  
(Could they be loaded, and haue teames that were  
Proportion'd to them) could not stirre it there.  
Thus, making sure, he kneeld and milkt his Ewes,  
And braying Goates, with all a milkers dues,  
Then let in all their yong: then, quicke did dresse,  
His halfe milke vp for cheese, and in a prese  
Of wicker prest it, put in bolls the reft,  
To drinke, and eate, and serue his supping feast.  
All works dipatcht thus, he began his fire;  
Which blowne, he saw vs; and did thus enquire:  
Ho! Gueſſt! what are ye? whence faile ye these seas?  
Traffike, or roue ye? and like theeues opprefſe  
Poor ſtrange aduenturers; expoſing ſo  
Your foulſe to danger, and your liues to wo?  
This vterd he, when Feare from our hearts tooke  
The very life, to be lo thunder-strooke  
With ſuch a voice, and ſuch a monſter ſee.  
But thus I anſwerd: Ening Grētians we,

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

From Troy were turning homewards, but by force  
Of aduerſe winds, in far-diuerced course,  
Such vndeknown waies tooke, and on rude ſeaſ soft,  
(As Iwe decreed) are caſt vpon this Coaſt.  
Of Agamemnon (famous Atreas fonne)  
We boate our felues the ſouldiers, who hath wonne  
Renowne that reacheth heaven, to ouerthrow  
So great a Cittie, and to ruine ſo,  
So many nations. Yet at thy knees lie  
Our proſtrate boſonnes, ſorc't with paires to trie,  
If any hoſpitable night, or Boone  
Of other nature, (ſuch as haue bin wonne  
By lawes of other houſes) thou wilt giue.  
Reuerence the Gods, thou great of all that line.  
We ſuppliants are, and hoſpitable Atreas  
Pouers wreake on all, whom paires want pouere to moue:  
And with their plagues, together will prouide,  
That humble Gueſſts ſhall haue their wants ſupplide.  
He cruelly anſwerd: O thou foole (ſaid he)  
To come ſo farre, and to impouure me  
With any Gods feare, or obſcured loue;  
We Cyclops care not for your Goat-fed ſee,  
Nor other Bleſſed ones; we are better fare.  
To Iwe himſelfe, dare I bid open warre,  
To thee, and all thy fellowes, if I pleafe.  
But tell me: where's the ſhip, that by the ſeaſ  
Hath brought thee hither? If faire off, or neare,  
Inform me quickly. Theſe his templings were.  
But I, too much knew, not to know his mind,  
And craft, with craft paide; telling him the wind  
(Thriff vp from ſea, by him that shakes the Shore)  
Had daſht our ſhips againſt his rocks, and tore  
Her ribs in peeces, cloſt vpon his Coaſt;  
And we from high wracke ſau'd, the refl were loſt.  
He anſwerd nothing, but ruſt in, and tooke  
Two of my fellowes vp from earth, and strooke  
Their braines againſt it. Like two whelps they flew  
About his ſhoulders, and did all embrew  
The blushing earth. No mountaine Lioo tore  
Two Lambs ſo ſternly, lapt vp all their gore,  
Gulf'd from their tone-vp bodies, lim by lim,  
(Trembling with life yet) raſhly into him.  
Both flesh and marrow-fluffed bones he eate,  
And euēn th' uncleaned entrails made his meat.  
We weeping, cast our hands to heauen, to view  
A fight so horrid. Desperation flew  
With all our after liues, to instant death,  
In our beleu'd deſtruacion. But when breath,

*This þis relation  
of Agamemnon,  
and his glory &  
their for Troyes  
ſacke, with the  
prieſtis of ſuppli-  
ants, who  
haue ſet to  
him that warſe  
barbarous and  
impious, muſt be  
intended ſpoken  
by Poffers, with  
ſuppoſition that  
his heares wold  
me, ſill, be  
þroke, how vaine  
they wold ſlowe  
to the Cyclops,  
Who reſpectid li-  
tle Agamemnon,  
or their valiant  
enemies, except  
Troyer the Gods  
themselves. For  
extreme ſteſte ſe-  
rious obſeruation  
of the words  
(though good ex-  
planations, if þaken  
in another) wene  
that intention  
ſharpſome and  
difſtinct.*

The fury of his appetite had got,  
Because the gulfe his belly, reacht his throte;  
Mans flesh, and Goates milke, laying laire on laire,  
Till neare chokt vp, was all the pafe for aire.  
Along his den, amongst his cattell, downe  
He rulft, and strake him. When my mind was growne  
Desperate, to step in; draw my fword, and part  
His bofome, where the strings about the heart  
Circle the Liver, and add strength of hand.  
But that rash thought, More staid, did countermane;  
For there we all had perisht, since it past  
Our powres to lift afide a log so vast,  
As baward all outcape; and so sigh'd away  
The thought all Night, expecting active Day.  
Which come, he first of all, his fire enflames,  
Then milke his Goates and Ewes; then to their dams  
Lets in their yong, and wondrous orderly,  
With manly haft, dispatcht his houswifery.  
Then to his Breakfast, to which other two  
Of my poore friends went: which eat, out then go  
His heards and fat flockes, lightly putting by  
The churlifh barre, and cloide it instantly;  
For both thos works, with eas, as much he did,  
As you would ope and shut your Quiter lid.

With stormes of whistlings then, his flockes he draue  
Vp to the mountaines; and occasion gaue  
For me to vfe my wits, which to their height,  
I stru'd to skrew vp; that a vengeance might  
By some meanes fall from thence; and *Pallas* now  
Afford a full care to my neediest vow.  
This then, my thoughts preferd: a huge club lay  
Close by his milk-houfe, which was now in way  
To drie, and season; being an Olie tree  
Which late he felde; and being greene, must be  
Made lighter for his manage. I was so vast,  
That we resembl'd it to some fit Mast,  
To serue a ship of burthen, that was driuen  
With twentie Ores; and had a bignesse giuen,  
To bear a huge fea. Full so thicke, so tall  
We iudg'd this club, which I, in part, hewd small,  
And cut a fathome off. The pece I gau  
Amongst my souldiers, to take downe, and shau,  
Which done, I sharpen'd it at top, and then  
(Hardn'd in fire) I hid it in the den,  
Within a nastie dunghill reeking there,  
Thicke, and so moist, it issude every where.  
Then made I lots caft, by my friends to trie,  
Whose fortune seru'd to dare the bor'd out eie

Of that man-eater: and the lot did fall  
On foure I wilft to make my aid, of all;  
And I, the fift made, chosen like the rest.  
Then came the Euens, and he came from the feast  
Of his fat cattell, draue in all, nor kept  
One male abroad: if, or his memory slept  
By Gods dire&t will, or of purpose was  
His drivning in of all then, doth surpaſe  
My comprehension. But he cloſte againe  
The mighty barre; milke, and did still maintaine  
All other obſeruation, as before.  
His worke, all done; two of my ſouldiers more,  
At once he ſnatcht vp, and to ſupper went.  
Then dar'd I words to him, and did preſent  
A boll of wine, with theſe words: *Cylop!* take  
A boll of wine from my hand, that may make  
Way for the mans fleth thou haſt eat, and ſhow  
What drinke our ſhip held, which in ſacred vow,  
I offer to thee, to take ruth on me  
In my diſmiffion home. Thy rages be  
No moreufferable. How ſhall men  
(Mad and inhumane that thou art) againe  
Greet thy abode, and get thy actions grace,  
If thus thou rageſt, and eatſt vp their race.  
He tooke, and drunke; and vehemently ioyd  
To taſte the ſweet cup; and againe employd  
My flagons powre, entreating more, and faid:  
Good Gueſt, againe affoord my taſte thy aid;  
And let me know thy name; and quickly  
That in thy recompence I may beſlow  
A hoſpitable gift on thy deſert;  
And ſuch a one as haſt reioyce thy heart;  
For to the *Cylops* too, the gentle Earth  
Beares generous wine; and *Aue* augments her birth,  
In ſtore of ſuch, with flowres. But this rich wine,  
Fell from the riuere that is meree diuine,  
Of *Nectar* and *Ambroſia*. This againe  
I gaue him; and againe, nor could the foole abstaine,  
But drunke as often. When the noble Ioyce  
Had wrought vpon his ſpirit, I then gaue vfe  
To fairer language, ſaying: *Cylop!* now  
As thou demandſt, Ile tell thee my name; do thou  
Make good thy hoſpitable gift to me;  
My name is *No-Man*; *No-Man*, each degree  
Of friends, as well as parents, call my name.  
He anſwerd, as his cruell ſoule became:  
*No-Man!* Ile cate thee laſt of all thy friends;  
And this is that, in which ſo much amends

Simile.

I vowed to thy deferuings; thus shall be  
 My hospitable gift, made good to thee.  
 This said, he vpwards fell; but then bent round  
 His fleshe necke; and *Sleep* (with all crownes, crownd)  
 Subdude the Sauage. From his throte brake out  
 My wine, with man's flesh gobbers, like a spour;  
 When loded with his cups, he lay and snord.  
 And then tooke I the clubs end vp, and gor'd  
 The burning cole-heape, that the point might heate.  
 Confirmd my fellowes minds, lest *Fear* should let  
 Their vowd assay, and make them flee my aid.  
 Strait was the Olyme Lener, I had laid  
 Amidst the huge fire, to get hardning, hot;  
 And glowlid extremely, though twas greene; (which got  
 From forth the cinders) close about me stood  
 My hardie friends: but that which did the good,  
 Was Gode good inspiration, that gaue  
 A spirit beyond the spirit they vsde to haue:  
 Who tooke the Olyme sparre, made keene before,  
 And plung'd it in his eye: and vp I bore,  
 Bent to the top close; and helpt poure it in,  
 With all my forces: And as you haue seene  
 A ship-wright bore a nauall beame; he oft  
 Thrusts at the *Augurs* Froofe; works still aloft;  
 And at the shanke, helpe others, with a cord  
 Wound round about, to make it sooner bor'd;  
 All pluying the round still: So into his eye,  
 The firc flake, we laboured to imploy.  
 Out gulf't the blood that scalded his eye-ball  
 Thrust out a flaming vapour, that icorcht all  
 His browes and eye-lids; his eye-strings did cracke,  
 As in the sharpe and burning rafter brake.  
 And as a Smith to harden any toole,  
 (Broad Axe, or Mattocke) in his Trough doth coole  
 The red-hote substance, that so feruent is,  
 It makes the cold wawe strait to seethe and hisse:  
 So sod, and hizd his eye about the stake.  
 He roar'd withall; and all his Cauerne brake  
 In claps like thunder. We, did frigighted lie,  
 Disperst in corners. He from forth his cie,  
 The fixed stake pluckt: after which, the blood  
 Flowed fiefly forth; and, mad, he hurl'd the wood  
 About his houill. Out he then did crie  
 For other *Cylopes*, that in Cauernes by,  
 Vpon a windie Promontorie dwelld;  
 Who hearing how impetuously he yeld,  
 Rush't every way about him; and enquir'd,  
 What ill afflicted him, that he expir'd

Such

Such horrid clamors, and in sacred Night,  
 To break their sleepes for! Ask him, if his frigh  
 Came from some mortall, that his flocks had druen?  
 Or if by craft, or might, his death were giuen?  
 He answerd from his den, By craft, nor might,  
 No man hath giuen me death. They then laid right,  
 If no man hurt thee, and thy selfe alone;  
 That which is done to thee, by *sone* is done.  
 And what great *sone* inflicts, no man can flie;  
 Pray to thy Father yet, \*a Deities;  
 And proue, from him, if thou canst helpe acquire.

*Nepheus.*

Thus speake they, leauing him. When all on fire,  
 My heart with ioy was; that so well my wit,  
 And name deceiu'd him, whom now paine did splic;  
 And groping vp and downe, he groping triide,  
 To find the stone, which found, he put aside;  
 But in the doore late, feeling if he could  
 (As his sheepe issude) on some man lay hold;  
 Esteeming me a foole, that could devise  
 No stratageme to scape his grosse surprise.  
 But I, contending what I could invent,  
 My friends and me, from death so imminent,  
 To get deliuerd: all my wiles I woe,  
 (Life being the subiect) and did this approue;  
 Far fleecie Rams, most faire, and great, lay there,  
 That did a burthen like a Violet beare.  
 These (while this learn'd in villanie did sleepe)  
 I yoky'd with Oifers cut there, sheepe to sheepe;  
 Three in a tanke; and still the mid sheepe bore  
 A man about his belly: the two more,  
 Marcht on his each side for defence. I then,  
 Chufing my selfe the fairest of the den,  
 His fleecie belly vnder-crept; embrac't  
 His backe, and in his rich wooll wrapt me fast  
 With both my hands, arm'd with as fast a mind.  
 And thus each man hung, till the Morning shin'd;  
 Which come, he knew the houre, and let abroad  
 His male-flocks first: the females, vnmilke stood  
 Bleating and braying; their full bags so fore,  
 With being vncapied; but their shepheard more,  
 With being vnfighred; which was cause, his mind  
 Went not a milking. He (to wreake enclin'd)  
 The backs felt as they past, of those male dams:  
 (Grosse foole) beleueng, we would ride his Rams.  
 Nor ever knew, that any of them bore  
 Vpon his belly, any man before.  
 The last Ram came to passe him, with his wooll,  
 And me together, loded to the full:

*Mall of a violet  
color.*

For there did I hang; and that Ram he staid;  
And me withall had in his hands; my head  
Troubl'd the while, not causelijly, nor lefft.  
This Ram he grop't, and talkt to: Lazie beast!  
Why last art thou now? thou haft never vnde  
To lag thus hindmolt; but still first haft brulde  
The tender blossome of a flowre; and held  
State in thy steps, both to the flood and field:  
First still at Fold, at Euen; now last remaine?  
Doeft thou not wiſh I had mine eye againe,  
Which that abhord man *Ny-Man* did put out,  
Assisted by his execrable rour,  
When he had wrought me downe with wine? but he  
Must not escape my wreake so cunningly.  
I would to heauen thou knewſt, and could but speake,  
To tell me where he lurkſt now; I would breake  
His braine about my Cauē, ſtreud here and there,  
To eafe my heart of thofe foule iſls, that were  
Th' iſſictions of a man, I priide at nougħt.

Thus let he him abroad, when I (once brought  
A little from his hold) my ſelfe first loſde,  
And next, my friends. Then draue we, and diſpoſde,  
His ſtraiſt-leggd fat fleece-beareers ouer land,  
Euen till they all were in my ſhips command;  
And to our lou'd friends, ſhewd our praid-for fight,  
Eſcap't from death. But for our loſſe, outright  
They brake in teares; which with a looke I ſtaid,  
And bad them take our Boote in. They obaid;  
And vp we all went, fate, and vſde our Ores,  
But hauing leſt as farre the ſauage shores,  
As one might heare a voice; we then might ſee  
The Cyclop at the hauen; when initianly  
I ſtaid our Ores, and this iſultance wide:  
*Vlyſſes insulſes over the Cyclop.*  
Cyclop! thou ſhouldſt not haue ſo much abuſde  
Thy monſtrous forces, to oppoſe their leaſt,  
Againſt a man immortall, and a gueſt;  
And eate his fellowes: thou mightſt know there were  
Some iſls behind (rude ſwaine) for thee to beare;  
That feard not to deuoure thy gueſts, and breake  
All lawes of humānes: loue ſends therefore wreake,  
And all the Gods, by me. This blew the more  
His burning furie, when the top he tore  
From off a huge Rocke; and ſo right a throw  
Made at our ſhip, that juſt before the Prow,  
It ouerflew and fell: miſt Mast and all  
Exceeding liſle; but about the fall,  
So fierce a waue it raiſd, that backe it bore  
Our ſhip ſo farre, it almoſt toucht the ſhore.

A bcad-hooke then (a far-extended one)  
I ſnatcht vp, thrifit hard, and ſo fet vs gone  
Some like way, and ſtraiſt commanded all  
To helpe me with their Ores, on paine to fall  
Againſt our confuſion. But a ſigne,  
I with my head made; and their Ores were mine,  
In all performance. When we off were fet,  
(Then firſt, twice further) my heat was ſo great,  
It would againſt proouoke him: but my men  
On all ſides ruſht about me, to containe;  
And ſaid: Vnhaſpiel why will you proouoke  
A man ſo rude; that with ſo dead a ſtroke,  
Givn with his Rock-dart, made the ſea thrift backe  
Our ſhip ſo farre, and neare hand ſorc't our wracke?  
Should he againe, but heare your voice reſound,  
And any word reaſh thereby would be found  
His Darts direction; which would, in his fall,  
Crash pece-meale vs, quite ſplit our ſhip and all;  
So much dart weilds the monſter. Thus vng'd they  
Imposſible things, in feare, but I gaue way  
To that wrath, which fo long I held depreſt,  
(By great *Ny-reeſtis* conqueſt) in my breſt.

Cyclop! if any aſke thee, who impoſde  
Th' unſightly blemiſh that thine eye encloſde,  
Say that *Vlyſſes* (old Laertes ſonne,  
Whofe ſteate is *Ithaca*; and who hath wonne  
Surname of Critie-racer) bor'd it out.

At this, he braide ſo loud, that round about  
He draue affrighted Echoes through the Aire;  
And ſaid: O beast! I was premoniſt faire,  
By aged Prophetic, in one that was  
A great, and good man; this ſhould come to paſſe,  
And how ti prou'd now? *Augur Telemus*,  
Sumam'd *Eurymedes* (that ſpout with vs  
His age in *Augurice*, and did exceed  
In all prefage of *Truth*) ſaid all this deed,  
Should this euent take; author'd by the hand  
Of one *Vlyſſes*, who I thought was mad  
With great and goodly perfonage, and bore  
A vertue anſwerable: and this ſhore  
Should ſhake with weight of ſuch a conqueror,  
When now a weakling came, a dwarfie thing,  
A thing of nothing; who yet wit did bring,  
That brought ſupply to all, and with his wine,  
Put ou the flame, where all my light did thine.  
Come, land againe, *Vlyſſes*! that my hand,  
May Gueſt-rites giue thee; and the great command,  
That *Neptune* hath at ſea, I may conuerct

*Vlyſſes continued*  
*to relate, no more*  
*to report what*  
*he ſaid to the Cy-*  
*clop, then to let*  
*his hearers know*  
*Explications, and*  
*affirmations in the*  
*world.*

To the deduction, where abides thy heart,  
With my sollicitings; whose Sonne I am;  
And whose fame boasts to beare my Fathers name.  
Nor thinke my hurt offendes me; for my Sire  
Can soone repose in it the visuall fire,  
At his free pleasure; which no powre beside  
Can boast of men, or of the Deuide.

I answerd: Would to God I could compell  
Both life and soule from thee; and send to hell  
Those spoiles of nature. Hardly *Nepturne* then  
Could cure thy hurt, and give thee all again.

*Polyphemos im-  
pression a-  
gainst Ulysses.*

Then flew fierce vowes to *Nepturne*; both his hands  
To starre-borne heauen cast: O thou that all lands  
Girdst in thy ambient Circle; and in aire  
Shak' st the curld Tresses of thy Saphire haire,  
If I be thine, or thou maist iustly vant,  
Thou art my Father: heare me now, and grant  
That this *Ulysses* (old *Lacertes* forme,  
That dwels in *Ithaca*; and name hath wonne  
Of Citie-ruiner) may never reach  
His naturall region. Or if to fetch,  
That, and the sight of his faire roodes and friends,  
Be fatal to him; let him that Amends  
For all his miseries, long time and ill,  
Smart for, and failte of: nor that Fate fulfill,  
Till all his shoulders quite are cast away  
In others shippes. And when, at last, the day  
Of his sole-landing, shall his dwelling shew,  
Let *Detriment* prepare him wrongs now.

Thus praid he *Nepturne*; who, his Sire appeard;  
And all his paire, to every syllable heard.  
But then a Rocke, in size more amplified  
Then first, he rauisht to him; and implied  
A distmall strength in it; when (wheel'd about)  
He sent it after vs; nor flew it out  
From any blind aim; for a little passe  
Beyond our Fore-decke, from the fall there was;  
With which the sea, our ship gaue backe vpon,  
And thrunke vp into billowes from the stome;  
Our ship againe repellung, neare & neare  
The shore as first. But then our Rowers were  
(Being warnd, more arm'd) and stronger stend the flood  
That bore backe on vs, till our ship made good  
The other Illand, where our whole Fleet lay;  
In which our friends lay mourning for our stay;  
And every minute lookt when we shoud land.  
Where (now arriu'd) we drew vp to the sand;  
The *Cyclops* sheepe diuiding, that none there

(OF

(Of all our privates) might be wrang, and bearre  
Too much on power. The Ram yet was alone,  
By all my friends, made all my portion,  
Above all others; and I made him then,  
A sacrifice for me, and all my men,  
To cloud-compeling *Aue*, that all commands.  
To whom I bured the Thighs: but my fad hands,  
Receiu'd no grace from him; who studid how  
To offer, men and fleete to *Omerethrow*.

All day, till Sun-set yet, we late and eat,  
And liberal store tooke in, of wine and meat.  
The Sunne then downe, and place resign'd to shade,  
We lefft; Morne came, my men I raid, and made:  
All go aboard, weigh Anker, and away.  
They boorded, late and beatte the aged seas,  
And forth we made saile; sad for losse before,  
And yet had comfort, since we lost no more.

*No occasion les  
safte to *Ulysses*  
fiercie in our Po-  
ets singular wit  
and wisedome.*

*Finis libri noni Hom. Odys.*

THE



# THE TENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

## THE ARGUMENT.

V  
Ylles now relates to vs,  
The grace he had wth Aeolus,  
Great Guardian of the hollow winds:  
Whch in a leather bag he binds,  
And gives Vlysses; all but one,  
Whch Zephyrus was; who sild alone  
Vlysses sailes. The Bay once sene  
(While he slept) by Vlysses men;  
They thinking it did gold mloste,  
To find it, all the winds did lose.  
Who backe flew to their guard againe,  
Forth said he, and did next attane  
To where the Lastrigoniens dwell.  
Where he elemen lofts left; and fell  
On the Aeuan coast; whose shore  
He sends Eurylochus to explore,  
Dividing with his halfe his men:  
Who go, and turne no more againes;  
(All save Eurylochus, to swme  
By Circe stord.) Their byses enclime  
Vlysses to their search; who got  
Of Mercurie an Antidote,  
(Whch Moly was) gaing Circes charmes,  
And so awids his soldiors harmes.  
A yere with Circe all remaine,  
And then her nature former regaine.  
On vster shores, a time they dwell,  
While Ithacus descends to hell.

Another.

Kazza. Great Aeolus  
And Circe, friends,  
Finds Ithacus;  
And Hell descends.

O the Aeolian land we attained,  
That swumme about still on the sea; where raign'd  
The God-loud Aeolus Hippocedes.  
A wall of Steele it had; and in the seas,  
A wave-beat-smooth-rocke, mou'd about the wall.  
Twelve children, in his house imperiall,  
Wer borne to him: of which, sixe daughters were,  
And sixe were sonnes, that youths sweet flowre did bear.

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

His daughters, to his sonnes he gave, as wifes:  
Who spent in feauful comfort, their limes  
Closse seated by their Sire, and his gentle Spouse.  
Palf number were the dithes, that the house  
Made eneuour, and still full of ill. As long  
As long a day thin'd, in the night-time, all  
Slept with their chaste wifes. Each his faire car'd bed  
Most richly furnisht; and this life they led.

We reache the Cittie, and faire tootes of Troye,  
Where, a whole moneth time, all things that might please  
The King vouchaf'd vs. Of great Troye empayre,  
The Grecian fleete, and how the Grecians retayre  
To all which, I gave answere, as behou'd.

The fit time come, when I diffision moe'd;  
He nothing would denie me, but addred:  
My passe with such a bountie, as might best  
Teach me contentement. For he did entold  
Within an Oxen hide, dead at nine years old,  
All th'airie blasts, that were of tempestuous kinds:  
*Saturnus* made him Steward of his winds;  
And gave him powre, to raise and to affwage,  
And these he gave me, curbd thus of their rage.  
Which in a glittering siluer band I bound  
And hung vp in my ship: enclos'd so round,  
That no egresyon, any breath could find.  
Only he left abroad the Westerne wind,  
To speede our shippes and vs, with blasts secure.  
But our securities, mad all vnture:

Not could he consummate our course alone,  
When all the rest had got egresyon.  
Which thus succeeded. Nine whole daies and nights  
We saild in safarie, and the tenth, the lights  
Bome on our Country earth, we might deserue:  
So neare we drew, and yet even then fell I

(Being quekwatcht) into a fatall sleepe:  
For I woulde suffer no man elte to keape  
The foote that rul'd my vesse's course, to leade  
The falter home. My friends then Enay fed,  
About the bag I hung vp; and supposid,  
That gold, and filer, I had there encloide,  
As gift from *Aeolus*. And said, O heaven!  
What grace, and grane price, is to all men gaue  
To our Commander? What foyar coast  
Or towne, he comes to, how much the engroft  
Of faire and preciuious prey, and brought from *Troye*?  
We the same voiage went, and yes enjoy  
In our returne, these emptie hands for all.  
This bag now, *Aeolus* was so liberal

*moderance*  
He calles the  
Sterne, the  
foote of the ship.

To make a Guesl-gift to him. Let vs trie  
Of what consists, the faire-bound Treasurie,  
And how much gold, and siluer it contains.  
*Ill consafe, present approbation gaines.*  
" They op't the bag, and out the vapours brake;  
When instant tempeft did our vefell take;  
That bore vs backe to *Sea*; to mourne anew  
Our absent Countrey. Vp amazd I flew,  
And desperate things difcourſe; if I ſhould caſt  
My ſelfe to ruine in the ſea; or taste  
Amongſt the living more mone, and ſustaine?  
Silent, I diſo; and lay hid againe  
Beneath the hatches: while an ill winde tooke  
My ſhips, backe to *Aelia*: my men strooke  
With woſt enough. We paump't and landed then;  
Tooke foode, for all thiſſ; and (of all my men,)  
I tooke a Herald to me, and away  
Went to the Court of *Aelias*; Where they  
Were feaſting (till he, wife and children fet  
Together cloſe. We would not (at their meate)  
Thruf't in; but humbly on the threſholt ſat.  
He then amazd, my preſence wonderd at;  
And calld to me: *Vyffes!* how, thus backe.  
Art thou arriu'd here? what foulē ſpirit brake  
Into thy boſome to retire thee thus?  
We thought we had deduſtion, curious  
Giuen thee before; to reaſh thy ſhore and home;  
Did it not like thee? I (euen ouercome  
With worthy ſorrow) anſwerd: My ill men  
Haue done me miſchiefe; and to them hath bene  
My ſleepe thi'nhappie moтиue. But do you  
(Deareſt of friends) daigne ſuccour to my vow:  
Your poures command it. Thus endeuord I  
With ſoft ſpeech to repaire my miſery.  
The reſt, with ruth, ſat dumbe: but thus ſpake he;  
Auant; and quickly quit my land of thee,  
Thou worſt of all that breathe; it fits not me  
To conuoy, and take in, whom heauens expoſe.  
Away, and with thee go, the worſt of woes,  
That ſeekſt my friendſhip, and the Godſthy foes.  
Thus he diſmifte me, fighing; forth we faile,  
At heart affliſted: and now wholy faile  
The minds my men ſuſtained: fo ſpent they were  
With toiling at their oares; and worse did bearre  
Their growing labours; that they cauld their groughr,  
By ſelfe-wiſd follies; nor now, euer thought  
To fee their Countrey more. Six nights and daies  
We faile; the ſeuenth, we ſaw faire *Lamos* raiſe

Her

Herloſtie Towres (The *Leſtrigonian* State)  
That beares her Ports, fo ſame diſtinctate.  
Where "Shepherd, Shepherd callſ out, he at home  
Is calld out by the other that doth come  
From charge abroad; and then goes he to ſleep,  
The other iſliing. He whoſe turne doth keepe  
The Night obſeruance, bath his double lire;  
Since Day and Night, in equal length expire,  
About that Region, and the Nights watch weigh'd  
At twice the Daies ward; ſince the charge that laid  
Vpon the Nights-man (besides breach of ſleepe)  
Exceeds the Daies-mans: for one, often keepe,  
The other ſheepe. But when the hauen we found,  
(Exceeding famouſ; and enuiron'd round  
With one continuat rocke: which, ſo much bent,  
That both ends almoſt met; ſo prominent  
They were; and made, the hauen mouth paſſing ſtraiſt)  
Our whole fleete, in we got, in whole recipit  
Our Ships lay anchor'd cloſe: nor needed we  
Fare harme on any\* ſtaies, *Tranquilline*  
So purely ſate there: that waues great, nor ſmall  
Did ever riſe to any height at all.  
And yet would I, no entrie make, but ſtaid  
Alone without the hauen; and thence furuid  
From out a loſtie watch-towrie razed there,  
The Country round about: nor any where  
The worke of man or beaſt, appeard to me;  
Only a ſmoke from earth breake, I might ſee.  
I then made choice of two; and added more,  
A Herald for associate, to explore  
What ſort of men liu'd there. They went, and ſaw  
A beaten way, through which, carts viſe to draw  
Wood from the high hilſ, to the Towne, and met  
A maid without the Port; about to get  
Some neare ſpring-water. She, the daughter was  
Of mightie *Leſtrigonian*, *Anispis*:  
And to the cleare ſpring, caſt *Aratia*, went;  
To which the whole Towne, for their water ſent.  
To her they came, and askt who gouernd there?  
And what the people, whom he ordred were?  
She anſwerd not, but led them through the Port,  
As making haſte, to ſhew her fathers Courte.  
Where, entred; they beheld (to their affright)  
A woman like a mountaine top, in height.  
Who riſht abroad; and from the Counteſie place  
Cald home her horrid husband *Anispis*.  
Who (deadly minded) ſtraight he ſtrach' vp one,  
And fell to ſupper. Both the reſt were gone;

This place ſufferſ different conſtruſion, in all the Commeſſari, (in which all erre from the mind of the Poet: as in a hundred other plaſes (which yet I wan't time to ap- prove) ſpecially about 125 or 130 ſtanzas, &c. Prope enim noctis & diei tunc vice; (or diu- niter which ijs ſignificer) which they will haue to be re- dered flood, that the daies in that region are long, and the nights ſhort; where Hom. intends, that the Equi- noxiall is there (for how eſte is the course of day and night neare or equal?) But therefore the nights-man bath his double lire, being as long about his charge as the other; and the night being more dangerous, &c. And if the day were ſo long, why ſhould the night, may be preferred in wages? \* For being caſt on the ſtaies, as ſhips are by weather.

*Anispis* was king there.

And to the flete came, *Antipha*, a crie  
 Draue through the Citie, (which heard,) instantly  
 This way, and that, innumerable sortis,  
 Not men, but Gyants, issiued through the Ports,  
 And mighty flints from rocks tore, which they threw  
 Amongst our ships; through which, an ill noise flew,  
 Of shiuerd ships, and life-expiring men,  
 That were, like fishes, by the monstres slaine,  
 And borne to sad feast. While they slaughtered these,  
 That were engag'd in all th'advantages,  
 The clofe-mouth d, and most dead-calmen could give,  
 I (that without lay) made some meanes to liue;  
 My sword drew, cut my gables, and to oares  
 Set all my men; and, from the plagues, those shores  
 Let sin amongst vs, we made haste to sic;  
 My men, clofe working, as men loth to die.  
 My ship flew freely off; but theirs that lay  
 On heapes in harbors, could enforce no way.  
 Through these sterne fates, that had engag'd them there.  
 Forth our sad remnant faild; yet still retain'd,  
 The ioyes of men, that our poore few remaind,  
 Then to the Ile *Aeas* we attaind;  
 Where faire-haired, dreadfull, eloquent *Circe* raignd,  
*Aeas* sister, both by Dame and Sire;  
 Both daughters to heauens man-enlightning fire,  
 And *Perse*, whom *Oceana* begat.  
 The ship-fit Port here, soone we landed at:  
 Some God directing vs. Two daies, two nights,  
 We lay here pining in the fatall spights  
 Of toile and sorrow. But the next third day  
 When faire *Aurora* had informd, quicke way  
 I made out of my ship; my sword and lance  
 Tooke for my lurer guide; and made aduance  
 Vp to a prospect, I affay to see  
 The works of men; or heare mortalitie  
 Expire a voice. When I had climb'd a height  
 Rough and right hardly accessible, I might  
 Behold from *Circes* house (that in a groue  
 Set thickc with trees, stood; a bright vapor moue.  
 I then grew \* curious in my thought to trie  
 Some fit enquierie; when so spritley slie  
 I saw the yeallow smoke. But my discourse,  
 A first returing to my ship gaue force  
 To giue my men their dinner, and to send,  
 (Before th'aduenture of my selfe) some friend.  
 Being neare my ship, of one so defolate  
 Some God had pittie, and would recreate  
 My woes a little, putting vp to me.

\* *μαρτυρεῖν*  
*Curiose cogito.*  
 \* *πάροιαν*  
*actus significans*  
*ratio: by rea-*  
*son of the fire*  
*mixt with it.*  
*Fumus qui fix-*  
*dum aliqd accenditur.*

A great and high-palmd Hart, that (Fatalie,  
 Lust in my way it selfe, to taste a flood)  
 Was then descending: the Sunne heate had forc  
 Importun'd him, beforis the temperature  
 His natural heate gane. Howsover, I  
 Made vp to him, and let my laelia sic,  
 That strooke him through the mid-part of his chine;  
 And made him (braying) in the clift confine  
 His flying forces. Forth his spirit flew,  
 When I stipt in, and from the deaths wound drew  
 My shrewdly-bitten lance; there let him lie  
 Till I, of cut-vp Ossers, did imply,  
 A With; a fathom long, with which, his fete  
 I made together, in a sure league meete,  
 Stoop vnder him, and to my necke, I heav'd  
 The mighty burthen, of which, I receau'd  
 A good part on my lance: for elles I could  
 By no meanes, with one hand alone, yphonid  
 (Ioynd with one shoulder) such a deatfulliode.  
 And so, to both my shoulders, both hands flood  
 Needfull assistens: for it was a Deare  
 Goodly-wel-grown: when (coming somwhat neare  
 Where rode my shippes) I cast it downe, and re'd  
 My friends with kind words; whom, by name I cheer'd,  
 In note particular, and said, See friends,  
 We will not yet to *Plato* house, our eads  
 Shall not be hafend, though we be declind  
 In caufe of comfort; till the day designd  
 By Fates fixt finger. Come, as long as food  
 Or wine laste in our ship, lets spirit our blood  
 And quit our care and hunger, both in one.  
 This said, they frolik, came, and lookt vpon  
 With admiration, the huge bodied beast;  
 And when their first-feru'd eyes, had done their feast,  
 They waft, and made a to-be-skin'd for meale,  
 In \* point of honour. On which all did dwell  
 The whole day long. And, to our venzons store,  
 We added wine till we could with no more.  
 Sunne set, and darknesse vp; we slept, till light  
 Put darkenesse downe: and then did I excite  
 My friends to \* counfaile, vttering this: Now, friends,  
 Affoord vnpaffionate care, though ill fate leads,  
 So good cause to your passion; no man knowes  
 The reaon whence, and how, the darkenesse growes;  
 The reaon, how the Mome is thus begunne:  
 The reaon, how the Man-enlightning Sunne  
 Dives vnder earth: the reaon how againe  
 He rises his golden head. Those counfailes then

regard to *Aeas*,  
 The whole end of  
 this counfaile  
 was to perfume  
 his friends to  
 explore those  
 parts: which he  
 knew would  
 prove a most va-  
 pleasing metius  
 to them; for their  
 follows terrible  
 entertainment  
 with drapery,  
 and Polyph, and  
 therefore he pre-  
 pares the little  
 to bath in, ey,  
 with this long  
 circumstance  
 implying a re-  
 ceptio of these  
 seruices, and ma-  
 ners; solution  
 with the triall  
 of the event, to  
 their other ad-  
 ventures;

That passe our comprehension, we must leue  
 To him that knowes their caues; and receave  
 Direction from him, in our acts, as farre  
 As he shall please to make them regular;  
 And stoope them to our reason. In our state,  
 What then behoues vs? Can we estimate  
 With all our counsailes, where we are, or know  
 (Without instruction, past our owne skils) how  
 (Put off from hence) to stere our course the more?  
 I think we can not. We must then explore  
 These parts for information; in which way  
 We thus farre are: last Morne I might diplay  
 (From off a high-raifd cliffe) an Iland lie  
 Girt with th'vnmeasur'd Sea; and is so ne  
 That in the midſt I ſaw the fnoke arife  
 Through tufts of trees. This reſts then to aduife,  
 Who ſhall explore this. This ſtrooke dead their hearts,  
 Rememb'reng the moſt execrable parts  
 That Lefrigonian Antiphæ had plaid:  
 And that foul Cyclop, that their fellowes braid  
 Betwixt his iawes, which mou'd them ſo; they cried.  
 But idle teares, had never wants ſupplied.  
 I, in two parts diuided all, and gaue  
 To either part his Captaine: I muſt haue  
 The charge of one; and one of God-like looke,  
 Eurylochus, the other. Lots we ſhooke,  
 (Put in a canke together,) which of vs  
 Should leadeth the attempt; and twas Eurylochus.  
 He freely went, with two and twenty more:  
 All which, tooke leau'e with teares; and our eyes wore  
 The ſame wet badge, of weake humanity.  
 Theſe, in a dale, did Circes house defrieſe;  
 Of bright ſtone built, in a conſpicuous way:  
 Before her gates, hill-wolues, and Lyons lay;  
 Which with her virtuous drugs, to tame ſhe made;  
 That Wolue, nor Lyon, would one man intade  
 With any violence, but all arofe;  
 Their huge long tales wag'd; and in fawnes would cloſe,  
 As louing dogs, when maſters bring them home  
 Relicks of eaſt; in all obſeruance, come  
 And ſooth their entries, with their fawnes and bounds;  
 All guests, ſtill bringing, ſome ſcraps for their hounds:  
 So, on theſe men, the Wolues, and Lyons ramp;  
 Their horrid paws ſet vp. Their ſpirits were damp't  
 To ſee ſuch monſtrous kindneſſe; ſtaid at gate,  
 And heard within, the Goddeſſe cleuate  
 A voice diuine, as at her web, the wrought  
 Subtle, and glorious, and paſt earthly thought;

Circles house.

Simile.

All the houſwifries of Deities are.  
 To hear a voice, ſo rauifhingly rare,  
 Polites (one exceeding deare to me),  
 A Prince of men, and of no meane degree.  
 In knowing vertue, in all Aſts, whole mind  
 Diſcrete cares all wayes, vnde to turne, and wind)  
 Was yet ſurprift with it; and faid; O friends,  
 Some one abides within here, that commands  
 The place to vs; and breathes a voice diuine;  
 As the ſome web wrought; or her ſpindles twine  
 She cheriſheth with her ſonge, the pavement rings  
 With imitation of the tunes ſhe ſingz;  
 Some woman, or ſome Goddeſſe tis; Affay  
 To fee with knocking. Thus ſaid he, and they  
 Both knockt, and calld; and ſtraight her ſhining gates  
 She opened, iffuing: bade them in, to care.  
 Led, and (vnwife) they follow'd; all, but one.  
 Which was Eurylochus, who stood alone  
 Without the gates, ſuspicioſe of a ſleight;  
 They entred, the made ſit; and her deceit  
 She cloakt with Thrones; and goodly chaires of State;  
 Set hearby honey, and the delicate  
 Wine brought from Smyrna, to them; meale and cheeſe;  
 But harmefull venoms, the comixt with theſe;  
 That made their Country vanish from their thought.  
 Which, eat, the toucht them, with a rod that wrought  
 Their transformation, farre paſt humane wunts;  
 Swines ſnows, swines bodies, tooke they, briftis, grunts;  
 But ſtill retain the foules they had before;  
 Which made them mourne their bodies change the more.  
 She ſhuſt them ſtraight in ſties; and gaue them meatre  
 Oke-maſt, and beech, and Cornell fruite, they eat,  
 Groueling like ſwine on earth, in fowlefſt ſort.  
 Eurylochus, ſtraight haſted the report  
 Of thiſ his fellowes moſt remorsefull fate.  
 Came to the ſhips; but ſo excruciate  
 Was with his woe; he could not ſpeakē a word:  
 His eys stood full of teares, which ſhew'd how ſtor'd,  
 His mind with moe remaind. We all admir'd,  
 Ask what had chanc't him, earneſtly defir'd  
 He would refolute vs. At the laſt, our eyes,  
 Enflam'd in him, his fellowes memories:  
 And out his griefe burſt thus; You willd, we went  
 Through thoſe thicke woods you ſaw; when, a diſtent  
 Shew'd vs a faire house, in a lightfome ground,  
 Where (at ſome worke) we heard a heauenly found  
 Breath'd from a Goddeſſe, or a womans breſt.  
 They knockt, ſhe op't her bright gates; each, her guest  
Seeing them, be  
thoughts of hiſ  
ſervantes.

Her faire inuitement made : nor would they stay,  
 (Fooles that they were) when she once led the way.  
 I enterd not, suspecting some deceit  
 When all together vanisht, nor the sight  
 Of any one, (though long I lookt) mine eye  
 Could any way discouer. Instantly,  
 (My fword, and bove reacht) I had shew the place,  
 When, downe he fell; did both my knees embrase,  
 And praid with teares thus; O thou kept of God,  
 Do not thy selfe loose, nor to that aboad  
 Leade others rashly; both thy selfe, and all  
 Thou ventur'ft thither, I know well, must fall  
 In one sure ruine : with these few then slie;  
 We yet may shunne the others deslinie.

*Mysteries man'd  
for his soldierns.  
Earlylocke.*

I answred him: *Eurylocke!* stay thou  
 And kepe the ship then; eatē and drinke: I now  
 Will vndertake th'aduenture; there is cause  
 In great *Necessities* vnalterd lawes.  
 This said, I left both ship and seas; and on  
 Along the sacred vallies all alone  
 Went in discouery: till at last I came  
 Where, of the maine-medicine-making Dame  
 I saw the great house: where, encounterd me,  
 The golden-rod-sustaining *Mercarie*;

*Mysteries encoun-  
ters Mercarie.*

Euen entring *Circes* doores, He met me in  
 A yong mans likenesse, of the first-flow'r'd chin,  
 Whole forme hath all the grace, of one so yong:  
 He first cald to me: then my hand, he wrung,  
 And said; Thou no-place-finding-for repose;  
 Whither, alone, by these hill-confines, goes  
 Thy ering foote? Th'are entring *Circes* houle,  
 Where, (by her medicines, blacke, and forcerous)  
 Thy soldierns all are shut, in well-arm'd sties,  
 And turnd to swine. Art thou arriu'd with prisē  
 Fit for their ranfomes? Thou com'st out no more  
 If once thou enterst. Like thy men before  
 Made to remaine here; But Ile guard thee sicke;  
 And faue thee in her spire: receive of me  
 This faire and good receipt; with which, once arm'd;  
 Enter her roofer, for th'art to all prooffe charm'd  
 Against the ill day: I will tell thee all  
 Her banfull counfaile. With a festiall  
 Sheeke first receive thee; but will spicke thy bread  
 With flowrie poysons: yet vnalterd  
 Shall thy firme forme be; for this remedy  
 Stands most approu'd, against all her Sorcery.  
 Which, thus particularly shunne: When she  
 Shall with her long rod strike thee, instantlē

Draw

Draw from thy thigh thy sword; and slie on her  
 As to her slaughter. She, (surprise with feare  
 And loue) at first, will bid thee to her bed;  
 Nor say the Goddess nay, that welcomed  
 Thou maist with all respect be; and procure  
 Thy fellowes freedomes. But before, make sure  
 Her fauours to thee; and the great oath take  
 With which the blessed Gods assurance make  
 Of all they promise: that no pricidice  
 (By stripping thee of forme, and faculties)  
 She may so much as once attempt on thee.  
 This said, he gaue his Antidote to me;  
 Whiche from the earth he pluckt; and told me all  
 The vertue of it: With what Deities call  
 The name it bears. And *Moly* they impose  
 For name to it. The roote is hard to loole  
 From hold of earth, by mortals: but Gods powre  
 Can all things do. Tis blacke, but beares a flowre  
 As white as milke. And thus flew *Mercarie*  
 Up to immence *Olympos*, gliding by  
 The fyluan Iland. I, made backe my way  
 To *Circes* house: my mind, of my affay  
 Much thought revolting. At her gates I staid  
 And cald: the heard, and her bright doores displaid;  
 Invited, led; I followed in: but tract  
 With some distractiōn. In a Throne she plac't  
 My welcome perfon. Of a curious frame  
 Twas, and so bright; I late as in a flame.  
 A foote-stoole added. In a golden boule  
 She then subordn'd a potion: in her foule,  
 Deformd things thinking: for amidst the wine  
 She mixt her man-transforming medicine:  
 Which when she saw I had deuour'd, she then,  
 No more obseru'd me with her footing vaines;  
 But strooke me with her rod, and, To her Sty,  
 Bad, our, away, and with thy fellowes lie.  
 I drew my fword, and charg'd her, as I ment  
 To take her life. When out the cri'd, and bent  
 Beneath my fword, her knees; embracing mine;  
 And (full of teares) said, Who? of what high line  
 Art thou the issye: whence? what shores sultaine  
 Thy native Cittie? I amaz'd remaine  
 That drinking thes my venomes, th'art not turnd.  
 Never drunkeany this cup; but he mournd  
 In other likenesse; if it once had past  
 The iuorie bounders of his tongue, and taste.  
 All but thy selfe, are brutishly declind:  
 Thy breath holds firme yet, and unchang'd thy mind:

*The herbe Moly  
mixt with F-  
yfes while  
Narration, hath  
in this an Al-  
legorical ex-  
pla-  
nation. Notwith-  
standing I say  
with our Spon-  
darus. Credo in  
hoc vallo mon-  
di ambitu exta-  
re res inomne-  
ramirande fa-  
cilitatis adeo,  
ut ne quidē ita  
quæ ad trans-  
formanda cor-  
pora pertinet,  
sunt ē mundo  
eximi possit, &c.*

Thou

Thou canst be therefore, none else but the man  
Of many virtues : *Ithacianus*,  
Deepe-soul'd *Plysses* : who, I oft was told,  
By that slic God, that bears the rod of gold,  
Was to arrive here, in retreat from *Troy*.  
Sheath then thy sword, and let my bed enjoy  
So much a man, that when the bed we prone,  
We may beleeue in one anothers loue.

I then : O *Circe*, why entreat'st thou me  
To mixe in any humane league with thee,  
When thou, my friends haft beafts turnd, and thy bed  
Tender't to me, that I might likewise leade  
A beafts life with thee, sofin'd, naked stript,  
That in my blood, thy banes, may more be steeped.  
I never will ascend thy bed, before  
I may affirme, that in heauens fight you swore  
The great oath of the Gods, that all attempt  
To do me ill, is from your thoughts exempt.

I laid, she swore : when, all the oath-rites faid,  
I then ascended her adorned bed,  
But thus prepard: four handmaids seru'd her there,  
That daughters to her siluer fountaines were,  
To her bright-sea-obseruing sacred floods;  
And to her vncut consecrated woods.  
One deckt the Throne-tops, with rich clothes of state,  
And did, with silkes, the foote-pace, consecrate.  
Another, siluer tables set before  
The pompos Throne; and golden dishes store  
Seru'd in seuerall feast. A third fild wine,  
The fourth brought water, and made fewell thine  
In ruddy fires, beneath a wombe of brasse.  
Whicheat, I batid, and odorous water was  
Disperpled lightly, on my head, and necke;  
That might my late, heart-hurting forrowes checke  
With the refreshing sweetnesse; and, for that,  
Men sometimes, may be something delicate.  
Bath'd, and adorn'd, she led me to a Throne  
Of massie siluer, and offashion  
Exceeding curios. A faire foote-stoole set;  
Water apposde, and euery sort of meat  
Set on the elaborately polisht boord.  
She wist my taste emploid; but not a word  
Would my eares taste, of taste : my mind had food  
That must digest; eye meate would do me good.  
*Circe* (obseruing, that I put no hand  
To any banquet, having counterman  
From weightier cares; the light cates could excuse)  
Bowing her neare me, these wing'd words did vise.

Why

Why fits *Plysses*, like one dumbe his mind,  
Lessening with languors? Not to food inclinde;  
Nor wine? Whence comes it? out of any feare  
Of mortall illusion? You must needs forswear  
That wrongfull doubt, since you haue heard me sworne.

O *Circe*! (I replied) what man is he,  
Awid with the rights of true humaine,  
That dares taste food or wine, before he sees  
His friends redeem'd from their deformities?  
If you be gentle, and indeed incline  
To let me taste the comfort of your wine,  
Dissolve the charmes, that their forct formes sychein  
And shew me here, my horrid friends, like men.

This said, she left her Throne, and took her rod,  
Went to her Stie, and let my men abroad.  
Like swine of nine years old. They opposite stood,  
Obseru'd their brutish forme, and lookt for food,  
When, with another medicin, (every one  
All ouer smeer'd) their bristles all were gone,  
Produc't by malice of the other bane,  
And every one, afresh, lookt sva man.  
Both yonger then they were, of stature more,  
And all their formes, much goodlier then before.  
All knew me; clinged about me, and a cry  
Of pleasing mourning, flew aboue so sic,  
The horrid roofe refounded, and the Queene  
Her selfe, was mou'd, to see our kinde so keene.  
Who bad me now, bring ship and men a shore,  
Our armes, and goods, in caues hid, and restore  
My selfe to her, with all my other men.  
I granted, went, and op't the weeping veine  
In all my men, whose violentioy to see  
My safe retурne, was passing kindly free  
Of friendly teares, and miserably wept.  
You haue not seene yong Heiffens (highly kept,  
Fild full of daifis at the field, and druen  
Home to their houels, all so spritely giuen  
That no roome can containe them, but about,  
Bace by the Dams, and let their spirits out  
In ceasselesse bleating) of more iocund plignt  
Then my kind friends, evn crying out with fighes  
Of my retурne so doubted. Circl'd me  
With all their welcomes, and as cheerfully  
Disposide their rapt minds, as if there they saw  
Their naturall Countrie, cliffe *Ithaca*,  
And evn the roofoes where they were bred and borne.  
And evn as much, with teares: O your retурne  
As much delights vs; as in you had come

Our

Our Countrie to vs, and our natural home.  
 But what vnhappy fate hath left our friends?  
 I gaue vnlookt for answr; That amends  
 Made for their mourning, bad them first of all,  
 Our ship ashore draw; then in *Carens* stall  
 Our foodie cattell, hide our mutuall prie,  
 And then (said I) attend me, that your cies,  
 In *Circes* sacred house, may see each friend,  
 Eating and drinking, banquets out of end.  
 They soone obeyd; all but *Eurylochus*;  
 Who needs would stay them alle; and counsell'd thus,  
 O wretches! whither will ye? why are you  
 Fond of your mischiefs? and such gladnesse show  
 For *Circes* house, that will transforme ye all  
 To Swine, or Wolves, or Lions? Neuer shall  
 Our heads get qui; if once within we be,  
 But stay compell'd by strong *Necessite*.  
 So wrought the *Cyclop*, when this caue, our friends  
 This bold one, led on, and brought all their ends:  
 By his one indiscretion, I, for this  
 Thought with my sword (that desperate head of his  
 Hewne from his necke) to gash vpon the ground  
 His mangl bodie, though my blood was bound  
 In neare alliance to him. But the rest  
 With humble suic containt me, and request,  
 That I would leave him, with my ship alone;  
 And to the sacred Pallace lead them on.  
 I led them; nor *Eurylochus* would stay,  
 From their attendance on me: Our late fray  
 Strooke to his heart so. But meane time, my men,  
 In *Circes* houfe, were all, in feuerall baine  
 Studioously sweetn'd, smugd with oile, and deckt  
 With , in, and outweeds: and a feast secret  
 Ser'd in before them: at which, close we found  
 They all were fet, cheer'd, and carousing round.  
 When (muttuall fight had, and all thought on) then  
 Feast was forgotten; and the mone againe  
 About the houfe flew, dritten with wings of ioy.  
 But then spake *Circe*; Now, no more annoy:  
 I know my selfe, what woes by sea, and shore,  
 And men vnjust, haue plagu'd enough before  
 Your iniur'd vertues: here then, feast as long,  
 And be as cheerfull, till ye grow as strong,  
 As when ye first forsooke your Countrie earth.  
 Ye now fare all, like exiles; nor a mirth  
 Elasht in amongst ye; but is quenchtagaine  
 With still-renewd teares: though the beaten vaine  
 Of your distresses, shoud (me thinke) be now

*memoranda in red*  
*re.*  
*Commemors*  
*banqueonnia*  
*Intending all*  
*their miseries,*  
*escares, and*  
*messing:*

Benumb with sufferance. We did well allow  
 Her kind perfwations; and the whole yere staid  
 In varied feast with her. When, now afraid.  
 The world was with the Spring, and orbis hoours  
 Had gone the round againe, through herbs and flowres,  
 The moneths abfolld in order; till the daies  
 Had runne their full race, in *Apollos* rales;  
 My friends remembred me of home, and said,  
 If euer Fate would signe my passe, dehaid  
 It shold be now no more. I heard them wylly,  
 Yet that day, spent in feast, till darknesse fell,  
 And slepte, his vertues, through our vapours shed.  
 When I ascended, sacred *Circes* bed,  
 Implor'd my passe, and her performed vow  
 Which now, my soule vrg'd, and my fouldiers now  
 Afflicted me with teares to get them gone.  
 All these I told her; and she answred these,  
 Much-skild *Vlysses Laerteside!*  
 Remaine no more, agayne your wils with me:  
 But take your free way: onely this must be  
 Perform'd before you stere your course for homes:  
 You must the way to *Platos* overcomes  
 And sterne *Persephone*, to forme your passe,  
 By th'aged *Teban* Soule *Tirefes*,  
 The dark-browd Prophet: whose soule yet can see  
 Clearly, and firmly: graue *Persephone*,  
 (Euen dead) gave him a mind; that he alone  
 Might sing *Trubis* folide wifedome, and not one  
 Proue more then shade, in his comparison.

This broke my heart; I funk into my bed,  
 Mourn'd, and would never more be comforted  
 With light, nor life. But haung now exprest  
 My paines enough to her, in my virest,  
 That so I might prepare her ruth, and get  
 All I held fast, for an affaire so great:  
 I said; O *Circe*, who shall stere my course  
 To *Platos* kingdome? Neuer ship had force  
 To make that voiage. The diuine in voice,  
 Said, Seeke no guide, raise you your Mast, and hoice  
 Your shipp white faires; and then, set you at peace;  
 The fresh North spirit, shall waife ye through the seas.  
 But, haung past the *Ocean*, you shall see;  
 A little thore, that to *Persephone*  
 Puts vp a confecrated wood, where growes,  
 Tall Firres, and Sallowes, that their fruits soone loofe:  
 Cast anchor in the gulphes; and ge alonge  
 To *Platos* darke houfe, where, to *Acheron*  
*Crym* ruunes, and *Pryriblegates*.

*Cocytus* borne of *Styx*, and where a Rocke  
Oft both the met floods, bears the toring shooke,  
The darke *Heret*, (great *Tiresias*)  
Now coming neare, (to gaine propitious passe)  
Dig (of a cubit every way) a pit;  
And powre (to all that are deceall) in it  
A solemne sacrifice. For which, first take  
Honey and wine, and their commixtion make:  
Then sweete wine, neat; and thirdly, water powre;  
And lastly, adde to these, the whitest flovre:  
Then vow to all the weake necks of the dead,  
Offerings a number: and when thou shalt tread  
The *Ithacian* shore, to sacrifice  
A Heifer never tam'd, and most of prife;  
A pyle of all thy most esteemeed goods  
Enflaming to the deare stremes of their bloods:  
And, in secret Rites, to *Tiresias* vow  
A Ram cole blacke, at all parts, that doth flow  
With fat, and fleeces; and all thy flockes doth leade:  
When the all-calling nation of the dead  
Thou thus haft praid to; offer on the place,  
A Ram and Ewe all blacke: being turn'd in face  
To dreadfull *Erebos*; thy selfe aside  
The floods shone walking. And then, gratified  
With flocks of Soules, of Men, and Dames deceall,  
Shall all thy piuous Rites be. Straight, addrest  
See then the offering that thy felowes slew;  
Flayd, and imposid in fire; and all thy Crew,  
Pray to the state of either Deitic,  
*Graue Pluto*, and seuerie *Persephone*.  
Then draw thy sword, stand firme; nor suffer one  
Ofall the faint shades, of the dead and gone,  
T'approch the blood, till thou haft heard their king,  
The wife *Tiresias*: who, thy offering  
Will instantly do honour: thy home wayes,  
And all the meafeure of them, by the feas  
Amply vnfoldeing. This the Goddesse told;  
And then, the morning in her Throne of gold,  
Suruaid the vast world; by whose orient light,  
The *Nymph* adorn'd me with attires as bright;  
Her owne hands putting on, both shirt and weede,  
Robes fine, and curioous; and vpon my head,  
An ornament that glitterd like a flame:  
Girt me in gold; and forth betimes I came  
Amongt my foulidiers; rouſd them all from sleepe;  
And bad them now; no more obfcuranee keepe  
Of ease, and feaste; but straight, a shipboard fall,  
For now the Goddesse had inform'd me all:

*A. U. T. H. M. A. N. S.*  
which is ex-  
pounded Inclyta  
examina mor-  
tuum. But  
where is the  
Epitome of Pla-  
to and by An-  
toine belongs to  
the dead, quod  
ad eum non ad-  
uocet.

Their

Their noble spirits agree'd; nor ver to cleare  
Could I bring all off; but *Eris* was there  
His heedleſſ life left: he was yongest man  
Ofall my company, and one that wanne  
Leaſt fam for armes; as little for his braue;  
Who (too much slept in wine, and so made faint,  
To get refreshing by the coole of sleepes;  
Apar his felowes, plang'd in vapors deepe;  
And they as high in tumult of their way)  
Sodenly wak't, and (quite out of the stay  
A sober mind had giuen him) would defend  
A huge long Ladder, forward; and an end  
Fell from the very rooſe, full pinching on  
The deareſt ioynt, his head was plac't vpon;  
Which (quite diſsolv'd) let loose his ſoule to hell.  
I, to the reſt; and *Circe* weane did tell  
Of our retурne (as croſſing cleane the hope  
I gave them firſt) and laid; You think the ſcōpe  
Of our endeoures now, is ſtraight for home,  
No: *Circe* otherwife deſign'd; whō doome  
Enioynd vs firſt, to greet the dreadfull house  
Of *Aufere Plato*, and his glorious ſpoule;  
To take the counſale of *Tiresias*  
(The reverend *Tebes*) to direc't our paſſe.

This brake their heare, and griefe made teare their haire.  
But griefe was never good, at great affaire.  
It would haue way yet. We went wofullon  
To ſhip and ſhore, where, was arm'd as foone  
*Circe* vñſcene; a blacke Ewe, and a Ram,  
Binding for ſacrifice; and as ſhe came  
Vanuit againe, vñwittēd by our eyes;  
Which grieu'd not vs, nor cheate our ſacrifice;  
For who would fee God, loath toleſt vs fee?  
This way, or that bent; ſtil his waies are free.

Finis decimi libri Hom. Odyssej.

THE

P a

# THE XI. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Vlysses way to Hell appears;  
Where he, the grewe Tirefes bears;  
Enquires his owne, and other states.  
His mother sees, and to her states,  
In which, were held by sad Decays  
Heroes, and Heroicess;  
A number, that as Troy was d warres;  
As Ajax that was fill ierre  
With Iachus, for th' armes he left,  
And with the great Achilles Ghost.

Another.  
Daphna. Vlysses here  
In smokes the dead;  
The limes appear,  
Heresafter led.

*They mourned the  
owes before  
they knew it.*

Riu'd now at our shipp, we laucht, and set  
Our Mast vp, put forth faire, and in did get  
Our late-got Cattell. Up our failes, we went,  
My wayward fellowes mourning now th' ent.  
A good companion yet, a foreight wind,  
*Circe*, (the excellent viceroy of her mind)  
Supplied our murnuring confort with, that was  
Both spced, and guide to our aduenturous passe,  
All day our failes stood to the winds, and made  
Our voiage prosperous. Sunne then set, and shade  
All wayes obscuring : on the bounds we fell  
Of deepe Oceane, where people dwell  
Whom a perpetuall cloud obcures outright;  
To whom the cheerfull Sunne lends never light;  
Nor when he mounts the star-sustaining heauen:  
Nor when he stoopes earth, and sets vp the Euen:  
But Night holds fixt wings, fetherid all with Banes,  
Aboue those most vnablest *Cimmerianas*.  
Here drew we up our shipp : our sheepe with-drew;  
And walke the shore till we attaint the view  
Of that sad region *Circe* had foreshow'd;  
And then the sacred offerings, to be vow'd,  
*Eurylochus*, and *Persimedes* bore.  
When I, my word drew, and earths wombe did gore

Till

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

Till I, a pin digg'd of a cubit round,  
Which with the liquid sacrifice, we crown'd  
First, honey mixt with wine, then, sweete wine neat,  
Then water pow'd in, last the flowre of wheate.  
Much I importun'd them, the weake-neck'd dead,  
And vowed, when I the barren soile should tread  
Of cliffe *Ithace*, amidd my hall  
To kill a Heifer, my cleare best of all,  
And glue in offering : on a Pile compold  
Of all the choise goods, my whole house enclofd.  
And to *Tirefes*, himselfe, alone  
A sheepe cole-blacke, and the feliest one  
Of all my flockes. When to the powres beneath,  
The sacred nation, that suruine with Death,  
My prayrs and vowed, had done deuotions fit,  
I tooke the offrings, and vpon the pit  
Brefht their lynes. Our guiltie fable blood,  
And round about me, fled out of the flood,  
The Soules of the deceast. There cluster'd then,  
Youths, and their wifes, much suffering aged men,  
Soft tender virgins, that but new came there,  
By timelesse death, and greene their sorrowes were.  
There, men Armes, with armes all embrew'd,  
Wounded with lances, and with faulchions hew'd:  
In numbers, vp and downe the ditch, did stalle,  
And threw vmeafar'd cries, about their walke,  
So horrid that a bloodiefe feare surpide,  
My daunted spirits. Straight then, I aduise  
My friends to flay the slaughter'd sacrifices,  
Put them in fire, and to the Deities,  
*Sterne Pluto*, and *Persephone*, apply  
Excitfull prayrs. Then drew I from my Thy,  
My well-edg'd iword; stept in, and firmly stood  
Betwixt the preafe of shadowes, and the blood,  
And would not suffer any one to dip  
Within our offring, his vnsolide lip;  
Before *Tirefes*, that did all controule.  
The first that preas in, was *Epeorus* soule,  
His body, in the broad-waid earth, as yet  
Vnmournd, vnburied by vs, since we fwe  
With other vrgent labours. Yet his smart,  
I wepe to see; and ru'd it from my heart,  
Enquiring how, he could before me be,  
That came by ship? He mourning, answered me,  
In *Circe* house, the spiste some Sparis did bear,  
And the vnspeakable good licour there.  
Had bene my bane, for being to descend  
A ladder much in height, I did nottend

P 3

My

Misericordia apud  
Virgilium, in-  
genio mole, &c.

My way well downe; but forwards made a proofe  
To tread the roundes; and from the very roofoe  
Fell on my necke, and brake it. And this made  
My soule thus visite this infernall shade.  
And here, by them that next thy selfe are deare,  
Thy Wife, and Father, that a little one  
Gave food to thee; and by thy only Sonne  
At home behind thee left, (*Telemachus*)  
Do not depart by stealth, and leue me thus,  
Vnmourn'd, vnburied : lest negle&t I  
Bring on thy selfe, th' incensed Deitie.  
I know, that saide from hence, thy ship must touch  
On th' Isle *Aeaea*, where vouchsafe thus much  
(Good king) that, landed, thou wilt instantly,  
Beflow on me, thy royll memory,  
To this grace; that my body, armes and all,  
May rest conlun'd in fyrre funerall.  
And on the somme shoure, a Sepulchre  
Erect to me; that after times may hear  
Of one so haplesse. Let me these implore;  
And fixe vpon my Sepulcher, the Ore  
With which aliue, I shooke the aged seas;  
And had, of friends, the deare societie.

I told the wretched Soule, I would fulfill  
And execute to th' vtmost point, his will;  
And, all the time, we sadly talkt, I still  
My sword aboue the blood held; when aside  
The Idol of my friend, still amplified  
His plaint, as vp and downe, the shades he er'd.  
Then, my deceased mothers Soule appear'd;  
Faire daughter of *Antolous*, the Great;  
*Graue Anticles*, Whom, when forth I see  
For sacred *Ilion*, I had left aliue.  
Her sight, much mou'd me; and to teares did driuue  
My note of her deceas: and yet, nor she  
(Though in my ruth, she held the highest degree)  
Would I admit to touch the sacred blood;  
Till from *Tiresias*, I had vnderstood  
What *Circe* told me. At the length did land,  
*Theban Tiresias* soule; and in his hand  
Sustaint a golden Scepter, knew me well;  
And said; O man vnhappy, why to hell  
Admittit thou darke arrival; and the light?  
The Sunne giues, leau'st, to haue the horrid sight  
Of this blacke region, and the shadowes here?  
Now sheath thy sharpe sword; and the pit forbear.  
That I the blood may taste; and then relate  
The truth of those acts, that affect thy Fate.

To *Pallas*  
*Tiresias*.

I sheath'd my sword; and I left the pit, till he  
The blacke blood tasting, thus instructed me;  
Renoun'd *Vlysses*! all vnaskt, I know  
That all the cause of thy arrinal now,  
Is to enquire thy waight retreate, for home:  
Which hardly God will let thee overcome,  
Since *Nephtuse* still will his oppouſure trie,  
With all his laid vp anger, for the eye  
His lou'd Sonne lost to thee. And yet through all  
Thy suffring course, (which must be capitall)  
If both thine owne affections, and thy friends  
Thou wilt containe, when thy accesse ascends  
The three-forkt Iland, hauing scap't the seas; •  
(Where ye shall find fed, on the flowrie leas,  
Fat flockes, and Oxen; which the Sunne doth owne,  
To whom are all things as well heard as showne:  
And never dare, one head of thofe to slay;  
But hold, vnharnefull on, your wifheit way)  
Through enough affliction; yet secure  
Your Fates shall land ye. But *Protege* fares faire,  
If once ye spoile them; spoile to all thy friends  
Spoile to thy Fleet; and if the iustice ends  
Short of thy selfe, it shall be long before,  
And that length, forc't out, with inflictions store:  
When, losing all thy fellowes, in a faille  
Of foreigne built (when moft thy Fates preuaile  
In thy deliuernace) thus th' event shall fort:  
Thou shalt find shipwracke, raging in thy Port:  
Proud men, thy goods conuirmings, and thy Wife  
Viring with gifts; giue charge vpon thy life.  
But all these wrongs, *Revenge* shall end to thee;  
And force, or cunning, set with slaughter, free  
Thy houfe of all thy spoilers. Yet againe,  
Thou shalt a voyage make, and come to men  
That know no Sea; nor ships, nor oares, that are  
Wings to a ship; nor mixe with any fare,  
Salte fauorie vapor. Where thou fiſt shalt land,  
This cleare-guen signe, shall let thee vnderstand,  
That there thofe men remaine: affume a shore,  
Up to thy roiall shoulder, a ship oare;  
With which, when thou shalt meete one on the way,  
That will, in Countey admiration, say  
What doſt thou with that wanne, vpon thy necke?  
There, fixe (that wanne) thy oare; and that thore decke  
With sacred Rites to *Nephtuse*: slaughter there  
A Ram, a Bull, and, (who for strength doth bear  
The name of husband to a herd) a Bore.  
And, coming home, vpon thy naturall shore,

Men that never  
carre fale with  
their wode.

Give pious *Hecatomb*, to all the Gods  
(Degrees obser'd). And then the *Periods*  
Of all thy labors, in the peace shall end:  
Of easie death; which shall the lesse extend  
His passion to thee; that thy foe, the Sea  
Shall not enforce it, but *Deaths* victory,  
Shall chance in onely-earneft-pray-vow'd age:  
Obtained at home, quite empred of his rage;  
Thy subiects round about thee, rich and blest:  
And here hath *Tribus* summ'd vp, thy vitall rest.  
I answ'rd him; We will suppose all these  
Decreed in Deity; let it likewise please  
*Tiresias* to refolue me, why so neare  
The blood and me, my mothers Soule doth beare,  
And yet, nor word, nor looke, vouchsafe her Sonne?  
Dote she not know me? No (said he) nor none  
Of all these spirits, but my selfe alone;  
Knowes any thing, till he shall taste the bloods;  
But whomfoever, you shall do that good,  
He will the truth, of all you wish, vnfold;  
Who, you enuy it to, will all withhold.  
Thus said the kingly soule, and made retreate,  
Amidst the inner parts of *Platos* Seate,  
When he had spoke thus, by diuine instinct:  
Still I stood firme, till to the bloods precinck  
My mother came, and drunke; and then she knew,  
I was her Sonne; had passion to renew  
Her natural plaints, which thus she did purwe:  
How is it, (O my Sonne) that you aliue,  
This deadly-darkome region vnderduie?  
Twixt which, and earth, so many mighty seas,  
And horrid currents, interpose their prease?  
*Oceanus*, in chiefe; which none (vnlesse  
More helpt then you) on foote now can transgresse.  
A well built ship he needs, that ventures there:  
Com'st thou from *Troy* but now? enforc't to erre  
All this time with thy fouldiers? Nor haft feene,  
Ere this long day, thy Countrey, and thy Queene?  
I answ'rd; That a necessary end  
To this infernall state, made me contend;  
That from the wife *Tiresias* *Theban* Soule,  
I might, an Oracle, inuolu'd, vnrowle:  
For I came nothing neare *Achaea* yet;  
Nor on our lou'd earth, happy foote had set;  
But (misshaps suffering) err'd from Coast to Coast;  
Euer since first, the mighty *Gracian* host  
*Diuine Atrides*, led to *Ilios*;  
And I, his follower, to set warre vpon

The rapefull *Troyans*: and so paid she would:  
The Fate of that vngentle death vnfold.  
That forc't her thither: if some long disease,  
Or that the Spyne, of her that arowes pleafe,  
(*Diana*, envious of most eminent Damas)  
Had made her th' object of her deadly aime:  
My Fathers state, and sonnes, I fought; if they  
Kept still my goods: or they became the prey  
Of any other, holding me no more  
In powre of safe returne, or if my store  
My wife had kept together, with her Sonne:  
It she, her first mind held, or had bene wonne  
By some chiefe *Gracian*, from my loue, and bed:  
All this she answ'rd; that affliction fed  
On her blood still at home; and that to grieve,  
She all the dayes, and darknesse, of her life,  
In teares, had consecrate. That none posset  
My famous kingdomes Throne; but th' interest  
My Sonne had in it; still he held in peace.  
A Court kept, like a Prince; and his increas  
Spent in his subiects good; administering lawes  
With justice, and the general aplause  
A king should merit; and all calld him king.  
My Father, kept the vpland, labouring;  
And sown'd the Cittie: vnde no sumptuous beds,  
Wond'red at furnitures, nor wealthy weeds;  
But, in the Winter, strew'd aboue the fire  
Lay with his flaues in ashes; his attire  
Like to a beggers. When the Sommer came;  
And Autumnne all fruite ripend with his flame,  
Where Grape-charg'd vines, made shadows most abound,  
His couch with faire leaues, made vpon the ground:  
And here lay he, his Sorrowes fruitfull state,  
Increasing, as he fad, for my Fate.  
And now, the part of age, that insome is,  
Lay sadly on him. And that life of his,  
She led, and perisht in; nor slaughtred by  
The Dame, that darts lou'd, and her archeves,  
Nor, by diseafe inuaded, vast, and soule.  
That wafts the body, and sends out the soule  
With shame and horror: onely in her mone,  
For me, and my life; she confir'd her owne.  
She thus, when I, had great desire to prove  
My armes, the circle, where her soule did atque;  
Thrice proud I, thrice she vanisht, like a sleepes;  
Or fleeting shadow, which brooke much more sleepe  
The wounds, my woes made, and made; ask her why  
She would my Loue to her embaces fly;

*Persephone or  
Peraphone.*

And not vouchsafe, that euen in hell we might,  
Pay pious Nature, her vnalterd right,  
And giue *Vexation* here, her cruell fill?  
Should not the Queene here, to augment the ill  
Of euerie sufferance (which her office is)  
Enforce thy idoll, to affoord me this?

O Sonne (he answere) of the race of men  
The most vnhappy; our most equall Queene,  
Will mocke no solide armes, with empty shadz;  
Nor suffer empty shadz, againe t'inuade  
Flesh, bones, and nerues: nor will defraude the fire  
Of his last dues; that, soone as spirits expire,  
And leue the white bone, are his native right;  
When, like a dreame, the soule assumes her flight.  
The light then, of the living, with most haste  
(O Sonne) contend to: this thy little taste  
Of this stace is enough; and all this life,  
Will make a tale, fit, to be told thy wife.

*The old Hero-  
offer appears to  
Tyro.*

This speech we had; when now repair'd to me  
More female spirits, by *Peraphone*,  
Driuen on before her. All the heroes wiues  
And daughters, that led there their second lines,  
About the blacke blood throngd. Of whom, yet more  
My mind impell'd me to enquire, before  
I let them altogether taste the gore;  
For then would all haue bene disperst, and gone,  
Thicke as they came. I therefore, one by one  
Let taste the pit: my sword drawne from my Thy  
And stand betwixt them made; when, severally  
All told their stockes. The first that quencht her fire,  
Was *Tyro*, issu'd of a noble Sire.  
She laid she sprong from pure, *Salomonius* bed;  
And *Cretenus*, Sonne of *Astius* did wed.  
Yet the diuine flood *Enipeus*, lou'd,  
Who much the most faire streame, of all floods mou'd.  
Neare whose stremes, *Tyro* walking: *Neptune* came,  
Like *Enipeus*, and entyoyd the Dame:  
Like to a hill, he blew, and snakie flood  
Aboue th'immortal, and the mortall stood;  
And hid them both; as both together lay,  
Iust where his current, falles into the Sea.  
Her virgine walt, dissolu'd, she slumberd then;  
But when the God had done the worke of men,  
Her faire hand gently wringing; thus he said,  
Woman! Reioyce in our combined bed;  
For when the yeare hath runne his circle, round  
(Because the Gods loues, must in fruiteabound)  
My loue shall make (to cheer thy teeming mones)

Ty

Thy one deare burthen, beare two famous Sonnes;  
Loue well, and bring them vp: go home, and see  
That, though of more ioy yet, I shall be free;  
Thou dost not tell, to gloriſt thy birth:  
Thy Loue is *Nepiue* thaker of the earth.  
This said, he plung'd into the sea, and the  
(Begor with child by him) the light let ſee  
Great *Pelias*, and *Nelus*; that became  
In *Iones* great miniftre, of mighty fame.  
*Pelias*, in broad *Iolcus* held his Throne,  
Wealthy in cattell; thi other roiall Sonne  
Rul'd sandy *Pyles*. To theſe, ſiue more  
This Queene of women, to her husband bore:  
*Aeson*, and *Phores*, and *Amphybus*,  
That for his fight on horsebacke, ſtoopt to none.

Next her, I ſaw admir'd *Antiope*  
*Asopus* daughter, who (as much as ſhe  
Boasted attraction, of great *Neptunes* loue)  
Boasted to ſlumber in the arms of *loue*:  
And two Sonnes likewife, at one burthen bore,  
To that, her all-controlling Paramore:  
*Amphion*, and faire *Zetbus*, that firſt laid  
Great *Tebes* foundations; and ſtrong wals conuaid  
About her turrets, that ſeven Ports encloſde.  
For though the *Tebans*, much in ſtrength repode,  
Yet had not they, the strength to hold their owne,  
Without the added aides, of wood, and ſtone.

*Alcmena*, next I ſaw; that famous wife  
Was to *Amphytris*, and honor'd life  
Gae to the Lyon-hearted *Hercules*,  
That was, of *Iones* embrace, the great increafe.  
I ſaw beſides, proud *Cressa* daughter there,  
Bright *Megara*; that nuptiall yolk did weare  
With *Iones* great Sonne, who never field did try,  
But bore to him, the ſlowre of victory.

The mother then, of *Oedipus*, I ſaw,  
Faire *Epicasta*; that beyond all law,  
Her owne Sonne maried, ignorant of kind;  
And, he (as darkly taken, in his mind)  
His mother wedded, and his father ſlew,  
Whose blind act, heauen expoſed at length to viewy:  
And he, in all lou'd *Tebes*, the ſupreme ſtate  
With much mone manag'd, for the heavy Fate  
The Gods laid on him. She made violent flight  
To *Platos* dark houſe, from the lothed lights;  
Beneath a ſteepē beame, strangl'd with a cord,  
And left her Sonne, in life, paines as abhord,  
As all the furies pow'rd on her in hell.

*Antiope like Ty-  
re.*

*Alcmena.*

*Megara.*

*Epicasta the mo-  
ther of Oedipus.*

Then

Then saw I Chloris, that did so excell  
In answering beauties, that each part had all,  
Great Neleus married her, when gifts not small,  
Had wonneher fauour, term'd by name of downe.  
She was of all Amphyons feed, the flower:  
(Amphyon, calld Iasides, that then  
Rul'd strongly, *Mysian Orchemps*).  
And now his daughter rul'd the Pylian Throne,  
Because her beauties Empire ouershone.  
She brought her wife-and husband, Neleus,  
Nestor, much honor; *Perylimerus*,  
And Chromius; Sonnes, with foweraigne vertues gracie,  
But after, brought a daughter that surpass'd;  
Rare-beautied Pero, so forme exact;  
That Nature, to a miracle, was racket,  
In her perfections, blaz'd with th'eyes of men.  
That made of all the Countries hearts, a chaine,  
And drew them suiter to her. Which her Sire  
Tooke vantage of; and (since he did aspire  
To nothing more, then to the broad-browd herd  
Of Oxen, which the common fame fo red,  
Own'd by Iphiclus) not a man shoul'd be  
His Pero's husband, that from *Phylace*,  
Thos neuer-yet-driuen Oxen, could not drue:  
Yet these, a strong hope held him to achieue;  
Because a Prophet that had neuer err'd,  
Had said, that only he shoul'd be prefer'd  
To their possestion. But the equall Fate  
Of God, withstood his stealth : inextricate  
Imprisoning Bands; and sturdy churlish Swaines  
That were the Heardmen, who withheld with chaires  
The stealth attempter: which was onely he  
That durst abet the Act with Prophecie;  
None else would vndertake it; and he must:  
The king would needs, a Prophet shoul'd be iust;  
But when some daies and moneths, expired were,  
And all the Hours had brought about the yeare,  
The Prophet, did so satisfie the king  
(Iphiclus; all his cunning questioning)  
That he enfranchis'd him; and (all worst done)  
Ioues counsaile made, th'all-safe conglusion.

Then saw I Leda, (link in nuptiall chaine  
With Tyndarus) to whom, she did sustaine  
Sonnes much renown'd for wifedome; *Caius* one,  
That past, for vse of horse, companion;  
And *Follow*, that exceld, in whilbar fight,  
Both thefe, the fruitfull Earth bore, while the light  
Of life inspir'd them; After which, they found

Such grace with me, that both liu'd vnder ground,  
By change of daies: life still did one sustaine,  
While th'other died; the dead then, liu'd againe,  
The living dying, both, of one selfe date,  
Their liues and deaths made, by the Gods and Fate.

*Iphimedia*, after *Leda* came,  
That did derive from *Nereus* too, the name  
Of Father to two admirable Soanes:  
Life yet made short their admirations,  
Who God-oppesold *Oeneus* had to name,  
And *Ephialtes*, faire in sound of Fame.  
The prodigal Earth so fed them, that they grew  
To most huge stature, and had fairest hew  
Of all men, but *Orion*, vnder heauen;  
At nine yeares old, nine cubits they were driven  
Abroad in breadth, and sprung nine fathomes hie.  
They threatn'd to gaine battell to the skie,  
And all th'Immortals. They were setting on  
Off vpon *Olympus*; and vpon  
Steep *Ossa*, leastic *Pelion*, that euen  
They might a high-way make, with loftie heauen.  
And had perhaps perform'd it, had they laide  
Till they were striplings. But *Ares* Sonne depriv'd  
Their luns of life, before th'age that began  
The flowerie of youth, and shoul'd adorne their chine.

*Phaethon* and *Procris*, with wife *Meno* flame,  
(Bright *Triades*) to the offering came,  
Whom whilom *Thebus* made his prie from *Crete*,  
That *Athena* sacred foile, might kille her feete.  
But never could obtaine her virgin Flowre,  
Till in the Sea-girt *Dias*, *Dians* powre  
Detain'd his homeward haste; where (in her Phane,  
By *Bacchus* witness) was the fassall wane  
Of her prime Glorie. *Mera*, *Clymene*,  
I witness there; and loth'd *Eryphiles*,  
That honour'd \*gold more, then the lou'd her Spouse.

But all th'*Herofeffes* in *Plato* house,  
That then encountered me, exceeds my might  
To name or number; and *Ambrofus* Night  
Would quite be spent, when now the formall hours,  
Present to *Sleepe*, our all-dispos'd powries.  
If at my ship, or here, my home-made vow,  
I leane for fix grace, to the Gods and you.

This said, the silence his discourse had made,  
With pleasure held still, through the houses shade.  
When, white-arm'd *Arte* this speech began:  
*Pheassus!* how appears to you this man?  
So godly person'd, and so matche with mind?

## THE ELEVENTH BOOKE

My guest he is; but all you stand combin'd,  
 In the renouwne he doth vs. Do not then  
 W/ith carelesse haste dismisse him: nor the maine  
 Of his dispatch, to one so needie, maime;  
 The Gods free bountie, giues vs all just claime  
 To goods enow. This speech, the oldeſt man  
 Of any other *Phaecean*,  
 The graue *Heroe, Echinetus* gaue  
 All approbation, ſaying: Friends lyce haue  
 The motion of the wife Queene; in ſuch words,  
 As haue not miſt the marke; with which, accords  
 My cleare opinion. But *Alcinous*,  
 In word and worke, muſt be our rule. He thus;  
 And then *Alcinous* laid: This then muſt stand,  
 If while I live, I rule in the command  
 Of this well-skild-in-Nauigation State.  
 Endure then (Guest) though moſt impotunate  
 Be your affects for home. A little ſtay  
 If your expeſtance beare; perhaps it may  
 Our gifts make more complete. The cares of all,  
 Your due deduction asks; but Principall  
 I am therin, the ruler. He replied:  
*Alcinous!* the moſt duly glorified,  
 With rule of all; of all men; if you lay  
 Commandment on me, of a whole yeares ſtay;  
 So all the while, your preparations rife,  
 As well in gifts, as \*time: ye can deuile  
 No better wiſh for me; for I ſhall come  
 Much fuller handed, and more honourd home;  
 And dearer to my people: in whole loues,  
 The richer euermore the better proues.

*Venitie & falfe  
dictum.*

He anſwered: There is argude in your ſight,  
 A worth that works not men for benefit,  
 Like Prollers or Impoftors; of which crew,  
 The gentle blacke Earth feeds nor vp a few;  
 Here and there wanderers, blanching tales and lies,  
 Of neither praife, nor vſe: you moue our eies  
 With forme; our minds with matter, and our cares  
 With elegant oration; ſuch as beares,  
 A muſick in the orderd historic  
 It layes before vs. Not *Demodocus*,  
 W/ith ſweeter ſtraines hath vſde to ſing to vs,  
 All the *Greeke* forrowes, wept out in your owne.  
 But lay; of all your worthy friends, were none  
 Obiect to your eyes; that *Conorts* were  
 To *Ilion* with you; and ſeru'd deſtinie there?  
 This Night is paſſing long, vmeafur'd: none  
 Of all my houſhold would to bed yet: On,

Relate

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

Relate theſe wondrouſ things. Were I with you;  
 If you would tell me but your woes, as now,  
 Till the diuine *Aurora* ſhewd her head,  
 I ſhould in no night reliſh thought of bed.

Moſt eminent King, (ſaid he) *Times* all muſt keepe,  
 There's time to ſpeak much, time as muſt to ſleepe.  
 But would you haue ſtill, I will tell you ſtill,  
 And vtrr more, more miſerable ill.

Of Friends then yet, that ſcap't the diſmal warres,  
 And perifht homewards, and in houſhold iartes.  
 Wag'd by a wicked woman. The chaſte \*Queene,

No ſooner made theſe Ladie-ghoſts vniſſeac,  
 (Here and there flitting) but mine eie-fight wonne  
 The Soule of *Agamemnon*, (Aixem ſonne)

Sad; and about him, all his traine of friends,  
 That in *Egyptus* houſe, endur'd their ends,

With his ſterne Fortune. Haunting drunke the blood,  
 He knew me inſlandy; and forth a flood  
 Of ſpringing tearey gulf. Out he thrust his hands,  
 With will to embrace me; but their old commands,  
 Flowd not about him; nor their weakest part.

I wept to ſee; and mon'd him from my heart.  
 And askt: O *Agamemnon*! King of men!

What ſort of cruelle death, hath renderd ſlaine  
 Thy royll perfon? *Neptune*, in thy Fleteſt  
 Heaven, and hiſ hellish billowes making meeke,

Rowſing the winds? Or haue thy men by land  
 Done thee this ill; for viſing thy command,  
 Paſt their conſents, in diminution  
 Of thoſe full ſhares, their worths by loe had wonne,

Or ſheepe or oxen? or of any towne?  
 In courteous ſtrife, to make their rights, thine owne,

In men or women prisoners? He replied:  
 By none of theſe, in any right, I died;

But by *Egyptus*, and my munthorous wife,  
 (Bid to a banquett at his houſe) my life

Hath thus bene reſt me: to my slaughter led,  
 Like to an Ox, pretended to be fed.  
 So miſerably fell I, and with me,

My friends lay mallaſcled: As when you ſee  
 At any rich mans nuptials, ſhot, or reaſt,

About his kitchin, white-tooth'd ſwine lie dreſt.  
 The ſlaughters of a world of men, thine eies,

Both priuate, and in preafe of enemies,  
 Haue perfonally wiſhēſt; but this one,

Would all thy parts haue broken into moſe:  
 To ſee how ſtrewd about our Cups and Cates,

As Tables ſet with Feaſt, ſo we with Fates,

Here he begins  
 his other relation,  
*Propterea*.

## THE ELEVENTH BOOKE

All gasht and slaine, lay; all the floore embrude  
With blood and braine. But that which most I ru'd,  
Flew from the heauie voice, that *Priamus* feed,  
*Cassandra* a breath'd; whom, sh't that wit doth feed  
With banefull crafts, false *Clytemnestra* slew,  
Close sitting by me; vp my hands I threwe  
From earth to heauen; and tumbling on my sword,  
Gae wretched life vp. When the most abhord,  
By all her sexes shame, forsooke the roome;  
Nor daind (though then so neare this heauie home)  
To shut my lips, or close my broken eies.  
Nothing so heapt is with impieties,  
As such a woman, that would kill her Spouse,  
That married her a maid. When to my house  
I brought her, hoping of her loue in heart,  
To children, maids, and slaves. But she (in th'Art  
Of only mischiefe heartie) not alone  
Cast on her selfe, this oule aspersion;  
But louing Dames, hereafter, to their Lords  
Will bear, for good deedes, her bad thoughts and words.

Alas (said I) that *Trojans* should hate the liues  
Of *Aeneas* feed, so highly for their wiues.  
For *Menelaus* wife, a number fell;  
For dangerous absence, thine sent thee to hell.  
For this, (he answerd) Be not thou more kind  
Then wife to thy wife; neuer, all thy mind  
Let words expresse to her. Of all she knowes,  
Curbs for the worst still, in thy selfe repose.  
But thou by thy wifes wiles, shalt lose no blood;  
Exceeding wife she is, and wife is good.  
*Icarus* daughter, chaste *Penelope*,  
We left a yong Bride; when for battell, we  
Forsooke the Nuptiall peace, and at her brest,  
Her first child sucking. Who, by this houre, blest,  
Sits in the number of suruiuing men.  
And his blisse, she hath, that she can containe;  
And her blisse, thou hast, that she is so wises;  
For, by her wisedome, thy returned eies  
Shall see thy sonne; and he shall greece his Sire,  
With fittings welcomes. When in my retire,  
My wife denies mine eyes, my sonnes deare sight;  
And, as from me, will take from him the light;  
Before she addes one iust delight to life;  
Or her false wit, one truth that fits a wife.  
For her sake therefore, let my harmes aduise;  
That though thy wife be ne're so chaste and wise,  
Yet come not home to her in \*open view,  
With any ship, or any personall shew.

*This aduise he  
followed at his  
coming home.*

But

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

But take cloſe ſhore diſguide; nor let her knowſ;  
For tis no world, to truſt a woman now.  
But what ſayes Fame? Doth my Sonne yet ſuruiue,  
In *Orchomenos*, or *Pyles*? or doth lie  
In *Sparta*, with his Vnkle; yet I fee  
Divine *Oreſtes* is not here with me.  
I anſwerd, asking: Why doth *Aeneas* ſonne:  
Enquire of me, who yet arri'd where none  
Could give to theſe newes, any certayne wings?  
And tis abſurd, to tell vncertaine things.

Such fal ſpeech paſt vs; and as thus we flood,  
With kind teares rendring vnkind fortunes good;  
*Achilles* and *Patroclos* Soule appear'd;  
And his Soule, of whom never ill was heard,  
The good *Antilochus*; and the Soule of him,  
That all the Greeks paſt, both for force and him,  
Excepting the vnmachty *Aeacides*,  
Illiſtros *Ajax*. But the firſt of theſe,  
That law, acknowledg'd, and faluted me,  
Was \* *Thetis* conqueſting Sonne, who (heleny  
His ſtate here taking) laid: Vnworthy breath!  
What aꝝ, yet mightier, imagineth  
Thy ventrous ſpirit? How doeft thou defend  
Theſe vnder regions; where the dead mans end,  
Is to be looکt on, and his fooliſh shade?

I anſwerd him: I was induc'd, to make  
Theſe vnder parts, (moft excellent of Greece)  
To viſite wife *Tirēsa*, for aduice  
Of vertue to direc̄t my voyage home  
To rugged *Ithaca*, ſince I could come  
To note in no place, where *Achaia* ſtood;  
And fo liu'd euer, tortur'd with the blood  
In mans vaine veines. Thou therefore (*Thetis* ſonne)  
Haſt equall all, that euer yet haue wonne  
The bliſſe the earth yeelds; or hereafter ſhall.  
In life, thy eminence was ador'd of all,  
Euen with the Gods. And now, euen dead, I ſee  
Thy vertues propagate thy Emperie,  
To a renewd life of command beneath;  
So great *Achilles* triumphs ouer death.  
This comfort of him, this encounter found;  
Vige not my death to me, nor rub that wound,  
I rather wifh, to liue in earth a Swaine,  
Or ſerue a Swaine for hire, that ſcarce can gaue  
Bread to ſustaine him; then (that life once gone)  
Of all the dead, ſway the Imperiall thone.  
But ſay; and of my Sonne, ſome comfort yeild;  
If he goes on, in firſt fightis of the field;

*Achilles.*

*Achilles of the  
womans wife.*

Q 3

Or

Or loks for safetie in the obscure Rere?  
 Or of my Father, if thy royll care  
 Hath bene aduertiside, that the *Phtian* Throne,  
 He still commands as greatest *Myrmidon*?  
 Or that the *Phtian* and *Theſidian* rage,  
 (Now feete and hands are in the hold of Age)  
 Delyfe his Empire? Vnder those bright rayes,  
 In which, heauens feruour hurles about the dayes;  
 Must I no more thine his reuenger now;  
 Such as of old, the *Ilian* ouerthrow  
 Witnesst my anger: th' vniuerall boast,  
 Sending before me, to this shadie Coast,  
 In fight for *Grecia*. Could I now refor,  
 (But for some small time) to my Fathers Court,  
 In spirit and powre, as then: thoſe men should find  
 My hands inaccessible; and of fire, my mind,  
 That durſt, with all the numbers they are strong,  
 Vnſeathe his honour, and suborne his wrong.

This pitch ſtil flew his ſpirit, though fo low,  
 And this, I anſwerd thus: I do not know,  
 Of blameleſſe *Peleus*, any leaſt report;  
 But of your ſonne, in all the vtmoft laſt,

*Plyffes report of Neoptolemus the son of Achilleſ.*  
 I can informe you care with truth, and thus:  
 From *Scyros*, princely *Neoptolemus*,  
 By Fleete, I conuaid to the *Grecia*, where he  
 Was Chiefe, at both parts: when our grauitie  
 Renid to counſell; and our youth to fight.  
 In counſell ſtil (ſo firie was *Conceit*,  
 In his quicke apprehencion of a caufe)  
 That firſt he euer ſpake; nor paſt the lawes  
 Of any graue ſtay, in his greateſt haſt.  
 None would contend with him, that counſeld laſt;  
 Vnleſſe illuſtrous *Achilles*, he and I  
 Would ſometimes put a friendly contrary,  
 On his opinion. In our fights, the preafe  
 Of great or common, he would neuer ſealeſſe;  
 But farre before fight euer. No man there,  
 For force, he forced. He was slaughterer  
 Of many a braue man, in moft dreadfull fight.  
 But one and other, whom he ref't of light,  
 (In *Grecian* ſuccour) I can neither name,  
 Nor giue in number. The particular fame,  
 Of one mans slaughter yet, I muſt not paſſe;  
*Euryptilus Telephides* he was,  
 That fell beneath him; and with him, the falls  
 Of ſuch huge men went, that they ſlew'd like \*whales,  
 Ramplid about him, *Neoptolemus*  
 Set him fo ſharply, for the ſumptuous

This place (and  
 a number more)  
 is moſt miſerably  
 miſeraſter by all  
 tranſlators and  
 condeuners.

Fauours of Miftrefles, he ſaw him weare;  
 For paſt all doubt, his beauties had no peccre,  
 Of all that mine eies noted; next to one,  
 And that was *Menues*, *Tithon*, Sun-like ſonne.  
 Thus fare, for fight in publicke, may a taſt  
 Glue of his eminence. How faire ſurpaſt  
 His ſpirit in priuate, where he was not ſcene;  
 Nor glorie could be ſaid, to paſſe his ſplendencie,  
 This cloſe note, I excepred. When we ſate  
 Hid in *Epeus* horſe, no Optimale  
 Of all the *Greeks* there, had the charge to ope  
 And ſhuſt the \* Stratageme, but I. My ſcope  
 To note then, each mans ſpirit, in a fight  
 Of ſo much danger; much the better might  
 Be hit by me, then others: as, pronouk,  
 I ſhifted place ſtil; when, in ſome I ſank:  
 Both priuate tremblings, and cloſe vent of teares.  
 In him yet, not a loft conceit of theirs,  
 Could all my ſearch fee, either his wet eies  
 Plied ſtil with wiping; or the goodly guife,  
 His perſon all waies put forth; in leaſt part,  
 By any tremblings, ſhew'd his toucht-at heart.  
 But euer he was vringing me to make  
 Way to their fally, by his ſigne to ſtake  
 His ſword hid in his ſcabbards or his Lance  
 Loded with iron, at me. No good chance,  
 His thoughts to *Troy* intended. In th' enemyn,  
 (High *Troy* depopulate) he made aſcent  
 To his faire ſhip, with prie and treasure store:  
 Safe, and no touſh, away with him he bore,  
 Of farre-off harld Lance, or of cloſe-fought ſword,  
 Whose wounds, for fauours, Ware doth oft afford;  
 Which he (though ſought) miſt, in wages cloſeſt wage;  
*In cloſe fights, Mars doth never fight, but rage.*

This made the ſoule of ſwift *Achilles* tredd  
 A March of glorie, through the herbie meades;  
 For ioy to heare me ſo renoumē his Sonne;  
 And vaniſh ſtalking. But with paſſion  
 Stood th' other Soules strooke: and each told his bane.  
 Only the ſpirit \* *Telamonian*  
 Kept farre off; angrie for the victorie  
 I wonne from him at Fleete; though *Arbiter*  
 Of all a Cour of ware, pronouc't it mine,  
 And *Pallas* ſelfe. Our prie were th' armes diuine,  
 Of great \* *Hæcides*; propofde t' our fames  
 By his bright \* Mother, at his funeral Games.  
 I wiſh to heauen, I ought not to haue wonne;  
 Since for thoſe Armes, ſo high a head, fo ſoone

*The long abiding  
 ſtrife.*

*After the ſame  
 of Telamon.*

*Achilles.  
 Thesus.*

## THE ELEVENTH' BOOKE

Jupiter.

Minos.

Orion.

Titus.

The base earth couerd. *Ajax*, that of all  
The hoast of *Greece*, had person capitall,  
And acts as eminent; excepting his,  
Whose armes those were, in whom was sought amisse.  
I ride the great Soule with soft words, and said:  
*Ajax*, great sonne of *Telamon*, arraid  
In all our glories! what not dead regigne,  
Thy wrath for those curst Armes? The Powres diuine,  
In them forg'd all our banes; in thine owne One,  
In thy graue fall, our Towre was overthrowne.  
We mourne (for euer maimd) for thee as much,  
As for *Achilles*; nor thy wrong doth touche;  
In sentence, any, but <sup>\*</sup>*Saturnius* doome,  
In whose hate, was the hoast of *Greece* become  
A very horrour. Who exprest it well,  
In signyng the Fate, with this timelesse Hell.  
Approch then (King of all the *Grecian* merit)  
Repreesse thy great mind, and thy flame spirit;  
And give the words I give thee, worthy care.  
All this, no word drew from him; but lefse neare  
The stern Soule kept. To other Soules he fled;  
And glid along the Riuer of the dead.  
Though Anger mou'd him; yet he might haue spoke;  
Since I to him. But my desires were strooke  
With sight of other Soules. And then I saw  
*Minos*, that ministrid to *Death* a law,  
And *Ious* bright sonne was. He was set, and swaid  
A golden Scepter; and to him did pleade  
A sort of others, let about his Throne,  
In *Pluton* wide-door'd house; when strait came on,  
Mightie *Orion*, who was hunting there,  
The heards of those beasts he had slaughterd here,  
In desart hilis on earth. A Club he bore,  
Entirely Steele, whose vertues never wore.  
*Tityus* I saw: to whom the glorious Earth  
Opened her wombe, and gaue vnhappie birth;  
Vpwards, and flat vpon the Pauement lay  
His ample lims; that spred in their display,  
Nine Acres compasse. On his boosome fat  
Two Vultures, digging through his caule of fat,  
Into his Lier, with their crooked Beakes,  
And each by turnes, the concrete entralle breakes,  
(As Smiths their Steele beake) set on either side.  
Nor doth he euer labour to diuide  
His Lier and their Beakes; nor with his hand,  
Offer them off; but suffers by command,  
Of th'angrie Thunderer, offring to enforce,  
His loue *Latona* in the close recourse,

She

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

Sisyphus.

Hercules.

She vnde to *Psycho*, through the dancing land,  
Smooth *Paxopaeus*. I saw likewise stand,  
Up to the chin, amidst a liquid lake,  
Tormented *Tantalus*; yet could not flake  
His burning thirst. Oft as his scornfull cup,  
Th'old man would taste; so oft twas swallowd vp;  
And all the blacke earth to his feete deserued,  
Divine powre (plaguing him) the lake still dried.  
About his head, on high trees, clustering, hung  
Pears, Apples, Granets, Olives, newe yong;  
Delicious Figs, and many fruite trees more,  
Of other burthen, whose alluring store,  
When th'old Soule stiuer'd to pluck, the winds from fight,  
In gloomy vapours, made them vanish quite.  
There saw I *Sisyphus*, in infinite mone,  
With both hands heaving vp a maffe stone,  
And on his tip-toes, racking all his height,  
To wrest vp to a mountaine top, his freight;  
When prest to reft it there (his nerues quite spent)  
Downe rusht the deadly Quarrie: the cuene  
Of all his torture, new to raise againe;  
To which, strait set his never-reld paine.  
The sweate came gushing out from every Pore,  
And on his head a standing mist he wore;  
Reeking from thence, as if a cloud of dust  
Were rais'd about it. Downe with these was thrust,  
The Idoll of the force of *Hercules*.  
But his firme selfe, did no such Fate oppresse;  
He feasting liues amongst th'immortal States;  
White-ankled *Hebe*, and himselfe, made mates,  
In heavenly Nuptials. *Hebe*, *Ious* deare race,  
And *Ious*, whom the golden Sandals grace.  
About him flew the clamors of the dead,  
Like Fowles; and full stoopt cuffing at his head.  
He, with his Bow, like Night, stalkt vp and downe;  
His shaft still nocke; and hurling round his frowne,  
At thosse vext hourers, aiming at them still;  
And still, as shooting out, desire to still.  
A horrid Bawdricke, wore he thwart his brest;  
The Thong all gold, in which were formes imprest,  
Where Art and Miracle, drew equal breaths,  
In Beares, Bores, Lions, Battels, Combats, Deaths.  
Who wrought that worke, did never such before;  
Nor so diuinely will do euer more.  
Soone as he saw, he knew me, and gaue speech:  
Sonie of *Laertes*, high in wisedomes reach;  
And yet vnhappie wretch; for in this heart,  
Of all exploits atchiev'd by thy deces,

Thy

Thy worth but works out some sinister Fate.  
As I in earth did, I was generate  
By *Ioue* himfelfe; and yet past meane, opprest  
By one my farre inferiouer; whose proud heft,  
Imposde abhorred labours, on my hand.  
Of all which, one was, to defcend this Strand,  
And hale the dog from thence. He could not thinke  
An act that *Danger* could make deeper sinkes;  
And yet this depth I drew; and fetcht as hie,  
As this was low, the dog. The Deitie,  
Of sleight and wifedome, as of downe-right powre,  
Both stoopt, and raid, and made me Conquerour.  
This raid; he made descent againe as low  
As *Pluto*'s Court; when I stood firme; for show  
Of more *Herowes*, of the times before;  
And might perhaps haue feene my wilsh of more;  
(As *Theseus* and *Pirithous*, deriu'd  
From roots of *Deitie*) but before th'atchieu'd  
Rare sight of thefe; the rank-soul'd multitude  
In infinite flocks rose; venting sounds so rude,  
That pale *Feare* tooke me, left the *Gorgons* head  
Rulht in amonght them; thrust vp, in my dread,  
By grim *Persephone*. I therefore sent  
My men before to shipp; and after went.  
Where, boorded, set, and lancht; th'*Ocean* waue,  
Our Ores and forewinds, speedie passage gaue.

*Finis libri undecimi Hom. Odysſ.*



## THE

## THE XII. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**H**E shewes from Hell his safe retreate,  
To th' Isle At xx, *Circles* seat.  
And how he capte the Sirens call,  
With th'erring Rockes, and waters fall,  
That Scylla and Charybdis breake,  
The Sunnes stolne Herds; and his sad wreake,  
Both of Vlysses ship and men,  
His owne bread, capting scarce the paine.

Another.

**M**o. The Rockes that errd;  
The Sirens call;  
The Sunnes stolne Herds;  
The Gouards fall.

**V**r Ship now past the streights of th'*Ocean* flood;  
She plowd the broad seas billowes; and made good,  
The Ile *Aea*, where the *Pallace* stands  
Of th'early Riser, with the rosie hands,  
*Actae Aurora*, where the loues to dance;  
And where the *Sunne* doth his prime beames aduance.  
When here arriu'd, we drew her vp to land,  
And trod our felues the resaluted sand:

Found on the shore, fit resting for the Night,  
Slept, and expected the celestiall light.  
Soone as the white-and-red-mixt-finger'd Dame,  
Had guilt the mountaines with her Saffron flame,  
I sent my men to *Circles* house before,  
To fetch deceast *Eipenor* to the shore.

Strait swelld the high banks with feld heapes of trees;  
And (full of teares) we did due Execuies  
To our dead friend, (Whose Corfe consum'd with fire,  
And honourd Armes: whose Sepulcher entir,  
And ouer that, a Columne raid) his Ore,  
Curiously caru'd (to his desire before)  
Vpon the top of all his Tombe, we fixt.  
Of all Rites fit, his Funerall Pile was mixt.

Nor was our safe ascent from hell, conceald  
From *Circles* knowledge; nor soone reveal'd,  
But she was with vs, with her bread and food,  
And ruddie wine, brought by her sacred brood

*Redetur ab in-  
ferno ad Circum.*

*Eipenor trans-  
lauer.*

Of woods and Fountaines. In the midift she stood,  
And thus saluted vs: Vnhappie men,  
That haue (inform'd with all your fences) bene  
In *Plutos* dismall manfion. You shall die  
Twice now; where others that *Mortalites*,  
In her faire armes, holds, shall but once deceafe.  
But eate and drinke out all concit of thefe;  
And this day dedicate to food and wine,  
The following *Night to Sleep*. When next shall shine  
The chearfull Morning, you shall proue they feas.  
Your way, and every act ye must addrefse,  
My knowledge of their order shall defigne:  
Left with your owne bad counfels, ye encine  
Euent as bad against ye; and fustaine  
By sea and shore, the wofull ends that raigne  
In wilfull actions. Thus did the aduife,  
And for the time, our Fortunes were so wise,  
To follow wise direcions. All that day  
We fate and feasted. When his lower way,  
The Sunne had entred; and the *Euen*, the hie:  
My friends slept on their Gables; she and I,  
(Led by her faire hand, to a place apart,  
By her well sorted) did to sleepe conuert  
Our timed powres. When all things *Fate* let fall  
In our affaire, she askt, I told her all.  
To which she answerd: These things thus tooke end:  
And now to thofe that I informe, attend:  
Which (you remembryng) God himfelfe shall be,  
The blessed author of your memorie.

*Circe praefigit futura penitula.*

Sirenamur de scriptio.

First, to the *Sirens* ye shall come, that taint  
The minds of all men, whom they can acquaint  
With their attractions. Whofoeuer shall  
(For want of knowledge thou'd) but heare the call  
Of any *Siren*: he will so despise  
Both wife and children, for their sorceries,  
That never home turnes his affections streame;  
Nor they take ioy in him, nor he in them.  
The *Sirens* will so soften with their song,  
(Shrill, and in fensuall appetite so strong)  
His loose affections, that he giues them head.  
And then obserue: They sit amidst a mæde;  
And round about it runnes a hedge or wall  
Of dead mens bones: their witherid skins and all,  
Hung all along vpon it, and these men  
Were such as they had fawnd into their Fen,  
And then their skins hung on their hedge of bones.  
Saile by them therefore, thy companions  
Before hand causing to stop euery care

With sweete soft waxe so close, that none may hear  
A note of all their charmings. Yet may you  
(If you affect it) open eare allow  
To tric their motion: but perfume not so  
To tric your judgement, when your fences go  
So loose about you; but give straight command  
To all your men, to bind you foore and hand,  
Sure to the Maff; that you may safe approue  
How strong in infligation to their loue  
Their rapturing tunes are. If so much they moue,

That, spite of all your reaon, your will stands  
To be enfranchise, both of feete and hands;  
Charge all your men before, to slight your charge,  
And rest so fare, from fearing to enlarge,  
That much more sure they bind you. When your friends  
Haue outfaid theſe: the danger that tranſcends  
Rests not in any counſale to prevent;  
Vnleſſe your owne mind, finds the tracē and bent  
Of that way, that avoids it. I can ſay  
That in your course, there lies a twofold way;  
The right of which, your owne, taught, preſent wit  
And grace diuine, muſt prompt. In general yet  
Let this informe you: Neare theſe *Sirens* shore  
Moone two ſteepē Rocks; at whose feete, lie and rore  
The blacke ſea cruel billowes: the bleſt Gods  
Call them the Rovers. Their abhord abods  
No bird can paſſe: no nor the \*Doves, whose feare  
Sire *love* so loues, that they are ſaid to beare  
*Ambroſia* to him, can their rauine ſcape;  
But one of them, falles euer to the rape  
Of thofe ſlic rocks. Yet *love*, another ſtill  
Adds to the reſt, that fo may euer fall  
The ſacred number. Neuer ſhip could ſhunne  
The nimble perill wing'd there; but did runne  
With all her bulke, and bodies of her men  
To vtter ruine. For the ſea retaines  
Not only their outragious 2ſture there;  
But fierce affilents, of particular fear,  
And ſupernaturall miſchiefe, they expire;  
And thofe are whirlwinds of devouuring fire  
Whisking about ſtill. *The Argive* ſhip, alone

ed the left one, that the number might be full: *Athenæus* failes to it, and helps the other out. Interpreting it to be affirmed of their perpetually ſuperior number, though there appeared but four. But how lame and loathſome their *Prayers* ſeem in their affected exhortations of the Political Afſtade; this and an hundred others, ſpare no more prophanous geefe at that inſenſible Poſe; I hope will make plaine enough to the moſt enuious of any ſtung doge, beides their owne ex confuses, and moſt arrogate over weſomny. In the 23. of the *Illiad*, (long +) at the Games celebrated at *Patreclus* funerals, they tied to the top of a Maff, under ſpous, timidam Columbam, to ſhoure as for a game: ſo that (by theſe great men abouefaid exhortations;) they floate at the *Plaedes*.

valens apparet.  
Columba i maf-  
da. What theſe  
Doves were, and  
the whole minde  
of thiſe places: the  
Great Maſſeſſes  
asking Chiron  
diſcipulatice, he  
answert. They  
were the *Plaedes*  
or ſeven Stars.  
One of which  
(befides his pro-  
per imperfection  
of being aged pa-  
z. adeo exiliis,  
vel fabulosius,  
vt vix apparent)  
is veteri obſer-  
ved or let by  
thofe Rocks. Why  
then, or how,  
Ioue ſill ſuppli-

(Which bore the \* care of all men) got her gone,  
Come from *Areta*. Yet perhaps evene  
Cure : the ship Had wrack at those Rocks; if the Deitie  
that held the care of all men, or of  
all things; which our Criticks will  
needs restraine,  
omnib' hercib' Of these two spicfull Rocks, the one doth shoue  
Poetomamibus Against the height of heauen, her pointed brow.  
vel Hicorici, A blake cloud binds it round, and neuer shoue  
all mans prefer' Lends to the sharp point : not the cleare blew skie  
was' so affirmed to be the freight of it: as if Poets  
and Hist'ri. are comprehend' ded all thing, when I scarce  
know any that makes them any part of their care. But this likewise, is gar-  
bige good enough for the mons'r.  
Nor will I tempe our spee' consciences with expressing the divine mind it includes. Being afraid to affirme any good of poore people, since no man gets any goods by it. And notwithstanding many of our bird-cyd's starters at prophanation are for nothing so afraid of it, as that less their galled consciences belaying the most re-  
all trutie in approbation of their lines) should be rubb'd with the confirmation of it, even in the contumelious vanity (as their impies please to call them;) which by much more learned, and giuen them selves, have ever beene called the raptures of divine inspiration. By which Homo supra humanam naturam erigitur, &c in Deum transi. Plat.  
\* d'evn araxus. &c. Graunter vociferant, ad, non vñratly translate it. As they do in the next verse, those words, evn araxus & c. Catil Leonis. No. *Lion*, being here dreamt of, or any vociferation. *Araxus*, signifying indigamus, diffinilem, or horrifacientem edens : But in what horribilitie? for the grauntry or greatness of her voice, but for the vñratly or disproportionable small whining of it: *she* being in the vast frame of her body, as the very words *vnratly* significi, *vnratum ingens*: whose disproportion and deformite, is too Poetically (and therin elegantly) ordered, for fayre and fayle Provers to comprehend. Nor could they make the Poets words serve their comprehension, and therefore they add of their owne, *lycan*, from whence *louaxus* is derived. *Gryphon* crepo, or stridule clamo. And *evn araxus*, to be expounded, catili impex or recenti, not Leonis. But that they bouch and abso the incomparable expressior: Because they knew not how otherwise to be mou'd from enough themselves, to helpe out the Master. Imagining a huge a great body, must needs have a voice as huge: and then would not our Homer haue likened it to a Lions wulps voice, but to the Lions voice: and all had beene much too little, to make a voice answerable to her hugeness. And therefore found our inimitable master, a new way to expresse her monstrous disproportion: performing it so, as there can be nith supra. And I would faine learne of my learned Detractor, that will needs have me only translate out of the Latine, what Latine translation tellles this, or what Grecian hath ever found this and a hundred other fayle libels further will my faylie spiris preseme.

And

And vp rush Dolphins, Dogfish; somewhiles, Whales, got within her, when her rapine feeds; For euer-groning *Amphitritis* breeds About her whirlepool, an vnumeafir'd store; No Sea-man euer boasted touch of shore That there toucht with his shipp; but still the fed Of him, and his. A man for curvy head Spoiling his shipp of. You shall then descrie The other humbler Rocke, that moues so nice, Your dart may mete the distancke. It receaues A huge wilde Fig-tree, curld with ample leaues, Beneath whose shades, diuine *Charybdis* sits Supping the blake deepes. Thrice a day her pits She drinking all drys; and thrice a day againe, All, vp the belches; banefull to sustaine. When she is drinking, dare not neare her draught, For notwithstanding *Nephae*, (if once caught) Can force your freedome. Therefore in your strife To scape *Charybdis*, labour all, for life To row neare *Sylla*, for the will but have } For her fixe heads, fixe men; and better fauor The rest, then all, make offerings to the wave. This Neede she told me of my Bisse, when I Defir'd to know, if that *Neestrie* (When I had scap't *Charybdis* outrages) My powres might not revenge, though not redresse ? She answerd: O vnhappy ! art thou yet Enflam'd with warre? and thirst to drinke thy sweete? Not to the Gods giue vp, both Armes, and will: She, deathlesse is, and that immortall ill Graue, harsh, outragious, not to be subdu'd, That men must suffer till they be renew'd. Nor liues there any virtue that can stie The vicious outrage of their crueltie. Shouldst thou put Armes on, and approach the Rocke, I feare, sixe more must expiate the shooke. Sixe heads, fixe men ask still. Hoile saile, and sticke, And in thy flight, aloud, on *Crasu* cri'e (Great *Syllas* Mother, who, expoide to light That bane of men;) and she will do such right To thy obseruance, that she, downe will tread Her daughters rage; nor let her shew a head.

From thenceforth then, for ever past her care, Thou shalt ascend, the Ile *Triadegarie*; Where many Oxen of the Sunne are fed; And fatted flocks. Of Oxen, fifty head In every herd feed; and their herds are seuen; And of his fat flocks is their number, Euen.

R 2

In-

## THE TWELFTH BOOKE

Increase they yeeld not, for they never die;  
 There every Shepherdesse, a Deitic.  
*Faire Phaebus*, and *Lemperie*,  
 The louely *Nymphs* are, that their Guardians be.  
 VWho, to the daylights lofty-going flame  
 Had gracious birthright, from the heavenly Dame  
 Still yong *Neera*; who (brought forth and bred)  
 Farre off dismift them; to fee duly fed  
 Their Fathers herds and flocks in *Sicile*.  
 Thefe herds, and flocks, if to the Deitic  
 Ye laue, as facred things, vntoucht; and on  
 Goe with all fit care of your home, alone,  
 (Though through ſome ſufferance) you yet ſafe shall land  
 In wiſhed *Ithaca*. But if impious hand  
 You lay on thoſe herds to their hurts: I then  
 Prefage ſure ruine, to thy thip and men.  
 If thou eſcapſt thy ſelfe, extending home  
 Thy long'd for landing; thou ſhalt loded come  
 With ſtore of iſſes, moſt exceeding late,  
 And not conforſt with a faued mate.  
 This ſaid, the golden-thron'd *Aurora* roſe;  
 She, her way went, and I did mine diſpoſe  
 Vp to my ſhip; weight'd Anchor, and away.  
 When reverend *Circe*, helpt vs to conuaic  
 Our vefell ſafe, by making well inclind  
 A Sea mans true companion, a forewind,  
 With which ſhe filled our ſailes, when, fitting all  
 Our Armes cloſe by vs, I did ſadly fall  
 To graue relation, what concernd in Fate  
 My friends to know, and told them that the ſtate  
 Of our affaires ſucceſſe, which *Circe* had  
 Prefag'd to me alone, muſt yet be made  
 To one, nor onely two knowne; but to all:  
 That ſince their liues and deaths were left to fall  
 In their elections; they might life elect,  
 And giue what would preferue it, ſit effect.  
 I first inform'd them, that we were to ſlie  
 The heauenly-finging *Sirens* harmony,  
 And flowre-adorned Medow. And that I  
 Had charge to hearne their ſong, but fetterd fast  
 In bands, vnfauor'd, to th'erecled Maſt;  
 From whence, if I ſhould pray, or vife command  
 To be enlarrg'd, they ſhould with much more band  
 Containe my ſtruglings. This I ſimply told  
 To each particular; nor would withhold  
 What moſt enioyn'd mine owne affections ſtay,  
 That theſts the rather might be taught r'obay.  
 In meane time, flew our ſhips, and ſtraight we fetcht

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

The *Sirens* Ile; a ſpleeneklef wind, ſo ſtreach  
 Her wings to waſt vs, and ſo vng'd our keele.  
 But hauing reaſt this Ile, we could not eele  
 The leaſt gaſpe of it: it was ſtriken dead;  
 And all the ſea, in proſtrate ſlumber ſpread:  
 The *Sirens* diuell charm'd all. Up then flew  
 My friends to work; strooke ſaile, tigether drew,  
 And under hatches ſlowd them: ſat, and plied  
 Their poliſht oares; and did in curſs diuid  
 The white-head waters. My paide then came on;  
 A mighty waxen Cale, I ſet vpon;  
 Chopt it in fragmens, with my fword, and wrought  
 With ſtrong hand, every peſce, till all were ſoft.  
 The great powre of the Sunne, in ſuch a beame  
 As then flew burning from his Diademme,  
 To liquefaction helps. Orderlie,  
 I ſtopp their eareſ; and they, as faire did ply  
 My feete, and hands with cords; and to the Maſt  
 With other halſers, made me foundy fast.  
 Then tooke they ſteate, and forth our paſſage ſtrooke,  
 The ſomie ſea, beneath their labour ſhooke.  
 Rowd on, in reach of an ered voice,  
 The *Sirens* ſoone tooke note, without our noice,  
 Tun'd thoſe ſweete accents, that made charmes fo ſtrong,  
 And theſe learn'd numbers, made the *Sirens* ſong:  
 Come here, then, worthy of a world of praiſe;  
 That deſt ſo big, the Grecian glory raifis;  
 Vlyſſes! It ay thy ſhip; and that ſong bear,  
 That none paſt ever, but it bent his care:  
 But left him raiſh, and iuſtructed more  
 By vs, then any, euer heard before.  
 For we know all thiſgs whatſoever were  
 In wide Troy labou'red, whatſoever there  
 The Grecians and the Troians both ſafain'd,  
 By thy big iſſes; that the Gods ordain'd.  
 And whatſoever, all the earth can ſhow  
 T informe a knowledge of deſert, we know.

This they gaue accent in the ſweetest ſtraine  
 That euer open'd an enamou'r'd vaine.  
 When, my conſtrain'd heart, needs woule haue mine care  
 Yet more delighted, force way forth, and heare.  
 To which end I commanded, with all ſigne  
 Sterne looks could make (for not a ioynt of mine  
 Had powre to ſtirre) my friends to riſe, and give  
 My limbs free way. They freely ſtru'd to diuine  
 Their ſhip ſtill on. When (farre from will to loſe)  
*Eurylochus*, and *Perimedes* roſe  
 To wrap me ſurſt; and opprefte me more

With many a halfer, then had vse before,  
When, rowing on, without the reach of sound,  
My friends vnstoppt their eares, and me, vboundy,  
And, that Ile quite we quittid. But againe  
Fresh feates emploid vs. I beheld a mane  
Of mighty billows, and a smoke ascend:  
A horrid murmure hearing. Euer friends  
Aftoniftit sat: from every hand, his oare  
Fell quite forsaken: with the dismall Rore  
Wher all things there made Echoes, stony still stood.  
Our ship it selfe: because the ghastly flood,  
Tooke all mens motions, from her, in their owne:  
I, through the ship went, labouring vp and downe  
My friends recoured spirits. One by one  
I gaue good words, and said: That well were knownne  
These ills to them before: I told them all;  
And that these could not proue, more capitall  
Then thos the Cyclop, blockt vs vp in; yet  
My vertue, wit, and heaven-helped Counfailes, set  
Their freedoms open. I could not beleue  
But they remembred it, and wifht them giue  
My equall care, and meanes, now equal trust.  
The strength they had, for stirring vp, they must  
Rouize, and extend, to trie if Iose had laid  
His powres in theirs vp, and would adde his aid  
To scape eu'en that death. In particular then  
I told our Pylot, that past other men  
He, most mult beare firme spirites; since he swaid  
The Continent, that all our spirits conuaid  
In his whole guide of her. He saw there boile  
The fierie whirpoolles; that to all our spoile  
Inclosid a Rocke: without which, he must stere,  
Or all our ruines stoo'd concluded there.

All heard me, and obaid; and little knew  
That, shunning that Rocke, sixe of them should rute  
The wracke, another hid. For I conceald  
The heauy wounds that never would be heald,  
To be by Scylla opened; for their feare  
Would then haue rob'd all, of all care to stere;  
Or stirr an oare, and made them hide beneath;  
When they, and all, had died an idle death.  
But then, even I forgot to shunne the harme  
Circ forewarnd: who willd I should not arm,  
Nor shew my selfe to Scylla, left in vaine  
I ventur'd life. Yet could not I containe  
But arm'd at all parts, and two lances tooke  
Vp to the foedecke went, and thence did looke  
That Rockie Scylla would haue first appear'd,

And

And take my life, with the friends I found.  
From thence yet, no place could afford her fight,  
Though through the darke rocke, mine eye them her light,  
And rancked all waies. I then tooke a streght  
That gane my selfe, and some few more respe  
Twixt Scylla, and Charybdis; whence we ffor  
How horridly Charybdis thron, did dene  
The brackish sea vp, which, when all abroad  
She spit againe out: neugt Caldron, fed  
With so much feruor, fed with all the store  
That could enrage it. All the Rocke did sore  
With troubl'd waters: round about the tops  
Of all the steepe crags, flew the fomy drops.  
But, when her draught, the sea and earth disunderd,  
The troubl'd bottoms turnd vp, and the thunderd,  
Fare vnder shore, the swart lands naked lay.  
Whose whole steme fight, the flasid blood did fray  
From all our faces. And while we on her  
Our eyes beslowd thus, to our mesmes feare,  
Sixe friends had Scylla snatcht out of our keele,  
In whom, most losse, did force, and virtue feele.  
When looking to my ship, and lenthing eye  
To see my friends elates, their heeles turnd him,  
And hands easit vp, I might discerne, and heare  
Their callis to me for helpe, whenow they were  
To try me in their last extremities.  
And as an Angler, medcine for surpise  
Of litle fish, fits pouring from the rocks,  
From out the crookt home, of a fold-bred Ouse,  
And then with his long Angle, hoists them hie  
Vp to the Aire, then sligghtly hunders them by,  
When, helpeless sprauling on the land they lie:  
So easily Scylla to her Rocke had rapt  
My wofull friends, and so vngent, entrapte  
Struggling they lay beneath her violent rape;  
Who in their tortures, desperate of escape,  
Shrikid as the tote, and vp, their hands to me  
Still threw for sweete life. I did never see  
In all my sufferance rancking the feas,  
A specke so full of miseries.

Thus having fled these rocks (thefe entell names  
Scylla, Charybdis, ) where the king of flames  
Hath offerings burnid to him, our ship past in  
The land, that from all the death doth name  
The Epithete, Faethoffs: where the broad of land  
And famous Oxen, for the Sunnes arid  
With many fat flockes of that high-gone God,  
Set in my ship, mine eare reacht, where we read.

The bellowing of Oxen, and the bleate  
Of fleecie sheepe, that in my memories feate  
Put vp the formes, that late had bene imprest  
By dread *Aean Circe*, and the best  
Of Soules, and Prophets, the blind *Theban Seer*;  
The wife *Tiresias*, who was graue-decreer  
Of my returnes, whole meanes. Of which, this one  
In chiefe he vrg'd; that I shold alwaies shame  
The Iland of the Man-delighting Sunne.  
When, (fad at heart for our late losse) I praid  
My friends to heare fit counsaile, (though disnaid  
With all ill fortunes) which was giuen to me  
By *Circes*, and *Tiresias* Prophecie;  
That I shold flie the Ile, where was ador'd  
The Comfort of the world : for ills, abhor'd  
Were ambusht for vs there; and therefore, willd  
They should put off, and leuue the Ile. This kill'd  
Their tender spirits, when *Eurylochus*  
A speech that vex't me vitter'd; answering thus:

Cruell *Nyffer*! Since thy nerues abound  
In strength, the more spent; and no toyles confound  
Thy able lims, as all beate out of steele;  
Thou ablest vs to, as vnapt to feele  
The teeth of *Labor*, and the spoile of *Sleepe*,  
And therefore still, wet wast vs in the deepe;  
Nor let vs land to eate, but madly, now,  
In Night, put forth, and leaue firme land to frow  
The Sea with errors. All the rabide fight  
Of winds that ruine ships, are bred in Night.  
Who is it, that can keepe off cruell Death,  
If fuddainly shoul'd rush out th'angry breath  
Of *Natura*, or the eager-spirited West?  
That cuffe ships, dead; and do the Gods their best!  
Serue black Night still, with shore, meate, sleepe, and cafe;  
And offer to the *Morning* for the feas.

This all the rest approu'd; and then knew I  
That past all doubt, the diuell did apply  
His slaughterous works. Nor would they be withheld;  
I was but one; nor yeelded, but compell'd.  
But all that might contain them, I affaid:  
A sacred oath, on all their powres laid;  
That if with herds, or any ticheft flockes  
We chanc't to encounter, neither sheepe, nor Oxe  
We once should touch, nor (for that constant ill  
That followes folly) scorne ascease, and kill:  
But quiet sit vs downe, and take such food  
As the immortall *Circe* had bestow'd.

They swore all this, in all' seuerit for,

And

And then we ancord, in the winding Port,  
Nere a fresh Riuier, where the long-sombre  
They all flew out to, tooke in viables store,  
And, being full, thought of their friends, and wepe  
Their losse by *Sydes* weeping, till they slept.

In *Nights* third part, when sun began to stoope,  
The Cloud-assembler, put a Tempt vp.  
A boistrous spirit he gane it; drew out all  
His flocks of clouds, and let such darknesse fall,  
That *Earth*, and *Sea* for feare, to hide were drisen;  
For, with his clouds, he thrust our *Nyght* from heauen.

At *Morn*, we drew our ships into aane,  
In which the *Nymphy*, that *Phebus* cattele danc'd,  
Fair dancing Roomes had, and their seats of State.  
I vrg'd my friends then, that to shunne their fate,  
They would obserue their oaths, and take the fad  
Our ship afford'd; nor attempt the blood  
Of thofe faire *Herds* and *Flockes*; because they were,  
That dreadfull Gods, that all could see, and hear.

They stood obseruant, and in that good mind  
Had we bene gone : but so aduerse the wind  
Stood to our passage, that we could not go.  
For one whole moneth, perpetually did blow  
Impetuous *North*; not a breths repaire.  
But his, and *Eurus*, rul'd in all the Aire.  
As long yet, as their ruddy wine, and bread  
Stood out amongst them; so long, not a head  
Of all those Oxen, fell in any strife  
Amongst those students for the gun, and life.  
But when their viables faid, they fel to prey:  
*Neessacie* compell'd them then, to fay  
In rape of fish, and fowle: what euer came  
In reach of hand or hooke, the bellies flame  
Afflicted to it. I then, fel to praises  
And (making to a close *Retreate*, repaire  
Free from, both friends, and winds) I washt my hands,  
And all the Gods befocht, that held commands  
In liberall heaven; to yeed some meane to fay  
Their desperate hunger, and fer vp the way  
Of our retурne restrain'd. The Gods, in steed  
Of giving what I pray'd for, powre of deeds,  
A dodeclis sleep, did on my lids distill.  
For meane to worke vpon, my friends their fill.  
For, whiles I slept, there wak't no meane to curb  
Their headstrong wants, which he that did difford  
My rule, in chiefe, at all times; and was chiefe  
To all the rest in counsaile to their griefes.  
Knew well, and of, my preuent absence tooke.

## THE TWELFTH BOOKE

His fir aduantage; and their iron strooke  
At highest heate. For (feeling their deafe  
In his owne Entrails, to alay the fire  
That *Famine* blew in them) he thus gaue way  
To that affection: Hearre what I shall say;  
(Though words will stanch no hunger) enemy death  
To vs poore wretches, that draw temporall breath,  
You know, is hatefull; but all know, so die.  
The Death of *Famine*, is a miserie  
Past all Death loathsome. Let vs therefore take  
The chiefe of this faire herd; and offerings make  
To all the Deathlefte that in broad heauen live;  
And, in particular, vow, if we arrue  
In naturall *Ithaca*, to strait erect  
A Temple to the haughtie in aspect;  
Rich, and magnificente, and all within  
Decke it with Relicks many, and diuine.  
If yet, he stands incuse, since we haue slaine  
His high-browd herd; and therefore will sustaine  
Desire to wracke our ship: he is but one;  
And all the other Gods, that we attone  
With our diuine Rites, will their suffrage giue  
To our designd returne, and let vs liue.  
If not; and all take part, I rather craue  
To serue with one sole Death, the yawning waue;  
Then, in a desert Illand, lie and sterue;  
And, with one pin'd life, many deaths obserue.  
All cried, He counfailes nobly; and all speed  
Made to their resolute drivning. For the feed  
Of those coleblake, faire, broad-browd, Sun-lou'd Beeues:  
Had place, close by our shippes. They tooke the lunes  
Of fence, most eminent. About their fall  
Stood round, and to the States celestiall  
Made solemnie vowed: But, other Rites, their ship  
Could not afford them; they did therefore strip  
The curld-head Oke, of frelh yong leaues, to make  
Supply of seruice for their Barly cake.  
And, on the sacredly enflam'd, for wine  
Powrd purest water; all the parts diuine  
Spirting, and rosting: all the Rites beside  
Orderly vising. Then did light diuide  
My low, and uppere lids; when, my repaire  
Made neare my shipp; I met the delicate ayre  
Made neare my shipp; I met the delicate ayre  
Their rost exhal'd. Out instantly I cried;  
And said, O *Jove*, and all ye Deified,  
Ye haue opprest me with a cruell sleepe;  
While ye conserf on me, a losse as deepe  
As *Death* descendest. To themselues, alone

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

My rude men, left vngouernd; they haue done  
A deed so impious, I stand well affir'd  
That you will not forgiue, though ye procur'd.

Then flew *Lempete*, with the ample Robe,  
Up to her Father, with the golden Globe;  
*Ambassadreffe*, informe him, that my men  
Had slaine his Oxen. Heart-incensed then,  
He cried, Revenge me! Father, and the rest  
Both euer living, and for euer blest.)

*Pylus* impious men, haue drawne the blood  
Of thofe my Oxen, that it did me good  
To looke on, walking, all my startie round;  
And when I trod earth, all with medowes crown'd  
Without your full amends, Ile leaue heauen quite;  
*Dy*, and the Dead, adorning with my light.

The Cloud-herd answere, Son! thou shalt be ours,  
And light those mortals, in that Mine of flowres,  
My red hote flas, shall grafe but on their ship,  
And eate it, burning, in the boylng deepe.

This by *Calypso*, I was told, and the  
Inform'd it, from the verger *Mercurie*.

Come to our shipp; I chid, and told by name  
Each man, how impiously he was to blame.  
But chiding got no peace; the Beeues were slaine:  
When straight the Gods, fore-went their following paine  
With dire Ostents. The hides, the flesh had lost,  
Crept, all before them. As the flesh did rost  
It bellowed like the Oxe it selfe, aliue.  
And yet my souldiers, did their dead Beeues drue  
Through all these Prodigies, in daily feats.  
Sixe daies they banqueted, and flue fresh beasts,  
And when the seuenth day, *Jove* reduc'the wind  
That all the moneth rag'd; and so in did bind  
Our shipp, and vs; was turnd, and calm'd; and we  
Lancht, put vp Masts. Saines hoisled, and to Sea.

The Illand left so farre; that land no where,  
But onely sea, and skie, had powre to appeare;  
*Iove* fixt a cloud aboue our shipp; so blacke  
That all the sea it darkned. Yet from wracke  
She ranne a good free time: till from the West  
Came *Zephyr* ruffling forth; and put his breast  
Our, in a singling tempest; so moist vast,  
It burft the Gables, that made sure our Masts;  
Our Masts came tumbling downe: our cartell downe,  
Rushit to the Pump: and by our *Pylots* crowne  
The maine Mast, past his fall, paift all his Skull,  
And all this wracke, but one flaw, made at full.  
Off from the Stern, the Sterneman, dining fell,

## THE TWELFTH BOOKE

And from his finewes, flew his Soule to hell.  
 Together, all this time, *long*: Thunder chid;  
 And through, and through the shipp, his lightning glid:  
 Till it embrac't her round : her bulke was fill'd  
 With nafy sulphur ; and her men were kill'd:  
 Tumbld to Sea, like Sea-mews swumme about,  
 And there the date of their retурne was out.  
 I rost from side to side still, till all broke  
 Her Ribs were with the strome : and she did choke  
 With let-in Surges; for, the Mast torn downe;  
 Tore her vp pecemeale; and for me to drowne  
 Left littill vndisfol'd. But to the Mast  
 There was a lether Thong left, which I cast  
 About it, and the keele, and so fast tost  
 With banefull weather, till the Welt had lost  
 His stormy tyranny. And then arose  
 The Sourh, that bred me more abhorred woes;  
 For backe againe his blasts expell'd me, quite  
 On rauenous *Charybdis*. All that *Night*  
 I totter'd vp, and downe, till *Light*, and I  
 At *Syllas* Rocke encounter'd; and the nie  
 Dreadfull *Charybdis*. As I draue on these,  
 I saw *Charybdis*, supping vp the feas;  
 And had gone vp together, if the tree  
 That bore the wilde figs, had not refcu'd me,  
 To which I leapt, and left my keele, and hie  
 Chambering vpon it, did as close imly  
 My breft about it, as a Reremouse could:  
 Yet , might my feete, on no stub fasten hold  
 To eas my hande : the roots were crept so low  
 Beneath the earth, and so aloft did grow.  
 The far-spred armes, that (though good height I gat)  
 I could not reach them. To the maine Bole, flat  
 I therefore still must cling, till vp againe  
 She belch't my Mast, and after that, amaine  
 My keele came tumbling : so at length it chanct,  
 To me, as to a Judge; that long aduanc't  
 To iudge a sort of hote yong fellowes iarres,  
 At length time frees him from their ciuill warres,  
 When, glad, he riseth, and to dinner goes;  
 So time, at length, releast with ioyes my woes,  
 And from *Charybdis* mouth, appear'd my keele.  
 To which (my hand, now loold, and now, my heele)  
 I altogether, with a huge noise, dropt;  
 Iust in her midst fell, where the Mast was propt;  
 And there rowd off, with owers of my hands.  
 God, and *Mans* Father, would not, from her lands  
 Let *Sylla* see me; for I then had died.

That

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

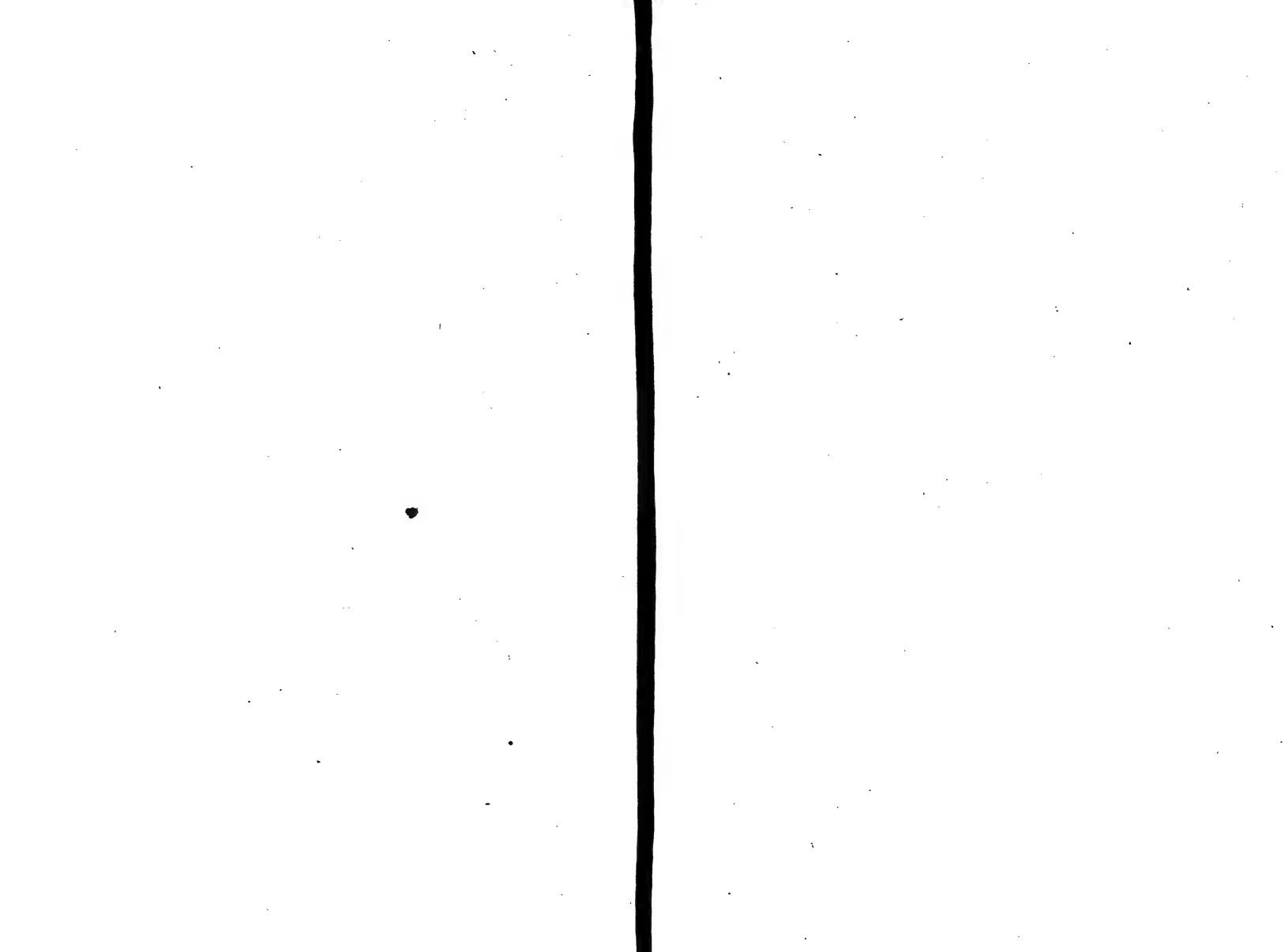
That bitter death, that my poore friends supplied.  
 Nine Daies at Sea, I houer'd : the tenth Night  
 In th'le *Ogygia*, where about the bright  
 And right renoun'd *Calypso*, I was cast  
 By powre of Deitie, Where I lin'd embrac't  
 With *Love*, and feasts. But why shoul'd I relate  
 Thosse kind occurrents ? I shoul'd iterate  
 What I in part, to your chaste Queene and you  
 So late imparted. And for me to grow  
 A talker ouer of my tale againe,  
 Were past my free contentment to sustaine.

*Finis duodecimi libri Hom. Odysse.*

Opus nouum dicum.

Eam hunc.





THE  
THIRTEENTH BOOKE  
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEES.

The Araymeisze of the Moors, and

VVillies, and the Araymeisze of the Moors,  
With all their armes and armes, Hieroglyphes, and armes,  
And armes, and armes, Hieroglyphes, and armes,  
In full force, to Godes, and to the Moors, and armes,  
And armes, and armes, Hieroglyphes, and armes,  
Whose country, and armes, Hieroglyphes, and armes,  
The Moors, and armes, Hieroglyphes, and armes,  
Against the Captiue, and armes, Hieroglyphes, and armes,  
Of Formes, and all her armes, Hieroglyphes, and armes,  
Transform'd, and armes, Hieroglyphes, and armes,  
VVillies, and armes, Hieroglyphes, and armes,  
Where the Prettie, and armes, Hieroglyphes, and armes,  
Confus'd formes, and armes, Hieroglyphes, and armes,  
Of many, and armes, Hieroglyphes, and armes,  
His Captiue, and armes, Hieroglyphes, and armes,  
And armes, Hieroglyphes, and armes, Hieroglyphes, and armes,  
All his armes, Hieroglyphes, and armes, Hieroglyphes, and armes,  
Transform'd; who so armes, Hieroglyphes, and armes,

Apropos.

Araymeisze, and armes, Hieroglyphes, and armes,  
Araymeisze, and armes, Hieroglyphes, and armes,



E said; And silence did her Tongues constraint'd  
(In admiration) when with pale face chain'd  
Their ears had long before him. At that briske  
Actions silence, and in this fort made  
To th' Phoenicia, Lycia, Sionne,  
O Ithaca! (How our oyle-same,  
With friends affeit, gant thy way for home)  
Since't was, when your happy faces come  
To my high-roof, and Braffe foundation above,  
I hope, such speede, and passe iugissons  
Our Loues shall yield you, that ye shall ne more  
VVander, nor suffer, homewardes before.  
You then, whoeuer, that are euer gracie  
VVith all choise of authoris'd power, to talk  
and VV

*Yourselves  
oratu. quod  
pro Honora.  
rio senibus  
datur. And be-  
cause the word  
is English, bath  
so o ther to ex-  
p off it, found-  
ing me, & hel-  
ping our Lan-  
guage, it is best  
to let it be.*

Such wine with me, as warmes the sacred Rage;  
And is an Honourarie giuen to Age.  
With which ye likewise, heare Diuinely sing  
(In Honors praise) the Poet of the King:  
I moue, by way of my command, to this;  
That where, in an elaborate Chift, there lies  
A Present for our Guest: Attires of prices  
And Gold, engrauen with infinite deuice:  
I wifli that each of vs should abde beside  
A Tripod, and a Caldron, amplified  
With size, and Metall of most rare, and great.  
For we (in counsaile of taxation, mes)  
Will from our Subiects, gaine theirwroth againe;  
Since 'tis vnequall one man should sustaine  
A charge so waughty, being the grace of all,  
VVhich, borne by many, is a waught but small.

*\*Intending in  
chift, the Se-  
nators, with e-  
very m' in addi-  
tion of gift,  
\* Europa.  
Xoxos,  
Bene-han-  
tos-faciens  
etc.*

Thus spake Alceus, and plead' the rest;  
VVhen each man clof'd, with home, & sleep, his head  
But when the colour-giving light arose;  
All, to the Ship, did \* alltheir spedds dispose;  
And wealth (\* honest men makes) brought with them  
All which; euen he, that wore the Diadem  
Stow'd in the Ship himselfe, beneath the foars  
The Rowers late in stooping, left their less  
In any of their labors, he ought proue.  
Then home he turn'd: and after him, did move  
The whole assembly to expected Feare:  
Amongst whom, he a sacrifice addreſſed,  
And flue an Oxe, to weather-wielding Jove;  
Beneath whose Empire, all thing are, and moe.  
The thighs then roſting, they made glorious cheare,  
Delighted highly; and amongst them there,  
The honor'd of the people v'l'd his voice,  
Diuine Demodocus. Yet through this choice  
Of Cheere, and Mufidke, had Pylfer full  
An Eye directed to the Easteſt hill,  
To ſee Him riſe, that illuſtrates all.  
For now into his ſtande, a fire did fall  
Of thirſt for horne, and as in hungry vow  
To ſeal full food, as far as fixed Plow;  
(To whom, the black Oxe all day long hath turn'd  
The ſhuborne fallowes vp; his ſtomack burn'd  
VVith empty heate, and appetit to food;  
His knees afflixted with his ſpirit-spent blood)  
At length the long-expeted Sun ſet ſees;  
That he may ſit to foode, and reſt his knees:  
So, to Pylfer, ſet the friendly light  
The Sun affoorded, with as will'ta fight.

VVho, ſtraight bespeake, that Ore-affecting State:  
But did in chief, his ſpeech appropriate  
To him by Name, that with their Rule was crownd.

*Alceus: Of all men, moft renown'd,  
Dismiss me, with as ſafe paffe, as you vow;  
(Your offering paſt) and may the Gods to you  
In all contentement, vfe as full a hand:  
For now, my landing heire, and ſtay ſhall stand  
In all perfection with my hearts deſire;  
Both my ſo ſafe deduſtion to aſpire,  
And louing gifts; which, may the Gods to me,  
As bleſt in vfe make, as your acts are free:  
Euen to the finding firme, in loue, and life,  
VVith all decr'd euent, my friends, and wife.  
VVhien, as my ſelfe ſhall haue delighted there;  
May you, with your wiues, reſt as happy here:  
Your Sonnes and Daughters (in particular State)  
VVith every vertue rendred conſummate:  
And, in your general Empire, may ill neuer  
Approach your Land; but good your good qui ene.*

This, all applauded, and all rooyally cried;  
Dismiss the ſtangys: he hath dignified  
With fit ſpeech, his diſmuſion: Then the King  
Thus charg'd the Herald: Fill for offering  
A bowl of white, which through the whol large house  
Dispose to all men; that propoſes,  
Our Father /we made, with our prayers: we may  
Give home our Gueſt, in full and willed way.

This ſaid; *Pontus*, containing a Bowle  
Of ſuch sweete wine, as did delight the ſoule:  
VVhich making ſacred to the bieſted Gods,  
That hold in broad heauen their limeſome abodes;  
God-like Pylfer, from his chaine arofe,  
And in the hands of th'Euprefc, did impole  
The all-round Cup: To whom (faire ſpoke) he ſaide;

Reioye, O Queene, and be your joyes repaire  
By heauen, for me, till age and death ſucceede;  
Both which, infiict their moſtwinelike neede,  
On Men and Dames, alike. And, ſhame for me!  
I muſt from hence, to both! Like you heare me,  
And euer may, all liuing bleſſings ſing;

Your joy in Children, ſubiect, and your King;

This ſaide, diuine Pylfer took his way:

Before whom, the vnaſterable way  
Of King Alceus virtue, did command  
A Heralds fit attendance to the Strand  
And Ship appointed. VVith him, likewise went  
Handmaids, by *Artemis* in munition fitt.

*Vlyſſa to Al-  
cinous.*

*Alceus to the  
Herald.*

*Vlyſſa to A-  
rcus.*

*The found / of  
of Vyses.  
Similitude.*

One bore an Ourant In-weede, faire and sweete ;  
The other an embroider'd Cabinet :  
The third, had Bread to beare, and ruddy wine ;  
All which, (at Sea, and Ship arriu'd) resigne,  
Their Freight confer'd. VVith faire attendants then,  
The sheets and bedding of the Man of men,  
VVithin a Cabin of the hollow Keele,  
Spred, and made soft ; that sleepe might sweetly seele  
His restfull eyes ; He enter'd, and his Bed,  
In silence, tooke. The Rowers ordered  
Themselues in severall feates : and then set gone  
The Ship ; the Gable from the hollow stone  
Dissolu'd, and weigh'd vp : Altogether, close  
Then beat the Sea. His lids, in tweete repose  
Sleepe bound so fast, it scarce gaue way to breath ;  
Inexcitable, most deare, next of all to death .  
And as amids a faire field, fourre brane hode  
Before a Chariot, stung into their courfe  
With feruent lashes of the smarting Scoune ;  
That all their fire blowes high, and makes them vrgo  
To vtmost spedee, the measure of their ground :  
So bore the Ship aloft, her fiery Bound ;  
Abour whom rusht the billowes, blacke, and vast ;  
In which the Sea-roares burst. As flame as fall  
She ply'd her Course yet : Nor her winged spedee,  
The Faulcon gentle, could for pace, exceede.  
So cut she through the wawes, and bore a Man,  
Euen with the Gods, in counfailes, that began  
And spent his former life, in all miseraie :  
Battailes of men, and rude wawes of the Seas,  
Yet now, securely slept, forgetting all.  
And when heauens brightnes star, that first doth call  
The early morning our, aduanc't her head,  
Then, neere to *Ithaca*, the Billow-bred  
*Phaeacian* Ship approach't. There is a Port,  
That th'aged Sea-God *Phoey* makes his Fort :  
Whose earth, the *Ithacian* people owne.  
In which, two Rockes, inaccessible, are growne  
Farre forth into the Sea ; whose each strength binds  
The boistroux wawes in, from the high-clowne winds  
On both the out-parts so, that all within  
The well-builde Ships, that once their harbour; was  
In his calme boosome, without Anchor, rest  
Safe, and vnstrid. From forth the haueens high crest,  
Branch the well-brawn'd armes of an Olive trea,  
Beneath which, runs a Cauue, from all Sun free ;  
Coole, and delightfome : Sacred to th'accesse  
Of Nymphs, whose sur-names are the *Naiades* :

*The descripti  
of Phoey. Bo  
men.*

In which, flew hummeling Bees ; in which lay throwne  
Stone cups, Stone vessells, Shuttles, all of stone ;  
With which, the *Nymphs* their purple Mantles wone :  
In whose conecture, Art and wonder shroue.  
In which, pure Springs perpetually ran ;  
To which, two entries were : the one for man,  
(On which the North breast'd) th'other, for the gods  
(On which, the South) and that, bore no abodes  
For earthly men : But onely deathleſſe feete  
Had there free way. This Port, where men thought meet  
To Land *Vyses*, being the fift, they knew.  
Drew then, their Slip in : but no further drew  
Then halfe her bulke reacht : by such cunning hand  
Her course was manag'd. Then her men tooke land ;  
And fift, brought forth *Vyses*: Bed, and all  
That richly furnishit it ; he still in thrall  
Of all-subduing sleepe. Vpon the sand  
They set him softly downe ; and then, the Strand  
They shew'd with all the goods he had, beflownd  
By the renownd *Phaeaci* ; since he shrow'd  
So much *Misera*. At the Olive roote  
They drew them then in heape, most far from foote  
Of any Trauiler : least, ere his eyes  
Refund't their charge, they might be others prize.  
Theſe, then turn'd home: nor was the feas ſupreme  
Forgetful of his threats, for *Phaeaci*  
Bent at diuine *Vyses* yet would proue  
(Ere their performance) the decree of *Iane*.  
Father ! No more the Gods shall honour me,  
Since men despifie me ; and thoſe men that ſee  
The \* Light, in Linage of mine owne lou'd race.  
I vowed *Vyses*, ſhould before the grace  
Of his returne, encounter woes toow  
To make that purchase deare : yet, did not vow  
Simply againſt it, ſince thy Brow had bent  
To his reduction ; in the fore-conſent  
Thou hadſt vouchſaf't it : yet before, my minde  
Hath full powre on him ; the *Phaeaci* finde  
Their owne minds satisfaction, with his Paſſe :  
So farre from ſuffering, what my pleaſure was ;  
That eaſe, and ſoftneſſe, now is habited  
In his ſecure breft : and his careleſſe head,  
Return'd in peace of ſleepe to *Ithaca*.  
The Braſe and Gold of rich *Phaeaci*  
Rocking his Temples. Garments richly wounen ;  
And worlds of Prize more, then was euer ſtrouen  
From all the conſlicts he ſuffer'd at *Troy*,  
Ifafe, he ſhould his full ſhare there, injoy.

*Neptune to  
Iupiter.  
\* The Phaeaci  
are: were defi  
ended Orig  
inally for Nept  
une.*

Jupiter to Neptune.

The Showre-dissoluer answerd: VVhat a speech  
Hath past thy Pallare, O thou great in Reach  
Of wrackfull Empire? Farre the Gods remaine  
From scorne of thee: For, 'twere a worke of paine  
To prosecute, with ignomynies, One  
That swaies our alest, and most ancient Throne.  
For men; If any so beneath in power,  
Neglect thy high will: now, or any houre  
That moues hereafter; take reuenge to thee;  
Soothie all thy will, and be thy pleasure free.

VVhy then (said he) thou blacker of the fumes  
That dimme the Sun; my licent<sup>t</sup> power refumes  
Act from thy speech: but I obserue so much,  
And feare thy pleasure, that I dare not touch  
At any inclination of mine owne,  
Till thy contenting influence be knowne.  
But now; this curious-built Phaecean Ship,  
Returning from her Convoys, I will strip  
Of all her fleeting matter; and to stoe  
Transforme and fixe it (just when she hath gone  
Her full time home; and iets before their preas  
In all her trim) amids the Sable Seas.  
That they may cease to conuoy strangers still,  
VVhen they shall see, so like a mighty Hill  
Their glory sticke before their Cities grace,  
And my \* hands cast a maske before her face.

O friend, (said Iose) it shewes to me the best  
Of al earths obiects; that their whole prease, drest  
In all their wonder; neere their Towne shall stand  
And stare vpon a Stone, so neere the Land,  
So like a Ship, and danc vp all their lights,  
As if a Mountaine interpose their sightes.

When Xepheus heard this, he for sober wear,  
VVhence the Phaeceans tooke their first descent.  
VVhich when he reacht, and in her swiftest pride,  
The water-treader, by the Cities side  
Came cutting close; cloe he came swiftly on,  
Tooke her in violent hand, and to a Stone  
Turnd all her syluane substance. All below,  
Firmd her with Rootes, & left her. This strange shew  
VVhen the Phaeceans saw, they stupid stood,  
And ask each other, who amids the flood  
Could fix their Ship so, in her full speed home?  
And quite transparant, make her bulke become?

Thus talkt they; but were farre from knowing how  
These things had issue. VVhich their King did shew,  
And saide; O friends, the ancient Prophesies  
My Father told to me, to all our eyes

\* ορθικα.

Δυστοιχια  
περινειαι  
quid, tangunt  
legem, cui  
operantur.

Aleianor tells  
his people  
how the Ship  
became a  
Stone.

Are now in profe: he saide, the tyme would come,  
VVhen Neptune, for our safe conduiting home  
All sorts of Strangers (out of evry fir'd)  
Would meete our fairest Ship as she retir'd;  
And all the goodly Shape, and speed we had,  
Should like a Mountaine stand before vs loft,  
Amids the mouing waters; which we fee  
Perform'd in full end to our prophecie.  
Hearre then my counsaile, and obey me then:  
Renounce henceforth our conauy house of men;  
Who euer shall hereafter greeve our Tounse.  
And to th' offended Deities Renowne;  
Twelue chosen Oxen let vs sacred make,  
That he may pity vs: and from vs take  
This shady Mountaine. They, in feare, aboide,  
Slew all the Beenes, and to the Godhead prade:  
The Dukes and Princes, all empheasing round  
The sacred Altar. While whols Tops were crownd,  
Dime *Vyses* (on his Countries brest)  
Laid bound in sleepe) now rose out of his rest:  
Nor (being so long remou'd) die Region knew.  
(Besides which absence yet) *Adieu se tenu*  
A cloud about him; to make strangarie more  
His saf arraial: left, vpon his Shoulders  
He should make knowne his face, and vnter all  
That might present, th' cuent that was to fall.  
VVhich he prepar'd so well, that nor his wife  
(Prefect to him) should perceiue his life:  
No Citizen, no Friend, till righteous Fate  
Vpon the wrooets wrongs, were confundate.  
Through which cloud, all shoge shew'd now to the King  
Of foreighn fashio[n]. The esnowed Spring,  
Amongst the Trees there. The peacocke waues;  
The Rockes, that did more high their foreheads raise  
To his Rapt eye, then naturally they did:  
And all the Haven, in which a man seem'd hid  
From winde, & weather, when storms loudest chid.

He therefore, being risen, stoo'd and viewed  
His countrey earth: which (not perceiuid) he row'd:  
And, striking with his hulke downe hands his Thyes,  
He mourn'd, and saide: O me! Against where lies  
My deaft way? To wrongfull men, and mad?

And with no Lawes of humayne right iadia de?

Or are they humane, and of holy minds?

What fit my deede with these so many kinds  
Of goods late giuen? VVhat, with my false, wil floods  
And Errors do? I would to God, these Goods  
Had rested with their Owners: and that I

Had faine on Kings of more Regality,  
To grace out my retурne ; that lou'd indeed,  
And would haue given me Conforts of fit speed  
To my distreses ending ! But, as now.  
All knowledge flies me, where I may bestow  
My labour'd purchase. Heere they shall not stay ;  
Left what I car'd for, otherm make their prey.  
O Gods ! I see, the great *Phaeacians* then  
VVere not all iust, and understanding men ;  
That land me elsewhere then their vants pretended :  
Assuring me, my countrey shou'd fee ended  
My miseries told them : yet now, eatheir vants.  
O loue ! great Guardian of poore Suppliants,  
That others sees, and notes too; hurtling in  
All in thy plagues, that most preface on Sin ;  
Reuenge me on them. Let me number now  
The goods they gau'e, to give my minde to know  
If they haue stolne none, in their close retreat.

The goodly Caldrons then, and Tripods(lest  
In feuerall rankes from out the heape) he told,  
His rich wrought garments too, and all his Gold :  
And nothing lack't ; and yet this Man did mourne,  
The but suppos'd miss of his home retурne.  
And, creeping to the shore, with much complainse ;

*Minerva like* & *Minerva*, (like a Shepheard, yong, and quaint,  
Shepheard(such  
as King sonnes  
wrote at those  
times to be)  
pearl to Voffit.  
Pallas to Vlys-  
ses,

A double Mantle cast  
As King sonnes are : A thwart his Shoulders, his faire goers grac'f  
With fittred shooes ; and in his hand, a Dart  
Appeard to him, whose fight reioyc'd his hart.  
To whom he came, and saide : O Friend ? Since first  
I meete your fight heere : Be all good, the wort'  
That can ioyne our encounter : Fare you Faire ;  
Nor with aduerse minde, welcome my repaire :  
But guard these goods of mine, and succour me.  
As to a God, I offer prayers to thee,  
And low access'e make, to thy loued knee.  
Say truth, that I may know, what countrey then ?  
What commune people liue heere ? And what men ?  
Some famous Isle is this ? Or gives it even  
(Being neere the Sea) to some rich Continent ?  
She answer'd : Stranger, whar so e're you are ;  
Y'are either foolish, or come passing fare,  
That know not this Isle, and make that doubt, trouble ;  
For tis not so exceedingly ignoble,  
But passing many know it : and so many,  
That, of all Nations, there abides not any,  
From where the *Mornynge* rises, and the *Saw* ;  
To where the *Euen*, and *Night* their courses run.

But

But know this countrey. Rocky tis, and rough ;  
And so, for vfe of horfe vnap enough :  
Yet, with "fad Barrenesse not much infested,  
Since clouds are heere in frequent raines digested,  
And flowry dewes. The compeafe is not great,  
The little ye, well fill with wheate, and wheat.  
It feeds a Goat, and Oxen well, being full  
Water'd with floods, that euer ouer-fil  
VVith heauen's continual showers : and woodded so ;  
It makes a Spring of all the kindes that grow.  
And therefore, Stranger, the extended name  
Of this Dominion, makes access'e by Fame ;  
From this extreme part of *Aethia*,  
As farre as *Ilios* ; and tis *Ilios*.

This ioy'd him much, that so vknowned a Land,  
Turn'd to his country. Yet so wiste a hand  
He carried, euen of this ioy, shonne so hye,  
That other end he put to his reply,  
Then straight to shew that ioy, and lay aside  
His life to Strangers. Therefore, he beslowd  
A veile on *Troy*: For evermore did wande  
About his bofome, a most crafty minde,  
VVhich thus his words shew'd. *Hannibal at Sea*,  
In spacious *Crete*, heard speake of *Ulysses*,  
Of which, my selfe (if seemes) now reach the shore,  
VVith these my Fortunes ; whose whole value more  
I left in *Crete* amongst my children these,  
From whence I flye, for being the flaugher  
Of royall *Aeneas* most loued Son,  
Swift-foote *Orpheus*, that euillhost-men  
Profest men for the rice. Yethan I flye,  
Because he would deprive me of my dues  
In *Troy*'s prize : for which, I suffered so  
(The tude waues piercing) the reboulshed we  
Of minde and body, in the wares of men :  
Nor did I gratifie his Father almen  
VVith any seruice ; But, as well as he,  
Sway'd in command of other Seadery.  
So, with a friend withdrawn, we way-laid him,  
VWhen gloomy Night, the cope of heauen did dim,  
And no man knew. But we (both d'clost) we came,  
And I put out, to him, his visall flame.  
VHole flaugher, having armed with my sword,  
Instant flight made ; and straight fel aboard  
A Ship of the renown'd *Phaeacian* Scoudy  
VWhen prayer, and pay, at a sufficient rate  
Obtain'd my Passe, of men in her command:  
VWhom I inioyn'd to set me off the land.

*As Aeneas, 1.*  
*Velut trifl, le-*  
*nusq; natura.*

*Vulcanus P.*  
*la.*

of

## THE THIRTEENTH BOOKE

Of *Pyles*, or of *Eliu*, the divine,  
VVhere the *Epeorus* in great Empire shine :  
But force of weather checkt that course to them;  
Though (loath to fail me) to their most extreme  
They spent their willing pow'rs. But, forc't frō thence,  
VV'e er'd, and put in heire, with much expence  
Of Care and Labour : and in dead of Night,  
VVhen no man there, ser'd any appetite,  
So much as with the Memory of food.  
Though our estates exceeding Needy stood.  
But, going ashore, we lay, when gentle sleepe  
My weary pow'r is inuaded : and from Ship,  
They fetching theire my Riches, with iust hand  
Abour me laide them : while vpon the sand  
Sleepe bound my senfes; and for *Sydne*, they  
(Put off from hence) made faile: whereire I lay,  
Left sad alone. The Goddesse laught, and tooke  
His hand in hers ; and with another looke,  
(Assuming then the likenesse of a Dame,  
Louely and goodly, expert in the frame  
Of vertuous Huswiferies) she answerd thus.

*Pallas to Puff.*  
*si.*  
\* *eximia* & *curiosus*,  
surauis amata.

*Exetatis* *est*  
x aquanta,  
varia & mul-  
tis placibus  
confusa.

He should be palsing slie, and couerous  
\* Of stealth, in mens deceits, that coted thee,  
In any craft, though any God shoud be  
Ambitious to exceede in subtily.  
Thou still-wit-varyng wretch ! Infatiate  
In ouer-reaches : Not secure thy slate  
Without these wiles ? Though on thy Native shore  
Thou settst safe footing ? Bet wpon thy store  
Of false words, still-spend ? That even from thy byrth  
Haue bene thy best friends ? Come : our eider wort  
Is knowne to either : Thou, of Men, art far  
(For words and counsailes) the most singular;  
But I, aboue the Gods, in both, may boſt  
My still-tried Faculties. Yet thou haſt lost  
The knowledge euen of me: the ſeede of *Ione*,  
*Pallas Athenia*; that haue ſtill out-stroue  
In all thy Labors, their extremes, and stood  
Thy ſure guard ever : making all thy good,  
Knowne to the good *Phaeacians*, and receiu'd.  
And now againe, I greete thee, to ſee weau'd  
Fresh Counfailes for thee : and will take on me  
The cloſe reſeruing of theſe goods for thee,  
VVhich the renown'd *Phaeacian* States beſtow'd  
At thy deduction homewards; Onely moſt  
VVich my, both ſpirit and counſell. All which grace  
I now will amplifie, and tell what caſe  
Thy houſhold ſtands in, vittering all thoſe paines,

## OF HOMERS ODYSSEY.

That, of meere need, yet ſtill maſt rache thy vauios;  
Do thou then freely beare; Nor one word glie  
To Man nor Dame, to ſhow them yet doſt hine:  
But ſilence, ſuffer ouer all againe  
Thy forrowes paſt; and bear the wrongs of Men:  
Goddeſſe (ſaid he) vniuft men, and vniwil.  
That author iuriies, and vanities;  
By vanities and wrongs, thould rather be  
Bound to this ill-bearing deſtiny,  
Then iuft, and wiſe me. VVhat delight hath heauen,  
That liues vnburt it ſelfe, to ſuffer givens  
Up to all damage, thoſe poore ſcwf that ſtrive  
To imitate it ? and like the Deſties line ?  
But where you wonder, that I know you not  
Through all your changes, that ſkill is not got  
By ſleight or Art : fince thy moſt hard-hit face,  
Is ſtill diſtinguiſht by thy free-given grace.  
And therefore truly to acknowledg thee  
In thy encounters, is a maſterie  
In men moſt knowing. For to all men, thou  
Takſt ſeuerall likeneſſe. All men think they know  
Thine in their wits. But, fince thy leſſening view  
Appeares to all ; and yet thy truſh, to few:  
Through all thy changes, to diſcern thee right,  
Askes chief: Loue to thee; and iuſped light.  
But this, I ſcirdly know, that ſome yeare paſt,  
I haue beeene often with thy preſeice gracie,  
All time the ſonnes of *Groſſe* w're at *Troy*:  
But when Paſes full houre, let our ſwords entoy  
Our voxes, in ſacke of *Priamus* Ioffy Towne:  
Our Ships all boorded; and when God had knowne  
Our Fleete in ſunder, I could ſaue me ſelfe  
The ſeede of *Ione*; Nor once diſengaged, ſince  
Boording my Ship, to take me vne from me.  
But onely iſt my proper ſpirite moſt iuy,  
Ere, d' herē and therē quicke flaine; ſt heaſten diſord'ed  
Me, and my ill : which haue n't no earthly grace  
By open ſpeech conuinc'd me; in a place  
Fruifull of people : where, in perſon, thou  
Didſt give me guide, and all their City/flowys  
And that was the renown'd *Phamis* earth.  
Now then; euerby the author of thy birth,  
Vouchafe my doubt the Truth (for faire it lies  
My thoughts; that thus ſhould fall into mine eies  
Confidigous *thicks* /but ſcaré I touch  
At ſoſte fare Shores ; and that thy wil is ſuch,  
Thou ſoft delude me) Is it faire the fame  
Moſt honor'd earth, that bears my countrey's name ?

I see (sayd she) thou will be ever thus,  
In every worldly good, incredulous.  
And therefore, haue no more the power, to see  
Fraile life moré plag'd with infelicitie,  
In one so eloquent, ingenious wife.  
Another man, that so long miseries  
Had kept from his lou'd home, and thus return'd  
To see his houfe, wife, children; would have burn'd  
In headlong lust to visit. Yet t'enquire,  
VVhat stales they hold, affect & not thy def're,  
Till thou hast tried : if in thy wife, there be  
A Sorrow, wauling dayes, and nights for thee,  
In Louing teates : That then the night may proue  
A full reward, for eithers mutuall Loue.  
But I would never, credit in you both  
Leafe cause of sorrow ; but well knew, the troth  
Of this thine own returne, though all thy Friends,  
I knew, as well, should make returnleffe ends.  
Yet would not crosse mine Vnkle Neptune so  
To stand their safeguard; since so high did go  
His wrath, for thy extinction of the eye  
Of his lou'd sonne. Come then, Ile shew thee why  
I call this Isle, thy *Thessalia*. To ground  
Thy credit on my words : This hauen is own'd  
By th'aged Sea god *Pherecy*: in whose Brow,  
This is the Oliue with the ample bow,  
And heere close by, the pleafant-shaded Cau'e  
That to the Fount-Nymphs, th' *Hesperides* gave,  
As Sacred to their pleasures. Here doth rase  
The large, and couer'd den, where thou had done  
Hundreds of Offerings to the *Nereids*.  
Here, Mount *Neryus* shakes his curled Tresses  
Of shady woods. This layd, the clear & cloud  
That first deceyu'd his eyes ; and, all day long,  
His countrey to him. Glad he stood with light  
Of his lou'd Soile ; and laffit, with delight  
And instantly, to all the Nymphs, her pride  
(With hands held vp to heaven) these vowe's & faid,  
Ye Nymphs the *Nereids*, great seed of *Jove* :

I had conceite, that never more should move  
Your sight, in these spheres of my erring eyes ;  
And therefore, in the fuller Sacrifice  
Of my hearts gratitudo; Reioyer, full more  
I pay your Names, in Offerings as before.  
VVhich heere I vow; If *Jove* benigne deale  
(The mighty Pillager) with life conuict  
My person home ; and to my sau'd deceafe  
Of my lou'd sonnes sight, adde the sweet increafe.

Be confident (saide *Pallas*) nor oppreſſe  
Thy spirits with care of *Odysseus'* performances ;  
But these thy fortunes, let me right reſpoſe  
In this diuine Caues boſome, that may close  
Refuse their value ; and we then may ſee  
How beſt to order other acts to thee.  
Thus entered ſhe the light-excluding Cave ;  
And through it, fough some minotrope to haue  
The Gold, the great Bratſe, & robes ready wrought  
Given to *Viffeti*. All which may be brought  
Laid downe in heape ; and the impoſt *Waſtione*  
Close to the cauerne mouth. Then ratteyn on  
The ſacred Olives roote, conſulting how  
To act th' insulting woors ouerthrow.  
VVhen *Pallas* ſaide, Examine now the means  
That beſt may lay hand on the impudent  
Of thofe proud woors: that haue three years  
Thy Roofs rule (war'd); and bene bold Officers  
Of ſuite, and gifts, to thy renowned wife,  
VWho for thy abſence, all her defolate life,  
Diſſolues in teares till thy deſir'd returne.  
Yet all her woors, while ſhee thus doth mourne,  
She holds in hope ; and every ſoe affrode  
(In fore-fent miflage) promifeſt her words  
Bearre other vterance then her heart apponeſt.  
O Gods (ſaid *Rhaeu*) it now behoues  
My Fate to end me, in the middeane  
That *Aegaeumenes* underweare, vniſſe  
You tell me ; and in time, their cloſe inſane.  
Adiuſe then meanes, to the reuenge & ſteales  
VVe both refolute on. Be thy ſelfe to *Nereus*  
To ſtand cloſe to me ; and but ſet a mode  
Breath in my boſome, as when th' *Two Townes*  
VVe tore in Cinders. O if equal poures  
Thou wouldſt enflame, amidſt my Nereids as them,  
I could encounter with theſe hundred men.  
Thy onely ſelfe (great Goddefe) haſt to ſend  
In thoſe braue ardores thou wer'nt won't extenſe.  
I will be ſtrongly with thee, *Amphion*, ſee  
Nor muſt thou faile, but do thy part with me.  
VVhen both whole pou'res combine, I hope the broods  
And braunes of ſome of theſe that walk thy goods  
Shall ſtrewe thy goodly Pavements. Toyne we them  
I ſure will render thee vniſſable to me,  
And on thy ſolid Lineaments, ſteale me  
Thy now ſmooth ſkin. Thy bright brown locks imply  
In hoary matting : thy broad ſhoulders cloath  
SSM T In

In such a cloake, as every eye shall loath,  
 Thy bright eyes, blcare and wrinkle, and so change  
 Thy forme at all parts, that thou shal be straunge  
 To all the VVooers; thy yong sonne, and wife  
 But, to thy Herdsman first present thy life;  
 That guards thy Swine, and with them well to thine;  
 That loties thy sonne, and wife *Penelope*.  
 Thy search shall finde him, set aside his Head,  
 That are with talk-delighting Acomes rear'd:  
 And drinke the darke-deepe water of the Spring  
 Bright *Aretbus*, the most nourishing  
 Raifer of Heards. There stay, and taking leave  
 Aside thy Heardsmen of the whole State, trage  
 Of home occurrents, while I make accesse  
 To faire-dame breeding Spots: for regnall  
 Of lou'd *Telemachus*: who went in quest  
 Of thy lou'd fame, and lou'd the welcome Guest  
 Of *Menelaus*. The much-knower faidie:  
 Why wouldst not thou (in whose graine breif is bred  
 The Art to order all acts) tell in this  
 His error to him? Let those yeares of his  
 Amids the rude seas wander, and lasiane  
 The woes there raging, while viuwothy men  
 Deuoure his fortunes? Let not care exceed  
 Thy heart for him (faide he) my selfe did send  
 His person in thy search, to set his wroth  
 (By good fame blowne) to such a distance forth.  
 Nor suffers he, in any least degree  
 The griefe you feare: but all variety  
 That Plenty can yeld, in her quiet faire,  
 In *Menelaus* Court, doth sit and share.  
 In whose returne from home, the VVooers yet  
 Lay bloody ambush; and a Ship haue set  
 To Sea, to intercept his life before  
 He touch againe his birchs attempted shose.  
 All which, my thoughts say, they shal never do,  
 But rather, that the earth shall ouergo  
 Some one at least, of these Love-making mens;  
 By which thy goods, so much empacie fallen.  
 Thus vsing certaine secret words to him,  
 She toucht him with her rod; and every lim  
 VVs had all ouer with a wither'd skin:  
 His bright eies, blear'd; his brow curles, white & thin;  
 And all things did an aged man present.  
 Then (for his owne weeds) Shirt and coat, all rent,  
 Tan'd, and all footed, with noisome smole,  
 She put him on; and ouer all, a cloke

Made

Made of a Scag huge hide: of which was Wome  
 The issue come off, & Scap shoulde and scorne,  
 Shoulde and shorne, and shorn, and shorne,  
 And shorn, and shorn, and shorn, and shorne,  
 Thus having both confuted of th enim,  
 They parted both: and forth to Spore went  
 The gray ey'd Goddess, to se all thing done  
 That appertaine to thir fayre soule.

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES

*The End of the Thirteenth Book  
of Homers Odysseus*

# THE FOVRTEENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Vlysses fathers, & the field  
His Swaines Eumenyngles doth yield  
Kindes Goeffrites to him; and relates  
Occurrences of his wrong'd estate.

Another.

*n*1** { Vlysses fathers,  
for his new Goods.  
His pious Spouses  
faith vnder them.



\* aperte has;  
materiz ad-  
harrem Item,  
qui rebus  
Mundans  
decimis est.

Vche, the round waye he stode upon Wash the Port,  
Through hee passed and hewell, looking the resport  
Where Pales did stand, and where hee did goe.  
Who, of the swaines, did him affirme to be  
By God-like strength, and by his Rights,  
Had more trueesse, then all his Prophylites.  
He found him sitting in his Cottage dore,  
VWhere he had rai'd to every ayry Blone,  
  
A Front of great height; and in such a place,  
That round ye might behold : of circular grace  
A walke so wound about it: which the Swain  
(In absence of his farre-gone Soueraine)  
Had buil himselfe, without his Queenes supply,  
Or old Laertes, to see safelie lye  
His houfled herd. The inner part, he wrought  
Of stonnes, that thidher his owne labors brought;  
Whiche with an hedge of Thorn he fenc't about,  
And compact all the hedge, with pales cleft out  
Of stable Oake ; that here and there he fixt  
Frequent and thicke. VVithin his yard, he mixt  
Twelve Sties to lodge his Heard; and every Sty  
Had roome and vse, for fifty Swine to lye.  
But those were females all. The male Swine slept  
VVithout doores euer. Nor was their Herd kept

Fame;

## OF HOMER'S ODYSSES.

Faire like the Females, since they suffer'd still  
Great diminution : he being forc't to kill  
And send the fateli to the daury Feasts;  
Affected by th vngodly wooing guests.  
Their number therefore, but three hundred were,  
And sixty : By them, Maillues as asfere  
As savage beasts, lay euer. Their fierce straine  
Bred by the Herdiman, a meere Prince of Men:  
Their number, four. Himselue was then appli'de  
In cutting forth a faire-hew'd Oxes hide,  
To fit his seatte with shooes. His seruants held  
Guard of his Swine. Three, here and there, at field;  
The fourth, he sent to City with a Sow,  
VVwhich must of force be offer'd to the Vow,  
The VVooers made to all facracy :  
To serue which, still they did thole Offerings ply.  
The Fate-borne-Dogs-to-Burke, tooke sodaine view  
Of Odysseus; and upon him flew  
VVith open mouth. He (cunaing, to appall  
A fierce Dogs fury) from his hand let fall  
His staffe to earth; and sat him carelesse downe.  
And yet to him had one foul'e wrong been showne  
VWhere most his Right lay, had not instantly  
The Herdiman let his hide fall; and his cry  
(VVith frequent stones, flung at the dogges) repel'd  
This way, and that, their eager course they held:  
VWhen through the entry past, he thus did mowme.  
O Father ! How foone, had youにて bene borne  
By these rude Dogges ? whose han'd had branded me  
VVith much negle&t of you ? But Deity  
Hath given so many other fightes, and cares  
To my attendant state: that well warres  
You might be hurt for me: for heere I lie  
Griening and mourning for the Maiefie  
That God-like worted to be rasing boore:  
Since now, I sat his Swine, for others cheere:  
VWhere he, perhaps, er's hungry vp and downe,  
In Countries, Nations, Cities, all unknowne.  
If any where he liues yet ; and doth see  
The Sunnes sweet beames. But (Father) follow mee,  
That (cheerd with wine and food) you may discloſe  
From whence you truly are ; and all the woes  
Your age is subiect to. This laid, he led  
Into his Cottage; and of Osiers, spred  
A thickned handl; on whose top, he shrow'd  
A wilde Goats shaggy skin; and then beslow'd  
His owne Couch on it, that was soft and great  
Vffesse ioy'd, to see him so entreat

ian

T 3

His vncouth Prescence; saying, *None require,*  
And all th'immortal Gods, with that delight  
Thou most desir'st, thy kinde recete of me;  
O Friend, to humane Hospitality.

*Eumeus* answer'd: Guest? Ifome much worse,  
Arriu'd here then thy selfe; it were a curse  
To my poore meanes, to let a Stranger taile  
Contempt, for fit food. Poore men, and vnplac't  
In free seats of their owne, are all from *Ione*  
Commanded to our entertaining Loue.  
But poore is th'entertainment I can gives  
Yet free, and lousing. Of such men as liue  
The liues of seruants, and are still in feare  
Where yong Lords govern; this is all the chuse  
They can affoord a Stranger. There was One  
That vise to manage, this now defast Throne:  
To whom the Gods deny returne, that shew'd  
His curiosit fauour to me, and beslow'd  
Poffessions on me: A moft wished wife,  
A house, and portion; and a Seruants life,  
Fit for the gift a gracious King shoud give:  
VVho still tooke pains himfelfe; & God made th'arie  
His personall endeour: and to me,  
His worke the more increas't; in which you see  
I now am conquerant. And therefore much  
His hand had helpt me, had heagens wil beene fuch,  
He might haue here growne old. But he is gone,  
And would to God the whole fucallion  
Of *Hellen* might go with him; fince for her  
So many men di de: wholte Fate did confe  
My Liege to *Troy*, in *Agamemnon* grace;  
To spoile her People, and her Tumors met.

This said, his coate to him, he streight did gird,  
And to his Sties went, that contained his Herd.  
From whence, he tooke out two, lew both, and cut  
Both faitley vp. A fire enflam'd, and pou  
To spit the ioynts; which roasted well, he set  
VVith spit and all to him, that he might eat  
From thence his food, in all the fudging heat.  
Yet dreg'd it first with Flowre: Then ful this Cup  
VVith good sweet wine; Sate them, & cheard him vp.  
Eate now (my guest) such leane Swine, as are meane  
For vs poore Swaines: The fat, the wooters eare  
In whose minds, no shame, no remorfe doth moue;  
Though well they know, the bleſt Gods doe not loue  
Vngodly actions; but reſpe& the right,  
And in the workes of pious men, delight.  
But theſe are worse then impious; for thoſe

That

That vow't inuſtice, and profeſſe them foes  
To other Nations, enter on their Land;  
And *Jupiter* (to ſhew his punishing hand  
Vpon th'inuaded, for their penance then)  
Gives fauour to their foes (thoſh wicked men)  
To make their prey on them; who, haſting firſt  
Their ſhips with ſpoile enough, weigh meane freightis  
And each man to his houſe; (and yet euē theſe,  
Doth powrfull feare, of Gods miſer vengeance ſize  
Even for that prize, in which they ſo reioyce)  
But theſe men, knowing (haſting heard the voyce  
Of God, by ſome meane) that fad Death had reſt  
The Ruler heere; will neuer ſuffer left  
Their vniuft wooing of his wife, nor take  
Her often awarde: and their owne Roſes make  
Their firſt retreats: But (ſince th'checkbox't, they may)  
They therefore wil, make full his goods their pray,  
Without all ſpare, or and. There is no day,  
Nor night ſent out from God, that euer they  
Prophane with one beaſt blood, or onely two;  
But þo're make ſpoile of: and the wrongs they do  
In meates exceil; to Wine as well extend;  
VVhich as exceilually, their riots ſpend:  
Yet ſtill leafe ſore. For ſure his meane were great;  
And no *Herc*, that hath choiſeft ſteate  
Vpon the fruitfull neighbour *Gadinetis*;  
Or in this Ile it ſelfe, to ſpoile  
Was, as *Phylles*: No, not twenty lath  
Put altogether, did poſſeſſe ſo much.

VVhose Herds and Fleaſt he ſet to every Head:  
Vpon the Continent, he ſtallid fed  
Twelue Herds of Oxen; No leſſe, Fleaſt of Sheep;  
As many Herds of Swine, ſtalls, large and ſteep,  
And equall ſort of Goats: which Tenants there,  
And his owne Sheepheids kept. Then ſet he here,  
Eleuen faire ſtaffes of Goats; whose food had yelde  
In the extreme part of a neighbor Field.  
Each Stall, his Herdman hath: An honeſt Swaine,  
Yer every one, muſt every day ſuitaine  
The load of one Beast, (the moft fat, and beſt  
Of all the Stall-fed) to the VVooers Feaſt.  
And I (for my part) of the Swinte I keepe  
(VVith fourre more Herdmen) every day, help ſleep  
The VVooers appetites, in bloude of one,  
The moft ſelect, our choiſe caraffaſt upon.

To this; *Phylles* gaue good care, and fed;  
And drunke his wine; and vent; and raiſed  
His food for meete vexation. Seeds of ill

Phylles

Phylles: i' comp  
against the w-o-  
ers, with newes  
of their payd.

His

## THE FOVRTEENTH BOOKE

His Stomacke sow'd, to heare his goods go still  
To glut of wooers. But his dinner done,  
And Stomacke fed to satisfaction:  
He drunke a full Bowle, all of onely wine,  
And gaue it to the Guardian of his Swine:  
Who tooke it, and reioyc't. To whom he said;

O Friend, who is it that (so rich) hath paid  
Price for thy seruice? Whofe commended pow'r,  
Thou sayst (to grace the *Gracious Conquerour*)  
At *Iham* perisht? Tell me; it may fall.  
I knew some such. The great God knowes, and all  
The other deathelesse Godheads: if I can  
(Farre having traual'd) tell of such a man.

*Eumenius* answ'rd: Father, neuer one  
Of all the Strangers that haue touch't vpon  
This Coast with his lifes Newes, could euer yet  
Of Queene, or lou'd sonne, any credit get.  
These Trauailers for cloathes, or for a meale;  
At all aduentures, any lye will tell.  
Nor do they trade for truth: not any man  
That fawf the people *ithacensiar*,  
Of all their fort; and had the Queens supplies,  
Did euer tell her any newes, but lies.  
She graciouly receives them yet; enquires  
Of all she can: and all, in teares exp'res.  
It is th' accustom'd Law, that women keepe,  
Their husbands, elsewhere dead, at home to wespe.  
But do thou, quickly Father, forge a Tale;  
Some Coat, or cloake, to keepe thicke warme withinall;  
Perhaps some one may yeld thee: But for him,  
Vultures and Dogges, haue torn from every lim.  
His porous skin; and forth his soule is fled:  
His coarse at Sea, to Fishes forscited:  
Or on the Shore, lies hid in heapes of sand;  
And there hath he his ebbe: his Native Strand  
With friends teares flowing. But to me, past all  
VVere teares created: For I neuer shall  
Finde so humane a royll Mayster more;  
VVhat euer Sea, I seeke; what euer Shore;  
Nay, to my Father, or my Mothers loue  
Should I returne; by whom, I breath and moue,  
Could I so much ioy offer; nor these eyes  
(Though my desires sustaine extremities  
For their sad absence) would so faine be blest:  
VVith sight of their liues, in my native Nest,  
As with *Vyffes* dead: in whose last rest,  
(O friend) my soule shall loue him. Hee's not here,  
Nor do I name him like a flatterer.

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

But as one thankfull for his Lone and easie lot,  
To me a poore man in the rich syr'nes,  
And be past all thores, where Sunnes shone,  
I will invoke him as a soule divine.

O Friend (sayd he) Xanthy, and he belouest  
He cannot live, doth too unashamede give  
To incredulity. For (no suspition)  
At needy random; but my bounde to breake  
In sacred Oath *Vyffes* shall require,  
And when his fight recomforsteth those that comcurse,  
In his owne roothes; then give me clothe, and core,  
And garments worthy of a man of note:  
Before which, though neede wuld me aster fo,  
Ile not receive a thred, but naked go.  
No lesse I hate him then the gages of hell,

That pooreneſſe can force, aman to tell.  
Let *Ione* then (heavens chief) God, and wifes beſte;  
And thi thy hospitable Tablehouse,  
Together with vblam'd *Vyffes* houſe,  
In which I finde receipt to ſolue:  
VVhat I affir'md of him ſhall all be true.  
This instant year, thine eyen heare ſhall view  
Thy Lord *Vyffes*. Nay, ere this time ſhall end  
(Return'd full home) he ſhall ſwimme by land  
To every one, whose enemys deſtitute  
VVrong to his wife, and his illfame from Swine.

O Father (he replied) ile neither gaine  
Thy newes reward; nor doth *Vyffes* late  
But come; enough of thiſſe; let me now ſay  
And neuer more his memory ſpoile  
It greenes my heart to be remembred thus  
By any one, of one ſo glories.  
But stand your oath, in your affection strong,  
And let *Vyffes* come, for whom I long:  
For whom his wife; for whom his ſon ſire;  
For whom his Son, confounds his God-like ſire.  
VVhoſe chance I now muſt mōte, and euer find  
VVhom when the Gods had thought no be as tall  
As any upright plant; and I had ſame.  
He would amongst a Courſe of men haue ſtride  
In coumfailes; and for forme, haue bene alwaies  
Euen with his Father: ſome ſaid ſtridely  
Or than tooke from him his owne equal ſandies  
And paſt him for the *Pylian* Shore, to finde  
His long-loſt Father. In reſume from ſilence,  
The Wwoers pride, way-bres, blaſphemous;  
That, of diuine *Athena*, all thareſſe  
May ſcide to *Hellas*, and not the graue  
VVhere

Of any Name, left to it. But leave me now, and I will return to you again. His state, however; if surpriz'd he be, I durst not say unto him, If Or if he scape. And may *Saturnus* hand me well, if he escaped but. Protect him safely to his native Land. And I, I will tell I Do you then (Father) shew your giftes, and comfort my soul? O Of your artfull heire; nor break the lawes That Truth prescribes you: but relate your name, And of what race you are: your Fathers famel And native Cities: Ship and men vntold, That to this Isle conuaid you: since I hold Your heire arriall, was not all by thore; Nor that your feete, your aged person bone.

He answ'rd him; Ile tell all fairely true, If time, and foode, and wine enough suffice Within your roofoe to vs: that fairely we maye. May fit and banquet: Let your busynesse be Discharg'd by others. For, when all is done, I can not earely, while the yere doth runne. His circle round, run ouer all the woes, Beneath which (by the courfe the Gods dispofe) My sad age labours. First, Ile tell you there, From ample *Cress* I fetch my Native straine, My Father wealthy: whose house, many a life Brought forth and bred besides, by his true wife. But me, a Bond-maid bore; his Gastecking: Yet tender'd was I, as his lawfull heire, By him, of whose race, I my life peches. *Caster*, his name; sumain'd *Byfescide*. A man, in fore-times, by the *Gresse State*, For goods, good children, and his fortunes, Successe in all act's, of no meane effe'm: But death conferting Fates, have banisht him To *Plato's* kingdome. After whom, his soule To Lots diuided his possessions; and I had left, And gane me passing little, yet hithow'd A house on me: to which, my vertues wou'd domine. A wife from rich mens goodes; who was borne lowe, Nor last in fight, though all Nereies stile me now. But I suppose, that you by thus much feare, Know by the fublie, what the Come hath bane. For, past all doubt; affliction past all meane Hath brought my age on: but, in feare past, Both *Mars* and *Pallas*, haue with boldnesse gracie'd, And Fortitude my fortunes; when I haue choise men for ambush, pretheo haue prodec'd Ill to mine enemies; my too vement spirit, Set never death before mine eyes, for mercie. But (farre the first aduanc't fall) still I strooke,

Dead with my Lance, whosoeuer overthrew My speed of foot. Such was I then for valour. But rashke actions, ever fled the fare, And hombold thrif, which breeds a faulnes race. In Ore-driven Ships, did I my plesaunce place: In Battales, light Darts; Arrows, Slinges, all, And into others thoughts, with horrore fall.

But what God purposed my minde to me, I full eschew'd as my felicity. As men, of funeral Metals are addell; So, fetherall formes are in their bodies impred. Before the sonnes of *Grene*, at foot in *Boys*, Nine times, in Chiefe, I did Command chayoy Of Men and Ships, against the Trojanie; And all I fynd fit, *Accomplisht*. Yet, after this, I much explayn'd; when VVhen straight, my howse of all possesions thon'd. Yet after that, I great, and Reu'rend grew Amongst the *Cretans*: till the Thunderer new Our Forces out, in his fee. *My decrees*: A hanefull seruice, that disfolde the leane Of many a Soldier. And to this was I And famous *Adonis*, entayled; forsooth Our ships and pow'rs. Nor was thilke to be bound One reason for deniall; so preferr'd W as the vicesionable peoples minde. Nine yeareis we therefore fed the martiall hostes; And in the tenth (de-peopling *Menelaus*) We fail'd for home, but God did us no wronge Our Fleete in peeces; and we wente aside. The Counfessor *Aet*, did might malice diverse. For, onely one month, I had me a family, My wife, and children; and my goddesse employ. But, after this, my minde for *Argo* abides; When nine faire ships, I rigg'd forth for the land. Mann'd them with noble men, all things set For such a voyage, soone were we to world. Yet five daies after, staid my friends in *Scyros*; VVhile I, in banquets to the Gods, addell Much sacred matter for their factioe. The seuenth, we boorded; and the Nordiente shipp Lenn vs a franke, and passing prosperous gale, Fore which, we bore as free and easie as. As we had backe a full and frosty bole; Nor fel one Ship misfortune, neither prole; But safte we far, our Sailors and the whale. Contenting in our convoy. When we in shande In sacred radiance of the fit faire day:

To sweetly-water'd *Egypt*, reach'd, lowly way,  
And there we anchor'd: where I charg'd my men  
To stay aboard, and watch. Dismililing them  
Some scouts, to get the hill-tops, and discou're  
They (to their owne intemperance given over)  
Straight fell to forrage the rich fields, and hence  
Enforce both wifes and infants, with th' expence  
Of both their bloods. When straight therum' flew  
Vp to the City: (which heard vp they drew  
By daies first breake; and all the field was fill'd  
With foot & horse, whose Argies did all things gild.  
And then the Lightning-louing Deity cast  
A foule flight on my soldiery: nor stood fast  
One man, of all. About whom Mischief flood,  
And with his sten steele, drew in stremes the bloods.  
The greater part fel in their dissolute vaines,  
The rest were sau'd, and made entirall Swaines.  
To all the basest vngages there bred,  
And then, even *me* himselfe supplyed my head:  
VVith saue counfaile (though I wist to dye,  
And there in *Egypt*, with their flaughtryng  
So much griefe feiz'd me) but *me* made me yealds;  
Dishelme my head, take from my necke, my shield:  
Hurle from my hand my lance, and the asop.  
Oftorse, the King led, instantly made vp  
Embrace, and kisse his knees; whom *my* wife  
To give me safety, and (to make me shun  
The peoples outrage, that made in amane,  
All ioyntly fir'd, with th' intent to flame).  
He tooke me to his Chariot, weeping home,  
Himselfe with feare of *me*, wrack overcome,  
VVho yekeling foulers receives, and takes most ill  
All such as well may faue, verloke to kill.  
Seuen years I souiour'd heire, and meane dat  
In good abundance of th' Egyptian state:  
For all would give. But when an eight year began  
A knowing Fellow (that would draw a map  
Like to a Vermine, with his hellish brains;  
And many an honest soule, even quicke had faine;  
VVwhose name was *Phemix*) close accosted me;  
And with insinuations, such as he,  
Practis'd on others, my consent he gain'd  
To go into *Phoenicia*, where remain'd  
His house, and living. And with him I lind  
A compleatyeare. But, when were all arriv'd  
The months and daies: and that the yearre againe  
VWas turning round; and ev'ry for'sons rage  
Renew'd vpon vs; we for *Lybia* went:

VVhen (full inventing crafts to circumvent)  
He made pretex, that I should onely go  
And helpe consey his freight; but thought not so:  
For his intent was, to have hold me there,  
And made good gaine, for finding me a preare.  
Yet him I follow'd, though suspecting this:  
For, being aboard his Ship, I must be his  
Of strong Necesitv. She ran the flood  
(Driuen with a Northeme gale, right free, and good)  
Amids the full stremes, full on *Crete*. But then,  
*me* plotted death to him, and all his men.  
For (put off quite from *Crete*, and so fare gone  
That Shore was lost; and we set eye on none:  
But all shew'd heauen and sea) above our Keel  
*me* pointed right, a cloud as blacke as hell:  
Beneath which, all the sea hid; and from whence  
*me* thunder'd, as his hand would never thence.  
And thick into our Ship, he threw his flash:  
That gaif a Rocke, or Flatter Keele did dash  
VVith headlong Rapture. Of the shipbreake all  
Her bulke did saunour; and her men let fall  
Amids the Surges: on which, all lay tott  
Like Sea-gulls, round about her sides, and loft.  
And so, God tooke all homas reme from them:  
But *me* himselfe (though plonged in that extrem)  
Recou'red me, by thrusing on my hand  
The Ships long Mast. And (that my life might stand)  
A little more vp I embrac't it round,  
And on the rude windes, that did times found,  
Nine dayes we houter'd. In the tenth blithe night  
A huge Sea cast me on *Thefrotis*'s height:  
VVhere the Heroe *Phemix* dwelleth,  
Of all the *Thefrotis* gave my strake relife,  
VVWithout the price of that redempcion  
That *Phemix* sul't for. VVhere the Kings lou'd son  
Came to me, tooke me by the hand, and led  
Into his Court; my poore life fudder'd.  
VVith cold and labour: and hee sawe my wrack  
Chanc't on his Fathers Shore: he let noo lack  
My plights or coate, or cheare, or any thing  
Might cherishe heare in me. And heire the King,  
Said, he receiv'd *me* as his Guest,  
Obseru'd his Friend-like gathe, and his course address'd  
Home to his country: shewing there to me  
*Phemix* goods. A very Treasure  
Of Brasse, & Gold, & Steele of curios frame.  
And to the tenth successe of this name  
He laid vp wealth enough, to serue beside

*every day,*  
qui tamen rapido mon  
concavit.

*every day,*  
fine exception  
sua redemptio  
nes precio.

In that Kings house; so hugely amplified  
His treasure was. But from his Court, the King  
Affirm'd him ship't, for the *Dodecan* Spring:  
To heare, from out the high-hair'd Oake of *Trees*,  
Counfaile from him: for meanes to his remoue  
To his lou'd country, whence so many a yea're  
He had bene abfent; If he shoulde appere  
Disguis'd, or manifest: and further fwo're  
In his mid Court, at Sacrifice, before  
Theſe very eyes; that he had ready there  
Both Ship and Souldiers, to attend and beare  
Him to his country. But before, it chanc't  
That a *Thebros* Ship, was to be lanch't  
For the much-corne-renown'd *Dalichian* Land:  
In which, the King gaue to his men command,  
To take, and bring me vnder tender hand  
To King *Aeas*. But, in ill designe  
Of my poore life, did their deſires combine;  
So fare forth, as might euer keepe me vnder  
In fortunes hands, and teare my ſtate in ſunder:  
And when the water-treader, farre away  
Had left the Land: then plotted they the day  
Of my long ſervitude; and tooke from me:  
Both coate and cloake, and all things that might be  
Grace in my habit; and in place, put on  
Theſe tatter'd rags, which now you ſee vpon me.  
*At ſumne ſet.* My wretched boſon. When heauens light took *Lea*,  
They fetche the Field-wores of faire *Ithaca*,  
And in the arm'd Ship, with a wel-wreath'd cord  
They ſtrightly bound me, and did all diſbord.  
To ſhore to ſupper, in contentious rout.  
Yet ſtraight, the Gods themſelues, tooke from about  
My preſſed limbes the bands, with equall care,  
And I (my head in rag wrapt) tooke the Seas,  
Descending by the ſmooth ſteane, vſing then  
My hands for Oares; and made from theſe bad men  
Long way, in little time. At laſt, I fetcht  
A goodly Groue of Okes; whose Shore I roote,  
And caſt me proſtrate on it. When they knew  
My thus-made ſcape, about the Shores they ſaw:  
But (ſoone not finding) held it not their beſt  
To ſecke me further; but return'd to refl  
Aboord their Vefell. Me, the Gods lodg'd cloſe,  
Conducing me into the ſafe repole  
A good mans ſtable yeelded. And thus, Fate  
This poore houre added, to my liuing date.  
O wretch of Gueſts (ſaid he) thy Tale hath fix'd  
My minde to much ruth: both how thou haſter'd

And

• And ſuffer'd hearing, in ſuch good parts knowne:  
But what thy chang'd relation would make knowne  
About *Phyſer*; I hold neither true.  
Nor will belieue: and what need'ſt thou putte  
A Lye ſo rathly? Since he ſure is ſo  
As I conceiue; for which, my ſkill ſhall go.  
The ſafe retume my King ladies, cannot be;  
He is ſo enuied of each Deny,  
So cleere, ſo cruelly. For not in *Troy*  
They gaue him end; nor let his Corpſe emoy  
The hands of Friends (well they might haue done),  
He manag'd armes to ſuch perfection;  
And ſhould haue had his Sepulcher, and all;  
And all the Greeks to graue his Funeral:  
And this had giuen a glory to his Son:  
Through all times future.) But his head is run  
Vnfeene, vnbond, into *Harpies* mawes.  
For my part, Ile not meddle with the caſe:  
I liue a ſeparate life, amonſt my Swine;  
Come at no Towne for any need of mine;  
Vnleſe the \* circularly witted Queſe  
(When any farre-come gueſt, is to beſeen  
That brings her newes) commands me, being a Brawne,  
About which (all things being in queſion drawne,  
That touch the King) they fit; and ſome are ſad  
For his long abſence. Some againe are glad  
To waſe his goods vnrivale; all taking ill.  
But, as for me, I nothing vnde will  
T'enquire or queſtion of him: ſince the man  
That faign'd himſelfe, the field Edition  
• For ſlaughtering one, (through many Regions ſtraid)  
In my Stall (as his diuertory) ſtade.  
Vvhere well entreating him, he tolde me them,  
Amongſt the *Cretan*, with King *Idomene*;  
He ſaw *Phyſer*, at his Ships repar'e,  
That had bene bruſh'd with the enraged arie:  
And that, in Summ're, of an Attinie, ſure  
VVith all his braie friends, and ſick furniture,  
He would be heere: and nothing ſo, nor ſo.  
But thou, an old man, taugh' with fo much wo  
As thou haſt ſuffer'd, to be ſeaſon'd true,  
And brought by his fate, do not heere putte  
His gratulations, with thy chaming Lies.  
Thou caſt not foake to through my Faculties.  
For I did neuer, either honor thee  
Or give thee loue, to bring theſe tales to me.  
But in my feare of Hopſirable  
Thou didſt to this paſſe, my affections moſe:

V 2

You

## THE FOVRTEENTH BOOKE

You stand exceeding much incredulous,  
(Reply'd *Vlysser*) to haue witemself thus  
My word, and Oath ; yet yeeld no trust at all.  
But make we now a couenant here, and call  
The dreadfull Gods to witemselfe, that take feare  
In large *Olympos*: if your Kings retreat  
Proue made, euen hither ; you shall furnish the  
With cloake, and coate, and make my passage free  
For bold *Dulitius*. If (as fits thy vow)  
Yours King retorne not ; let your servants throw  
My old limbes headlong, from some rock most hie,  
That other poore men may take feare to ly.

The Herdfinan, that had gifts in him divine,  
Replied ; O Guest, how shal this Fame of mine  
And honest vertue, amongst men, remaine  
Now, and heereafter, without worthy staine ;  
If I, that led thee to my Houell heire,  
And mad thee fitting hospitable cheere,  
Should after kill thee ; and thy loued minde  
Force from thy bones ? Or how shoulf stand evadim'd  
With any Faith, my will t'importune *Ute*,  
In any prayer heereafter, for his lone ?

Come, now 'tis supper's houre, and inflase halfe  
My men wil make home : when our frendes repast  
We'e leaste together. This discouerte they held  
In mutuall inde : when from a neighbor field,  
His Swine and Swine-herds came, wherin their coom  
Inclod their Herds for sleepe; which, mighty thronos  
Laid out in entring. Then, the God-like *Swaines*  
His men enioyn'd thus : Bring me to be flaine  
A chiefe Swine female, for my stranger Guests.  
VVhen, altogether we wil take our *Feast*,  
Refreshing now our spirites, that all day late  
Paines in our Swines good : who may therefore sele  
For our paines with them all, amends with one ;  
Since others eat our Labors, and take none?  
This said ; his sharpe steele hew'd down wood, & they  
A passing fat Swine hal'd out of the Sty,  
Of fwe years old, which to the fire they put.  
VVhen first *Eumeus* from the Front did cut  
The sacred haire, and cast it in the fire ;  
Then, pray'd to heaven : for stil, before desse  
VVas seru'd with food, in their so rude aboys,  
Not the poore Swine-herd would forget the Gods.  
Good soules they bore, how bad soules were  
The habits, that their bodies pars, did bear.  
VVhen all, the deathlesse Deities besought,  
That wife *Vlysses* might be safely broughte

## OF HOMERS ODYSSESS.

Home, to his houle ; then with a logge of Oke  
Left lying by (high lifting it) a strokē  
He gaue to deodal, it made life expire.  
Then cut the rest her throat ; and all in fire  
They hid and findg'd her : cut her vp, and then  
The Maister tooke the office from the mea,  
VVho on the Altar did the parts impole  
That seru'd for sacrifice : beginning close  
About the belly, thorough which he went,  
And (all the chiefe fat gathering) gave it vent  
(Part dredg'd with Flowre) into the sacred flame ;  
Then cut they vp the ioynts, and roasted them :  
Drew all from spit, and seru'd in dishes all.  
Then rose *Eumeus*, (who was General  
In skil to guide each act, his fit euene)  
And (all, in seuen parts cut) the first part were  
To seruice of the Nymphs, and *Mercury*,  
To whose names, he did Rites of piety  
In vowed particular ; and all the rest  
He shar'd to every one : but his lou'd Guest  
He gracie with all the Chine ; and of that King  
To haue his heart chear'd, set vp every string.  
VVhich he obfetuing faide ; I would to see  
(*Eumeus*) thou liu'dst in his worthy love,  
As great as mine ; that giu'ft to such a guest  
As my poore selfe, of all thy goods the best.

*Eumeus* anwer'd ; Eat, unhappy wretched,  
And to what heire is, at thy pleasure reach.  
This I haue, this thou wan'st : thus God will give,  
Thus take away ; in vs, and all that live.  
To his wi's equal center, all things fall,  
His minde he must haue, for he can do all.

Thus hausing eate, and to his wine descended ;  
Before he seru'd his owne shife, he commended  
The first vfe of it, in fit sacrifice  
(As of his meate) to all the Deities.  
And to the City-racerbyhand, applide  
The second cup ; whose place was next his fide :  
*Mesantius* did distribute the meate,  
(To which charge, was *Eumeus* solely set  
In absence of *Vlysser*, by the Queene  
And old *Lacris*) and this man had beeene  
Bought by *Eumeus*, with his faculties,  
Employ'd then in the *Taphian* Merchandise.

But now ; to food appofde, and order'd thus,  
All fell. Define suffic'd, *Mesantius*  
Did take awaie. For bed then next they were,  
All throughly satisfied with compleat cheare.

See, § 72  
my dous, to  
silence.

Syntaxis  
et arte.

*Vlysser*.

## THE FORTIETH BOOKE

Zephyrus and  
Eurus. The night then came, ill, and no Taper shind :  
*Iose* rain'd her whole date. Th' euer watry wind  
Zephyre blew lowd ; and *Lacriades*  
(Approuing kinde *Euman*) carefules  
For his whole good) made fare about assay,  
To get some cast-off Caslocke (leſt he lay  
That rough night cold) of him, or any one  
Of those his seruants : when he thus begun :  
Hearre me *Euman*, and my other friends ;  
Ile vſe a speech that to my glory tends :  
Since I haue drunke wine paſt my viuall gouſe ;  
*Strong Wine commands the Foole, and moves the wife* ;  
Moues and impels him too, to ſing and dance,  
And breake in pleafant laughters ; and (perchance)  
Prefere a ſpeech too, that were better in.  
But when my ſpirits, once to ſpeak begin,  
I ſhall not then diſemblē. WOULD to heauen,  
I were as yong, and had my forces driuen  
As cloſe together, as when once our poures  
VVe led to ambuſh, vnder th'*lion* Towres :  
Vwhere *Ithacus*, and *Menelau* were  
The two Commanders ; when it pleaſd them there  
To take my ſelfe for third ; when to the Towne  
And loſty wals we led, we couch't cloſe downe  
All arm'd, amids the Oſiers, and the Reeds,  
Which oftentimes th' ore-flowing Riuers feeds.  
The cold night came ; and th' icy Northerne gale  
Blew bleakly vpon vs : after which, did fall  
A fnow fo cold, it cut, as in it beat  
A frozen water ; which was all concretē  
About our Shields like Criftall. All made faine  
(Aboue our armes) to cloaſte, and cloaſte againe.  
And ſo we made good thift (our thields beſide  
Clapt cloſe vpon our cloaſhes) to reſt and hide  
From all diſcovery. But I (poore foole)  
Left my weeds with my men, because ſo coole  
I thought it could not proue : which thought, my pride  
A little ſtrengthen'd ; being loth to hide  
A goodly glittering garment I had on.  
And ſo I follow'd with my shield alone,  
And that braue weed. But when the night were ended,  
Her course on th' earth, and that the ſtarres defecded,  
Lieg'd *Vlyſſes* (who lay paſſing neare) :  
And ſpake to him, that had a nimble eare,  
Affuring him, that long I could not lye  
Amoght the liuing ; for the feruencie  
Of that ſharpe night would kill me, ſince as then,  
My cuill Angell, made me with my men

## OF HOMERS ODYSSE S.

Leave all weeds, but a fine one. But I know  
'Tis vaine to talke ; here wanſ all remedy now.  
This ſaid ; he bore that understanding part  
In his prompt ſpirit, that ſtill ſhow'd his Art  
In Fight and counſell, ſaying (in a word,)  
And that low whiſper d) Peace, leſt you afford  
Some Greeke, note of your ſoftnes. No word more,  
But made as if his ſtricte ouertry, bore  
My plight no pirty. Yet (as ſtill he lay)  
His head reposing on his hand) gaue way  
To this inuention, Hearre the friends, a Dreame  
(That was of ſome celeſtiall light a beam) :  
Stood in my ſleepe before me : prompting me  
VWith this fit notice : we are ſave (ſaide he)  
From out our Fleet. Let me go then, and try  
If *Agamemnon* wil afford ſappy  
To what we now are ſtrong. This ſhif'd his ſped  
In *Theba* to th' affaire. Where purple weeds  
He left for haſt. Which then I tooke, and lay  
In quiet after, til the dawnes of day.  
This ſhift *Vlyſſes* made for one in neede ;  
And would to heauen, that youſh ſhake ſpirit did ſet  
Now in my Nerves ; and that my loyns were lame,  
VWith ſuch a strength, as made me then held fir  
To leade men with *Vlyſſes*. I ſhould then  
Seeme worth a weed, that fit's a herdman's men :  
For two respects, to gaue a thankfull frenđ ;  
And to a good mans neede, a good exend.  
O Father (ſaid *Euman*) thou haſt ſowne  
Good caſe for vs, to give thee groome, wife,  
Not vſing any word, that was not freed  
From all leaſt ill. Thou therefore ſtill abſent  
Or coate, or other thing, that aply thy  
Beſeme a wretched ſuppiane, for deere  
Of this nights neede. But when her ſonne diſcend  
The Mornē ascends, you muſt reſume your weare :  
For, heere you muſt not dreame of many weeds,  
Or any change at all. VVe ſerue our neede,  
As you do yours : One backe, one coate. But when  
*Vlyſſes* loued ſonne returnes, he then  
Shal glue you coat and caslocke ; and beſlow  
Your peron where, your heart and ſoule is now.  
This ſaid, he reſymme neare the fire his bed,  
VWhich all with Goats and Sheep-skins, he beſpred.  
All which, *Vlyſſes* with himſelfe did line,  
VVith whom, beſides, he chang'd a gabberdine,  
Thicke lin'd, and ſoft ; which ful he made his ſhift,  
VVhen he would drefſe him againſt the horrid drift

## THE FOVRTEENTH BOOKE

Of Tempeſt; when deepe winters ſeafon blowes.  
 Nor pleafeit him to lye there with his Sowes,  
 But while *Vlyſſes* ſlept there: and cloſe by  
 The other yonkers, he abroad wou'd ly,  
 And therefore arm'd him. VVhich ſet cheerefull fare  
 Before *Vlyſſes* heart; to ſee ſuch care  
 Of his goods taken; how farre off ſo euer  
 His fate, his perfon, and his wealth ſhould ſeuer.  
 First then; a ſharpe edg'd ſword, he girt about  
 His well ſpred ſhoulders; and (to shelter out  
 The ſharpe VVeſt wind that blew) he put him on  
 A thick lin'd Iacket; and yet caſt vpon  
 All that, the large hide of a Goat, well fed.  
 A Lance then tooke he, with a keene Steele head,  
 To be his keepē-off, both gaunt Men and Dogges:  
 And thus went he to reſt, with his male Hogges:  
 That ſtill abroad lay, vnderneath a Rocke:  
 Shield to the North-winds euer eager ſhocke.

*The End of the Fourteenth Booke  
 of Homers Odysſes.*



# THE FIFTEENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*M*incera, to his Platines ſteate  
*Eicheros* Vlyſſes ſonne retorne,  
 In Rod, and working, Hierosolome  
 Gifs of Antides, and Galathes  
 To Spartan Court, and ſitting downe  
 Deck ſaturnable way ſayred  
 To Theoclymenus, plumes  
 The Argive Argos, and ſlight paſſe;  
 Flid for a flayſter he had done.  
 Eumenis wife Euctenes ſteate,  
 How he became her Father Alar;  
 Being ſold by the Phrygians  
 For ſome ſlaves on Tenedos;  
 From ſuris the Syrian land, made priſe.  
 Telemachus arriv'd at home,  
 Deth to Eumeus Cottage comen.

## Another:

*Fro Sparta ſent  
 made ſaturnable  
 To his own Land  
 Vlyſſes.*



N Eophaemus, large, and apt for dances;  
*Athena* Pallis, her ſcroe advances  
 Up to the great in ſoule, *Vlyſſes* ſeed,  
 ſuggeſting his relative; now fit for deed.  
 She found both him, and *Nestor* noble ſon  
 In bed; in front of that faire Manion :  
*Thetis* ſurpriz'd with pleaſing ſleepe.  
 But, on the watch *Vlyſſes* ſonne did keepe,  
 Sleepe could not enter: care did ſo excite  
 His ſoule, through all the folly night,  
 For his lou'd Father. To him (neare) the ſaid:  
*Telemachus* ! Tis time that we were ſtaid.  
 Thy foreigne ſtaffles; ſince thy goods are free  
 For thoſe proud men, that all will eat from thee :  
 Diuide thy whole poſſeſſions, and leane  
 Thy too-faſt preſence nothing to reciſſe.

In quo ampli  
 ut pulchri: cho-  
 ri diuſi pofuit,  
 vel diuimur:  
 in which the val-  
 uer translatio  
 nare therefore,  
 however, ſeauan-

Incite the shrill-voic't *Menelau* then,  
To send thee to thy Native seat agen;  
VVhile thou mayst yet finde in her honor strong  
Thy blameliſſe Mother, gaſt thy Father's wrong.  
For both the Father, and the Brothers to  
Oþthy lou'd Mother, will not suffer so  
Extended any more, her widdowes bed;  
But make her now, her richel' Wooer wed.  
*Eurymsachus*: who chiefly may arguement  
Her gifts, and make her ioynture eminent.  
And therefore haſt thee, leaſt in thy deſpight,  
Thy house stand empty of thy Native right.  
For well thou know'ſt what mind a woman bears,  
The house of him, who euer ſhe endearēs.  
Her ſelfe in Nuptrials to : ſhe fees ereat,  
The yſſue of her firſt lou'd Lord deceat,  
Forgotten quite, and neuer thought on more.  
In thy returne then, the re-counted flore  
Thou fin'dſt refuſ'd; to thy moft truſted Maid  
Commit in guard, till heauens pow'r haue puraid  
A wife in vertue, and in beauties grace  
Offit fort for thee, to ſupply her place.  
And this note more Ile give thee; which reſope  
In ſure remembrance: The beſt ſort of thofe,  
That woo thy Mother, watchfull ſcours addrefſe,  
Both in the ſtreights of thi *Iberian* Seas,  
And dufy *Samos*; with intent t'muade  
And take thy life, ere thy returne be made.  
VWhich yet, I think will faile: and ſome of them  
That waſt thy fortunes, taſte of that extream  
They plot for thee. But keepe off fare from ſhore,  
And day and night faile: for, a fore-night blore  
VVho euer of thi Immortals, that vow guard  
And ſcape to thy returne, will ſee prepar'd.  
As ſoone as thou arriuſt, diſmiffle to Towne  
Thy Ship and Men: and firſt of all, make downe  
To him that keepeſt thy Swine, and doth conceue  
A tender care to ſee thee well furniue.  
There ſleepe; and ſend him to the Towne, to tell  
The chalſt *Peneſope*, that ſafe and well  
Thou liuſt in his charge; and that *Pyles* ſands  
The place contain'd, from whence thy perfon Land.  
Thus ſhe, so large *Olympus*, made aſcent.  
VVhen, with his heele, a little touch he lent  
To *Achilles* ſon; whofleeps ſweet chain's he lofides  
Bad riſe, and ſee in Chariot incloſe  
Their one-hoo'd horſe; y they might ſtrait bee gone.  
No ſuch haſte (be replied) night holds her throne.

And

And dims all way, to course of Chariot:  
The Morne will ſoones ge vp. Nor ſee forgot  
The gifts with haſt, that will, I know, be rich;  
And put into our Coach with gaudious ſpeech,  
By Lance ſan'd *Menelau*. Not a Care!

Shall touch at his houſe, but ſhall fore his breſt  
With fit mind of an hoſpitable man,  
To laſt as long as any daylicht can  
His eyes re-comfort; in ſuch gifts as he  
Will prooefes make of his heaſty roialty.

He had no ſooner ſaid, but vp aroke  
*Auroa*, that the Golden hills reſpoſe.

And *Menelau* (good at martiall cries)  
From *Helen*'ſe bed rafide, to his Gheſt applies

His firſt appearance. VVhoſe reſpare made knowne  
T'effe lou'd fonne: His mrode was thronie

About his gracious body: his clothe caſt  
Aduarit his ample ſhoulders; and in ſtaff

A broad he went; and did the King adioſt  
Aſtrides, guarded with heauenly deſined houſe;

Grant now reſtraint to my Native land,

My minde now vrging mine ouer boomes right;

Nor will I ſtay (faide he) thy perſon to ſtay,

Since thy deſires to go, are growne to ſtrong;

I ſhould my ſelfe be angry to ſtopp, and ſtay,

The like detentio[n], vrging on me men;

Who loues a guell paſſe? Meane, paſſe we will haue;

The Meane in all aſſis, bears the beſt effort;

A like ill'tis, to thruſt on me ſteppes,

As would not go; as to detaine the riſe,

VVe ſhould a guell loue, while he loues, to ſtay;

And when he like's not, give him ſoone way;

Yer ſuffer ſo, that we may giue ampeſe;

In Coach to thee. Which ere our hands encloſe;

Thine eies ſhall ſee; leſt elſe our *Maſtuary* ſtay;

Befides, Ile cauſe our women to prepa're;

VVhat our houſe yeelds; and inſtantly to haue fire;

As may ſuffice for heat! Both we will do;

Both for our honor, and our paſſion to ſtay;

And ſetting ſtrength wiſt food, you after my

As much earth meaſure, as wil maſh the day;

If you will turne your childe from ſea, and go

Through *Greece* and *Argos*; that my ſelfe may ſo

Keepē kindē way with thee. Ilc royme horſe, & guide

Tour humane Cities. Nor vnguided

VVill any one remit vs: ſomie oþer thing;

VVill each premit vs, that along may bring;

Our paſſe with loue, and proue our vertues blaſt;

*Telemachus to Menelaus.*

*Menelaus ſware.*

A Caldron or a Tripod, richly braz'd.  
Two Mules, a bowlie of Gold, that hath his price  
Heightn'd with Emblemes of some rare device.

The wife Prince answer'd : I would gladly goe  
Home, to mine owne ; and see that govern'd for  
That I may keepe, what I for certaine hold.  
Not hazard that, for onely hop' t for Gold :

I left behind me, none, so all ways fit  
To give it guard, as mine owne trust with it.  
Besides, in this broad course which you propose,  
My Father seeking, I my selfe may lose.

VVhen this, the shrill-voic'd *Menelaus* heard,  
He charg'd his Queene and Maids, to see prepar'd  
Breakfast, of what the whole house held for best,  
To him, rose *Etemenus* from his rest ;  
VVho's dwelling was not farre off from the *Courts*  
And his attendance, his command did sort,  
VVith kindling fires, and furth' ring all the rost,  
In act of whose charge heard, no time he lost.

Himselfe then, in an odorous noome descended,  
VWhom *Megapente*, and his Queene attended.  
Come to his treasury, a two-eas'd cup,  
He chuide of all, and made his Sonnes beare vp  
A Silver bowle. The Queene then taking hand,  
Aside her Chift, where (by her owne false hand,  
Lay Vefts, of all huses wrought) She took out one  
Most large, most Artfull : chiefly form'd (she wot) In a shew of art,  
Like to a Star, and lay of al, the last.

Then through the house, with earnest gait they pass'd,

VVhen to *Vyses* sonne, *Atrides* said :

*Telemachus* : since so earnestly wroght,  
Thy thoughts are, with thy vow'd return, now tender'd  
May *Ino*'s thundring husband, see a reader d  
Perfect at all parts ; action answerung thought  
Of all the rich gifts, in my treasure sought  
I give thee heere, the most in grace, and bell  
A Bowle, but Silver, yet the base is compell'd  
A Bowle, but Silver, yet the base is compell'd  
With Gold, whose fabrice his delect doth bring  
From *Vulcan*'s hand. Presented by the King  
And great *Heroe* of *Sydonia*'s State ;

VVhen at our parting he did conformatte  
His whole house keeping. This do thou command.

This said, he put the round Bowle in his hand,  
And then, his strong son *Megapente* plac't  
The Silver cup before him ; amply grace,  
VVith wörke, and lustre. *Helen* (standing by,  
And in her hand, the Robe, her bussynesse)  
His name rememb'reng, said: And I present

*axeler*,  
poculum em-  
blematis, &  
celaturis or-  
natum.

(Lord sonne) this gift to thee ; the Monument  
Of the so-many-loued *Helen*'s hands :  
VVhich, at the knitting of thy Nuptiall bands  
Present thy wife. In meane space, may it ly  
By thy lou'd Mother ; but to me apply  
Thy pleasure in it. And thus, take thy way  
To thy faire house, and Countries wished stay.  
Thus gaue she to his hands, the veile ; and he,  
The acceptation author'd joyfully.  
Which in the Chariots Chift, *Pisistratus*  
Plac't with the rest, and held miraculous.

The yellow-headed King then, led them all,  
To seates and Thrones plac't, in his spacious Hall.  
The Hand-maid, water brought, and gave it stream  
From out a faire and golden Ewe to them.  
From whose hands, to a fitter Caldron, fled  
The troubl'd waue. A bright boord then she spread:  
On which, another reverend Dame set bread :  
To which, more seruants, sorte of viuals serv'd.  
*Etemenus* was the man that keru'd,  
And *Megapente* fill'd them all their wine.  
All fed, and dranke, till all felte care decline  
For those refreshings. Both the Guests did go  
To horse, and coach ; and forth the *Porters*  
A little illu'd. When the yellow King  
Brought wine himselfe : that, with an offering  
To all the Gods, they might their journey take.  
He stood before the Gods, and thus he spake.

Farewell yong Princes : to graue *Nestor*'s care  
This salutacion from my gracie, bear:

That I professe in all our *Hom* wares  
He stood, a carefull Father to my cares.

To hum the wife *Vyses*, replied :  
VVith all our vtmost shall be signified  
(tong-kept *Atrides*) your right royall will :  
And would to God, I could as wel fulfil  
Mine owne mindes gratitud, for your free grace ;  
In telling to *Vyses*, in the place  
Of my retурne ; in what accomplish't kind  
I haue obtain'd the office of a friend  
At your deuotions; whose faire end you crowne  
With gifts so many, and of such renowne.

His wif, that he might finde in his retreat  
His Father safe return'd (to fo repeat  
The Kings loue to him) was saluted thus :  
An Eagle rose ; and in her Seres did truffe  
A Goofe, all white, & huge : A bonhould one,  
VVhich, men and women (crying out vpon)

*Telemachus*.

## THE FIFTEENTH BOOKE

Pursu'd : but she (being neere the guests) her flight  
Made on their right hand ; and kept still fore-right  
Before their horses which obseru'd by them,  
The spirits in all their winds tooke ioyes extream ;  
VVhich Neftors son thus question'd : *Ioue-kept King,*  
Yeild your graue thoughts, if this oftentfull thing  
(This Eagle, and this Goofe) touch vs, or you ?  
He put to study, and not knowing how  
To giue fir answ're, *Hellen* tooke on her  
Th' stents solution, and did this prefer.  
Hear me, and I will play the Prophets part,  
As the immortals cast it in my heart ;  
And (as I thinke) will make the true fense knowne :  
As this *Ioues* Bird, from out the Mountaines flowne  
(VV here was her Arie ; and whence rose her race)  
Trust vp this Goofe, that from the houfe did grac' ;  
So shall *Phiffes* (coming from the wilde  
Of Seas and sufferings) reach v'reconcil'd  
His Native home, where eu'en this houre he is :  
And on those houfe-fed woo'rs, those wrongs of his,  
VVill shortly wreake, with all their miseries.

*Tel'm. to He len.* O (said Telemachus) if *Saturnian Ione*,  
To my desires, thy deare preface approue ;  
VVhen I arraine, I will performe to thee  
My daily vowed, as to a Deity.

This said, he vsde his scourge vppon the horse,  
That through the City freely made their course  
To Field; and all day made that fast speed good.  
But when the Sun-set, and *Obseru'nes* stood  
In each mans way, they ended their accele  
At *Pheras*, in the house of *Dicles*,  
Sonne to *Orfleschus*, *Alpheus* seede ;  
VVho gave them guest-rites, and sleeps natural need  
They that night seru'd there. VVhen *Aurora* rose,  
They ioyn'd their horsetooke coach, and did dispose  
Their course for *Pylor*, whose high Casy, soon  
They reach't. Nor would *Telemachus* be woon  
To *Neftors* houfe : and therefore order'd thus  
His speech to *Neftors* son, *Pisistratus* ;  
How shall I win thy promise to a grace  
That I must aske of thee ? we both imbrace  
The names of Bed-fellowes ; and in that name  
VVill glory as an Adjument of our fame :  
Our Fathers friendship : our owne equall age ;  
And our ioynt traualle, may the more engage  
Our mutuall concord. Do not then assay  
(My God-lou'd friend) to leade me from my way,  
To my neere Ship ; but take a course direct

*Tel'm to Pylor.*

And

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

And leaue me there ; least thy old Sires respect  
(In his "desire to loue me) hinder so  
My way for home, that have such need to go.  
This said, *Neftorides* held all discourse  
In his kinde soule, how best he might enforce  
Both promise and performance ; which, at last  
He vow'd to venture ; and directly cast  
His horse about, to fetch the Ship and Shore.  
Where, come : His frends most louely gifts, he bore  
Aboord the Ship ; and in her hin-deck plac'd  
The veale that *Hellen* curious hand had grac't,  
And *Menelau* Gold : and said, Away ;  
Nor let thy men, in any least date, stay :  
But quite put off, ere I get home, and tell  
The old Duke, you are past : for passing well  
I know his minde, to so exceed all force  
Of any pray'r ; That he wil stay your course :  
Himselfe make bithir, All your course call backe ;  
And when he hath you, haue no thoughts to racke  
Him from his bounty ; and to let you part  
VVithout a Present : but be vext at heart  
With both our pleadings ; if we once but moue  
The least reppression of his fiery loue. (on  
Thus took he coach: his faire-man'd steeds scourg'd  
Along the *Pylor* City: and anon  
His Fathers Court reacht. VVhile *Pylor* Sonne  
Bad boord, and arme, which with a thought was done.

His Rowers set, and he rich Odors firing.  
In his hin-decke, for his secure retiring  
To great *Athenia*. To his Ship came flying  
A Stranger, and a Prophet ; as relying  
Onwifled passage : having newly flame  
A man at *Argos* : yet his Races vain  
Flow'd from *Melanipus*, who in former date  
In *Pylor* liv'd, and had a huge estate.  
But fled his countrey ; and the punishing hand  
Of great-soul'd *Nelam*, in a foraigne Land  
From that most famous Mortall, having held  
A world of riches : nor could be compeld  
To render restitution in a year.  
In meane space, living as close prisoner  
In Court of *Pylor* : and for the sake  
Of *Neleus* daughter, mighty cares did tak'e ;  
Together with a grecuous Languor sent  
From graue *Erysium*, that did much torment  
His vexed conscience ; yet his lifes expence  
He escapt, and drame the loud-voic't Oxen thence,  
To breed-sheepe *Pylor*, bringing vengeance thus

*Neftorides*, pr.  
Aix.  
Cupiens dilig.  
gete.

*Pallas.*

"One of the Pa  
ris of hell.

Her

X 2

*\* His wife, be  
traid him for  
money.*

*Theachymenus  
to Telemachus*

*Telemachus to  
Troe Juntas*

Her soule demerit, to great *Nelues* ;  
And to his Brothers house reduct his wife :  
Who yet from *Pilos*, did remoue his life  
For feed-horse *Argos* ; where his Fate set downe  
A dwelling for him : and in much renoune  
Made gouerne many *Argives* : where, a Spouse  
He tooke to him, and built a famous houle.  
There had he borne to him *Antiphates*,  
And forcefull *Mamius*. To the first of these  
VVas great *Oiclaus* borne : *Oiclaus* gate  
*Amphiarau*, that the popular State  
Had all their health in : whom, euen from his heart  
*Ione* lou'd ; and *Phabu* in the whole desert  
Of friendship hel'd him. Yet not blest so much  
That Ages threshold, he did euer touch :  
But lost his life, by \*Female bribery.  
Yct two sonnes author'd his poftety ;  
*Aleinaon*, and renown'd *Amphilochus*.  
*Mantua* had yfue, *Polyphidius*,  
And *Clytus*: But *Aurora* rauish't him,  
For excellency of his admired lim ;  
And interested him amongst the Gods.  
His Brother knew, mens good and bad abods  
The best of all men; after the decease  
Of him that perisht in vnnatural peace  
At spacious *Thebes*. *Apollo* did inspire  
His knowing soule with a Propheticke fire.  
VVho (angry with his Father) tooke his way  
To *Hypereisa*; where (making stay)  
He prophesied to all men, and had there  
A Sonne call'd *Theachymenus*; who here  
Came to *Telemachus*, and found abord  
Himselfe at Sacrifice ; whom in a word  
He thus saluted: O Friend, since I finde  
Euen heire at Ship, a sacrificing minde  
Informe your actions : By your sacrifice,  
And by that worthy choise of Deities,  
To whom you offer : by your selfe, and all,  
These men that serue your course maritimall ;  
Tell one that askes, the truth : Nor give it gloe,  
Both who, and whence you are ? From what seed rose  
Your royll person ? And what Cities Tow'rs  
Hold habitation, to your parents pow'rs ?  
He answer'd: Stranger ! The sure truth is this ;  
I am of *Ithaeus*; my Father is  
(Or was) *Ulysses*; but austere death, now  
Takes his state from him; whose euent to know,  
(himselfe being long away) I set forth thus

With ship and soldiery : *Theachymenus*,  
As freely laid; And I to thee am led  
From forth my country, for a man strooke dead  
By my unhappy hand : who was with me  
Of one selfe- Tribe ; and of his pedigree  
Are many Friends and Brothers ; and the sway  
Of *Achaea* Kindred, reacheth faire away.  
From whom (because I feare their spleenes suborne  
Blood, and blacke fate against me (being borne  
To be a wanderer among foreigne men))  
Make thy faire ship, my felowe ; and suffice  
My life from slaughter. Thy deuotions may  
Performe that mercy : and to them I pray.  
Nor will I barre (said he) thy will to make  
My meanes and equall ship, thy ayde : but take  
(Vvhich what wee haue heere, in all friendly yfe)  
Thy life from any violence that purifies.

Thus tooke he in his Lances, and it extended  
Aloft the hatchess, which himselfe ascended.  
The Prince tooke seate at *Sterne* : on his right hand  
Set *Theachymenus*, and gaue command  
To all his men, to arme, and see made fast  
Amidst the hollow Keele, the Beechen Mast  
VVith able halfers ; hoise, fale, lanch : which soone  
He saw obay'd. And then his Ship did runne  
A merry course : Blew ey'd *Marine* sent  
A fore-right gale; tumultuous, vehement:  
Along the are ; that her waves vituall yeeld.  
The ship might make, and plough the bratish field.  
Then set the Sun, and Night black't all the waies.

The ship (with *Marine* wind whil'st) when the *Marine* waies  
Feceth *Marine* first ; then *Elo* the drake ;  
And then for those Ifles made, that Sea-ward shone,  
For forme and sharpnesse, like a Lances head.  
Abou which, lay the woocis ambushed.  
On which he rush't, to try if he could cleape  
His plotted death, or scame Her treacherous Rape.

And now retumre we to *Eumeus* Shod,  
VVhere (at their foode with others marshalled)  
*Viffes*, and his noble Headman sat ;  
To try if whose loues curiositie  
Stood firme to his abode, or felte it fade ;  
And so would take each best chalfe to perwade  
His Gucht to Towne ; *Viffes* thus contends :

Heare me, *Eumeus*, and ye other Friends,  
Next Mome, to Towne I couer to be gone,  
To beg some others almes ; not full charge one.  
Admire me well then, and as well prouide.

I may be fitted with an honest guide:  
For through the streets (since Need will haue it so)  
Ile tread, to try if any will belfow.  
A dish of drinke on me, or bit of bread,  
Till to *Vlysses* house I may be led.  
And there Ile tell all-wife *Penelope*, newes:  
Mix with the woovers pride; and (since they vse  
To fare aboue the full) their hands excite  
To some small Feast, from out their infinite:  
For which, Ile waite, and play the Scrivingman,  
Fairly enough; command the most they can.  
For I will tell thee; note me well, and heare,  
That if he will be of heauens Messenger,  
(VWho to the workes of men, of any sort  
Can grace infuse, and glory) nothing short  
Am I of him, that doth to most aspire  
In any seruice: as to builde a Fire,  
To cleave sere wood: to roast, or boile their meat;  
To waite at boord, mixe wine, or know the Neate;  
Or any worke, in which the poore-cal'd worst,  
To ferue the rich-cal'd best, in Fate are fosc't.

*Eumeus* to *V-*  
*biffes*.  
*Vlysses*, angry with him, said; Alas poore Guest,  
VWhy did this counsaile euer touch thy bred?  
Thou seek'ft thy vitter spoyle beyond all doubt,  
If thou giu'st vnture on the Woopers rout:  
VWho's wrong and force, affects the Iron heaven.  
Their light delights, are farre from being gien,  
To such graue Seruitors. Youths richly trickt  
In coats or Caffocks; Lockes diuinely flickt,  
And looks most rapting; euer haue the gift  
To taste their crown'd cups, and full Trenchers shif.  
Their Tables euer like their Glaſses shine,  
Loaded with bread, with varied flesh, and wine.  
And thou go'ſt hither? Stay: for heere do none  
Grudge at thy preſence: nor my ſelfe, nor one  
Of all I feed. But when *Vlysses* ſonge  
Againe ſhall greet vs, he ſhall put thee on  
Both coat and caffocke; and thy quicke retreat  
Set, where thy heart and ſoule defire thy ſeat,  
Induſtrious *Vlysses*, gaue reply:

*Vlysses* anſw're  
to *Eumeus*.  
I ſhall much wiſh, that heauens chiefe Deity  
Lou'd thee, as I do; that haſt eaſe my minde.  
Of woes and wandrings, neuer yet confin'de.  
Nought is more wretched in a humane Race,  
Then Countries want, and ſhift from place to place.  
But for the banefull belly, men take care  
Beyond good counſaile: whoſoever are  
In compaſſe of the wants it undergoes,

By wandrings losſes, or dependant woes.  
Excuse me therefore, if I err'd at home:  
VVhich ſince thou wil make heire (as ouercome  
VVith thy command for ſlay) Ile take on me  
Cares appertaining to this place, like thee.  
Does then *Vlysses* ſire, and Mother breath?  
Both whom he left, in th' age next doone to death?  
Or are they breathleſſe, and diſcended where?  
The darke house is, that neuer day doth cleare?

*Lantes* liues (ſide he) but every howre  
Befeecheth *love* to take from him the powre  
That ioynes his life and limbis: for with a moone  
That breeds a meruaile, he ſaintens his ſonne  
Depry'd by death. And addes to diſt another  
Of no leſſe depth; for that dead ſonnes ſead, Mother:  
VVhom he a Virgin wedded; which ſet more  
Makes him lament her ſolne, and diſt deplore.  
Yet more her miſſe, becauſe her wiſe the truer  
Was to her braue ſonne; and his flauſhing bluc her.  
VVhich laſt laſt to her, doth his life engage,  
And makes him live an vndigified age.

O! ſuch a death ſhe died, as neuer may:  
Seize any one, that haſſe beholds the day;  
That either is to any man, a friend,  
Or can a woman kill in ſuchs kind.  
As long as ſhe had Being, I would be  
A ſtill Inquier (ſince t was decree to me,  
Though death to her, to haue his name) when ſhe  
Heard of *Vlysses*: for I might be bold:  
She brought me vp, and in her loue did hold  
My life, compar'd with long-vaſd eauie,  
Her younge yſſue (in ſome inſall deuote)  
Her daughter yet prefer'd a braue young Dame.

But when of youth the dearely lovd *Ulysses*  
VWas lighted in vs; marriage did preſe:  
The maide to *Sawer*, whence was ſent for her  
Infinite riches: when, the Queene behou'd  
A faire new ſuite, new ſhoothes, and all; and vow'd  
Me to the field. But paſſing loth to pierce,  
As louing me, more then ſhe lou'd her hart.  
And theſe I want now; but theſe beneſtie growes  
Vpon me daily. Which the Gods impoſe,  
To whom I hold all; give account to them,  
For I ſee none, left to the Diadem;  
That may diſpoſe all better. So, I drinke  
And eate of what is heere; and whom I think  
VVorthy or reu'rend, I haue given to ſell  
Theſe kinds of Guest-gifts: for the houſehold ill

*Eumeus* an-  
ſw're to *Vlysses*.

ſixt, exal-  
perior,  
Peropabi-  
lem pubem.

## THE FIFTEENTH BOOKE

(VVwhich where the Queene is, ryots) takes her fill  
From thought of these things. Nor is it delight  
To hear from her plights; of or worke, or word;  
The wo'rs spoyle all. But yet my men will borg  
Her sorrows often, with discoufe of all:  
Eating and drinking of the Feftiall  
That there is kept; and after bring to field.  
Such things as seruants make their pleasures yield:

O me (*Eumeus*) faide *Laietes* some,

*Laietes: answe  
to Eumeus.*

Hast thou then err'd so, of a little one?

(Like me?) From friends, and country? pray thee say,

(And say a Truth) doth vaste *Debridgery* lay

\*<sup>Supposing him  
to dwel in a Ci-  
tie.</sup> Her hand vpon the wide-way'd <sup>2</sup> Seat of men?

VVhere dwelt thy Sire, and reverend Mother then?

That thou art spair'd there? Or else, set alone

In guard of Beeues, or Sheepe? Set th' enemy on;

Surprise, and Shipe transfer'd, and fold thee heere?

He that bought thee, paid well; yet bought not deere;

\*<sup>Eumeus relates  
his birth, &c.</sup> Since thou enquir'd of that, my guest (aid he)

Heart and be silent: and meane space, fit free

In vfe of these cups, to thy most delights;

\*<sup>Adiagantes.</sup> \* Vnspeakable, in length now, are the Nights.

Those that affect sleepe yet, to sleepe have leaues;

Those that affect to heare, their hearens give.

But sleep not ere your houre, *Much sleep doth grieves*,

VVho euer lusts to sleepe, away to bed!

Together with the morning raise his head:

Together with his fellowes, breake his fast;

And then, his Lords Herd, drue to their repaft,

VVe two, still in our Tabernacle heere,

Drinking & eateng, will our bosomnes cheere;

VVith memories, and tales of our annoyes.

*Bewixt his sorrows, every Humane ioyes.*

He moft, who moft hath ferk, and furtheſt er'd;

And now thy wil, to act, ſhall be prefar'd.

There is an Isle aboue *Ortygia*,

*Eumeus tells  
Vffes i'z bee  
wzis boogis and  
fold.* (If thou halft heard) they call it *Syria*;

VVhere, once a day, the Sun moves backwards ſtill.

Tis not ſo great as good; for it doth fill

The fields with Oxen; ſils them full with Sheepe;

Fils roofes with wine, & makes al Come there cheap;

No Dearth comes euer there; nor no Disease,

That doth, with hate, vs wretched mortals ſeaſe.

But when mens varied Nations, dwelling there

In any City, enter th'aged yea:

The Siluer-bow-bearer (the Son) and ſhe,

That bears as much renoume for Archery;

Stoop with their painles shafts, & ſtrike them dead;

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

As one would ſleepe, and neuer keepe the bed.

In this Iſle ſtand two Cities betwixt whome

All things, that of the foiles fertilit come,

In two part ſare diuided. And both theſe,

My Father ruld; (*Cefis Ormenides*)

A man, like the immortals. With theſe States,

The croſſe-biting *Phenisians*, traffick't rates

Of infinit Merchandize, in ſhips brought there;

In which, they then, were held exempt from pere.

There dwelt within my Fathers house, a Dame

Borne a *Phenisian*; ſkullfull in the frame

Of Noble Huſwiferies; right tall, and faire.

Her, the *Phenisian* great wenches-not-lai're,

With ſweet words circumuented, as ſhe was

VVafhing her Linnen. To his amorous paſſe

He brought her ſift, ſhor'd from his ſhip to her;

To whom he did his whole life's loue prefer;

Which, of theſe breſt-exposing Dames, the har's

Deceiues; though fashion'd of right honest parts.

He ask her after, VVhat ſhe was? and whence?

She paſſing preſently, the excelleſſe

Told of her Fathers Turrets; and that ſhe

Might boast her ſelfe, ſprung from the Progeny

Of the rich *Sydon*: and the daughter was

Of the much-yearne-reuenew'd *Arybas*.

But, that the *Tophian* Pirats, made her prize,

As the return'd from her field-Huſwiferies:

Transfer'd her hither; and at that mans houſe

VVhere now ſhe liu'd; for value precious

Sold her to th'Owner. He that ſhole her loue,

Bad her againe, to her birds ſcarre remoue,

To ſee the faire roofes of her friends againe;

Who ſhil held ſtate, and did the port maintaine,

Her ſelfe reported. She ſaid, Be it ſo;

So you, and al that in your ſhip ſhall roe,

Sweare to returne me, in all safetie hence.

All wrore; th'Oath past, with every conſequence:

She bad, Be ſilent now; and not a word

Do you, or any of your friends afford,

Meeting me afterward in any way;

Or at the wafhing Found, left ſome diplay

Be made, and told the old man; and he then

Keep me freight bound: To you, and to your men

The vter ruine, plotting of your liues.

Kepe in firme thought then, ev'ry word that ſhrines

For dangerous vterance: Haſte your ſhips ful freight

Of what you Traffike for; and let me freight

Know by ſome ſent friend; ſhe hath all in bold,

240  
No. I ad-  
modi waſer.  
Der. ex ce-  
adu. I per-  
trabo in re-  
tie & ſeaſe.  
I. pucha.

## THE FIFTEENTH BOOKE

And (with my selfe) Ile bring thence all the gold  
 I can by all meanes finger : and beside,  
 Ile do my best, to fee your freight supplide  
 VVith some wel-weighing burthen of mine owne.  
 For I bring vp, in houle, a great mans sonne,  
 As crafty as my selfe; who will with me  
 Run every way along ; and I will be  
 His Leader, till your Ship hath made him sure.  
 He will as infinite, great price procure  
 Transfer him to what languag'd men ye may.

This said, She gat her home, and there made stay  
 A whole yeaer with vs ; Goods of great auail  
 Their Ship enriching, VVich now, fir for saile  
 They sent a Messenger t'informe the Dame.  
 And, to my fathers house a fellow came,]  
 Full of *Phanisian* craft ; that, to be sold  
 A Tablet bought ; the body all of Gold,  
 The Verge, all Amber. This had ocular view,  
 Both by my honor'd Mother, and the crew  
 Of her house-handmaids, hand'd ; and the price  
 Beat, aske, and promist. And while this deuice  
 Lay thus vpon the Forge: this Jeweller  
 Made priuy signes (by wiskes and wiles) to her  
 That was his obiect; which she tooke, and he  
 (His signe seeing noted) bied to Ship. VVhen she  
 (My hand still taking, as the vise to do  
 To walke abroad with her) conau'd me so  
 Abroad with her ; and in the *Portico*,  
 Found cups, with tafted Viands, which the guests  
 That vide to flocke about my Fathers feasts  
 Had left. They gone (some to the Counfaile Court ;  
 Some to heare newes amongst the talking sort)  
 Her Theft, three bowles into her lap conuaid ;  
 And forth she went. Nor was my wit so staid,  
 To stay her, or my selfe. The Sun went downe,  
 And shadowes round about the world were blowne,  
 VVhen we came to the hauen, in which did ride  
 The swift *Phanisian* Ship, whose faire broad side  
 They boorded straight: Tooke vs vp, And all went  
 Along the moist waues. VVinde, *Saturnus* sent.  
 Six dayes, we day and night sayld : But when *Zone*  
 Put vp the seventh day ; She, that shafts \* dode loue,  
 Shot dead the woman ; who into the pumpe  
 Like to a Dop-chiche, diu'd; and gaue a thumpe  
 In her sad setling. Forth they cast her then  
 To serue the Fish, and Sea-calues : no more Men.  
 But I was left there, with a heaute han.  
 Wh'en, winde and water draue them quite apart

\* Diana.

Theix

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

Their owne course, and on *Ithaca* they sell ;  
 And there, poore me, did to *Laurae* sell :  
 And dus these eyes, the fight of this Ile prou'd.  
*Enswaw* (he replied) Thou much haft mou'd  
 The minde in me, with all things thou haft said,  
 And all the sufferance on thy bofome laid :  
 Bur (truly) to thy ill, hath *Ione* ioynd good,  
 That one whose veines are seru'd with humane blood  
 Hath bought thy seruies, that giues competence  
 Of food, wine, cloth to thee. And sure th' expence  
 Of thy lites late heere, is of good defart.  
 VVhos labours, not to thee alone, impart  
 Sufficient food and housing ; but to me.  
 VVhere I, through many a heap't humanity  
 Haue hither er'd ; where, though (like thee) not sold,  
 Not staid, like thee yet, nor nought needfull hold.  
 This mutuall speech they vsl'd; nor had they slept  
 Much time before ; the much-ncre-morning lepte  
 To her faire throne. And now strooke saile, the men  
 That seru'd *Telemachus*; arm'd iust then  
 Nere his lou'd shore, wher now they floopt the Marf,  
 Made to the Port with Oares, and Anchor cast,  
 Made fast the Ship, and then ashore they went ;  
 Dreft supper, fil'd wine ; when (their appetites spent)  
*Telemachus* commanded, they shoul'd yield  
 The Ship to th' owner ; while himselfe, at field  
 VVould see his shepherds : when light drew to end  
 He wold his gifts see, and to Towne descend.  
 And in the morning, at a *Breakfasting*,  
 Rewards for all their paines. And whether, now  
 (Said *Theodysseyus*) my lou'd Son  
 Shall I addresse my selfe? wh' *Phanisian*,  
 Of all men, in this rough-hewn Ile, shall I  
 Direct my way to? Or go ready  
 To thy house, and thy Mother ? He replied ;  
 Another time, Ile see you satisfied  
 VVith my house entertainement : but as now,  
 You shoul'd encounter none that could beflow  
 Your fit entreaty ; and (which hee gracie were)  
 You could not see my Mother, I not there.  
 For shee's no frequent obiect ; but apart  
 Keepes from her woors, ~~was~~ d with her desir,  
 Vp, in her chamber, at her Huswifery.  
 But Ile name one, to whom you shoul'd apply  
 Direct & repaire, and that's *Eurymachus*,  
 Renown'd deffent, to wife *Polybias* :  
 A man whon th' *Phanisian* looke on now,  
 As on a God : since he, of all that wox

Is faire superior man; and likest far  
To wed my mother : and as circular  
Be in that honor, as *Vlysses* was.  
But heauen-housd *Iose* knowes, the yet hidden passe  
Of her disposure ; and on them he may.  
A blacker sight bring, then her Nuptiall day.  
As this he vter'd ; on his right hand flew  
A Saker, sacred to the God of view :  
That, in his Tallons trust, and plum'd a Doue ;  
The Feathers round about the Ship did rouse,  
And on *Telemachus* fell ; whom th' Augure then  
Tooke fast by th' hand, withdrew him from his men ;  
And said ; *Telemachus*, This Hawke is sent  
From God ; I knew it for a sure Oftent  
VVhen first I saw it. Be you well assur'd,  
There will no woore be by heauen indur'd  
To rule in *Ithaca*, aboue your Race :  
But your powrs euer fill the Regall place.

*Telemachus to Telemachus.*  
I wish to heauen (said he) thy word might stand ;  
Thou then shouldest soon acknowledge from my hand  
Such gifts & friendshipp, as would make thee (Guest)  
Mct, and saluted, at no leesse then bles.

This said, he call'd *Pallas* (*Clytus sonne*)  
His true associate, saying, Thou haft done  
(Of all my Followers, to the *Pylas* shore)  
My will, in chiefe, in other things ; Once more,  
Be cheifly good to me : take to thy house  
This loued stranger, & be studious  
T' embrace and greete him, with thy greatest fare,  
Till I my selfe come, and take off thy care.

*Pallas to Pallas.*  
The famous for his Lance saide, if your stay,  
Take time for life heere ; this mans care, ile lay  
On my performance ; nor what fits a Guest,  
Shall any penury with-hold his Feast.

Thus tooke lie ship, bad them boord, and away.  
They boorded ; fate : but did their labour stay  
Till he had deckt his feete, and reacht his Lance.  
They to the City : he did straight aduance  
Vp to his Sties, where Swine lay for him, store,  
By whose sides did his honest Swine-herd stoure:  
Till his short eares, his longest Nights had ended.  
And nothing worse, to both his Lords intended.

*The End of the Fifteenth Booke  
of Homers Odysse.*

## THE SIXTEENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*T*he Prince as Field, he sends to Towne  
Eumeus, to make truly knowne  
His safe returne, By Pallas will,  
*Telemachus* is given the skill  
To know his Father. Those that lay  
In Ambush, to presume the way  
Of young Vlyssides, for home ;  
Retire, with anger overcome.

Another.  
II. { To his next dars,  
Vlysses former,  
The wife Son dars  
his Father kindred,

*V*lisses, and diuine Elemente to see :  
Soone as the morning could her eyes vncloze :  
Made fire, brake fayre, And to their Pasture send  
The gather'd Herds : on whom their Swaines attend.  
The selfe-tyre barking Dogs, alwaies d'vpon,  
Nor bark't, at full sight of vlysse's face,  
The whinings of their sawnings were of great  
Vlysses eares ; and sounds of paine to see :  
Who thus bespake Eumeus, Sure some friend,  
Or one well knowne comere, that the Melane spide  
Their mouths no lowder. Onely Iohnes neare  
They whine, and leape about ; who to see I heare.

Each word of this speech was set before  
His Son stood in the entry of the dore,  
Out-rusht amazd Eumeus ; and let goe  
The cup to earth, thar he had laboref to  
Cleanf'd for the neat-wine. Did the Prince suppose,  
Kift his faire b'rehead ? Both his louche eyes,  
Both his white hands, And tender teares distill'd.  
There breath'd no kinde-fould Pather, that was fild  
Leffe with his sonnes embraces, that had bin d  
Ten years in faire-off earth now were return'd,  
His onely childe too, goden in hys age,  
And for whole absence he had felte the rage.

Eumeus am re  
and k'nde wel-  
come of *Tele-  
machus.*

## THE SIXTEENTH BOOKE

Of grieses vpon him ; then for this diuin'd  
So much for forme, was this diuine for mind :  
VVho kist him through: who grew about him kissing,  
As fresh from death (capt. Whō so long time miffing)  
He wept for ioy, and said ; Thou yett come,  
(Sweet light, sweet Sun-rise) to thy cloudy home.  
O (neuer I look't) when once shipt away  
For Pylos shores, to see thy turning day.  
Come ; enter lou'd Son ; Let me feast my hart  
VVith thy sweete sight ; new come, so faire apart.  
Nor when you liu'd at home, would you walk downe  
Often enough heere, but staide still at Towne :  
It please you then, to cast such forehand view  
About your houfe, on that most \* damned crew.

\* aidnor  
queror, and  
act, of acting  
Orcus, & sig  
nific pr. perf  
tentaculus,  
or internalis  
so that, perni  
ciosus (wh. cb  
is the Latin  
translation) is  
not fitte as  
damed for that  
crew of disolute  
wouers. Th.  
prife being  
nowe fitte to all  
per licencions.

It shall be so then, Friend (saide he) but now  
I come to glad mine eyes with thee, and know  
If still my Mother, in her houfe remaine :  
Or if some woorer hath aspir'd to gaine  
Of her in Nuptials : for *Vlysses* bed,  
By this, lies all with Spiders cobwebs spred,  
In penury of him that should supply it.  
She stell (said he) holds her most constant quiet,  
Alloft thine owne houfe, for the beds respect :  
But for her Lords sad losse, sad nights and daies  
Obfuce her beauties, and corrupt their raiers.

This said, *Eumeus*, tooke his brazen Speare ;  
And in he went : when, being enter'd neare  
VVithin the stony threshold ; From his seat,  
His Father rose to him : who would not let  
Th' old man remoue ; but drew him backe and prest  
VVith earnest termes his sitting ; Saying, Guest,  
Take heere your feate againe ; we soone shall get  
VVithin our owne houfe heere, some other feate  
Heere's one will fetch it. This said, downe againe.  
His Father set : and to his sonne, his Swaine  
Strew'd faire greene Oifers, and impof'd thereon  
A good soft SheepeSkin, which made him a Throne.

Then he appo'd to them, his last-left Roste ;  
And in a wicker basket, bread engroste :  
Fil'd luscious wine ; and then tooke opposite seate  
To the diuine *Vlysses*. VVith the meate  
Set there besy them, all fell to, and eate.  
VVhen they had fed ; the Prince said, pray dace say,  
Whence comes this guest? what seaman gave him way  
To this our Isle? I hope these feete of his  
Could walke no water, who boasht he, he is ?  
He tell all truly Son: From ample Crete  
He bosts himselfe ; and sayes, his ering feete

Hath

## OF HOMER'S ODYSSES.

Hau many Cities trod : And God was he  
VVho finger wrought in his infirmitie.  
But, to my Cottage, the last scape of his,  
VVAs from a *Tlypros* Ship. VVhat ere he is,  
Ile give him you : do what you please, His vanc  
Is, that he is (at most) a supplicant.

*Eumeus*, (said the Prince) To tell me this,  
You haue afflided my weake faculties :  
For how shall I receive him to my houfe  
VVith any safety ; that suspition  
Of my young forces (should I be assaide)  
VVith any fadaine violence) may wang aside  
To shield my selfe? Besides, if I go home,  
My mother is with two doubts overcomme :  
If he shall stay with me, and take fit care  
For all such guests, as there seeke guesline fare ;  
Her husband bed re'pecting, and her fame  
Amongst the people : Or her blood may frame  
A liking to some wooer, such as best  
May bed her in his houfe ; not giuing leſſe  
And thus am I vnfure, of all meaneſſe  
To vſe a Guest there, fit for his degree.  
But, being thy Guelf, Ile be his supply,  
For all weeds, such as mere necessary  
Shall more then furnish : Fit him with a ſword,  
And ſet him where his heart would have bene ſhor'd.  
Or (if fo pleaſd) receive him in thy ſhed :  
Ile ſend thee clothes, I vow ; and alſe the bread  
His wife would eate : that to thy men add theee  
He be no burthen. But that I ſhould be  
His meane to my houfe ; where a company  
Of wrong-profiling wooers, wilily lie ;  
I will in no ſort author ; left they gue,  
Foule vte to him, and me, as grauely grieue.  
For what great aſt can any one achiue  
Against a multitude ? Although his meade  
Retaine a courage of the greatest kinde ?  
For all minds haue not force in one degree.

*Vlysses* answer'd ; O Friend, ſince ſicke  
For any man, to change fit wodges with thee ;  
Ile freely speake. Me thinkes, a wo hulc powre  
My heart puts on, to teare and to deuoure  
To heare your affirmation ; that in ſpite  
Of what may fall on you, made oppone ;  
Being one of your proportion, birth, and age,  
Theſe wooers ſhould in ſuch inuſtice rage.  
VVhat ſhould the caufe be ? Do you wilfully  
Indure their spoile ? Or hath your hampsey

Y 2

Bene

Wifles to tell.

Bene such amogst your people ; that, all gather  
In troupe, and one voice ; (w<sup>e</sup> even God doth father)  
And vow your hate so, that they suffer them ?  
Or blame your Kinsfolks faiths, before th' extream  
Of your first stroke hath tried them ? whom a man  
When strifes, to blowes rife, trusts : though barel ran  
In huge and high waves ? would to heauen my spirit  
Such youth breath'd, as the man that must inherit,  
Yet never touch *Vlysses* : or that he  
(But wandering this way) would but come and see  
What my age could archieue (and there is Fate  
For Hope yet left ; that he may recreate  
His eyes with such an obiect.) This my head  
Should any stranger strike off, if stanck dead  
I strooke not all : the house in open force  
Entring with challenge. If their great concourse  
Did ouer-lay me, being a man alone ;  
(VVhich you vrge for your selfe) be you that one.  
I rather in mine owne house wsh to dye  
One death for all ; then so indecently  
See evermore, deeds worke then death applied ;  
Guests, wrig'd with vile words, & blow-giving pride:  
The women-fervants dragg'd in filthy kind  
About the faire houfe ; and in corners blind  
Made serue the rapes of Ruffine : Food devour'd  
Idely and rudely ; wine exhaust, and pour'd  
Through throat prophane ; and all about a deed,  
That's euer wooing, and will never speed.

*Telmissus to his sonne.*

Ile tell you (Gueff) most truly, saide his Son ;  
I do not thinke, that all my people ron  
One hatfull course against me ; Nor accuse  
Kinsfolkes that I, in strifes of weight, might vise :  
But *Ione* will haue it so : our Race alone,  
(As if made singular) to one, and one  
His hand confining. Only to the King  
(*Ione*-bred *Arcesius*) did *Laertes* spring ;  
Only to old *Laertes* did defend  
*Vlysses* ; only to *Vlysses* end  
Am I the Adjunct, whom he left so yong,  
That from me, to him, neuer comfort sprong.  
And to all these now (for their race) arise  
Vp in their houfe, a brood of enemies.  
As many as in these Isles bow mens knees ;  
*Samos*, *Dulichium*, and the rich in Trees  
*Zacynthus* : Or in this rough Isles command,  
So many suitors for the Nuptials stand,  
That aske my Mother ; and meane space, prefer  
Their lusts to all spoile, that dishonor her.

Nor doth she (though she leaseth) deny their faires ;  
Nor they denial take, though taste their fruities.  
But all this time, the state of aliahnings there  
Their throats devoure ; and I must shord beare  
A part in all ; and yet the perils  
Of these deffines, lye in the hands of *Google*.  
Of Fall Loues then, *Eumeus* make quick away  
To wife *Penelope*, and to her, say . . . . .  
My safe retурne from *Vlysses*, and about addyng  
Retурne thou hither, hausing madec knowne.  
Nor let (besides my Mother) anydote  
Partake thy Messinge, since an ianner bearde  
My safe retύrne displeasure. He replied ;  
I know, and comprehend you synde,  
Your minde with one that vnderstandes you well.  
But, all in one yet ; may I not incide  
To th'old hard-fated \* *Aresfades*,  
Your safe retύrne ? who through his whole pifess  
Felt for *Vlysses*, did noys to grime,  
But with his houffold he had will to live  
And seru'd his appetite, with wine, and foods,  
Sumeigh'd his husbandry, and did his blood  
Some comforts fitting life : But since you tooke  
Your ship for *Vlysses*, he would never brooke ;  
Or wine, or food, they say ; nor cast an eye  
On any labour : but firs weeping by *Stony*  
And fighting out his fountains, sacrificall moes  
Walking his body, turn'd all skin and bone.

More sad newes still (so he) were mounte he fall  
For if the rule of all mens woldes he will,  
And his will, his way goes : mine stands inclid  
To attend the home-same of thy minster kind.  
Do then, what I intynge, whiche, given effect,  
Ente not to field to him, but tyme direct.  
Entreating first my Mother, with most spend  
And all the secrecy that now serues Neede,  
To send this way thou floris houfe Guardian,  
And she shall tell all to the aged *Maa*.

He tooke his shooes vp, put them on, and went.  
Nor was his absence, hid from *Telemachus*,  
Divine *Minerva* who tooke straight to view,  
A goodly womans shape, that all workes knews  
And, standing in the entry, did prefer  
Her sight to *Vlysses*. But (though meesing her)  
His sonne *Telmissus*, nor saw, nor knew :  
*The Gods cleere presences, and armes as few*.  
Yet (with *Vlysses*) eveng the Doggs did fee,  
And would not bark ; but, whining louingly,

*Hom. to Telem.**Laertes.**Teliss. to Eume.*

\* Intending his  
Father : who, if  
returne, thought  
he were farre  
knowing or ful  
ly expecting :  
yet be deffid to  
order all strong  
as he were pre  
sent.

\* Intending to  
Laertes, all that  
Euomus would  
have told.

Pallas appears  
To *Vyses*. Eled to the Stals farre side, VVhere Site, hercine

Mou'd to *Vyses*. He knew her deaigne,  
And left the house, past the great Sheep-coteswall,  
And stood before her. She bade Vtre all  
Now to his sonne ; nor keepe the least vassallie  
That all the woors deaths being now dispolded  
They might approach the Tounce; Affirming, he  
Not long would faile, t' affist to victory.

This said ; She laide her golden Rod on him,  
And with his late-worm weeds grac't every lym.  
His body straitn'd, and his youth infullid,  
His fresh blood call'd vp : every wrinkle fill'd  
About his broken eyes ; and on his chin  
The browne haire spred. Vhen his whole trim wrought,  
She ysl'd ; and he enter'd to his forme :

VWho stood amaz'd ; & thought some God had done  
His huse that honor : turn'd away his eyes,  
And sayd ; Now Guest, you grace another guise  
Then suites your late shew ; Other weeds you weare,  
And other person. Of the starly spheare  
You certainly present some deadleſſe God.

Be pleasd, that to your here vouchſaf't abod

VVe may give ſacred rites, and offer Gold

To do vs fauour. He replied : I hold

No deified state. VVhy put you thus on me

A Gods reſemblance ? I am only he

That beares thy Fathers name : for whiche lou'd faire

Thy youth so grieues: whose abſence makes theeake,

Such wrongs of men. Thus kif he him, ner could

Forbare thoſe teares, that in ſuch mighty hold

He held before : ſtill held, ſtill yfying eare.

And now (the shores once broke) the ſpringtide never

Forbore earth from the cheekes he left. His forme

(By all theſe violent arguments; not wonne

To credit him his Father) did deny

His kinde affump : and ſaid, Some Deity

Fain'd that ioyes caufe, to make him grieve the more:

Affirming, that no man, whoeuer wore

The garment of mortality, could take

(By any vtmost power, his ſoule could make)

Such change into it: ſince at ſo much will,

Not loue himſelfe, could both remoue, and fill

Old age, with youth ; and youth, with age to ſpoile

In ſuch an instant. You wore all the ſoule

Of age but now, and were old: And but now

You bearē that yong grace that the Gods indow

Their heauen-borne formes withal. His father ſaid :

Telimachus : Admire, nor stand dismayde :

But

Telimachus to *Vyses*. Tell me what ſhip

He arri'd in.

But know thy ſolid Father, ſtate what ſhip he arri'd in, or blede. O

He anſwers all parts, that adorne his head, and to a wauſe bindeth.

There ſhall no more *Vyses* come aboard, (booke) ſayd he. O

I am the man, that now thare cometh none.

(Stil under ſufferance of a world of ill, ſayd he, ſayd he.) O

My countrey earth, recogniseth I am the man, that now cometh none.

The Prey-profeſſor *Pallas* put me thus together, that diſmaide

In aged pieces, as even now you ſee, to ſet ſtold in flou'reing norme.

This youth now rendring. This wauſe, ſayd he, ſayd he.

Of her free pow'r. Sometimes to thine impoſture, and to thine arrow ſhaw

Sometimes againe, thus amply to ſhew.

My youth, and Ornaments : ſayd he, ſayd he.

The Gods can raze, and throw me downe, with mortall boordone.

This said ; he ſat, where he ſat, and ſpake poorely.

Himſelf about him : Teares on meane, he ſobbed, ſayd he, ſayd he.

And to defre of mone, iugement ſhaketh him, ſayd he, ſayd he.

Both wept & howld, & laide our ſhirkēs more ſoold.

Then or the Bird-bone-breaking Eagle-bones,

Or Brood-kind Vulture with the crooked ſteens,

VWhen ruſſicke hands, their tendrillias draw,

Before they give their wings their Collipon, ſayd he, ſayd he.

But miſerably pour'd they ſame benedict, ſayd he, ſayd he.

Thei'r lids, thei'r teares: white both their teats did ſayd he, ſayd he.

As frequent cries: & to their ſwetenehouſe, ſayd he, ſayd he.

The light had left the ſkies; if firſt the forme, ſayd he, ſayd he.

Thei'r dumbe mores had ſet verryly with diſcontent,

VWhat Ship it was, that gave the misfortune, ſayd he, ſayd he.

To his bleſſed feet: He then, did likewifely, ſayd he, ſayd he.

Hand on his paſſion; and gave theſe words to me,

He tell thee truthe, my ſonne: This men that beare

Much fame for ſhipping, my Redneſſe were,

To long-wiſt *Abaces*, who each minnes,

That greets their ſhore, give publick to thare ſteeds,

The Phæſenſan Peeres, in onights dñe,

(VWhile I fast ſlept) feſhmeat, ſayd he, ſayd he.

Grac'me with wealthy giſts: Braſe, ſtoke of Gold,

And Robes faire wrought: All which haue ſterchold,

In Caues, that by the Gods aduice, I haue,

And now, *Minera's* admonitions wife,

For thiſt retreſt; that we might haue diſpoſe,

In cloſe Diſcouſe, the flaughthers of our ſoules,

Recount the number of thei're ſurſt ſtorme;

And let me know what name they hold with men?

That my minde, may enuieſe their clauſe,

A curiouſe meaſure; & conſerue the rates,

Of our two pow'rs, and chare to ſtand, if we

Alone, may propagate ſtrongeſt vaby.

*Vyses* ſet his ſome ſhip he arri'd in.

One bold encounters of them all, or proue  
The kind assistance of some other loue.

*Tel'm. to Plys.* O Father (he replied) I oft haue heard  
Your counfaulnes, and your force of hand prefer'd  
To mighty glory : But your speeches now,  
Your ventrous minde, exceeding mighty shew,  
Euen to amaze they moue me : for insight  
Of no sute counfaulne, shoulde be brought to light,  
Two men, gainst th' able faction of a throng,  
No one two, o one ten, Nor wizezaen strong  
These woovers are : but more by much. For know,  
That from *Dulichius* there are fifty two,  
All choise yong men : and every one of these:  
Six men attend. From *Samos* croft the Seas  
Twice twelve young Gallants. From *Zacynthus* came  
Twice ten. Of *Ithaca*, she beff of name,  
Twice six. Of all which, all the State they take,  
A sacred Poet, and a Herald make  
Their delicacies, two of (special fort)  
In skill of banquets serua. And all this port  
If we shall dare t' encounter ; all shal vp  
In one strong roofer haue great care left the cap  
Your great mind thirsts, exceeding bitter tale,  
And your retreat, command not to your halfe  
Your great attempt ; but make you lay you buy  
Their prides reuenges, at a price too hie.  
And therefore (if you could) were well you thought  
Offome affistant. Be your spirit wrought  
In such a mans election, as may lead  
His succour freely, and exprefie a friend.

*Plys. to Tel'm.* His Father answer'd: Let me ake of these;  
Hearc me, consider ; and then answer me.  
Think' st thou if *Pallas*, and the King of skies  
We had to Friend, would their sufficiencies  
Make strong our part ? Or that some other yet  
My thoughts must worke for? These (said he) are set  
Aloft the clouds ; and are found aydeindeed.  
As pow'rs not only, that these men exceed,  
But beare of all men else the high command  
And hold, of Gods, an ouer-ruling hand.

Vell then (said he) not thise shall sever long  
Their force and ours, in fightis affurd, and strong,  
And then, twixt vs, and them, shall *Mars* prefer  
His strength, to stand our great distinguisher  
When, in mine owne Roofes, I am forc't to blowes.  
But when the day, shall first her fires difcloze,  
Go thou for home, and troope vp with the woovers,  
Thy wil with theirs ioind, pow'r with their rude power.

And

And after, shall the Herdsman guide to Towne  
My steeps ; my peron wholly ouer-grown  
With all appearance of a poore old Swaine,  
Heavy, and wretched. If their high disdaine  
Of my vile presence ; make them, my deserte,  
Affeit with contumelies; let thy loued heart  
Beate in fixt confines of thy bosome still,  
And see me suffer, patient of their ill.  
I, though they drag me by the heelles, about  
Mine owne free earth, and after hurle me out,  
Do thou still suffer. Nay, though with their Darts  
They beate, and bruise me, beare. But these foul parts  
Perwidate them to fotbare, and by their nashes  
Cal all with kinde words : bidding, for their shames  
Their pleasures cease. If yet they yeeld not way,  
Then breakes the fift light of their fatal day.  
In meane space, mark this : When the chiefly wife  
*Mirerna* prompts me ; Ile informe thine cies  
With some greeve signe ; & then, all th' armes that are  
Aloft thy Roofe, in some neere roome prepare  
For spedient v'e. If those braue men enquire  
Thy end in all ; still rale vp all thy fire  
In faire cool words, and say, I bring them downe  
To scoure the smoke off, being so ouer-grown  
That one would thinke, all fumes that euer were,  
Breath'd since *Plysses* losse, reflected here.  
These are not like the armes, he left behinde  
In way for *Troy*. Besides, how prompts my minde  
In their remoue apart thus, with this thought :  
That, if in heighth of wine, there shoulde bee wrought  
Some harsh contention twixt you ; this apt meane  
To mutual bloodshed, may be taken cleane  
From out your reach, and all the spoile presented  
Of present Feast : perhaps, even then presented  
My Mothers Nuptials, to your long kinde vowes.  
*Steeltis selfe, ready, draves a man to bloures.*  
Thus make their thoughtes fecture ; to vs alone  
Two Swords, two Darts, two shields left, w see done  
Within our readiest reach ; that at our will  
Vve may resume, and change. And all their skil,  
*Pallas* and *Iove*, that all iust counfaulnes breath,  
May darken, with secuteneſſe, to their death.  
And let me charge thee now, as thou art mine ;  
And as thy veines mine owne true blood combine :  
Let (after this) none know *Plysses* neare.  
Not any one of all the household these ;  
Not here, the Herdsman. Not *Lauries* be  
Made priuy : nor her felicie, *Penseloye*.

## THE SIXTEENTH BOOKE.

But onely let thy selfe, and me worke our  
The wemens thoughts, of all things borne about  
The wooers hearts : and then thy men approue,  
To know who honors, who with reverence loue  
Our well-weigh'd Mem'ries ; and who is won  
To faille thy fit right, though my onely Son.

*Tel meches to  
his Father.*

You teach (faide he) so punctually now,  
As I knew nothing; nor were sprung from you.  
I hope, hecrafter, you shall better know  
VVhat soule I bear; and that it doth not leſſ  
The least loose motion, paſſe his natural fear.  
But this course you propose, will proue, I feare,  
Small profit to vs; and could with your care  
VVould weigh it better, as too farre aboſt.  
For Time will aske much, to the ſitting out  
Of each mans diſpoſition, by his deeds.  
And, in the meane time, every woore feeds  
Beyond faciety; nor knowes how to ſpare.  
The women yet, ſince they more eaſe are  
For our enquiry; I would wiſh you try  
VWho right your ſtate, who do it iniury.  
The men I would omit: and theſe things make  
Your labour, after. But to vndertake  
The woors warre; I wiſh your vtmoſt speede,  
Especially, if you could cheere the dead.  
VVith ſome Oſtent from *Iole*. Thus (as the Sire  
Conſented to the Son) did heere expire  
Their muthal ſpeech. And now the Ship was come  
That brought the yong Prince, & his foldiers home.  
The deepe Hauen(reach) they drew the Ship ahoire,  
Tooke all their Armes out, and the rich Gifts boord  
To *Clytie* house. But to *Vyses* Court  
They ſent a Herald firſt, to make report  
To wife *Penelope*, that ſafe at field  
Her Son was left: yet ſince the Ship would yield  
Most haſt to her, he ſent that firſt, and them  
To comfort with his vtmoſt, the extreame  
He knew ſhe ſuffer'd. At the Court, now met  
The Herald, and the Herdifman, to repeat  
One message to the Queene. Both whom (at mid  
VVithin the good Newes.) Both to be formoſt thir'd  
In that good Newes. The Herald he for haſt  
Amongſt the Maids beſtow'd it, ſinking placit  
The Queene amongſt them. Now (ſaid he) O Queen,  
Your lou'd Son is arriu'd. And then was ſcene  
The Queene her ſelfe: To whom the herdifman could  
All that *Telemachus* inioyn'd he ſhould.  
All which diſcharg'd; his ſteps, he backe beſtowes,

And

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

And left, both Court and City, for his Sowes.  
The woors then grew ſad; oule-vert, and all  
Made forth the Court. When, by the mighty wall,  
They tooke their ſeuerall ſeatē, before the gates;  
To whom *Euryalus*, initiates

Thei'r vuer'd greemance. O (ſyde he) my Friends,  
A worke right great begin, as proudly ends.  
*VV*ſe ſaid, *Telemachus* ſhould never make  
His voyage good; nor this ſhote euer take  
For his returns receipte; and yet we faile,  
And he performs it. Come, let's man a Saile  
The beſt in our election; and beſlow  
Such ſouldiers in her, as can ſwiftel row:  
To tell our friends, that way lay his retreat  
Tis ſafe perform'd: and make them quickly get  
Their ſhip for *Uthaea*. This was not ſaid,  
Before *Aphrodites* in Port diſplaid.

The ſhip arriu'd her ſailes then vnder ſroke,  
And Oares refum'd. VVhen laughing, thus he ſpoke:

Moue for no messenger: theſe men are come,  
Some God hath either told his turning home,  
Or they themſelves haue ſcene his ſhip gone by:  
Had her in chafe, and loſt her. Infandy  
They rofe, and went to Port: found drawne to Land  
The Ship; the ſouldiers taking Armes in hand.  
The woors themſelves, to confiſle went, in throng:  
And not a man beſides, of old, or young.  
Let ſit amonſt them. Then *Epirites* ſome  
(Antenor) ſaid: See what the Gods haue done:  
They onely, haue deliu'red from our ill  
The men we way-laid; ev'ry wind'y hill  
Hath bin their watch-tow're, wher, to whom they ſlood  
Continual ſentinel. And we made good  
Our worke as well: For (Sun, and moon, we neuer  
Slept, wirke abo're, all night; But made faire eys  
This way, and that; ev'en till the moring lepte  
Her ſacred ſtartingo to intercept.

And take his life, for whom our ambiſh lay;  
And yet hath God, to his reume givē way,  
But let vs proſecute wither counſil, or here  
His neceſſary deaſt: nor any where.  
Let reſt his ſafety; ſo if he furme,  
Our failes will neuer, in wiſha Hauens amize.  
Since he is wife, haſt ſoule, and couldeſe to  
To worke the people, who will ouer do  
Our faction fauour. VVhat we ſet on end  
Againſt his perſon, give we preſent end  
Before he calla a councile, whiche, before

## THE SIXTEENTH BOOKE

His spirit will haft, & point where it doth greeue:  
 Stand vp amongst them all, and vng his death  
 Decreed amongst vs. Which complaint, will breath  
 A fire about their spleenes, and blow no praze  
 On our ill labours. Lest they therefore rafe  
 Pow' to exile vs from our Native earth,  
 And force our liues societies to the birth  
 Offoreigne countries: let our spedes prevent  
 His comming home, to this austere complaint,  
 (At field and farre from Towne, or in some way  
 Of harrow paffage:) with his latef day  
 Shewne to hiis forward youth: his goodis and lands,  
 Left to the free diuision of our hands:  
 The Moouables made al, his Mothers dowre,  
 And his who-euer, Fate affoords the powre  
 To celebrate with her, sweet *Hymens* rites.  
 Or if this please not; but your appetites  
 Stand to his safety, and to giue him seate  
 In his whole birth-right, let vs looke to eate  
 At his cost neuer more: but every man  
 Haste to his home: and wed with whom he can  
 At home, and there, lay firt about for dowre,  
 And then the woman giue his second powre  
 Of Nuptiall liking: And, for last, apply  
 His purpose, with most gifts, and deliuy.

This, silence cau'd; whose breach, at last, begon

*Amphinomus*, the much renowned Son  
 Of *Nesu*, surnam'd *Aretiades*:  
 VVho from *Dalychia* (full of *Bowy* *Leys*)  
 Led all the wooers; and in chiefe did please  
 The Queene with his discourse, became it grew  
 From rootes of thofe good mindes that did indeue  
 His goodly person: who (exceeding wile)  
 Vfd this speech: Friends, I never will aduise  
 The Princes death: for 'tis a damped thing  
 To put to death the yfue of a King.

Firft therefore, let's examine, what applauſe  
 The Gods will giue it. If the equal *Laws*  
 Of *Iove* approue it, I my ſelfe will be  
 The man that kill him; and this compaine,  
 Exhibit to that minde: if the Gods remaine  
 Aduerfe, and hate me; I aduife, refraine.

This ſaid *Amphinomus*, and plead them all:  
 VVhen all arose, and in *Vlyſſes* Hall  
 Tooke feare againe. Then, to the Queene was come  
 The wooers plot, to kill her ſonne at home:  
 Since their abroad deſigne had miſſed them, ſo ſeue, whoke aduise  
 The Herald *Medos* (who the whole addreſſe

Boni mentibus  
the plurall  
number vied  
cuer by Ho-  
mer.

Knew

## OF HOMERS ODYSSEES.

Knew of their counfailes) making the report.  
 The Goddesse of her ſex, with her faire fort  
 Of louely women; at the large Hals dore  
 (Her bright cheekeſ clouded, with a veile ſhee wore)  
 Stood, and direcded to *Antinous*

Her ſharpe reprooſe; which ſhe digeſted thus:

*Antinous*? compofde of iuniry,  
 Plotter of miſchiefe? Though reports that flye  
 Amongſt our *Ithacian* peopleſay  
 That thou, of all that glory in their ſway,  
 Art beſt in words and counfailes; Th' art not ſo.  
 Fond, busie fellow, why plott'ſt thou the wo  
 And ſlaughter of my Son? and doſt not feare  
 The Presidents of ſupplicants? when the care  
 Of *Ione* ſtoopeſ to them? 'Tis vniuſt to do  
 Slaughter for ſlaughter; or pay woe, for wo:  
 Miſchiefe for kinderneſſe; Death for life ſought then,  
 Is an iuuiſtice to be loath'd of men.  
 Serues not thy knowledge, to remember when  
 Thy Father fled to vs; who(mou'd to wrath  
 Againſt the *Taphian* theuees) purfu'd with ſcath  
 The guiltieſſe *Theſpians*; in whiche peoples feare,  
 Purſuing him for wreake, he landed here.  
 They after him, profeſſing both their prize  
 Of all his chiefly valew, & Faculties,  
 And more priz'd life. Of all whiche bloodieſt ends  
*Vlyſſes* curbi'd them, though they were hiſ frends.  
 Yet thou, like one that no Law will allow  
 The leaſt true honor, earſt hiſ house vp now  
 That ſed thy Father: wo'ſt for loue, hiſ wife,  
 VVhom thus thou grieuſt; & ſeek'ſt her ſolneſſe life.  
 Ceafe, I command thee; and command the reſt,  
 To ſee all thought of theſe foule faſtions ceaſt.

*Eurymachus* replied; Be conuident,  
 Thou all of wit made; the moſt ſair'd deſcent  
 Of King *Icarus*: Free thy ſpirits of feare:  
 There liues not any one; nor ſhall' lie here  
 Now, nor hereafter; while my life gines heare  
 And light to me on earth: that dares entreat  
 VVith any ill touch, thy well-loued Sonne;  
 But heere I vow, and heere will ſee it done,  
 His life ſhall ſtaine my Lance. If on hiſ knees  
 The City-racer, *Laertes*,

Hath made me ſit, put in my hand hiſ foodie,  
 And held hiſ red wine to me: ſhall the blode  
 Of hiſ *Telemachus*, on my handlie  
 The leaſt pollution, that my life can ſlay?  
 No: I haue enclarg'd him not to feare

*Premise Antine.*

*Eurymachus*

*Vlyſſes*

Deaths

## THE SIXTEENTH BOOKE

Deaths threat from any; And for that most deare  
Loue of his Father, he shall euer be  
Much the most lou'd, of all that live to me.  
*Who kills a guiltlesse man, from Man may flye;*  
*From God his searches, all escapes denye.*

Thus cheer'd his words; but his affections still  
Fear'd not to cherish soule intent to kill,  
Euen him, whose life to all liues he prefer'd.

The Queene went vp; and to her loue appear'd  
Her Lord so freshly; that she wept, till sleepe  
(By *Pallas* forc't on her) her eyes did steepe  
In his sweet humor. When the Euen was come,  
The God-like Herdsman reacht the whole way home.  
*Vlysses* and his Son, for supper drest  
A year-old Swine; and ere their Host and Guest  
Had got their presence; *Pallas* had put by  
With her faire rod, *Vlysses* royalty;  
And render'd him, an aged man againe,  
VVith all his vile Integuments; left his Swaine  
Should know him in his trim, & tell his Queene,  
In these deepe secrets, being not deeply scene.

*Tel'm. to Eum.* He seene; to him, the Prince these words did vise:  
VVelcome diuinie *Eumeus*; Now what newes  
Imploys the City? Are the wooots come  
Backe from their Scout dismaid? Or heere at home

*Eum. to Tel'm.* VVill they againe attempt me? He replied,  
These touch not my care; I was satisfied  
To do, with most speed, what I went to do;  
My message done, returme. And yet, not so  
Came my newes first; a Herald (met with there)  
Fore-stal'd my Tale, and told how safe you were.  
Besidess which mereley necessary thing;  
What in my way chanc't, I may ouer-bring,  
Being what I know, and witnesst with mine eyies.

Wher the *Herman* Sepulcher doth lie  
Above the City: I beheld take Port  
A Slip; and in her, many a man of sort:  
Her freight was shields and Lances; and, me thought  
They were the wooots: but of knowledge, nougat  
Can therein tell you. The Prince smil'd, and knew  
They were the wooots, casting secret view:  
Vpon his Father. But what they intended  
Fled far the Herdsman: whose Swaines labors ended,  
They dreft the Supper; which, paff want, was ear.  
VVhen all desirific'd, of wine, and meat;  
Of other humane wants, they tooke supplies  
At Sleepes soft hand; who sweetly clost their eyes.

## THE

THE  
SEVENTEENTH BOOKE  
OF HOMER'S ODYSSES.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*T*elemachus return'd to Towne,  
Makes to his curios mother *Eumeus*,  
In part, his Triumpher. After whome  
Vlysses to the Towne did come,  
Good *Eumeus* guid's; and preff'  
To wifesse of the Woote *Swain*.  
*W'ham* (though three yeares did before  
Is fare off parts) his Dog doth know.

## Another.

*Vlysses* leaves  
through all deligatess  
Whom his dog knowes  
who knowing dies.



Vt when as his birth (the Morne) arose,  
*Tel'machus* did for the Towne dispose  
His early steps, and tooke to his command  
His faire long Lance, well forting with his hand.  
Thus, parting with *Eumeus*: Now my friend,  
I must to Towne; left too fare I extend.  
My Mothers moone for me: who till her eyes  
Mine owne eyes wimble, varies teates and cries

*Tel'm. to Eum.*

Through all extremes. Do then this change of mine,  
And guide to Towne this hapless quest of thine;  
To beg alfe-where his further Eftuall:  
Gire, they that pleafe, I cannot giue to all:  
Mine owne wants take vp for my selfe my paine.  
If it incuse him, be the worst shall gaine;  
The louely truth I loue, and must be plaine.  
Alas Friend (faide his Father) nor do I  
Defire at all your further charity.  
Tis better beg in Cities, then in Fields,  
And take the worst a beggers fortune yields:  
Nor am I apt to stay in Swine-sies more  
How euer: euer the great Chiefe before  
The poore Ranks must, to every step obay.

*Vlysses* *his* *Son.*

## THE SEVENTEENTH BOOKE

But goe ; your man, in my command shall sway :  
 Anon yet to, by fauor ; when your fires  
 Haue comforted the colde heat, age expires ;  
 And when the Suns flame, hath besides corrected  
 The early aire abroad ; not being protected  
 By these my bare weeds, from the noonings frost ;  
 Which (since so much ground is to be engrost  
 By my poore feete as you report) may gaine  
 Too violent charge, to th'heat by which I liue.  
 This faide ; his Sonne went on, with spritely pace,  
 And to the wooers, studied little grace.  
 Arriu'd at home ; he gaue his Iaueline stay  
 Againt a lofty Pillar ; and bold way  
 Made further in. When, hauing so fare gone  
 That he transcended, the faire Porch of Stone ;  
 The first by fare, that gaue his entry, eye  
 VVas Nurse *Euryalea* ; who th'embroidery  
 Of Stooles there set ; was giuing Cushions faire  
 VVho ranne vpon him, and her rapte repaire  
 Shed teares for ioy. About him gather'd round  
 The other Maides ; his head, and shoulders, cround  
 VVith kisses and embraces. From aboue  
 The Queene her selfe came, like the Queene of Loue  
 Or bright *Diana* : Cast about her Sonne  
 Her kinde embraces : with effusion  
 Of louing teares, kist both his luely eyes,  
 His cheekes, and forehead ; and gaue all supplies  
 With this entreaty : Welcome sweetest light ;  
 I neuer had conceite, to set quicke sight  
 On thee thus sonnes; when thy lou'd fauers flame  
 As faire as *Pylas*, did thy spirit enflame :  
 In that search ventur'd all vnknowne to me.  
 O say, By what power canst thou now to be  
 Mine eyes deare obiect ? He return'd reply,  
 Moue me not now : when you me scape defry  
 From imminent death, to thinke me fresh entrapt,  
 The fear'd wound rubbing, fel before I scap't.  
 Double not needesse passion, on a heart  
 VVhose ioy so greene is, and so apte to iuert :  
 But pure weeds putting on, ascend and take  
 Your women with you : that yee all may make.  
 Vowes of full Hecatombs, in sacred fire  
 To all the God-heads ; If their onely Sire  
 Vouchsafe revenge of guest-rites wrong'd, which hee  
 Is to protec't, as being their Deity.  
 My way shal be directed to the hall  
 Of common Concource, that I thence may call  
 A stranger ; who from off the *Pylas* shore

*Peng. to Telcm.**Telcm to his Mother.**Came*

## OF HOMER'S ODYSSES.

Came friendly with me ; whom I fang before  
 VVith all my fouldiers ; but in chiefe did charge  
*Pyrus* with him, wishing him t'Enlarge  
 His loue to him, at home, in best affaire,  
 And vtmost honors, till mine owne reuaine.  
 Her Son, thus spoken ; his words could not bear  
 The wings too easly through his either care :  
 But putting pure weeds on, made vowes entire  
 Of perfec't Hecatombs, in sacred fire  
 To all the Deities ; if their onely Sire  
 Vouchsafe revenge of guest-rites, wrong'd, which he  
 VVas to protect, as being their Deity.  
 Her Son left house: In his faire hand, his Lance,  
 His dogs attending, and on every glance  
 His looks cast from them, *Pallas* put a grace  
 That made him seeme of the celestial race.  
 Whom (come to concourse) every man admir'd:  
 About him throng'd the wooers, and desir'd  
 All good to him in tongue ; but in their hearts  
 Most deepe ils threatis'd, to his most detestis  
 Of whose huge rout, once free, he cast glad eie  
 On some, that long before his infancie,  
 VVere with his Father, great, and gracious ;  
 Graue *Halythes*, *Mentor*, *Antiphates* ;  
 To whom he wene tooke seate by them : And they  
 Enquir'd of all things, since his parting day.  
 To them *Pyrus* came, and brought his Guest  
 Along the City thither, wheron not left  
 The Prince respectis ; nor was long before  
 He rose and met him : The first word yett bore  
*Pyrus* from them both : whose hafte, befo're  
 The Prince to send his women, to see brought  
 The Gifts from his houle, that *Amyle* gave,  
 VVhich, his own roofes, he thought, wold better fane.  
 The wife Prince answ'rd, I can scarce conceave  
 The way to these workes. If the wooers reaste  
 By priuy Stratagem, my life at home :  
 I rather wish, *Pyrus* may become  
 The Maister of them, then the best of these.  
 But, if I sowe in their fields of excelle,  
 Slaughter, and ruine ; then thy crut infloy,  
 And to me ioying, bring thou those with ioy.  
 This said, he brought home his grief-practis Guest,  
 VVhere both put off, both oyld, and did innest  
 Them selues in rich Robes, walke, and fate, and care.  
 His Mother, in a faire chaire, taking seate  
 Directly opposite : her Loome applied ;  
 VVho (when her Son and Guest, had satisfied

*Peng. to Telcm.**Telcm to Pylas.*

*P. v. v. T. m.* Their appetites with feast) said : O my Sonne, aduise me, wherein you know, that euer since your Sire was wonne To go in Agamemmons guide to Troy ; Attempting sleepe, I neuer did injoy One nights good rest ; but made ray quiet bed A Sea blowne vp with fighes, with teares full fled Embrew'd and troubl'd : yet, though all your smile In your late voyage, hath bene made for this That you might know, th' abode your Father made. You shun to tell me what successe you had. Now then, before the insolent accesse The woors straight will force on vs ; expellie What you haue heard. I will (haide he) and true, VVe came to Pylos, where the studious due That any Father could affoord his Son ; (But new arriu'd, from some course he had rog To an extreme length, in some voyage vow'd) Nestor, the Pastor of the people, shoud To me arriu'd, in turrets thrull vp hye, VVhere not his braue Sons, were more lou'd then I. Yet of th'unconquer'd-euer-Sufferer Pylles, neuer he could set his eare Aliue, or dead, from any earthly man. But to the great Lacedemonian (Atrides, famous for his Lance) he sent With horse and Chariots ; Me, to learm th'euse From his Relation ; where I had the view Of Argive Hellen, whose strong beauties drew (By wils of Gods) so many Grecian States, And Troians, vnder such laborious Farres. Where Menelaus askt me, what affaire To Lacedemon, render'd my reape. Men. to Telim. I told him all the truth : who made reply, O deed of most abhor'd indecency ! A sort of Impotents attempt his bed, VVhose strength of minde, hath Cities levelled ; As to a Lyons den, when any Hinde Hath brought her yong Calues, to their red inclinde; When he is ranging hils, and hearby dales, To make, of Feeders there, his Feftuals ; But turning to his lustre, Calues, and Dam, He shewes abhor'd death, in his angers flame: So (should Pylles finde this rabble, hould In his free Turrets, courting his espouls) Foul death would fall them, O, I would to *Hera*, *Phabus*, and *Pallas*, that (when he shall proue The broad report of his exhausted store, True with his eyes) his Nenes and Sinewes wore

## OF HOMERS ODPYSSES.

That vigor then, that in the *Erebis Tow* is (Prouokt to wrastle with the iron powers *Philomelides* wanted) he approu'd ; VVhen, downe he hurl'd his Challenger, and mou'd Huge shouts from all the *Achilles* thicke in view. If, once come home, he all iooke forces drew About him there to worke : they all were dead, And shoud finde bitter his attempted bed. But, what you ask and haie for, I (as far, As I haue heard, the true-spoke Marinar) VVill tell dire &ly; nor delude your eare. He told me, that an Island did encircle (In much discomfort) greate *Eaeris* sonne ; And that the Nymph *Calyps* (over-ruine With his affection) kepe him in her Casues, Where men, nor Ship, of powr to brook the waves ; VVere neere his conuoy to his countries Shore ; And where her selfe, importun'd encimore His quiet bay ; which not obtain'd, by force ; She kept his peron from all else recouref.

This told *Atrides*, which was alphe knew ; Nor staid I longe, but from the Gods there blew A prosperous wind, that set me quickly heere. This put his Mother, quite from all her cheere : VVhen *Theachymenus* the Augur, said : O woman, honour'd with *Pylles* bed : Your Son, no doubt, knowes certeyn nothing more. Hearre me yet speake, that can the truch vncore ; Nor will be curios. low then, wimselfe bearre, And this thy Hospitale Table heere. VVith this whole household of your blameleffe Lord ; That, at this hour, his royll feete are flor'd On his lou'd countrey earth ; and that euer heere Comming, or creeping, he will see the cheere These woors make ; and in his soules field, few Seeds, that shal thrive to all their overthrow. This, fer a ship-boord, Inew forded thus, And cried it our, to your *Telimenes*.

*Penelope* replied ; VVould this wold proue ; You well should wimselfe a moft friendly loue, And gifts such of me, as encountering Fame Should greee you with a blessed Mortals name. This mutual speech past : all the woors were Hurling the stone, and tossing of the Speare Before the Pallace, in the paied Court : VVhere other-whiles, their popularre refor Sate plotting inuries. But when the hower Of Supper ent'red, and the feeding power

Brought sheepe from field, thaſl'd vp every way  
 VVith thoſe that vſe to furniſh that puruay;  
*Medon, the Herald exiles the Woures to ſupper*  
 Medon, the Herald (who of all the refl  
 Pleaſd moſt the wooers; and at euery Feaſt  
 VVaſ euer neere) ſaid; You whoſe kind conſort  
 Make the faire branches of the Tree, our Courts  
 Grace it within now, and your Suppers take.  
 You that for health, and faire contentions ſake  
 Wil pleafe your minds, know, bodies muſt haue meat;  
*Play's wroſe when idlenesse, in times to eafe.*

This ſaid; all left; came in; caſt by, on Thrones  
 And Chaires, their garments. Their prouidous  
 VVere Sheepe, Swine, Goats; the chiefly great & fat,  
 Besides an Ox, that from the Herd they gat.  
 And now, the King and Herdfiſman, from the field,  
 In good way were to Towne: Twixt whom was held  
 Some walking conuference, which thus began  
*Eume, to Vlff.* The good *Eumeus*: Gueſt, your will was wun,  
 (Beaſte the Prince comandeſed) to make way  
 Vp to the City, though I wiſt your ſay,  
 And to haue made you Guardian of my ſtall:  
 But I, in care and feare, of what might fall,  
 In after anger of the Prince; forbore.  
*The cheekeſ of Princes, ſouch their ſabreſ ſore.*  
 But make we haſt, the day is neerey ended;  
 And cold ayres ſtill, are in the Euen extended.  
*Vlff to Eume.* I know'r (ſaid he) conſider all; your charge  
 Is giuen to one that underſtands at large.  
 Haſt then: heereafter, you ſhall leade the way;  
 Afford your Staſe to, if it ſit your ſay,  
 That I may viſe its ſince you ſay, our paſſe  
 Is leſſe friend to a weake foot, then it was.  
 Thus caſt he on his necke, his naſty Scrip,  
 All patcht and torne: A cord that would not ſlip  
 For knots, and bracks, about the mouth of it,  
 Made ſerue the turne: and then his Swaine did ſit  
 His for'e ſtate with a ſtaſſe. Then plied they hard  
 Their way to towne: Their Cartage leſt in guard  
 To Swaines and Dogs. And now, *Eumeus* led  
 The King along his garments to a thred  
 All bare, and burn'd; and he himſelfe hard bore  
 Vpon his ſtaſſe; at all parts like a pore  
 And faſt old begger. But when now they got  
 The rough high-way; their voyage wanted not  
 Much, of the City: where a Fount they reache,  
 From whence the Towne their choiſeſt water fetcht;  
 That euer ouer-flow'd; and curious Art  
 VVaſ ſhewne about it: In which, three had paſſe;

VVhoſe names, *Nerisius* and *Polytor* were,  
 And famous *Nicas*. It had a Sphere  
 Of poplar, that ranne round about the wall;  
 And into it, a loftie Rocke let fall,  
 Continual ſupply of coole cleare ſtreame:  
 On whose top, to the Nymphs that were ſupreme  
 In thoſe parts loues; a fately Altar roſe;  
 VVhere every Trauiler, did ſtill impoſe  
 Deuoted ſacrifice. At this fount, found  
 These ſilly Trauilers, a man renown'd  
 For guard of Goats, which now he had in guide;  
 VVhoſe huge, flor'd Herd, two herdfiſmen kept beside:  
 For all Herds it excedd; and bred a feed  
 For wooers onely. He was *Dolus* ſeede,  
 And call'd *Medonius*. VVho caſting eye  
 One theſe two there, he chid them terribly:  
 And ſo paſt meane, that even the wretched fate,  
 Now on *Vlffes*, he diſirate.  
 His hume, to this effect, he diſperſe:  
 VVhy ſo; tis now at all parts paſſing true,  
 That ill leads ill: good cuernore doth traine  
 VVith like, his like: VVhy thou viueniuit Swaine,  
 VVithur doſt thou leade this fame vielleſſe Leager?  
 This bane of banquets; this moſt naſty begger?  
 VVhile fight doth make one faſt, it do abhorres;  
 VVho with his ſtanding in ſo many doores,  
 Hath broke his backe; and all his beggery tends  
 To beg base cruſts, but to no manly ends;  
 As asking ſwords, or with a ciuitie  
 To get a Caldron. VVouldſt thou giue him me,  
 To farme my Stable, or to ſweepe my yarde,  
 And bring broufe to my kids; and that prefer'd,  
 He ſhould be at my keeping for his paines,  
 To drinke as much whey, as his thiſly veynes  
 VVould ſtill be ſwilling (whey made all his fees)  
 His monſtuous belly, would opprefſe his knees.  
 But he hath learn'd to leade halfe life about;  
 And will not worke, but crouch among the roor;  
 For broken meate, to cram his barften gut.  
 Yet this Ile ſay; and he will finde it po  
 In ſure effect; that if he enters where  
*Vlffes* roofes caſt ſhade; the flooles will there  
 About his eares fly; all the heauſe wil throw,  
 And rub his ragged ſides, with cuffs enow.  
 Paſt theſe reuiles, his manleſſe rudeneſſe ſpun'd  
 Diuine *Vlffes*; who, at no part turn'd  
 His face from him, but had his ſpirit fed  
 VVith theſe two thoughts; If he ſhould ſtrike him dead

*Melancthon to  
 Eumeus and  
 Vlffes.*

VVith his bestowed staffe: or at his feete  
Make his direft head, and the pavement meete:  
But he bore all, and entertain'd a breft,  
That in the strife of all extremes did refit.

*Eumeus*, frowning on him, chid him yet:  
And lifting vp his hands to heauen, he fet  
This bitter curse at him: O you that beare  
Faire name to be the race of *Iupiter*,  
Nympthes of theſe Fountaines! If *Vlyffes* euer  
Burn d thighes to you; that hid in fat, did neuer  
Faile your acceptance, of or Lambe, or Kid;  
Grant this grace to me; let the man thus hid  
Shine through his dark fate: make ſom God his guide;  
That, to thec (Goat-herd) this ſame Pallats "pride,  
Thou diu'ſt afor thee; he may come and make  
The ſcatterings of the earth, and ouer-take  
Thy wrongs, with forcing thee to euer ere  
About the City, hunted by his feare.  
And in the meane ſpace, may ſome flothfull Swaines,  
Let lowfie fickneſſe gnaw thy Cartels Vaines;

O Gods! (replied *Melainus*) what a curse  
Hath this dog barkt out, and can yet, do wurfe?  
This man, ſhall I haue gluon into my hands,  
VVhen, in a well-built Ship, to farre-off Lands  
I ſhall tranſport him: That (ſhould I want here)  
My ſale of him, may finde me viſtels there.  
And (for *Vlyffes*) would to heauen, his ioy  
The Siluer-bearing-bow-God, would deſtroy,  
This day, within his house; as fur as he  
The day of his returne shall neuer feeſs.

This ſaid, he leſt them, going ſilent on;  
Bur he ou-went them, and tooke ſtraight upon  
The Pallace royll, which he enter'd ſtraight;  
Sat with the wooers, and his Trenchers ſtraight;  
The Keruens gaue him, of the fleſh there vented:  
But bread, the reuerend Buteleresse preſented.  
He tooke, againſt *Eurymachus*, his place;  
VVho moſt of all the wooers, gaue him grace.  
And now, *Vlyffes* and his Swaine got nere:  
VVhen, round about them, viſited their care  
The hollow Harpes delicious-frickē ſtrings;  
To which, did *Phamius* (neere the woers) ſing.

Then, by the hand, *Vlyffes* tooke his Swaine,  
And ſaide, *Eumeus*? One may heere ſee plaine  
(In many a grace) that *Laertides*  
Build heere theſe Turrets, and (mongſt others theſe)  
His whole Court arm'd, with ſuch a goodly wall:  
The Corniſh, and the Cope, Maieſticallyall:

\*Vlyſſe.

*Melainus*, or his  
rude vſe, ge  
Vlyffes.

\*Intending his  
fat Herd, & p  
o eſy for the  
woers dain ie  
Pallats.

*Melainus*: answer  
to *Eumeus*.

His double gates, and Turrets, builte too ſtrong  
For force, or vertue, euer to expugne.  
I know, the Feaſters in it, now aboue,  
Their Careſ cast ſuch a ſauour; and the ſound  
The Harpe giues, argues, an accompliſh Feaſt;  
The Gods made *Maiſtice*, Banquets deſtroj Gneſſ.

These things (ſaid he) your ſkill may tell with caſe;  
Since you are grac't with greater knowledges.  
But now, conſult we, how theſe woers ſhall fort,  
If you will firſt approch this praiſed Court,  
And lee theſe wooers (I remaining here).  
Or I (hall enter, and your ſelfe forbear.  
But be not you, too tedious in your ſtay  
Left thruſt ye be, and buffeted away.  
*Vlyffes* hath no fence for blowes; looke too't I pray.

You ſpeak to one that comprehends (ſaid he)  
Go you before, and heire, aduentureme.  
I haue of old, bene vſd to cuffs and blowes;  
My minde is hardi'd; hauing boome the throwes  
Of many a loure cuent, in waues, and wars;  
Where knockes and buffets are no Forreinars:  
And this fame harmefull belly, by no meane,  
The greaſt Abſtinent, can euer weane.  
*Menſſer much Bane, by the Bellies rage*;  
For whose fake, Ships in all their equipage  
Are arm'd, and ſet out to th' vntamed Seas;  
Their bulkes full fraught with ilis to enemies.  
Such ſpeech they chang'd: when in the yeard there lay  
A dogge, call'd *Argus*; which, before his way  
Aſlung'd for *Ulix*, *Vlyffes* bred;  
Yet stood his pleaſure then, in haileſted;  
(As being too young) but growing to his grace,  
Yong men made choife of him for every Chace;  
Or of their wilde Goats, of their Hares, or Harts.  
But, his King gone; and he, now paſt his parts;  
Lay all abieſtly on the Stables ſtore,  
Before the Oxen-stall, and Mules ſtable dore,  
To keepe the clothes, caſt from the Peſſants hands;  
While they laide compaſſe on *Vlyffes* Lands:  
The Dog, with Ticks (vnlookt to) ouer-grownne.  
But, by this Dog, no ſooner ſcene, but laowne  
VVas wife *Vlyffes*, who (new entred there)  
Up went his Dogs laide eareſ; and ſcomming nere  
Up, he himſelfe roſe, fawn'd; and wig'd his Sterne;  
Couch cloſe his eareſ, and lay to: Nor deforne  
Could euermore his deere lou'd Lord againe.  
*Vlyffes* ſaw it; nor had powre t' abſtaine  
From ſhedding tears: which (far off ſeinge his Swaine)

His

*Vlyffes* dogg cal  
led *Argus*.

The Dog dyed  
as ſome aſſe  
had (n. n. *Vlyffes*)

He drie from his sight cleane ; to whom he thus  
His grieve dissembled : 'Tis miraculous,  
That such a Dog as this, shoulde haue his laire  
On such a dunghill; for his forme is faire.  
And yet, I know not, if there were in him  
Good pace, or parts, for all his goodly lim.  
Or he liu'd empty of those inward things,  
As are those trenched-Beagles, tending Kings;  
VVhom for their pleasures, or their glories sake,  
Or fashion ; they into their fauours take.

Lumix De-  
scription of V-  
lysses Dogge.

This Dog (said he) was seruant to one dead  
A huge time since. But if he bore his head  
(For forme and quality) of such a hight,  
As when *Vlysses* (bound for th' *Ilion* fight,  
Or quickly after) left him : your rapt eyes  
VVould then admire, & see him vse his Thyes,  
In strength, and swiftnes. He would nothing flye,  
Nor any thing let scape. If once his eye  
Seiz'd any wilde beast, he knew straight his scent:  
Go where he would, away with him he went.  
Nor was there euer any Sauage stood  
Amongst the thicketts of the deepest wood  
Long time before him, but he pull'd him downe;  
As well by that true hunting to be showne  
In such waste couertts; as for speed of pace  
In any open Lawne; For in deepe chace,  
He was a passing wize, and well-nosc'd Hound.  
And yet is all this good in him vncround  
With any grace heere now. Nor he more sed  
Then any errant Curre. His King is dead,  
Fare from his country ; and his seruants are  
So negligent, they lend his Hound, no care.  
*Where Maisters rule not, bus let Men alone;*  
*You never there, fee honest seruise done.*  
*That Man's halfe vertue, loue takes quite away,*  
*That once is Sun-burn'd with the ferile day.*

This said, he entred the well-builded Towers,  
Vp bearing right vpon the glorious wooers ;  
And left poore *Argus* dead. His Lords fiftight,  
Since that time twenty years, bereft his light.

*Telemachus*, did farre the first behould  
*Eumeus* enter ; and made signes he shoud  
Come vp to him. He (noting) came, and tooke  
On earth his seate. And then, the Maister Cooke  
Seru'd in more banquet : Of which, part he set  
Before the wooers; part the Prince did get :  
VVho satc alone ; his Table plac't aside  
To which, the Herald did the bread diuide.

After

After *Eumeus*, enter'd straight the King,  
Like to a poore, and heany aged thing :  
Bore hard vpon his staffe ; and was so clad,  
As would haue made his meere beholder sad.  
Vpon the Athen floore, his limbes he sped ;  
And gainst a Cyprill threshold flasht his head ;  
The tree wrought smooch, and in a line direct,  
Tryed by the Plumbe, and by the Anchisett.  
The Prince then bad the Herald man give him bread,  
The finest there : and see that proffered.  
At-all-parts plight of his person all the cheare  
His hands could turne to : Take (said he) and bear.  
These caues to him ; and bid him see of all  
These wooers heere ; and to these finall  
Bearc vp with all the impudencie he can ;  
*Buffall behaviour, fys no neccy illnes.*

He heard, and did his will : Hold (said he)  
*Telemachus* commands these caues to alle :  
Bids thee bearc vp, and all thick wooers implore ;  
*Wt mof make impudent, wht evr makes pore.*

O *Ione* (said he) do my poore pray'r the grace,  
To make him blessed fit of the mortall race :  
And every thought now, i[n] his gantry heart,  
To deedes that further my defires concur.

Thus tooke he in, with hogh his bands, his floore,  
And in the vincouth Scrip that lay before him. On this  
His ill-shod feete, repulst his boote and shooe,  
All time the Mufick to the Feasters plaid,  
Both ioynly ending. *Thessalians* heare  
To put in old a[re], their tumuluous posse,  
When *Pallas* standing clo[se], did p[ro]phete and found,  
To proue how faire the bounches wold stand  
Of those proud wooers ; so, to laud his ry, the kyng  
Who most, who lefft, had leard' hymurly.  
However, no thought toucht *Telemachus* ;  
That any one shoulde scape his wreake.

He handsoimly became alle creasythen, I ame the kyng  
To every wooer, held a forc't hand ourt vpon his cheare,  
And all his worke, did in so fayre a maner vpon his cheare,  
As he had practis'd beggynge many a day.  
And though they knew, all beggynge could be done,  
Yet they admir'd it, as no deede of his'.  
Though fare from thoughts of other, and exprest  
And pity to him : who he was, and whence he came.  
Enquiring mutually. *Melanthous* then, tooke  
Hear me, ye wooers of thy sonnes fawful Queen,  
About this begger : I haue seene himeres a nigh  
This face of his, and know forsooth he is no knave.

A  
Aa  
Aa  
Aa

That

*Vlysses* ruthfull  
fashions of v[er]y stri  
to his own Hel.

That this Swaine brought him hither. What he is,  
Or whence he came, lies me. Reply to this  
*Antinous* made; and mockt *Eumeus* thus.  
O thou renowned Herdsman, why to vs  
Brought'st thou this bugger? Setues it not our hands,  
That other Land-leapers, and Cormorans  
(Prophane poore knaves) lyce on vs, unconductred,  
But you must bring them? So amisse instructed:  
Art thou in course of thrift, as not to know  
Thy Lords goods wrack, in this their ouer-flow?  
Vvlich, thinkst thou nothing, that thou callst in theſe?

*Eumeus* anſwer'd; Though you may be wroght,  
You ſpeak not wifely: VVho eals in a Gueſt  
That is a gueſt himſelfe? None cal to Feaſt  
Other then men that are of publicke vfe:  
Prophets, or Poets, whom the Gods produce;  
Phylſitians for mens ilſ; or Architects:  
Such men, the boundleſſe earth affords respects  
Bounded in honour; and may call them wel:  
But poore men, who calſ? Who doth fo exceed  
In others good, to do himſelfe an ill?  
But all *Vlyſſes* ſervants have bene full  
Eye-ſores in your waie, more then all that wo:  
And cheefly I. But what care I, for you?  
As long as theſe rooſes, hold as thorns to none,  
The wile *Penelope*, and her God-like Soone.

Forbare (laid he) and leaueth this tongue bold ill;  
*Antinous* vſes to be croſſing ſtill,  
And give sharpe words: his blood that hangeth  
To ſet men ſtil together by the earns.  
But (turning then) *O* (laide he)  
You entertaine a Fathers care of ſuſſe,  
To turne theſe eating gueſts out: Tis adiſe  
Of needful vſe for my poore facuſies:  
But God doth not allow thiſe: Thereonemē be  
Some care of poore men, in humaſtie.  
What you your ſelues takes, give; I not eny  
But give command that hospitalitie  
Be given al ſtrangers: Nor that my pow'rs ſent  
If thiſ mood in me, reach my Mothes eare; yet ſome  
Much leſſe the ſervants, that ſeek to feeſe  
*Vlyſſes* house kept, in his old degree,  
But you beare no ſuch mind, you ſeem more enemys  
To fill your ſelues, then let another eat.

*Antinous* anſwer'd him; Braue ſpoken man:  
VVhoſe minds free fire, ſee cheake, no verſeſtay,  
If all we woouers heere, would give as muche ſtrouthe, as we  
As my minde ſerues; his<sup>\*late ding</sup> Larges ſhould be ſtuck.

As would for three months ſerue his fare off way  
From troubling your houſe, with more caufe of stay.

This ſaid; he tooke a floole vp, that did reft  
Beneath the boord, his ſpangled feete at feaſt:  
And offeſc'd at him: But the reſt, gaue all,  
And ſil'd his fulome Scrip with Festinall:  
And ſo *Vlyſſes* for the preſent, was,  
And for the future furniſh'd, and his paſſe  
Bent to the doore, to eate. Yet could not leaue  
*Antinous* ſo: but ſaid; Do you to giue  
(Lou'd Lord) your preſence, makes a ſhew to me,  
As you not worſt were of the company,  
But beſt: and fo much, that you ſeeine the King:  
And therefore, you ſhould giue ſome better thing,  
Then bread, like others. I will ſpred your prafe  
Through all the wide world, that haue in my daies  
Kept houſe my ſelfe; and trod the wealthy waies  
Of other men, euen to the Tide, Bleſſe:  
And often haue I giuen an etring Gueſt  
(How meane ſoeuer) to the vemoſt gaine  
Of what he wanted: kept whole troopes of men;  
And had all other commings in; with which  
Men liue fo well, and gaine the fame of Riches.  
Yet lowe conſum'd all: tie would haue it ſo:  
To which, his meane was thiſ: he made me go  
Farre off, for Egypt, in the rude conſort  
Of all-waies-wandering Pyrats; where, in Port  
I bad my lou'd men, draw their Ships ahoire,  
And dwell amongſt them: ſent out ſome to explore  
Vp to the Mountaines; who (intemperate,  
And their inflam'd blouds, bent to fatarie)  
Forrag'd the rich fields; hal'd the women thence,  
And viuean'd children, with the foule expence  
Both of their fames, and blouds. The cry then flew  
Straight to the City; and the great fields grew  
With horſe, and foo; and flan'd with iron armes;  
VVhen *Troe* (that breaks the Thunder in Alarmes)  
An ill flight caſt amongst my men: Not one  
Inſpir'd with ſpirit, to stand, and tame vpon  
The fierce purſuing foe: and therefore ſtood  
Their ill fate thicke about them: ſome in bloud,  
And ſome in bondage: Toiles led by constraint  
Faſhiong vpon them. Me, along they ſent  
To *Cypruſ*, with a ſtranger Prince they met;  
*Demetor* ſafides; who thiſ Imperiall ſeat  
Of that ſweete Island, ſwaid in ſtrong command;  
And thus feele I heere, Needs conſearmed hand.  
And what God ſent (laide he) this ſuffering bane

To vex our banquet? Stand off, nor prophan  
My boord so boldly, left I shew thee here,  
*Cyprus*, and *Egypt*, made more foure then there.  
You are a fawcy set fac't Vagabond.

About with all you go; and they, beyond  
Discretion give thee, since they finde not heere  
The least proportion set downe to their cheare.  
But every Fountaine hath his vnder floods;

*It is no Bounty to give others goods.*

O Gods (replied *Vyses*) I see now,  
You beare no soule, in this your goodly shew;  
Beggars at your boord, I perceue, should get  
Scarfe salt from your hands, if theselues broght meat:  
Since, sittynge where another boord is spread,  
That flowes with feast, not to the broken bread  
VVill your allowance reach. Nay then (said he,  
And lookt austerely) It so saucy be  
Your suffer'd language, I suppose, that cleere  
You shall not scape without some broken cheere.

Thus rapt he vp a stoole, with which he smit  
The Kings right shouldeR, 'twixt his necke, and it.  
He stod him like a rocke: *Anisus* darre  
Not stirr'd *Vyses*: who, in his great hart  
Deepe ilz projectid; which, for time yet, close  
He bound in silence; shooke his head, and went  
Out to the Entry, where he then gaue vent  
To his full scrip; sate on the earth, and eate,  
And talkt still to the woopers: heare me yet  
Ye woopers of the Queene: It neuer greeves  
A man to take blowes, where for Sheepe, or Beeves,  
Or other maine possessions, a man fights:  
But for his harmfull belly, this man smites,  
Vvhose loue to many a man, breeds many a wo.  
And if the poore haue Gods, and Furies to;  
Before *Anisus* weare his Nuptiall wreath,  
He shall be wome vpon the dart of death.

Harsh Guest (faide he) sit silent at your meate,  
Or seeke your desperate plight some later feate;  
Left by the hands, or heelles, youths drag your yeates,  
And rend your rotten raggies about your eares.

This made the rest, as highly hate his folly,  
As he had violated something holy.  
Vvh'en one (euers of the proudest) thus began:  
Thou dost not nobly, thus to play the man  
On such an errant wretch: O ill difpo'd!  
Perhaps some sacred God-head goes enclo'd  
Euen in his abiect outside: For the Gods  
Haue often visited these rich aboodeS

Like such poore stranger Pilgrims: since their powers  
(Being alwayes shapefull) glide through Townes and  
Observing as they passe thither, who they be (Tow'res;  
That piety loue, and who impiety.

This, all men laide; But he held sayings cheape:  
And all this time *Telemachus* did heape  
Sorrow on sorrow, on his beating hart  
To see his Father stricken; yet let part  
No teare to earth, but shooke his head, and thought  
As deepe as those ilz, that were after wrought.

The Queen now hearing of her poore guests stroke;  
Said to her Maid, (as to her woer she spake)  
I wish the famous for his Bow, the Saie  
VVould strike thy heart fo' Her wish (thus begun)  
Her Lady, faire *Eurydice* pursued  
Her execration; and did thus conclude:  
So may our vowes call downe from Idaean; his end;  
And let no one life of the rest, exceed  
His life till morning. O *Eurydice* (thus begun)  
(Replied the Queene) may all Gods speake in thine:  
For all the woes, we shal drave as lees,  
Since all their weales, they place in othes woes.  
But this *Anisus*, we paile alz shold huse,  
As one resembling blake and cruell fate.  
A poor strange wretched boy there, disposid by need:  
Ask all, and every one gancke his deet:

Fil'd his sad Scrip, and earld his heavy wants:  
Only this man, beslow'd *Vyses* fate,  
And with a cruell blow (his force let flye)  
'twixt necke and shouldeR shew'd his charny.  
These minds (aboue) the and her Maid did shew:  
VVhile, at his scrip, *Vyses* fate below,  
In which time, the *Easew* call'd, and said:  
Go, good *Easew*, and seafoule comand:  
The stranger to me: Bid him come and take  
My salutations for his welcomelesse,  
And my desire serue, if he hast not heard  
Or scene distrest *Vyses*? who shal en'd?

Like such a man; and therfore chaled may fall,  
He hath, by him bene met, and spake withall.  
O Queene (faide he) I wifh so heatest, your care  
Were quicke of this vnuerend noise you heare  
From these rude woopen, wherid bring the guest:  
Such words, your care, would let into your breest  
As would delight it, to your very heart.  
Three nights and dayes, I did my Roofe impair  
To his fruitions (for he came to me  
The first of all men, since he fled the Sea).

## THE SEVENTEENTH BOOKE

And yet he had not given a perfect end  
To his relation, of what woes did spend  
The spight of Fate on him: But as you see  
A Singer, breathing out of Deity  
Loue-kindling lines; when all men feare her,  
Are rapt with endlessse thirst, to euer heare her.  
So sweet'd he, my bosome, at my meate;  
Affirming that *Vlysses* was in Crete,  
VWhere first the memories of *Adues* were,  
A Guest to him, there dwelling, then as deare  
As his true Father: and from thence, came he  
Tir'd on with sorowes, tost from sea to sea,  
To cast himselfe in dust, and tumble heere  
At woocers feete, for blowes, and broken chotte.  
But, of *Vlysses* (where the *Thebros* dwell),  
A wealthy people *Fame* he sayes did tell  
The full suruiall: whic his Natiue light  
VVas bound for now; with treasure infinite,  
Call him (sayd she) that he himselfe may say.  
This ouer to me. We shall soon have way  
Gien by the woocers: They, as well as Gates,  
As set within doores, vse to receare  
Their high-fed spirits. As their humors leaden,  
They follow; and may well; for still they treade  
Vncharg'd waies here, their own welch lying vnyafed  
In poore-kept houses: onely something tattered  
Their bread and wine is, by their household draynes:  
But they themselves, let loose contynual Reines  
To our expences; making slaughter still  
Of Sheepe, Goats, Oxen; feeding past their fill,  
And vainly lauishing ouer their flypes.  
All these extensing past the sacred lines,  
For here liues no man, like *Vlysses* new  
To curte these ruines: But should he once above  
His country light, his prefence: He and his sonnes  
VVould soone reuenge these woocers iniurie.

This said; about the house, in cecches round,  
Her Sons strange Necfings made a hound sound;  
At which, the Queene yet laughing, and laid, *Gog call*  
The stranger to me: Heardst thou not so to all  
My words last vter'd, what a Necfing brake  
From my *Telemachus*? From whence I make  
This sure conclusion; That the death, and curse of gods nowe comin will  
Of every woocer heire, is neare his date.  
Call then the Guest; and if he tel as truw, if you may of it, by blawes  
VVhat I shal aske him; Cote, dole, all things now  
These hands shal yeld him. This said; downe he went  
And told *Vlysses*, that the Queene had sent  
*Necfing* a good Omen.

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES

To call him to her; that she might enquire  
About her husband, what her sad deafe  
Vrg'd her to aske: and if she found him true,  
Both core, and caffcocke (which he needed) new  
Her hands would put on him; And that the Bread  
VWhich now he begg'd among all the commone tredes,  
Should freely feed his hunger now from her;  
VVho, all he wist, wold to his wanes prefer.

His answer was, I will with fit speed, tell  
The whole truth to the Queene; For, passing well  
I know her Lord; since he and I haue shaird  
In equal forrowes. But I much am scar'd,  
With this rude multitude of woocers here;  
The rage of whose pride, smot the same bruse sphinxes, layng waste  
Of whose rout, when one stroke me for no fault;  
*Telemachus*, nor none else, w'm d'th' assault.  
From my poore shoulders. Therfore though she haue  
Befeech the Queene, her bontey will come to her  
The dayes broad light; and then, may the queare  
Tis but my closter pleading to the fire  
In th'Euenings cold; because, my weeds, you know  
Are passing thin: For I made bold to show  
Their brackes to you, and pray'd your kinde supply.

He heard, and haffed; and met instantly  
The Queene vpon the pavement in the howse,  
Who askt; what bringst thou now? I say, Sir  
Finde his austere supposes? Takes he me  
Of th'vnust woocers? Or thus hard on me?  
On any other doubt the house obide  
He does me wrong; and gives too much credite  
To his feare d'safety. He does right (said he)  
And what he fearest, shoud move the wondre  
Of any wife one; taking care to thin  
The violent woocers. He bids bide, til Sun  
Hath hid his broad light: and, beleue it, Queene,  
Twill make your best courfe: since you two, vnseene  
May passe th'encounter: you to speake more free;

And he, your care gaine, lesse distractedly.  
The Guest is wife (said he) and well doth give  
The right thought vse. Of all the men that liue,  
Life serues none such, as these proud woocers are,  
To give a good man, cause to vse his care.

Thus (all agreed) amongst the woocers goes  
*Enewe* to the Prince; and (whispering close),  
Said; Now, my Loue, my charge shal take vp me,  
(Your goods, and mine) VVhat here is, you must see  
In fit protection. But, in chiefe, regard  
Your owne deere safegard; whole stafe, study hard,

## THE SEVENTEENTH BOOKE

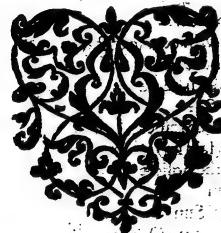
Left suffrage seize you. Many a wicked thought  
Conceale these wooers; whom iust *sow* see brought  
To vitter ruine, ere it touch at vs.

So chance it, Friend (replied *Telennachus*)  
Your Beuer taken, go: in first of day  
Come, and bring sacrifice, the best you may.  
To me, and to th immortals, be the care  
Of whatsoeuer heere, the safeties are.

This said, he fane in his elaborate Throne.

*Eumeus* (fed to satisfaction)  
Went to his charge; left both the Court and wals,  
Full of secrete, and fatall Fessials.  
In which, the wooers pleasures still would sway:  
And now begun, the Euenes nere-ending day.

*The End of the Seuenteenth Booke  
of Homers Odysse.*



# THE EIGHTEENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*V*lyties, and Roges Irus fight,  
Penelope, much after her fight  
To all her Wooers: who present  
Gifts to her; ravish with consent.  
A certayne Parle then we sing,  
Betwixt a Wooer, and the King.

Another.

*Eryx,* { The Beggers glorie,  
the Kings high fame;  
Gifts given to her  
a virtuous Dame.



Here came a commyne Begger to the Court;  
Who, in the City, begged of all resort:  
Excell'd in madneſſe of the gut; drunke, eat  
Paff infemalion: was molt hugely great;  
Yer had no bones in him, nor no force:  
In fight, a Man; In mind, a living Corfe.  
His wifte name, was *Anape*: for his mother  
Impord it from his birth: And yet another  
The City youth would give him (from the course  
He after tooke; deriu'd out of the force  
That Need held on him; which was up and downe  
To run on all mens errands through the Towne)  
*V*vhich sounded, *Irus*. VVhen whiche gut was come,  
He needs would bare *Ulysſes* his owne home,  
And fell to chiding him: Old man (laide he)  
Your way out of the Entry, quickly fee  
Be with faire Language men, I left your stay  
But little longer, see you dragg'd away.  
See Sir: Obserue you not, how all theſe make  
Dire & figures at me? Charging me to take  
Your heelies, and drag you out? But I take shame.  
Rise yet, y're best; left we two play a game  
At cuffs together. He bent browes, and faide:  
*V*Y pitch! I do thee no ill; nor once vþbraide

Thy presence with a word ; nor what mine eye  
By all hands sees thee giuen, one thought enuy :  
Nor shouldest thou enuy others. Thou mayst see  
The place will hold vs both ; and seemst to me  
A Begger like my self ; which who can intend ?  
*The Gods giue mōs so whom they leaſt are Friend :*  
*The cheſe goad; Gods giue, iſ in good to end.*  
But to the hands strife, of which y'are to free,  
Prouoke me not, for feare you anger me ;  
And left the old man, on whose ſcorne you stood,  
Your lips and boſome, make ſhake hands in blood.  
I loue my quiet well, and more will loue  
To morrow then to day. But if you moue  
My peace beyond my right ; the warre you make,  
Will neuer after giue you will to take  
*Vlyſſes houſe into your beggieng walke.*

O Gods (ſaide he) how volubly doth talk  
This eating gulfe ? And how his fume breaks out,  
As from an old crackt Ouen? whom I will clout  
So bitterly ; and fo with both hands mall  
His chaps together, that his teeth ſhall fall,  
As plaine ſcene on the earth, as any Sowes  
That ruts the Corne-fields, or deuoures the Mowes.  
Come, cloſe we now, that all may ſee, what wrong  
An old man tempts, that takes at cuſfes, a yong.

Thus in the entry of thofe lofty Tow'rs,  
These two, with al ſplene, ſpent their larking pow'rs :  
*Aniſous tooke it ; laught, and ſaide ; O Friends*  
We neuer had ſuch ſport : This Gaſt contends  
With this vafe Begger, at the Buffets fight ;  
Come, joyne we hands, and ſcrew vp all their ſpight.

All roſe in Laughters ; and about them, boke  
All the ragg'd rout of beggers at the dore.  
Then mou'd *Aniſous* the viſtors hire  
To all the woo'r's thus : There are now at fire  
Two brefts of Goat: both which, let Law ſet downe  
Before the man, that wins the dayes renoume,  
With all their fat and greāuie : And of both  
The glorious Victor, thal preſerue his tooth,  
To which he makes his choife of, from vs all ;  
And euer after, banquet in our Hall,  
With what our boords yeld : Not a Begger mote  
Allow'd to ſhare, but all keepe our at dore.  
This he propoſed ; and this they all approvd ;  
To which *Vlyſſes* anſwer'd : O moſt lou'd,  
By no meanes ſhould an old man ; and one old  
In chiefe with ſorrows, be ſo ouer-bold  
To combat with his yonger : But alas,

Mans owne ill-working belly, needs will packe  
This worke vpon me, and enuies are too :  
To beatte this fellow. But then, you muſt doo  
My age no wrong, to take my vngent paſt,  
And play me foule play ; making your ſhulders ſmart  
Helpē his to conquer : for you earely may  
With your strengthes, ~~the~~ Do the night, & lay  
Your Honors on it, to your ouche, to yield  
His part no aide ; but equalle leaue the field.

All ſwore his will. But ſhort reuerting,  
His Fathers ſcoffes, with comfort ſcienſes,  
Could not but anſwer, and made this reply,

Gueſt ! If thine owne powers cheare thy victory,  
Fear no mans elce, that will not packe refiſe :  
He fights with many, that ſhall touch herneſſe.  
Ile ſee thy gueſt-right ſpaide ! Then haue a ſcotne  
In my protection : and to that, the furmeſſe  
Of all theſe woocers (which *Aniſous* ſeeſe),  
And King *Easymachus* conſtione their care.

Both vow'd. When *Vlyſſes*, laying *his*  
His upper weed, his inner beggar ſkin,  
Nere ſhew'd his shame : which he, with raggs reputted  
Pluckt from about his Thighes ; and ingrediente  
Their goodly fight, which were ſo white, and great,  
And his large ſhoulders, were to view, fo ſcar  
By his bare rags, his armes, his breſt and all,  
So broad, and beawny (their grace named),  
Being helpt by *Pallas*, euer ſtanding neare  
That all the woocers, his adiuuantes were  
Beyond all meaſure : muuall quideſſe, loſten  
Through all their cluſher, ſaying, Save antheſſe,  
Poor *me* palf'd upon him, bateſt blankeſſe,  
Through his thin Garment, when a Thigh he ſlowes.

They ſaid ; But *me* felt, hit Oue, hit ſkinne  
VVas mou'd at roote. But now, *me* ſeemed ſore,  
Fads to his brags ; and ſhamefull pow'rs ſeene  
The ſeruants brought him ; all his aruers ſaint  
VVith feares, and tremblings. WWhich *Aniſous* ſaw,  
And ſaide ; Nay, now too late come ſaue, No Law,  
Thou ſhouldſt at first haue giuen thy briggeant vanitie,  
Nor ſhould it ſo haue ſwell'd, ſhamefull ſhame,  
Thy ſpirits to this paſſe ; firme gan ſeekly  
And worne with penurie, that ſill lay hold  
On his ragg'd person. How ſaide ſhe, a ſtrange ſound  
This vow from me, for firme, *me* ſhamefull ſhame,  
Thy forces ſtoope ; and proue his owne ſupremesse,  
Ile put thee in a Ship, and downe the firmeſſe  
Send thee abothe, where King *Easymachus* ſaints  
*(The*

(The roughest tyrant, that the world contained.)  
 And he will slit thy nostrils, crop each ear againe,  
 Thy shane cut off, and give it dogges to tearred.  
 This shooke his Nerves the more. But both were now  
 Brought to the Liffs; and voided either throw.  
 His heavy fists. *Vlysses*, in suspence,  
 To strike so home, that he should right from offence  
 His Cow-herd soule his trunke laide prostrate there;  
 Or let him take more leasure to his feare,  
 And stoope him by degrees. The last, shew'd best,  
 To strike him lightly; out of feare the refl  
 Would else discover him. But (peace now broke).  
 On his right shoulder, *troue* laid his stroke.  
*Vlysses* strooke him, iust beneath the eare,  
 His iaw-bone broke, and made the blood appearre.  
 VVhen straight, he shew'd the doss, and made his cri  
 Stand for himselfe; with whom, his teeth did hisse,  
 Spit with his blood out: and against the ground.  
 His heeles lay sprawleng. Up the hands went round  
 Of all the woorters; all at point to dyne.  
 VVith violent laughters. Then the King diddy.  
 The Beggers feare, and dragg'd him forth therell  
 Along the Entry, to the gates, and walls, and towers.  
 Where leauing him, he put into his haad  
 A Staffe, and bad him there vse his command  
 On Swine, and Dogs; and not presume to be  
 Lord of the guests, or of the Begging:  
 Since he, of all men, was the scum and curser.  
 And so, bad please with that, or fate yet worse.  
 Then cast he on his scrip, all patching and rent,  
 Hung by a rotten cord, and backe he went againe, whilis tunnelling  
 To grecie the Entries threhold with his feete.

The woorters throng'd to him, and did denesse  
 VVith gentle words his conuento, laughing still:  
 Pray'd *Ione*, and all the Gods, to grace his will, woorke his wiles,  
 VVhat most it wifht him; and would joy him most,  
 Since he so happily had cleer'd their confe, and shew'd  
 Of that vnsavoury morrell, whom they vowed.  
 To see with all their vrgent halfe-pebbled heads, howe  
 Aboord a ship; and for *Amphion*, *Antenor*, *Idomeneus*,  
 To King *Echetus*: on whose Throne was spore  
 The worst mans seat y breath'd. And thus was graunt  
 Divine *Vlysses*: who with ioy embred bell tolls, and the aduise  
 Euen that poore conquest. Then waddet to him  
 The goodly Goats breast promist (that did wrene  
 In fat and greauey) by *Amphion*, as quicke as wrene  
 And from a Basket (by *Amphion*) in a twot, like a pippard  
 VV as two Breads giuen him; who (besides) brought  
 His banquett, with a golden Goblet round,

And

And this high saluation: Frolicle, Gneff,  
 And be those riches that you first posseſſed  
 Restor'd againe, with full as many toyes,  
 As in your poore state, I see now annoyes.

*Amphion* (saide he) you seeme to me  
 Exceeding wife, as beinge the progeny  
 Of such a Father, as autentique Fame,  
 Hath told me was so: One of honour'd name,  
 And great reuenues in *Dalyckium*,  
 His faire name, *Nijus*. He is blason'd thus,  
 And you to be his Sonne; his wifedome beyring,  
 As well as wealth: his state, in nought espairing.  
 To proue which, all waies; let me tell you this  
 (As warning you to shun the miseries  
 That follow full stares, if they be not held  
 With wifedome still at full; and so compeld  
 To courses, that abode not in their brookes,  
 By too much fwindge, their fodaime overthowes).  
 Of all things breasting, or that creep on earth,  
 Nought is more wretched then a humane birth.  
 Bleſſ'd men, thinke never, they can cursed be,  
 While any power left, to move a knee.

But when the bleſſt Gods, make them feele that smart,  
 That fled their Faith for, as they had no hart,  
 They beare their sufferings; and, what wel they might  
 Haue cleerly shun'd, they then meet in despight.

*The Minde of Man* tries fit end of his way,  
 Untoſſe God guide, and prompt it, every day.

I thought me once, a blessed man with men;  
 And faſhion'd me, to all fo counted then:  
 Did all iniuftice like them; what for Lust,  
 Or any pleasure, never fo vniuit.

I could by powre, or violence, obtaine;  
 And gaue them both in all their poures the raigne:  
 Bold of my Fathers, and my Brothers still;  
 While which held good, my Arts seem'd never ill.  
 And thus is none, held simply good or bad;

But as his will is either mist, or had.  
 All goods, Gods gifts man calls, how ere he gets them.

And fo takes all, what price fo ere, God sets them.  
 Saies nought, how ill they come; nor will controule  
 That Raune in him, though it cost his soule.

And these parts here, I fee the woorters play,  
 Take all that fals; and all dishonors lay

On that mans Queen, that (tell your frends) doth bear  
 No long times abſence, but is passing neare.  
 Let God then, guide thee home; left he may meeke  
 In his retorne, thy vndeparted feete.

For when he enters, and sees men so rude,  
The quarrell cannot but in blood conclude.  
This said; he sacrific'd; then drunke; & then  
Refferr'd the giuen Boule, to the guide of mens;  
VVho walkt away, affliccted at his heart;  
Shook head, and fear'd, that these facts wold comuer  
To ill in th end. Yet had not grace to flie:  
*Minerva* staid him, being ordain'd to die  
Vpon the Lance of yong *Ulysses*.

So, downe he fete; and then did *Fallas* please  
T'incline the Queens affections, to appeare  
To all the woovers; to extened their cheare  
To th' vtmost lightning, that still shets death:  
And made her put on all the painted flesh,  
That might both set her woovers fancies hye;  
And get her greater honor in the eye  
Euen of her Son & Soueraigne, then before.  
VVho laughing yet (to shew her humor bore  
No serious appetite to that light show)  
She told *Eurynome*, that not till now  
She ever knew her entertaine desire  
To please her woovers eyes; but oft on fire  
She set their hate, in keeping from them still;  
Yet now she pleaf'd reapeare: though from no will  
To do them honor, vowing she wold tell  
Her son that of them, that shold fit him well  
To make vfe of: which was, not to comuer  
Too freely with their pride, nor to disperce  
His thoughts amongst them, since they vld to give  
Good words; but through them, ill intents did drise.

*Eurynome* replied: With good aduisse  
You vow his counsaile, & your open guise.  
Go then, aduise your Son; nor keepe more close  
Your cheekes, stil drown'd in yoric eyes outflowes.  
But bathe your body, & with Balmer make cleere  
Your thick'd count'rance; v' neccesitated cheare,  
And euer mourning, will she *Mavros* ware.  
Nor haue you caule to mourn; your Son hath now  
Put on that vertue, which(in chiefe) your row  
VVisht (as your blessing) at his birth, might decke  
His blood & person. But forbear to speake!  
Of Baths, or Balmings, or of beauty, now  
(The Queene replied) left (vrging comforts) you  
Discomfort much: because the Gods haue wonne  
The spoile of my lookes, since my Lord was gone.  
But these must serue. Cal hitche then, to me  
*Hippodamia*, & *Antomoe*;  
That thofe our traime additions may supply  
Our owne defects. And yet besides, Not I

(VVich

(VVith all my age) haue learn'd the boldnesse yet  
To expole my selfe to men, vylesse I get  
Some other Gracers. This said, forth she went  
To call the Ladies; and much spirit spent  
To make their vnuost speed: for now, their Queen  
VVould both her selfe shew, & make them be seene.

But now *Miseras* other projects laid:  
And through *Icarus* daughters Veines compaid  
Sweet sleepes desire. In whole soft fumes, amolu'd  
She was as soone as laid; and quite dissolu'd  
Were all her Lineaments. The Goddess then  
Bestow'd immortall gifts on her, that men  
Might wonder at her beauties, and the beames  
That glister in the deified supreames,  
She cleer'd her mourning count'rance vp withall;  
Even such a radiance, as doth round empall  
Crown'd *Cytherea*, when her order'd places,  
Conduet the Beuy of the dancing Graces,  
She added to her owne: mote plumpe, more lie,  
And fairer then the polishe Iuory,  
Rendring her parts, and presence. This grace done,  
Away the Deity flew; and vp did ronne  
Hir louely-whistled Ladies, with a noise

That blew the soft chaines from her sleeping ioyes.  
When she, her faire eyes wipt; and (gaipng) saide:  
O me vnbless! How deep a sweet sleep's spread  
His shades about me? VVould *Diana* pleaf'd  
To shoot me with a death no more deafe'd,  
As soone as might be: that no more my mone  
Might waste my blood, in weepings never done,  
For want of that accompliht vertue sober'd  
In my lou'd Lord, to all the Greeks pref'd.

Then she descended with her Maids, and tooke  
Place in the Portall; whence her beamy looke  
Reach eu'y woovers heart. Yet cast she on  
So thin a veyle, that through it quite there shone  
A grace so stolne, it pleaf'd aboue the crete,  
And funke the knees of euery woover there.  
Their minds so melted, in loues vehement fires,  
That to her bed she heightn'd all desires.

The Prince then coming necre, she said, O Son,  
Thy thoughts & iudgements haue not yet put on  
That confiancy, in what becomes their good  
VVwhich all expect in thee: thy yonger blood  
Did sparkle choicer spights. But, arriu'd  
At this ful growth, wherein their Forme hath thriv'd  
Beyond the bounds of child-hood, (and when now)  
Beholders should affirme, This man doth grow  
Like the rare son of his matchles Sire,

*Eurynome.**Penelope.**Venus.*

B.b.2

(His

(His goodlinesse, his beauty, and his fire  
Offoulfe alfir'd to) thou mak'st nothing good.  
Thy Fate, nor fortune; nor thy heighf of blood,  
In manage of thy actions. Whar' a deed  
Offoulfe desert, hath thy grosse sufferance ficed  
Beneath thine owne Roofe? A poore stranger here  
V'l d most vnmanly! How will this appearre  
To all the world; when Fame shall trumpet out,  
That thus, and thus, are our guests beate about  
Our Court vnrighted? Tis a blaze will show  
Extreamly shamefull, to your name, and you.  
I blame you not, O Mother (he replide):  
That this cleere wrong sustain'd by me, you chide:  
Yet know I, both the good and bad of all;  
Being past the yeares, in which yong errors fall.  
But (all this knowne) skill is not so exact  
To gue (when once it knowes) things fit their fact.  
I wel may doubt the prease of strangers here;  
Who, bent to ill, and onely my Nerues nere,  
May do it in despight. And yet the iarde  
Betwixt our guest and *Irus*, was no warre  
Wrught by the wooers; nor our guest sustaint'd  
WRong in that action; but the conquest gain'd.  
And would to *Ione*, *Minerva*, and the Sun,  
That all your woo'res, might ferre *Contention*  
For such a purchase as the Begger made;  
And wore such weak heads: Some shoud death immade  
Strew'd in the Entry, some imbrew the hall;  
Till every man had vengeance capitall;  
Sattl'd like *Irus* at the Gates; his head  
Euery way nodding; like one forfeited  
To reeling *Bacchus*; Knees, nor feete, his owne,  
To bear him where he's better lou'd or knowne.  
Their speeches giuen this end, *Earymache*  
Began his Court-ship, and exprefit thus.  
Most wise *Icarus* daughter, If all those  
That did for *Cochlos* ventrous faille dispose,  
For that rich purchase, had before but seene  
Earths richer prize, in th' *Ithassenian* Queen,  
They had not made that voyage; but to you,  
Woul'd all their vertues, and their Beings vow.  
Should all the world know what a worth you stiore,  
To morrowthen to day; and next light, more  
Your Court should banquer; since to all Dames, you  
Are far prefer'd; both for the grace of how,  
In Stature, Beauty; Forme in every kinde  
Of all parts outward; and for faultlesse minde.  
Alas (said she) my Virtue, Body, Forme,

*Eurylochus*,  
son of the fat-  
poled *Widdow*,  
*Du en.*

*Pene* *axiwer.*

The Gods haue blasted, with that onely storme  
That rannt Greece to *Ilion*; since my Lord  
(For that warre ship't) boare all my goods abord:  
If he (return'd) should come, and governe here  
My liteswhole state, the grace of all things there  
His guide would heighten, as the spark it bore:  
Which dead in me, liues; given him long before.  
A sad course I live now; heauens sterne decree  
With many an ill, hath numb'd and deadeed me.  
He tooke life with him, when he tooke my hand,  
In parting from me to the *Troy* strand:  
These words my witnesse; VWoman! I concide  
That not all th' *aches* bound for *Troy*, shall leave  
Their Native earth, their safe returned bones;  
Fame saying, that *Troy* traines vp approched bones  
In deeds of Armes: Braue putters off of shafts:  
For winging Lances, Mallets of their crafts;  
Unmatch'd Riders, swift of foot; and thrichte  
Can arbitrate a ware of deadliest weight:  
Hope then, can scarce fill all with lites supply;  
And of all, any failing, why not I?  
Nor do I know, if God hath marshall'd me  
Amongst the fate-return'd: Or his decice  
Hath left me to the thralldome, order'd there.  
However, all cares be thy burthens here:  
My Sire and Mother, tend as much as now,  
I, further off, more neere in cares be you.  
Your Son, so mans stafe grown, wed whom you will:  
And (you gone) his care, let his houfhold fill.  
Thus made my Lord his will; & heauen fees prou'd  
Almost at all parts; for the Son remoov'd  
Downe to his set; ere long, wil leade the night  
Of thole abhorred Nipitals; that shold fight  
Each worthy woman; which her second are  
With any man that breathes; her first Lords care  
Dead, becafe he to flesh and blood is dead;  
Which, I feare, I shal yeld to, and fo wed  
A second husband; and my reason is,  
Since *Ione* hath taken from me all his blisse.  
Whom God giues over, they shew flise forsake;  
Their greeves, their ioyes; their God, their deall make:  
And us a great griefe; nor was seene till now,  
In any fashion of such men as woo  
A good and wealthy woman; and contend  
VWho shal obtaine her, that thole men should spend  
Her Beues and best Sheepe, as their cheefest ends;  
But rather, than her selfe, and all her friends  
They shold with Banquets; and rich gifts entreat;

*Bb 3*

Preferred  
to his wife at  
parting.

*Their life is death, that live with others meat.*

Dinne *Vyses*, much reioyc't to heare  
His Queenes thus fish for gifts, and keepe in cheare.  
Their hearts with hope, that he would wed againes  
Her minde yet stille, her first intent retaine.

*Antinous* law, the woopers won to gaine;  
And said; wife Queene, by all your meane receue  
What euer bountry, any woo'r shall vse;  
*Gifts freely giuen, 'tis folly to refuse.*  
For know, that we resolute not to be gone  
To keepe our owne roofes; till of all, some One  
VVhom best you like, your long woon'd loue shal win.

This pleas'd the rest; and every one sent in  
His present by the Herald; First had place  
*Antinous* gift: a robe of speciall grace,  
Exceeding ful and faire; and twenty hewes:  
Chang'd luster to it. To which, choise of shewes:  
Twelue mafy plated Buttons, all of Gold,  
Enrich't the substance, made to fairely hold  
The Robe together; all lac'd down before,  
VVhere Keepes and Catches, both sides of it wore.

*Eury machus*, a golden Tablet gaue;  
In which did Art, her choisest workes engrau'e,  
And round about, an Amber verge did run,  
That cast a radiance from it, like the Sun.

*Eurydamas*, two seruants had, that bore  
Two goodly Earings; whose rich hollowes wore  
Three Pearles in either, like so many eyes,  
Reflecting glances, radiant as the skyes.

The King *Pyander*, great *Polydors* heire,  
A Casket gaue, exceeding rich and faire.

The other, other wealthy gifts commended  
To her faire hand; which took, and straight ascended  
This Goddesse of her sex, her upper State.  
Her Ladies, all her gifts elaborate,  
Vp bearing after. All to dancing then  
The woopers went, and songs delightfull straine,  
In which they frolickt, till the Euening came:  
And then rai'dable *Hesperus* his lame.  
VVhen, for their Lights within, they set vp there  
3. Lampes, whose weckes were wood exceeding sere,  
And pausing porous; which they caud to burne,  
Their matter euer minister'd by turne  
Offeuer Hand-maids. VVhom *Vyses* (leeing  
Too conuersant with woopers) all agreeing  
VVith guise of maids) adulst in this faire fort:

Maids of your long-lackt King, keepe you the port  
Your Queenes chaff prefesse beares? Go, vp to her,

*The woopers*  
G./R.

*Wives o' his  
wives women.*

Imply your Loomes, or Rockes, and keepe ye there:  
He ferre to feed thee lampes, hold thee Lords dances  
Last til *Aurora* cheer'd vs with her glances.  
They cannot weary me, for I am one  
Borne to endure, when all men else haue done.

They wantonly brake out in Laughters all,  
Look't on each other: and so termes did fall  
Check-proud *Melanthy*, who was *Dalins* feed,  
Kept by the Queen, that gaue her dainty breed  
Fit for her daughter: and yet soon not so  
Her heart to her, to share in any wo  
She suffer'd for her Lord: But she was great  
VVith great *Eury machus*; and her loues heat  
In his bed quenched. And this cholerick thing,  
Beftow'd this railing Language on the King.  
Base Stranger, you *aspedes* in your braine,  
You talke so wilde: Nowes you, againe  
Can get where you were borne; and fetch you bed  
In some Smithes Houll, or the Market sted;  
But heere you must take confidence to peace  
Before all these; for feare can get notheare  
In your wine-hardy stomache! Or, to like  
To proue your natu're garbe: your tongue will falke  
On this side of your mouth full, being abed.  
Is the man idle-brain'd for want of witt?  
Or proud, because he beate the roguish beggar?  
Take heed Sir, left some better man be helpe  
Your ears with his fifts; and ferheadlong hence  
Your bold abode heere, with your bloudie caprice.  
He looking sternly on her, answer'd her:  
Dog! What broad Language gi'ft thou? He prefer  
Your vface to the Prince; thech'd ready fall  
Foule on your faire limbes, til he sel them all.

This fray'd the wenches, and al mighte god gone  
In teare, about their busyness: *Funny one*:  
Confesing he faide well. But he stand now  
Close by the Crescents; and did look his fellow  
On all men there: his Braine employd about  
Some sharper busynesse, then to *sister it out*;  
VVich had not long to go. Now therefore would  
*Minerva* let the woopers spleenes giue cold,  
VVith too good vface of him; that his hart  
Might fret enough, and make his cheelese frost.  
*Eury machus*, prouok't his selfe, and made  
His fellow laugh, with a conicke he had.  
Fetch farre; from what *womach* long before,  
That his poore forme, perhaps some Dainty bore.  
It well may chance (said he) some *Gaudelich* beare  
xxv. ✓

This mans resemblance: For, thus standing here  
The glittering Torches; his slick' head dorithrow  
Beanes round about it, as those Cestlers do.  
For not a hair he hath to give it shade.  
Say, wil thy heart serue t'undertake a Trade  
For fiting wages? Should I take thee hence  
To walke my grounds, and looke to every Fence:  
Or plant high trees: thy hire should raise thy forces;  
Food store, & cloaths. But these same ydle courses  
Thou art so propme in, that thou wilt not worke,  
But forage vp and downe, and beg, and luke  
In every house, whose Roofes hold any will  
To feed such fellowes. That thy gut may fil,  
Gives end to all thy Beeing. He replied;  
I wish, at any worke, we two were tryed;  
In hight of Spring time, when heauens ligthes a're long,  
I, a good crook'd Sithe, that were sharpe, and strong:  
You, such another, where the grafe grew deepe;  
Vp by day breake, and both our labours keepe  
Vp, till low darknes ea'd the labouring light,  
Falling all day, and not a crum til night:  
VVhere then shoulde prove our either woodmanship,  
Or if (againe) Beccus, that the goad, or whip  
VVere apt to obey, before a tearing Plow:  
Big, lusty beasts: Alike in bulke and brow,  
Alike in Labour, and alike in strength;  
Our taske fourre Acres, to be Till'd in length  
Of one sole day: Againe then you shoulde try  
If the dul glebe, befor the Plough shoulde flye;  
Or I, a long Stitch could beare cleane, and even.  
Or lastly; if the guide of earth & heaven  
Should stirr sterne war vp, either here & there,  
And that, at this day, I had double Speare,  
And Shield, and steele Caske, fittynge for my browes;  
At this work likewise, midst the forenoon blowes  
Your eyes shoulde note me; and get little canfe  
To twit me with my bellies sole applause.  
But you affe&, 'affe& with iniurie,  
Your minde vngentle; seeme in valour hie,  
Because 'gaist few; and those, not of the best  
Your conuerstion hath bene still profest.  
But if *Vlysses* (landed on his earth,  
And enter'd on the true right of his birth)  
Should come & front ye; straight; his ample Gates  
Your feete would hold, too narrow for your Fates.  
He frown'd, rag'd, call'd him wrench; and vow'd  
To be his death, since he durst prove, so proud  
Amongst so many: to tell him so home  
end 1

VVhat he affe&ed. Ask, if overcome  
With wine he were; or as his Minion fad,  
Talkt so idly; and were pastid  
In his minds instruments; or was prouid sicke?  
He gan from *Irwe* off, with such applause  
VVith all which, snatching vp a stoole, he threw:  
VVhen old *Vlysses*, to the knees withdrew,  
Of the *Dalythia* Lord *Amphionus*,  
As if he feard him. His dart misling thus  
His aged obie&; and his Pages hand,  
(A Boy, that waited on his cups command;  
Now holding of an Ewre to him) he smit,  
Downe fel the sounding Ewre; and after it,  
The guillesse Page, lay sprawleng in the dust,  
And crying out. VVhen all the woors'thrift  
A tumult vp amongst them; wishing all,  
The rouges had perisht in some Hofpial.  
Before his life there, stir'd such vpres; vp;  
And with rude speeches, spice their pretious cap,  
And all this for a Begger, to fulfill  
A filthy Proverbe: *God will yeilds to ill*.

The Prince cried out on them, to let the bad  
Obisire the good to; Told them they were mad,  
Abusd their banquet; and affirm'd some God  
Tried maisteries with them: Bad them, take their odd  
Of food and wine: Sit vp, or fal to bed  
At their free pleasures; and since he gaue head  
To all their freedoms; why shoulde they mistake  
Their owne rich humors for a Beggers sake?

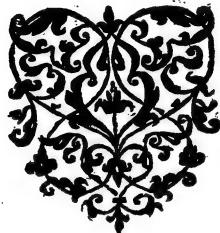
All bit their lips to be so taken downe;  
And taught the course that shold haue bin their own;  
Admir'd the Prince; and faide, he brauely spoke.  
But *Nisus* Son then, strooke the equall stroke,  
And faide, O Friends, let no man here disdaine  
To put vp equal speeches; nor maintaine  
VVith serious words, an humor; Nor with stroke;  
A Stranger in another's house prouoke,  
Nor touch the meanest seruant, but confine  
All thesef diffensions in a bolle of wine:  
VVwhich fill vs Cup-bearer; that haung done  
Our nightly sacrifice, we may arrone  
Our powres with sleepes; waiting first the guest  
Vp to the Prince, that does all interest  
In his disposure here: the House being his  
In iust defcent, & all the faculties.

This all approu'd; when Noble *Melius*

Talem makes  
the woors; yet  
means their  
praise.

(Herald in chiefe, to Lord *Amphionus*)  
 The VVine distributed with reverend grace  
 To eu'ry woer: when the Gods gien place  
 VVith seruice fit, they seru'd themselues, and tooke  
 Their parting Cups: till (when they all had strooke  
 The angry humor off) they bent to rest,  
 And every VVoyer to severall Roofes addred.

*The End of the Eighteenth Booke  
 of Homers Odisses.*



## THE NINETEENTH BOOK E OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Vlysses and his Son, when  
 Offending of the Wopers crew  
 With any Armes. His Birth's state,  
 Vlysses tells his Odisses in Citt.  
 Encyded the trible yet staled,  
 Disfener'd by a feare that's deafe,  
 Which in Parnassus royn, where  
 (Strake by him in his Chase) did gare.

Another.  
 Taw. { The King still had  
 by what he had.  
 { By what he did,  
 informs his maid.



Et did Divine Vlysses keep his Roofe;  
 And with ~~sharpe~~ plorted still the proe  
 Of all the wopers dealehs. VVhen thus, his Son  
 He caught with their force, oufailes: we must ron  
 A close course with these Armes, & lay them by.  
 And to the wopers make to faire a sky.  
 As it would rather shinder. Let me then  
 (That you may wel retaine) repeat agen  
 VVhat in *Emmias* Cottage, I adhird.

If when they see your leysure exercis'd  
 In fetching downe your Armes. & aske what vse  
 Your minde will give them: Say, 'tis their abus  
 VVith smoke & rust, that makes you take them down;  
 This not being like the Armory well knowne  
 To be the leauings of *Laertes* Son,  
 Conforting the designe for *Hiss*.  
 Your eyes may see how much they are infected,  
 As all fires vapors, euer stale reflected  
 On those sole Armes. Besides, a graver thought,  
*Ione* graues within you, left (their spirits wrought  
 Above their pitch with white) they might contend  
 At some high banquer, & to wounds transfeind;

Vlysses former  
 conuaine to his  
 Son, for dispo-  
 sing the Armes  
 repeated.

Their Feast invertting, which, perhaps may be  
Their Nuptiall feast, with wife Penelope.  
*The ready weapon when the bloud is up,*  
*Doubles the vppore, heightned by the Cup.*  
*Wrath's meanes for Act; surbe all the wayes ye can;*  
*As Leadstones draw the steele, so steeld draw's Man.*

Retaigne these words; nor what is good, think thus  
Reciu'd at second hand, superfluous.  
The Sonne obeying, did *Euryalea* call,  
And bad her shut (in the vtter Porches) all  
The other women, till himselfe brought downe  
His Fathers Armes, whch all were ouer-grownne  
By his negle<sup>t</sup>, with rust: his Father gone,  
And he too childif, to spend thoughts vpon  
Those manly Implemēts, but he wold now  
Reforme those yong negle<sup>t</sup>s; and th'armes beslow  
Past reach of smoke. The louing Nurse replide;

I wifh (O Son) your powers would once prouide  
For wifesdomes habit; See your housshould were  
In thrifthy mannage, and tend all things there.  
But if these armes must downe; and every Maide  
Be shut in vtter roomes, who else shoulde aide  
Your worke with light? He answ'red; This my gueft:  
There shal not one in my houfe, taft my Feast;

(Or ioyne in my \* Nauie) that shall ydly liue,  
How ever farre hence, he his home deriuē.  
He said, and his words stood; The doores she shur  
Of that so wel-fill'd houfe, and th'other put  
Theiρ thoughts in act; Best Shields, Helmes, sharped Lances  
Brought downe; and *Pallas* before both, aduances  
A golden Cresset, that did cast a Light,  
As if the Day-fate, in the Throne of Night.

VVhen (halfe amaz'd) the Prince said, O my Father,  
Mine eyes, my soules pow'r's all in wonder gather:  
For though the wals, and goodly wind-beames here,  
All all theiρ Pillars, that their heads, so rare,  
And all of Firre, they seeme yet, all of fire.  
Some God is surely with vs. His wife Sire,  
Bad peace, and keepe the counfailes of the Gods;  
Nor aske a word: These Pow'r's that vse aboos  
Aboue the starres, haue power from thence to shine  
Through night, and all shades, to earths inmost Mine.  
Go thou for sleepe; and leaue me here to wake  
The women and the Queene, whose heart doth ake  
To make enquiry for my selfe, of me.

He went to sleepe, where lights did endleſſly  
Burne in his Night-roomes: where he feasted Reſt,  
Til dayes faire weed, did all the world inuenſt.

Thus

Thus was diuine *Vijfes* left alone  
VVith *Pallas*, plottung foule confusione  
To all the woocers. Forth then came the Queene,  
*Phœbe*, with golden *Cytherea* scene,  
Her Port presented. Whom they set a Chaire  
Aside the fire: The fashon circulare;  
The subltance Siluer, and tick Elephant;  
VVhose Fabrike, did the cunning finger vant  
Of great *Iomalias*: who besides, had done  
A footstoole for her, that did sute her Throne:  
On which, they cast an ample skin, to be  
The Cushion, for her other Royalty.  
And therē the fate; about whom, came her Maids,  
VVho brought vpon a Table store of Breads,  
And Bolles, that with the woocers wine were cround.  
The Embers then they cast vpon the ground.  
From out the Lampes, and other Fuell added;  
That still, with cheereful flame, the ſad house gladdened.

*Melantho*, ſeeing ſill *Vijfes* there;  
Thus ſhe held out her ſpleene: Still ſtranger, here?  
Thus late in night? To ſee what Ladies do?  
Awan you wretche: hence; Go, without doones, go:  
And quickly too, leſt ye be ſindg'd away  
VVith burning fire-brands. He thus ſetting their tray  
Continu'd by her with ſuch (ſpleene) replide;  
Minion! What makes your angry blood thus chide  
My preſence ſtil? Is it, because you ſee  
I flue not in your wanton brauey?  
But weare theſe rage! It fits the needy Fate  
That makes me beg thus, of the commone fate.  
Such poore foules, and ſuch beggers, yet are men;  
And euen my meane meanes, meane had to maintayn  
A wealthy houſe; and kept a manly peafe,  
VVas counted bleſſed; and the poore accorde.  
O! any Begger, did not ſome, but ſeeds  
VVith often hand; and any man of neede  
Releeu'd as fitted: kept my ſervants to,  
Not few; but did with thole additioſes go,  
That call choife men, *The Homans*, who are ſild  
The rich, the great. But what ſuch great ones build  
Love oft puls downe, as thus he ruan d me;  
His will was fulch, which is his equity.  
And therefore (woman) bear you ſiring hand  
On your behaviour, leſt your ſpirit thus manio'd,  
And cheriſht with your beautes, (when they wan'e)  
Comes downe: Your pride now, being then your bane.  
And in the meane ſpace, ſhuſ the preſent danger;  
Left your bold fashion, breed your Soueraigns anger.

Cc

Or

Or left *Vijffes* come: of whom, euen yet  
Hope finds some life in fate. Or, be his fate  
Amongst the meery ruin'd; yet his Sonne  
(Whose life heat, *phaeu faues*) is such a one,  
As can discouer, who doth well deferue  
Of any woman heere; His yeares, now serue.  
The Queen gaue eare, & thus supprest the flame:  
Thou quite without a brow, past female shame;  
I hear thy monstrous boldnesse, which thy head  
Shall pay me paines for. Thou haft heard it said,  
And from my self too; and at every part  
Thy knowledge serues thee; that (to ease my hart  
So punishit in thy witnessesse) my desire  
Dwelt on this Stranger; that I might enquire  
My lost friends Beeing. But tis euer tried,  
*Both Man and God, are still forget with Pride.*  
*Earymone!* Bring heere this Guest afeat,  
And Cushtion on it; that we two, may treat  
Of the affaire in question. Set it neare,  
That I may softly speake, yet he well heare.

She did this little freely; and he sat  
Close by the Queen, who askt him, Whence, & what?  
He was himselfe? And what th' inhabited place?  
VWhere liu'd his parents? whence he fetcht his race?

O woman (he replied) with whom, no man  
That moues in earthsvnboinded circle, cat  
Maintaine contention, for true honor geuen;  
Whose fame, hath reacht the "fairly flowing heauen."  
VVho, like a neuter ill-deferuing King,  
That is well spoke of; First, for worshipping,  
And striving to resemble God in Empire;  
VVhos equal hand, impartially doth temper,  
*Greatesse, and Goodnesse:* To whom therfore, beares  
The blacke earth, store of all grane; Trees conferres,  
Cracking with burthen, Long-liu'd Herds creaues;  
All which, the Sea, with her sorte, emulates;  
And all this feeds, beneath his powrefull hand,  
Men, valiant, many, making strong his Land  
VVith happy lues led; Nothing else, the same  
Of all these blessings, but well order'd Lawes;  
Like such a King, are you; in Loue, in Fattie,  
And all the blisse that deifies a Dame.  
And therefore, do not mixe this with a mone  
So wretched, as is now in question.  
Ask not my Race, nor Countrey, left you fill  
My heart yet fuller, with repeated ill:  
For I must follow it, with many teares;  
Though tis not seemly, to sit wounding care.

In publicke Rooses, with our particular life;  
*Times wif expence, is still-repeated Griefe.*  
I shoule be irkesome to your Ladies here:  
And you your selfe would say, you vng'd your eare  
To what offends it: My still-broken eare,  
Supposing wounded with your too much wine.

Stranger (said she) you tearre your owne excesse;  
With giuing me too great a noblenesse.  
The Gods, my person, Beauty, Virtue to,  
Long since subuerted; when the *thieu wo*  
The Greekke designe attempted. In which, went  
My praise, and honor. In his gouernement  
Had I deseru'd your vtmost grace; But now  
Sinister Deity, makes dishonor woo  
(In shew of grace) my ruine. All the Peres,  
Sylvane *Zacynthus*, and *Dalychiau* Spheres;  
*Samos* and *Ithaca*, strange strifes haue shounme,  
To win me; spending on me, all mine owne.  
Will wed me, in my spite: And these are thofe,  
That take from me, all vertue to dispose  
Or Guest, or Suppliant: or take any course  
Amongst my Heralds (that shoule all disburfe)  
To order any thing: Though I neede none  
To give me greefe at home; Abroad eries one  
That my veins thrinke for; who theire(holding gone)  
Their Nuptials hasten, and find me as flow.  
Good spights prompted me, to make a shew  
Of vndertaking a most curios taske,  
That an vnmeasur'd space of time would aske,  
VVhich, they enduring long, would often lay;  
VVhen ends thy worke? I foone had my delay;  
And praid their stay: For though my Lord were dead,  
His Fathers life yet, matter ministred  
That must impoy me: which, (taxell them true)  
VVas that great worke I nam'd: For now, here drew  
*Lerentes* death; and on my hand did lyé  
His funeral Robe: whose end (being now so nyc)  
I must not leaue, and lose so much begun:  
The rather, left the Greekke Dames mighte be wun  
To taxe mine honor; if a man so great  
Should greet his graue, without his winding sheet.  
*Pride* made them credulous, and I went on:  
VVhen, whafocuer all the day had done;  
I made the night helpe, to vndo againe;  
Though oyle, and wash it cost, and equall paine.  
Three yeares my wit secur'd me vndiscern'd:  
Yet, when the fourth came, by my Maids discern'd  
(False carelesse wenches) how they were deluded:

Vvh'en (by my light discern'd) they all intruded ;  
 VVid threatening words, and made me give it end,  
 And then could I, to no more length extend  
 My lenger'd Nuptials : Not a counsaile more  
 VVAs to be stod upon ; my Parents bore  
 Continual hand on me, to make me wed :  
 My Sonne grew angry, that so ruined  
 His goods were by them. He is now a man ;  
 VVife in a great degree; and one that can  
 Himselue, give order to his houshold fare :  
 And *Ione*, give equal glory, to his care.  
 But thus you must not passe me: I must know,  
 (It may be, for more end) from whence doth grow  
 Your race, and you : For I suppose you, none  
 Sprung of old Oake, or iusti'd out of stone.

He answer'd; O *Vlysses* reverend wife !  
 Yet hold you purpose, to enquire my life ?  
 Ile tell you, though it much afflick me more  
 Then all the sorrowes I have felt before.  
 As worthily it may: since so long time,  
 As I haue wandred from my Native Clime,  
 Through humanc Cities : and in sufferance fil:  
 To rip all wounds vp: (though, of all their ill  
 I touch but part) must actuete all their paine.  
 But, ask ye still ; Ile tell, though stil sustaine.

In middle of the fable Sea, there lies  
 An Isle, cal'd *Crete*; a rauisher of eyes :  
 Fruitfull, and mann'd with many an infinite store:  
 Where ninety Cities crowne the famous shore ;  
 Mixt with all Languag'd men : There *Greekes* suniuine,  
 There the great-minded *Eteoclesian* live :  
 There the *Dorensians*, neuer out of war:  
 The *Cydonians* there ; and there the singular  
*Pelasgian* people : There doth *Graffus* stand,  
 That mighty City, where had most command  
 Great *Iones* Disciple (*Mines*) who nine yeares  
 Confer'd with *Ione*: Both great familiars  
 In mutual counsailes. And this *Mines* Son,  
 (The mighty-minded King *Dencalion*);  
 VVAs Sire to me, & royll *Idomen*,  
 VVho with *Atrides*, went to *Ilium* then,  
 My elder Brother, and the better man ;  
 My name *Aethon*. At that time began  
 My knowledge of *Vlysses*, whom my home  
 Recciu'd with guest-rites. He was thither come  
 By force of weather, from the *Malas* coast  
 But new got off, where he the Navy lost,  
 Then vnder saile for *Troy*, and wind-bound lay

*Vlysses* sain'd re-  
lation of him-  
self to his wife.

Long in *Anatolia*, hardly gos away,  
 From horrid flomes, that made him anchor there,  
 In Havens that sacred to *Lacina* were ;  
 Dreadfull and dangerous. In whale bosome creeps  
*Lacina's* Cauerne. But in my roote leape  
*Vlysses*, shor'd in *Crete*: who first enquir'd  
 For royal *Idomen*, and much desir'd  
 To taste his guest-rites, since to him had bene  
 A welcome Guest my Brother *Idomen*.  
 The tenth, or, leuenth light, on *Vlysses* shin'de  
 In stay at *Crete*, attending thea the winds  
 For threatn'd *Ilium*. All which time, my house  
 VVith loue and entertainments curious  
 Embrac't his person : though a number more  
 My hoipitable roofes receiu'd before.  
 His men I likewise call'd, and from the store  
 Allow'd them meat, and heat-exiting wine;  
 And Oxen for their slaughter, to confine  
 In my free hand the vrmott of the gaed.  
 Twelve daies the *Greeks* staid, ere they got them freed ;  
 A gale so bitter blew out of the North,  
 That none could stand on earth, being tumbld forth  
 By some sterne God. But on the thirteenth day  
 The tempest cast, & then were *Greekes* their way.

Thus, many tales *Vlysses* told his wife,  
 At mofl, but paintings, yet woulde like the life:  
 Of which, her heart, such leue took through her eares,  
 It made her weepe, as she would come to teares.  
 And as from off the Mountaines melt the snow,  
 Which *Zephrys* breath conceald, but was made blow  
 By hollow *Eurus*, which so fast poues downe ;  
 That with their Torrent, floods haue over-flowne :  
 So downe her faire cheekees, her kinde tears did glide ;  
 Her mist Lord mourning, let so neare her side.

*Vlysses* much was mou'd to seeher moume,  
 VVhose eies yet stood as dry, as iron, or Horne,  
 In his vntroubl'd lids, which his craft  
 Of bridling passion, he from issue left.

VVhen she had given her moane so many teares,  
 That now 'twas satiate: her yet louing teares  
 Ask thus much further: You haue thus farre tried  
 My loues credulity: But if gratified,  
 VVith so long stay heyses with you, you can  
 Decribe what weede he wores, what kinde of man  
 Both he himselfe was, and what *Foenders*  
 Obseru'd him there. Alas (sayd he) the years  
 Haue growne so many since (*when* young now)  
 Their twentith revolution) that my shew

*Phasses description of his apparel going for Troy.*

Of these slight notes, will set my memory fore;  
But (to my now remembrance) this he wore:  
A double purple Robe, drawne clofe before  
With golden Buttons; pleated thick, and bore  
A facing, where a hundred colours shinde:  
About the skirts, a Hound; A freckl'd Hinde  
In full course hunted. On the fore-skirts yet,  
He pincht, and pull'd her downe: when with his feet,  
And all her force, she struggl'd hard for flight:  
VVhich had such life, in Gold, that to the fight  
It seem'd the Hinde it selfe for every hiew;  
The Hound and al, so answering the view,  
That all admir'd all, I obseru'd beside  
His inner weed, so rarely beautifie,  
That dumbe amaze it bred; and was as thin,  
As any dry and tender Onion skin:  
As soft twas too, and glister'd like the Sun.  
The women were to louring wonder wun  
By him and by his weeds. But (by the way)  
You must excuse me, that I cannot say  
He brought this suite from home, or had it there  
Sent for some Present; or perhaps elsewhere  
Reciu'd it for his guest-gift: For your Lord  
Had Friends not few: The Fleete did not afford  
Many, that had not fewer. I bestow'd  
A well-edg'd sword on him; a Robe that flow'd  
In foulds, and fulness; and did reach his feete,  
Of richest purple: Brought him to his Fleete,  
VVith all my honor: And besides (to add  
To all this sifted circumstance) he had  
A Herald there; in height, a little more  
Put from the earth: that thicker shoulders wore,  
A swarthy complexion, and a curted head;  
His name *Eurybates*; and much in stead,  
He stood your King, imployd in most command,  
Since most of all, his minde could vnderstand.

VWhen all these signes she knew, for clieffly tew  
Desire of moane vpon her beauties grew:  
And yet (euen that desire suffic'd) he said,  
Till this (my Guest) a wretched slave afraid  
Your ill-vifd perfon: but from this houre forth,  
You shalbe honor'd, and finde all the worl'd  
That fits a friend. Those weeds these hands beftow'd  
From out my wardrobe: those gold buttons fow'd  
Before for closure, and for Ornament:  
But neuer more, must his returne prefene'  
The perfon that gaue those adornments State.  
And therefore, ynder an abhored Fate

VWas he induc't to feed the commone fame,  
To visit vile *Troy*, I, too vile to name.

No more yet moure (said he) save the gods  
Your louely perfon: *Weeping wifles the Manks*  
And yet I blame you not; for any Dame  
That weds one young, and brings before his name:  
(VVhat euer man he is) will moure his loffe:  
Much more respectfull then, may show your wort:  
That weep thus for *Hector* who *Hann* sues  
Was equal with the Gods, in all brawnes:  
But where no cause is, there woffe is no mone:  
And therefore heare me; my Relation  
Shal lay the cleere truth naked to your view:  
I heard amongst the *Trojans*, farre of a tree,  
That Lord *Hector* liu'd, and stod iuiceow  
On his returne for home: That wealth did flow  
In his poffession; which, he made no man neare  
But begg'd amongst the people, *freeland*  
He quite was left: for all his men were lost  
In getting off, from the *Trojanis Costis*:  
*Iac* and the Sun, was wroth with them for right  
Made of his Oxen; and no man herfape  
The rugged deppes of *Nestus*: Only he  
The Ships Keele only keeping *watry* *Sea*  
Cast on the faire *Phrygian Continent*,  
VVhere then summe, that are the Gods defoun,  
And like a God Reciu'd him, gave him happe  
Of wealthy gifts, and would condue his foye  
Themselues safe home: whiche he might long ago  
His pleasure make: but profit would entice  
He gather'd going, and had mighty force  
Of Gold in safegard: so beyond the *Savane*  
That commone failes kept his high flood of wre  
Bore glorious top; and all the world, for it  
Hath fare exceeded. All this *Hector* told,  
That doth the Scopet of *The Trojanis Fieldis*  
VWho swore to me, in houblid *Glentis*,  
The Ship was laucht, and men between the paife  
That foone should set him *out of *Leontine* earth*  
Shew'd me the goods, know to serue the herte  
That in the tenth age of his feed, shold spring  
Yet in his Court contain'd. But then the King  
(Your husband) for *Dedalus* was in way,  
That from th' oraculous *Oake*, he might display  
*Iones* will; what course for home, good bell prestige  
To come in pompe, or beare a secret saile  
But me, the King dispatcht in course before  
A Ship then bound for the *Dalydian shore*.

So thus you see his safety, whom you nominate  
 VVho now is passing neare, and his returne  
 No more will punish with detayres, but fee  
 His friends, and country : All which trath to thee  
 Ile seale with sacred Oath. Be witness to me,  
 Thou first, and best, of altho' th' handes feane,  
 And thou house of the great *Litter* here,  
 To whose high roofer, I tender my repaies,  
 That what I tell the Queene, euen shall crowne :  
 This year, *Vlysses* shall possesse his owne,  
 Nay, ere the next month ends, shall hee arraie,  
 Nay ere it enters, heere abide alius : on howe we warred  
 O may this proue (saide she,) gifts, friendship, then  
 Should make your name the most genoun'd of men :  
 But 'tis of me receiu'd, and muste forye,  
 That nor my Lord shall euer see his Court,  
 Nor you gaine your deducition thence; for now  
 The alter'd houle doth no such man allow.  
 Aswas *Vlysses* (if he euer were) to entertaine  
 To entertaine a reverend Passeger,  
 And give him faire dismissiōn. But (Mandy) see,  
 Ye bathe his feete; and then with *Taplity*,  
 Best sheets, and blankets, make his bed, and lay  
 Soft waftores by him; that (lodg'd a whilene) he may  
 Euen till the golden-seated mornings ray,  
 Enjoy good rest; and theri, with her first light,  
 Bathe, and give almes, that cherift appetite  
 He may apply within our Hall, and sic  
 •Safe by *Telemachus*. Or if it shal be thy commandement,  
 And harmfull minde of any bo so base  
 To greeve his age againe, let none give grace  
 Of doing any deed, he shall command  
 (How wroth so euer) to his barbare hand,  
 For how shall you (guest) knowe for a Dame  
 That passe so far, nay, turne and wende the Faste  
 Of other Dames for wifedome, and the fame  
 Oft household vsage; if your poore thin weds  
 Ilet draw on you, want, and wofor dodes?  
 That may, perhaps, caufe heere your last day?  
*The life of Man is short, and fylete long;*  
 And if the Rulers selfe of households, be  
 Vngentle, studying inhumanitie, to their  
 The rest proue worse. But he beares altho' blamē  
 All men will, living, vow against his name,  
 Mischiefes, and miscreases, And (dead) supply  
 VVith bitter Epitaphes, his memory,  
 But if himselfe be noble, (noble things)  
 Doing, and knowing) all his Vorderinge.

VVill imitate his Noblesse; and all guests  
 Give it, in many, many interrests.  
 But (worthiest Queen) said he) where you command  
 Bathes and rich beds for me, I come to stand  
 On such stafe now; nor euer thought it yet,  
 Since first I left the snowy hils of *Greece*.  
 VVhen once I sell a ship-boord, those thoughts fled;  
 I loue to take now (as long since) my bed:  
 Though I began the vfe, with sleepelesse nights;  
 I, many a darknesse, with right homely nites  
 Haue spent ere this houre; & desir'd the Morne  
 Would come, and make sleepe to the world a scorner:  
 Nor run these dainty Bathes in my rude head;  
 Nor any handmaid (to your seruite bred)  
 Shal touch my ill-kept feete, vntille there lie  
 Some poore old drudge here, that hath learn'd to giue  
 Old men good vilages, & no worke wil fly:  
 As hausing suffer'd ill, as much as I.  
 But if there lie, one such, in your command;  
 I wil not shame to giue my foot, her hand.  
 She gaue this answere: O my loued Guest,  
 There never enter'd these kinde Roofes, for rest,  
 Stranger or Friend, than o'much wifedome laide  
 In gage for Guest-rites, as your lippes haue paide.  
 There liues an old maide in my charge, that knowes  
 The good you speake of, by her many woes;  
 That nourish't and brought vp, with curios care,  
 Th' unhappy man, yon old familiar:  
 Euen since his Mother let him view the light,  
 And oft hath fel in her weake armes, his weight.  
 And she (though now much weaker) shal apply  
 Her Maiden seruice, to your modesty.  
*Euryklea*, wife, and wash the feete of one,  
 That is of one age with your Soueraigne gone,  
 Such hands, such feete hath, though of alter'd grace:  
*Much grieve in men, wil bring on change space.*  
 She (from her aged flamber wak') did cleare  
 Her heavy eyes; and instantly (to heare  
 Her Soueraignes name) had worke enough to dry  
 Her cheekes from teares: and to his memory  
 These Mones did offer: O my Son (saide she),  
 I never can greefe enough for thee;  
 VVhom *Goodes* hurts; & who, euen *Iones* high spleen  
 (Since thou art *Ione*-like) hates the most of men.  
 For none hath offer'd him so many Thys;  
 Nor such whole Hecatombes of sacrifice;  
 Far, and selected, as thy zeale hath done;  
 For all, but praying that thy noble Souene,

Thy happy age, might see at state of man.  
 And yet hath *Jove* with Mists *immersean*  
 Put out the light of his returning day.  
 And as your selfe (O Father) in your way  
 Took these faire roofes for hospitable rights,  
 Yet finde (for them) our dogged wemens spights:  
 So he (in like course) being driven to proose  
 (Long time ere this) what such a royal Rooste  
 Would yeild his miseries; found such vifage there.  
 And you (now flying the foule Language here,  
 And many a filthy fact of our faire Dames)  
 Fly me, like them; and put on cautelous flames  
 To let me clese your feet. For not the caufe  
 The Queenes command yeelds, is the pow'r y drawes  
 My will to wash your feete. But what I do,  
 Proceeds from her charge, and your reverence to it.  
 Since I, in soule, am stricken with a ruth  
 Of your distresses, and past shew of trudi.  
 Your strangenesse claiming little interest  
 In my affections: and yet many a Guest  
 Of poore condition, hath bene harbourd here:  
 But neuer any, did so right appear  
 Like King *Phyfes*, as your selfe; For state,  
 Both of your stature, voice, and very gate.  
 So all haue said (laid he) that euer yet  
 Had the proportions of our figures met,  
 In their obseruances; lo right, your eye,  
 Proues in your soule, your iudging faculty.  
 Thus took she vp a Caldron, brightly scour'd,  
 To clese his feete in: and into it, pour'd  
 Store of cold wauie, which on the fire she set;  
 And therin bath'd (being temperadly heat)  
 Her Soueraignes feet. Who turnd him from the light;  
 Since sodainly, he doubted her conceit  
 (So rightly touching at his state before)  
 A scar now seeing on his foot, that bore  
 An old note to discerne him; might descry  
 The absolute truth, which (witnesst by her eye)  
 VVas strait approvd. He first receiu'd this fore,  
 As in *Parnassus* tops, a white tooth'd Bore  
 He stood in chace withall; who strooke him there,  
 At such time, as he liv'd a soiourner;  
 VVith his grand Site, *Aeneas*: who, th' Art  
 Of Theft and swearing (not out of the hart,  
 but by equiuocation) first adorn'd  
 Your witty man withall; and was suborn'd  
 By *Jones* descent (ingenious *Merenie*)  
 VVho did beflow it; since so many a Thic

*\*Introducing  
with Truth is  
selfe: not his  
present enemy.*

Of Lambes, and Kids, he had on him beflow'd  
 In sacred flames; who therefore, when he vow'd  
 VVas cur with him. And this man impof'd  
*Phyfes* name; the light being first discloſed  
 To his first sight then; when his grand Site came  
 To see the then preferer of his fame,  
 His loued daughter. The first supper done,  
*Euryalea*, put in his lap, her Sonne,  
 And pray'd him to bethinke, and give his name;  
 Since that desire, did all desires inflame.  
 Daughter, and Son-in-Law (sayd he) let then  
 The name that I shall give him, stand with men;  
 Since I arriu'd here, at the houre of paine,  
 In which, mine owne kinde entrailes did sustaine  
 Moane for my daughters, yet vnedred throes:  
 And when so many mens and wemens woes,  
 In ioynt compassion met, of humane birth,  
 Brought forth t'attend the many feeding earth;  
 Let *Odysseus* be his name, as one  
 Expofd to iust constraint of all mens money,  
 VVhen heire at home, he is arriu'd at state;  
 Of mans first youth, he shall initiate  
 His practis feete, in trouaile made abrode;  
 And to *Parnassus*, where mine owne abode  
 And chiefe meanes ly; addreſſe his way, where I  
 VVill give him from my opened treasury,  
 VVhat shall retorne him well; and fit the Name  
 Of one that had the honor of his name.

For these faire gifts he went, and found all grace  
 Of hands, and words, in him and all his race.  
*Amphithea* (his Mothers mother) to  
 Applied her to his loue; withall, to do  
 In Grandames welcomes: both his faire eyeskin,  
 And browes; and then, commanded to affit  
 VVere all her sonnes, by their reſpeted Sites,  
 In furnishing a Feat; whose care did ſure  
 Their minds with his commandis, who home ſtrake led  
 A fine-yeares-old male Oxen, ſeld, ſlew, and head:  
 Gather'd about him; cut him vp with Art;  
 Spitted, and roasted; and his every part  
 Diuided orderly. So all the day  
 They spent infeat: No one man went his way  
 VVithout his fit fill. VVhen the Sun was set,  
 And darkenes ſcote, they ſlept; till dayes fire hot  
 Th'enlightened earth: and then, on hunting wane  
 Both Hounds, and all *Audycus* deſcent,  
 In whose guide, did diuine *Phyfes* go;  
 Climb'd ſteep *Parnassus*, on whole forehead grow.

*Audycus*  
*gives his Grand  
child Vlyfies  
her name: from  
 whence the O-  
 dyfles is derived*  
*Oduvius, de-  
 riu's of Odyl-  
 queas, ex O-  
 dyl faciun:  
 (figuring do-  
 loren proprie-  
 corporis) nam  
 ira ex dolore  
 oritur.*

All syluan off-springs round. And loone they rech't  
 The Concaves, whence ayrs sounding vapors fetch  
 Their loud delcet. As soone as any Sun  
 Had frond from the Ocean (wher his watters run  
 In silent deepnesse) rais'd his golden head:  
 The early Huntmen, all the hill had spread;  
 Their Hounds before them, on the searching Traile:  
 They neere, and euer eager to assaile.  
*Vlysses*, brandishing a lengthfull Lance,  
 Of whose first flight, he long'd to prove the chance.  
 Then found they lodg'd a Bore, of bulke extreme,  
 In such a Queach, as neuer any beape  
 The Sun shot, pierc'd it: Nor any pale, let finde  
 The moist impressions of the fiercest winde:  
 Nor any storme the sternest winter drives;  
 Such prooef it was: yet all within, lay leues  
 In mighty thicknesse; and through all this, flew  
 The hounds loud mouthes. The foudns, the tumult  
 And all together rouz'd the Bore, that rusht (drew)  
 Amongst their thickest: All his bristles, pusht  
 From forth his rough necke; and with flaming eyes  
 Stood close, and dar'd all. On which horrid prie  
*Vlysses* first charg'd; whom, aboue the knee  
 The sauge strooke, and rac't it crookedly  
 Along the skin, yet neuer reachte the bone.  
*Vlysses* Lance yet, through him, quite was throwne;  
 At his right shoulder entring: at his left,  
 The bright head passage to his keennesse cleft,  
 And shew'd his point gilt, with the gushing gore.  
 Downe in the dust fell the extended Bore,  
 And forth his life flew. To *Vlysses*, round  
 His Vnkle drew; who (wofull for his wound)  
 With all Art bound it vp; and with a charme  
 Staid straight the blood went home; & when the harm  
 Receiu'd full cure; with gifts, and all euent  
 Of ioy, and loue, to his lou'd home, they sent  
 Their honor'd Nephew: whose returne, his Sire,  
 And reuelend Mother, tooke with joyes entire:  
 Enquir'd all passages, all which, he gave  
 In good relation: Nor of all, would save  
 His wound from utterance: By whose scar he came  
 To be discouered by this aged Dame.

Vwhich, when she cleining felt, and noted well:  
 Downe from her Lap, into the Caldron, fell  
 His weighty foote, that made the Brasse resound:  
 Turn'd all aside, and on th' embrewed ground  
 Spilt all the water. Ioy and griefe together  
 Her brest invaded: and of weeping weather

Her

Her eyes flood full: Her small voice, stooke within  
 Her part expresse; till at length, his chin  
 She tooke, and spake to him: O Sonne (saide she)  
 Thou art *Vlysses*; nor canst other be:  
 Nor could I know thee yet, till all my King  
 I had gone over, with the warmed Spring.

Then look' st thou for the Queene, to tell her all;  
 And yet, knew nothing sure: though nought could fall  
 In compasse of all thoughts, to make her doubte.  
*Merope*, that distraction strooke throughout  
 Her minds rapt forces; that she might not tell.  
*Vlysses*, noting yet her aptnesse well;  
 With one hand tooke her chin; and made all shew  
 Of fauour to her: with the other, drew  
 Her offer'd parting closer: Ask her why,  
 She, whose kinde breast had nurst so tenderly  
 His infant life, would now, his age destroy?  
 Though twenty years had held him from the ioy  
 Of this lou'd country. But, since onely she,  
 (God putting her in minde) now knew, 'twas he;  
 Heckeyst'd her silence; and to let no care  
 In all the Court more, know his being there:  
 Left, if God gave into his wreathfull hand  
 This fulking woeros liues: he did not stand  
 On any paruell respect with her,  
 Because his Nurse; and to the rest prefer  
 His safety therefore; But when they should seeke  
 His punishing finger, give her equall Steele.

What words (said she) gye your retaine pow'r's?  
 You know, you locke your countaines in your Tow'rs  
 In my firme bosome: and, that I am faire  
 From those loose frailties. Like an Iron barre  
 Or bolt of solidist stone, I will conteine:  
 And tell you this besides; That if you game  
 By Gods good aide, the woeros lies in yours;  
 What Dames are heere their shamelesse Paramours,  
 And haue done most dishonor to your worth,  
 My information, well shall paint you forth.

It shal not neede (saide he) my selfe will loope  
 (While thus I maske heere) set on every one  
 My sure obseruance of the worst, and best:  
 Bothou then silent, and leave God the rest.

This faid, the old Dame, for more water went;  
 The rest was all vpon the painement-spiers,  
 By knowne *Vlysses* foot. More brought (and he  
 Supplied besides with sweetest Oynaments) she  
 His seat drew neare the fire, to keep him warme:  
 And, with his peec't rags, hidde clost his hamere

Dd

The

The Queene came neere, and said: Yet (quicke) afford  
 Your further patience; till, but in a word  
 Ile tell my woes to you: For well I know,  
 That Rest sweete Houre, her soft soote orders now:  
 Wh hen all poore men, how much souuer grieu'd,  
 VVould gladly get their wo-watche pow'r's reliu'd.  
 But God hath giuen my grieve a heart so great,  
 It will not downe with rest. And so I let  
 My judgement vp, to make it my delight.  
 All day I mourne; yet nothing let the right  
 I owe my charge, both in my wortke and Maids;  
 And when the night brings rest to others aides,  
 I rose my bed; Differesse with twenty pointes,  
 Slaught ring the pow'r's that to my turning ioynts  
 Convey the vitall heate. And as all night,  
*Pandarus* daughter (poore *Eume*) sings,  
 Clad in the vesture of the yearly Springs;  
 VVhen she for *Ilyus*, her loued Sonne  
 (By *Zetus* issue; in his madnesse, done  
 To cruell death) poures out her hourelly moane,  
 And drawes the eares to her of eury oare;  
 So flowes my moane, that cuts in two my minde,  
 And here and there, giues my discourse the windes;  
 Vn certain whether I shal with my Son:  
 Abide still heere, the safe possession  
 And guard of all goods: Reuerence to the bed  
 Of my lou'd Lord; and to my far-off sped  
 Fame with the peoples; putting still in vise;  
 Or follow any best *Grecian* Landes  
 To his fit house, with treasure infinite  
 VVon to his Nuptials. VWhile the infant plighe  
 And wan of judgement kept my Son in guide;  
 He was not willing with my being a Bride,  
 Nor with my parting from his Court: But now  
 (Arriu'd at mans stafe) he wold haue me vow  
 My loue to some one of my wootns heire,  
 And leue his Court; offend me that their cheere  
 Should so consume his free possesions.  
 To settle then a choice in these my mones,  
 Hearc and expound a dreame, that did engrau'e  
 My sleeping fancy. Twenty Geese, I haue;  
 Ali which, me thought, mine eye saw rading wheate  
 In water steep't, and ioy'd to see them easie.  
 VVhen straight, a crooke-beak't Eagle, from a hill,  
 Stoop't, and trust all their neckes, and all did kill;  
 VVhen (all left featur'd on the Pavement there)  
 She tooke her wing vp, to the Gods faire sphere:  
 I, euen amid my Dreame, did weape and mourne,

To see the Eagle, with so shrew'd a tarme,  
 Stooke my sad turrets; when, me thought there came  
 About my mournings, many a Grecian Dame  
 To cheere my sorrowes; in whose most extreme  
 The Hawke came back, and on the prominent beame  
 That croft my Chamber, fell; and w'd to me  
 A humane voice, that sounded horribly;  
 And saide: Be confident, *Icarus* feed;  
 This is no dreame, but what shall chance indeed.  
 The Geese, the wooers are: the Eagle, I,  
 VVas heeretofore a Fowle: but now imply  
 Thy husbands Beeing; and am come to giue  
 The wooers death, that on my Treasure, liue.  
 With this, Sleepe left me; and my waking way  
 I tooke to try, if any violent prey  
 Were made of those my Fowles; which, well enough,  
 I (as before) found feeding at their Trough,  
 Their yoted wheate. O woman (he replide)  
 Thy dreame can no interpretation bide,  
 But what the Eagle made, who was your Lord;  
 And saide, himselfe would sure effect afford  
 To what he told you; that confusion  
 To all the wooers should appeare; and none  
 Escape the Fate, and death he had decreed.  
 She awer'd him: O Guest, these dreames exceede  
 The Art of man to interpret; and appere  
 Without all chioise, or forme; nor euer were  
 Perform'd to all at all parts. But there are  
 To these light Dreames, that like thin vapors fare,  
 Two two-leau'd gates; the one of lucy;  
 The other, Horne. Those dreames that *Fantacie*  
 Takes from the polishi Hydry Port, delude  
 The Dreamer euer, and no truth include:  
 Those that the glittering Horn-gate, lets abrode,  
 Do euermore, some certaine truth abode.  
 But this my dreame, I hold of no such sort  
 To flye from thence; yet, which souuer Port  
 It had accessse from, it did highly please  
 My Son, and me. And this, my thoughts professe;  
 That Day that lights me from *Vyses* Court,  
 Shall both my infamy, and curse conforte.  
 I therefore purpose to propose them now  
 In strong Contentions, *Vyses* Bow;  
 Which he that eally drawes; and from his draft,  
 Shoots through twelve Axes (as he did his shaft,  
 All set vp in a rowe; And from them all,  
 His stand-farte-off kept firme) my fortunes shall  
 Dispose; and take me to his house from hence;

The propositio  
n at *Vyses* Bow  
to the Woen,  
determined by  
Penelope.

The two parts  
of Dreames.

VVhere I was wed, a Maide; in confluence  
Offeast and riches: such a Court hec're then,  
As I shall euer in my dreames reteine.  
Do not (said he) deferre the gamefull pris,  
But set to taske their importunitie  
With somthing else, then Nuptials: For your Lord  
VVill to his Court and Kingdome be restor'd,  
Before they thred hofe steeles, or draw his Bow.  
O Guest(repli'de Penelope) would you  
Thus sit, and please me with your speech; mine eares  
VVould neuer let mine eye-lids close their Spheates;  
But none can liue without the death of sleepe;  
Th'Immortals,in our mortall memories keepe  
Our ends, and deaths by sleepe; dividing so,  
(As by the Fate and portion of our wo)  
Our times spent heere; to let vs nightly try,  
That while we liue; as much as liue,we dye.  
In which vse, I will to my bed ascend,  
VVwhich I bedew with teares, and sigh past end,  
Through all my houres spent,since I lost my ioy,  
For vile, lew'd, neuer-to-be-named *Troy*.  
Yet there, Ile proue for sleepe, which take you here;  
Or on the earth, if that your custome were;  
Or haue a bed, dispos'd for warmer rest.  
Thus left she with her Ladies,her old Guest:  
Ascended her faire chamber, and her bed:  
VVhose sight did euer duly make her shud  
Teares for her Lord; which still her eyes did sleepe,  
Till *Pallas* shut them with delightsome sleepe.

*The End of the Nineteenth Booke  
of Homers Odysses.*



## THE TWENTITH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Vlysses, in the Wopers Beds,  
Resoluing first, to kill the Maids;  
That sentence giveng off; His card  
For other Obiects dont prepare.

Another.

¶. { Ioues thunders chideth  
but chears the king;  
The Woeres, grides  
discomfeyng.



*Lysses* in the Entry, laid his head,  
And vnder him, an Oxē-hide newly flead,  
Aboue him Sheep felts flore; & ouer those  
*Euryalos* cast Mantles. His repose  
VVould bring no sleepe yet; studying the ill  
He wist the wooers; who came by him still  
VVith all their wenches; laughing, wantoning  
In mutual lightnesse, which his heart did sting;  
Contending two wayes; if (all patience sted)  
He should rush vp, and strike thē Strumpets dead;  
Or let that night be last, and take thē extreme  
Of thōe proud wooers, thār were so supreme  
In pleasure of their high fed fantasies:  
His heart did barke within him, to surprize  
Their sports with spoiles: No fell shee Mastiue can  
Amongst her whelpes, hye eager on a man  
She doth not know; yet sent him somthing neare,  
And faine would come to please her tooth and teare;  
Then his dildaine, to see his Roofe so filde  
VVith thōe sowle fashions: Grew within him wilde  
To be in blood of them. But finding best  
In his free judgement, to let passion rest;  
He chid his angry spirit, and beate his brest:  
And said; Forbear(my minde) and think on this:

Dd3

There

There hath bene time, when bitter agonies  
 Hane tried thy patience : Call to minde the day,  
 In which the *Cyclop*, which past manly sway  
 Of violent strength, deuour'd thy friends; thou then  
 Stoodst firmly bold, till from that hellish den  
 Thy wisedom b roght thee off; whē nought but death  
 Thy thoughts resolu'd on. This discouſe did breath  
 The fiery boundings of his heart, that still  
 Lay in that reſtre; without end, his ill  
 Yet manly ſuffering. But from ſide to ſide  
 It made him toſſe apace : you haue not tride  
 A fellow roaſting of a Pig before  
 A hafſy fire, (his belly yeelding store  
 Offat, and blood) turne faster : labour more  
 To haue it roaſt, and would not haue it burne;  
 Then this, and that way, his vniuft made turne  
 His thoughts, and body; would not quench the fire,  
 And yet, not haue it heighten his deſire  
 Paff his diſcretion; and the fit enough  
 Of haſt, and ſpeed; that went to all the prooſe  
 His well-laid plots, and his exploits requir'd;  
 Since he, but one, to all their deaths aspir'd.

*Pallas appears  
to Ulyſſes.*

In this contention, *Pallas* ſtoop't from heauen;  
 Stood ouer him, and had her preſence giuen  
 A womans forme, who ſternly thus began:  
 Why thou moſt lowre, and wretched-fated man  
 Of all that breath ! yet leſt thou thus awake ?  
 The house, in which thy cares ſo toſſe and take  
 Thy quiet vp, is thine : thy wife is there;  
 And ſuch a Son, as if thy wiſhes were  
 To be ſuffic'd with one; they could not mend.  
 Goddeſſe (ſaid he) tis true; But I contend  
 To right their wrongs; and (though I bee but one)  
 To lay vnhelpt, and wreakfull hand vpon  
 This whole reſort of impudents, that here,  
 Their rude assemblies neuer will forbear.  
 And yet a greater doubt imployes my care;  
 That if their ſlaughters, in my reaches are,  
 And I performe them; (*Ione* and you not plead)  
 How ſhall I ſley their friends? & would ſtand ſeaſd  
 Of counſile, to refolue this care in me.

VVretch (ſhe replied) a friend of worse degree,  
 Might win thy credence : that a mortall were,  
 And vld to ſecond thee; though nothing nere  
 So powerfull in performance, nor in care :  
 Yet I, a Goddeſſe, that haue ſtill had ſhare  
 In thy archievements, and thy perſons guard,  
 Muſt ſtill be doubted by thy Braine, ſo hard

To

To credit any thing aboue thy powre,  
 And that muſt come from heauen; if euery hour  
 There be not perſonall appearance made,  
 And aide dire&t giuen, that may ſenſe inuaide.  
 Ile tell thee therefore cleerely : If there were  
 Of duuers languag'd men, an Army here  
 Of fifty Companies; all diuining hence  
 Thy ſheepe and Oxen, and with violence  
 Offer'd to charge vs, and beſedge vs round ;  
 Thou ſhouldſt their prey reprize, & them conſound:  
 Let ſleepe then feſce thee : *To keepe watch all Night;*  
*Conſumes the ſpiriſs, and makes dull the ſteate.*  
 Thus pou'r'd the Goddeſſe ſleepe into his eyes,  
 And re-ascended the *Olympian* ſkies.

VVhen care-and-lincament, reſoluking ſleepe,  
 Had laide hiſ temples in his golden ſleepe;  
 His, wife-in-chauſt-wit-worthy-wife, did riſe :  
 (First ſitting vp in her ſoft bed) her eyes  
 Opened with teares, in care of her chaste,  
 VVhich now, her friends resolu'd to terminate  
 To more delaies, and make her many one.  
 Her ſilent teares (then caſt) her *Orizon*  
 This Queene of women to *Diana* made.

Reuerend *Diana*; let thy Darts inuade  
 My wofull bofome, and my life deprive,  
 Now at thiſ instant; or ſoone after deſire  
 My foule with Tempeſts forth, and gine it way  
 To thiſ ſarte-off darke Vaults, where never day  
 Hath powre to ſhine; and let them caſt it downe  
 Where refluent *Oceanus* doth crowne  
 His curled head; where *Plaus* Orchard is,  
 And entrance to our after miſeries.  
 As ſuch ſteme whirlwinds, ranſack to thiſ ſtreame;  
*Pandareus* daughters, when the Gods to them  
 Had reſt their parents; and them leſt alone  
 (Poore orphan children) in thiſ Mansion.  
 VVhose defoliate life, did loues ſweet Queene incline  
 To nurſe with preſſed Milke, and ſweeteſt wine;  
 VVhom *Iwas* deckt, beyond all other Dames  
 VVith wiſdomes light, and beauties mouing flames :  
 VVhom *Phabe*, goodlienesſe of stature render'd,  
 And to whoſe faire hands, wife *Mimera* tender'd,  
 The Loome and Needle, in their vtmoſt ſkill.  
 And while Loues Emprefſe ſkal'd thiſ *Olympian* hill,  
 To beg of Lightning-louing *Ione* (ſince bee  
 The meanes to all thiſs knowes; and doth decree  
 Fortunes, iſfortunes, to the mortall Race)  
 For thoſe poore virgins, the accompliſh grace

Of

Offweetest Nuptials : The fierce *Harpies* preyd  
 On every good, & miserable Maid ;  
 And to the hatefull Furies, gave them all  
 In horrid seruice. Yet, may such Fate fall  
 From steepe *Olympus*, on my loathed head ;  
 Or faire-chair'd *Phœbe*, strike me instant dead :  
 That I may vndergo the gloomy Shore,  
 To visit great *Vyses* soule ; before  
 I sooth my idle blood, and wed a wifse.  
 And yet, beneath how desperate a curse  
 Do I live now ? It is an ill, that may  
 Be well indur'd, to mourne the whole long day ;  
 So nights sweet sleepes (that make a man forget  
 Both bad, and good) in some degree would let  
 My thoughts leue greeuing. But, both day and night,  
 Some cruel God, gives my sad memory fight.  
 This night (me thought) *Vyses* grac't my bed.  
 In all the goodly state, with which he led  
 The Grecian Army : which gaue joyes extreme  
 To my distresse, esteeming it no dreame,  
 But true indeed : and that conceite I had,  
 That when I saw it false, I might be mad.  
 Such cruel Fates, command in my lifes glade.

By this, the mornings Orient, dewes had di'de  
 The earth in all her colours ; when the King  
 In his sweet sleepe, suppos'd the sorrowing  
 That she v'l'd waking in her plaintive bed :  
 To be her mourning, standing by his head,  
 Ashauing knowne him there. VVho straight arose,  
 And did againe within the Hall dispose  
 The Carpets and the Cushions, where before  
 They seru'd the seats. The Hide, without the dore  
 He carried backe ; & then, with held vp hands,  
 He pray'd to him, that heauen & earth commands :

O Father *Jove* ; If through the moist and dry  
 You (willing) brought me home ; when misery  
 Had punishit me enough, by your free doomes ;  
 Let some of these within thole inner roomes,  
 (Start'd with horror of some strange Oftent)  
 Come heere, & tell me, that great *Jove* hath bent  
 Threatnings without, at some lewd men within.

To this his pray'r, *Jove* shooke his sable chyn,  
 And thunder'd from those pure clouds that (aboue  
 The breathing airc) in bright *Olympus* moue :  
 Divine *Vyses* ioy'd, to heare it rore.  
 Report of which, a woman Miller bore  
 Straight to his ears ; for neere to him, there gro und  
 Milles for his Corne, that twice six women found

Conti-

Continall motion, grinding Barley meale,  
 And wheat (mans Marrow.) Sleep, the eies did feale  
 Of all the other women : hausing done  
 Their vnuall taske ; which yet, this Dame alone  
 Had scarfe given end to, being, of al the rest,  
 Least fit for labour. But when these sounds, preft  
 Her eares, aboue the rumbling of her Mill :  
 She let that stand, look't out ; and heauenis steep hill  
 Saw cleere, and temperate ; which made her (vniware  
 Of giuing any comfort to his care,  
 In that strange signe he pray'd for) this invoke.

O King of men, and Gods, a mighty strok  
 Thy thundring hand laide, on the cope of Heavens ;  
 No cloud in all the airc ; and therefore warres  
 Thou bidst to some men, in thy late Oftent :  
 Performe to me (poore wretch) the mane cheut,  
 And make this day, the last, and most extremest,  
 In which the woors pride shall solace them  
 With whoorish Banquets in *Phœbe* Roofe !  
 That, with sad toyle, to grinde them meale enough,  
 Haue quite dissolu'd my knees : vouchsafe then, now  
 Thy thunders may their latest Feast foretlow.

This was the "Boone, *Vyses* Begg'd of *Jove* ;  
 Which (with his Thunder) through his bosom droue  
 Aioy, that this vant breath'd : Why now these men  
 (Despite their pride) will *not* make, pay me paine.

By this, had other Maids then thole that lay,  
 Mixt with the woors, made a fire like day,  
 Amidst the harth of the illustrious Hall :  
 And then the Prince, like a Celestiall  
 Rose from his bed, to his embalm'd feare, and  
 Faire shooes ; his sword about his breast applied ;  
 Tooke to his hand his sharp-pil'd Lance, and met  
 Amidst the Entry, his old Nurfe, that fer  
 His hast, at sodaine stand. To whom he said :

O (my lou'd Nurfe) with what grace haue you laid  
 And fed my guest here ? Could you to neglect  
 His age, to lodge him thus ? Though all respect  
 I give my Mothers wisedome, I thinke yet  
 Affirme, it fail'd in this. For she haue fer  
 At much more price, a man of much lesse worth,  
 Without his persons note, and yet cast forth  
 With ignominious hands (for his forme sake)  
 A man much better. Do not faultily make  
 (Good Son) the faulteresse. He was given his seat  
 Close to her side, and food, till he would eat.  
 VVine til his wish was seru'd : For she requir'd  
 His wants, and will'd him all things he deuir'd.

The Miller-woman  
 Pray'r to  
 Jove, in ful-  
 fision of *Vyses*  
 for prayer.

Viz. That same  
 from which  
 mig't issue ; &  
 was selfe in the  
 bearing, time  
 wreakeful, &  
 feare to his em-  
 emis, & frs because

Commanded her chiefe Maides to make his bed;  
But he (as one whom sorrow onely fed)  
And all infortune) would not take his rest  
In bed, and coverings fit for any Guest;  
But in the Entry, on an Oxes hide,  
Neuer at Tanners; his old Limbes implide  
In warne Sheep-fels; yet ouer all, we cast  
A mantle fitting, for a man more grac'ft.

He tooke her answere : Left the house, and went  
(Attended with his dogges) to sitt th' euent  
Of private Plots, betwixt him and his Sire  
In commune counfaile. Then the crue entire  
Of al the houehold Maids, (*Eareles*) bad  
Besir them through the house; and see it clad  
In all best Forme : gau all their parts; and one  
She set to furnish every seate and Throne  
VVith Needle-workes, and purple clothes of State;  
Another let to scoure and cleanie the Plate:  
Another, all the Tables to make proud  
VVith porous Sponges: Others, the bestow'd  
In all speed to the Spring, to fetch from thence  
Fit store of water; all, at all expence  
Cf paines, she will'd to be : For this, to all  
Should be a day of commune Festiuall;  
And not a wooer now shoulde feele his home,  
Else where then there; But all were bid to come  
Exceeding early; and be rai'd to heaven,  
VVith all the entertainment could be geuen.

They heard with greedy eares; and every thing  
Put straigh in practife: Twenty to the Spring  
Made speed for water; Many in the house  
Tooke paines; and all, were both laborious  
And skil'd in labour. Many fell to Fell  
And cleue their wood : & all did more then well.  
Then troop't the lusty wooers in; and then  
Came all from Spring. At their heelies, loaded men  
VVith slaughter'd Brawnes: of all the Herd, the prize,  
That had bene long fed vp in seuerall Sties.  
*Eumeus*, and his men, conueid them there.

He (feeling now the King) began to chere,  
And thus saluted him : How now, my Guest?  
Hau yet your vertues found more interest  
In these great wooers good respects? Or still  
Purſue they you, with all their wondred ill?

I would to heauen, *Eumeus* (he replide)  
The Deities once would take in hand their pride,  
That ſuſtemly fashions put in frame  
In others Rooffes, as ſhew no ſparke of shame.

Thus

Thus theſe; and to theſe came *Melanthe*,  
Great guardian of the moſt egregious  
Rich wooers Herds, confiſting al of Goats:  
VVhich he, with two more deare, &c made their coars  
The ſounding *Porticos* of that faire Court.  
*Melanthe* (feeing the King) this former fore  
Of vpland Language gaue : VVhat ſit ay here?  
And dull theſe woors with thy wretched cheete?  
Not gone for euer, yet? why now I ſee  
This ſluſe of cuties betwixt the beggery,  
(That yesterdaſt affaid, to get the goſe)  
And thy more roguery, needs wil full ſpoon  
My hands to arbitrate. Thou wil not ſent me  
Till I ſet on thee: thy ragg'd impudencie  
Is ſo fall footed. Are there not beſtieſ  
Other great Banquetans, but you muſt ride  
At anchor ſit with vs? He nothing ſaid,  
But thought of ill enough, and bateſte his head.

Then came *Phlebas* (a chiefe of men)  
That to the woors all-deuouing dyggs  
A barren Stere drave, and fat Goats for they  
In cuſtome were, with Traffiques by ſea  
That who they would ſent; and muſt diuine there.  
And for theſe likewife, the faire Patches were  
Hurdles, and Sheep-pens, as many Paſts.  
*Phlebas* tooke note in his regale  
Of ſcene *Viffes*, being a man as well  
Guen to his minds vife, as to buy or ſell  
Or do the drudgery that the bloudie world  
And (ſtanding neare *Eumeus*) this enquired  
VVhat Guest is this, that makes our house of late  
His entertainer? whence claimeid is the ſtrange  
His birth in this life holds? whar Nation?  
VVhat race? what country flattered ſpedi upon?  
Ore hardly portion'd, by the ſtrange Fortune  
The ſtructure of his Lineaments relaſt  
A Kings reſemblance in his pomps of ſacie  
Euen thus, in theſe rags. But ſome ſtrange men  
That haue no ſame homes; ſtaying here and there  
As Need compels, God keepe the gods ſphere,  
Avncler water: and thus tune he ſinges  
VVhen he is ſpinning eu'en the ſores of Kings.

Thus comming to him, with a kindle of care  
He tooke his hand, and (reddy to ſeeding boore  
VVith meere imagination of hiſ world)  
This ſalutation he ſent ſlowly forth.

Health! Father ſtranger; in another world  
Be rich and happy: though theſe here are hard

zo/1

At fete of never such insulting Neede.  
 O Ione, there liues no one God of thy seede.  
 More ill to man, then thou. Thou tak'st no ruth  
 (VVhen thou thy selfe hast got him, in most truth :)  
 To wrap him in the straites of most distresse,  
 And in the curse of others wickednesse.  
 My browes haue swet to feest ; and mine eyes  
 Broke all in teares; when this being still the guise  
 Of worthiest men, I haue but onely thought,  
 That downe to these illes, was *Vlysses* wrought;  
 And that (thus clad) euen he is error driven,  
 If yet he liues, and sees the light of heaven.  
 But, if now dead, and in the house of hell,  
 Ome ! O good *Vlysses* ! That my weale  
 Did euer wish : and when, but halfe a man  
 Amongst the people *Cephalenians*,  
 His bountie, to his Queens charge prefer'd  
 One in that youth : which now, is growne a Hand  
 Vnspeakable for number ; and feede there  
 With their broad heads, as thicke, as of this case.  
 A Field of Corne is to a mans yet thare.  
 Some men aduise me, that this noted preste  
 Of wooots may devoure ; and with meidow  
 Up to their Feasts with them ; that neither gat  
 His Son respect, though in his owne free roome,  
 Nor haue the wit to feare th' infallible profe  
 Of heavenly vengeance : but make offer now  
 The long-lack't Kings possessions to follow  
 In their selfe shares. Me thinkes, the minde in it  
 Doth turne as fast as (in a flood, or sea)  
 A raging whirlepit doth, to gather in  
 To fithe death, those swimmers in their sin.  
 Or feeds a motionas circularre  
 To drive my Herds away. But while the Son  
 Bearcs vp with life, twere hainous wrong to see  
 To other people with them ; and to trust  
 Men of another earth : and yet, more iust  
 It were to venture their Lawes, the maister right  
 Made ful their Maisters, then at home lose quare  
 Their right, and them ; and fit and greene to see  
 The wrong authoriz'd by their glutonie.  
 And I had long since fled, and tried th' euer  
 VVith other proud Kings (since, more insolent  
 These are, then can be borne,) But that, even ful  
 I had a hope, that this (though borne to ill)  
 VVould one day come from some coast, & their lae  
 In his roofer strew, with ruines red, and vast.  
 Herdsman (said he) because thou art in shew,

Nor lewd, nor indiscreet, and thou Ione (as I said) doest well to say  
 There rules in thee an understanding soule. I : Olegius, and I am  
 Ile take an oath, that in thee shall compasse  
 All doubt of what I swear : as *Vlysses* did, upon his returne  
 That twa is the first Seate, of the thron d'essees, hidde in his shewy shal.  
 This hospitable Table ; and this the shewy shal, and distresse, and paine  
 That full holds tide for the shewy shal, and paine.  
 Some of *Lauries*, that (if I may so say) will stande  
 Your eyes shall wimble, *Lauries* : and the shewy shal, and paine  
 Attind at home ; and all the shewy shal, and paine  
 In such excesses here ; shall haue by shalind you, as I said, of Ione.

He answred : Stranger, would not *Vlysses* shal  
 What you haue sworne : in your eyes, and shal, and paine.  
 What powers I mānagē, and how shal my hands, and shal, and paine  
 VVould rife and follow, where he shal commandē, and shal, and paine.

So said *Eumeus* : praying all the Shalins, of F, and shal, and paine.  
 That wife *Vlysses* might arrive and tried, Ha, and shal, and paine.

Thus while they row'd : the wooots sat as hard as bedroome  
 On his Sons death, but had the shal, and shal, and paine.  
 For on their left hand, did an Egglestone, and a shal, and paine,  
 And in her sere, a fearefull Pigeon bore, and a shal, and paine,  
 VVhich scene ; *Ampelias* pridēd : O friend, and shal, and paine,  
 Our Counfailes neuer will receive their ends.  
 In this mans slaughter : let vs therefore plie, and shal, and paine,  
 Our bloody feast, and make his Queenie.

Thus came they in, cast off all feates, their choaces,  
 And fell to giveng sacrificing strokē, and shal, and paine,  
 Of Sheepe and Goates, the cheesty fat, and gracy,  
 Slew fed vp Swine, and from the Head, a Neare.

The inwards (roasted,) they dispisse betwix  
 Their then obseruers ; wine in Flaggons mixt.

The bolles *Eumeus* brought, and shal, and paine,  
*Melampus* fill'd the wine. Thus drake and fed  
 The fealfull wooots. Then the Prince (in grace  
 Of his close project) did his Father place  
 Amids the paused Entric, in a Seate,  
 Seemelesse, and abiec : a small boord and mease  
 Of th' onely inwards. In a cup of gold,  
 Yet sent him wine ; and bad him now drinke boldē,  
 All his approches, he himselfe wold free  
 Gainst all the wooots : since he wold not see  
 His Court made popularē, but that his Sire  
 Built it to his vfe. Therefore all the fire  
 Blowne in the wooots spleenes, he bad suppreſſe,  
 And that in hands, nor words they shold disgrace  
 From that set peace, his speech did thea proclaimē.  
 They bit their lips, and wondred at his sine  
 In that braue Language : when *Amenon* saide,

Though

Though this speech (Grecians) be in heare vpon me,  
Yet this time giue it passe : The will of man is vaine  
Forbids the violence of our handes to moue,  
But of our tongues, we keepe the motion free : A  
And therefore, if his further sollicitation  
Tempt our encounter with his Brazen led seruantes,  
His growing insolence: though pride to speake  
Fly passing high with him. The wife *Phryne* had  
No more spring of his speech, but let it passe.  
And now the Heralds bore aboute the Towne  
The sacred Hecatomb : to whose knowne  
The faire-haired Grecianes lebd, and beneath  
*Apollo's* shady wood ; the holy deadis  
They put to fire, which (made enough) they drew  
Dividēd all, that did in th' end agree  
To glorious satisfaction. Those that were  
Disposers of the Feast, did equal cheere  
Beslown wretched *Laertides*,  
With all the wooces foules : It so did please  
*Telemachus* to charge them : And for these  
*Minerva* would not see the malices  
The wooces bore, too much constrain'd, that so  
*Vlysses* moud heart, yet might higher flow  
In wreckfull anguyl. There was wooing there  
(Amongst the rest) a Gallane, that did beweare  
The name of or e well learn'd, in left prophesies  
His name *Cteippus*, borne a *Samian* :  
W<sup>o</sup> proud, because his Father was so rich,  
Had so much confidence, as did bewich  
His heart with hope, to wed *Vlysses* wife :  
And this man said : Heare me, my Lorde, in stille  
For this great widow : This her greate ill shal  
Euen feast with vs, with very comely care  
Of him that order'd it : For tis not good  
Nor equall, to deprive Guests of their food ;  
And specially, what euer guest makes way  
To that house where *Telemachus* doth swy.

And therefore, I will addie to his recepte  
A gift of very hospitable weight,  
V<sup>v</sup>which he may giue againe, to any Maide  
That bath's his graue seete ; and her panes see pride ;  
Or any feruant elfe, that the diuine  
*Vlysses* lofty Battlements confine.

Thus snatcht he with a valiant hand, from the  
The poore folkes commone basket, a Neats foote,  
And threw it at *Vlysses* : who, his head  
Shrunke quietly aside, and let it fied  
His malice on the wall. The fassiter man

*The Feast that  
Erice easke  
of before, re-  
turn'd unto.*

A laughter raisynge, most *Sardines*  
VVith scorne, and wrath mixt, in the stresse,  
VWhom thus the Prince reproyd : Your valour wan  
Much grace *Cteippus* ; and hath cast thy minde  
VVith mighty profit : yet you see if finde  
No marke it aird at ; the peone straunge to part  
Himselfe made good enough, to scape your Dart.  
But should I serue thee worthily, my Lance  
Should strike thy heart through, & in place r adiance  
Thy selfe in Nuptrials with his wealth) thy Sire  
Should make thy toomb heere, that the foolish fire  
Of all such valor, may not dare to flow  
Theſe foule indecencies to me. I know  
Hau yeares to vnderland my strength, and know  
The good and bad of things, and me to more  
At your large sufferance, to behold my strore  
Confus'd with patience : See my Cartell maine,  
My wine exhausted ; and my Bread, in Vane  
Spent on your license: For, to one then yong,  
So many enemies were match too strong.  
But let me never more, be witness to  
Your hostile minds ; Nor those base decesses ye do,  
For, shoud ye kill me, in my owne sway,  
I wish it rather, and my death would speake  
Much more good of me, then to haue and bee,  
Indignity, vpon indignity :  
My Guests prouokt with blaw words and blowes,  
My women seruants, drugg'd above my houle  
To lust, and rapture. This made fiftene feare  
The houle throughout still *Damaskos*,  
At length the calme bray : and said, Friend, forbear  
To give a iust speech a chalainfull care :  
The Guest no more touch, let him teame here  
My selfe, will to the Prince, or Queene command  
A motion graciefull, if they please to haue  
Graciefull receite : as long as my life  
Left wife *Vlysses* any passage ope  
To his returne in our conceits, bring  
The Queenes delayes to our demands flood strong  
In cause, and reaon ; and our quarrels thus  
With guests ; the Queenes, or her *Telemachus*,  
Set neuer foote amongst our liberal Feife ;  
For should the King returne, though thought deafe,  
It had bene gaine to vs, in finding him, now interlaid with paine, that  
To lose his wife : But now, since nothing can  
The daies breakes out, that shewes he haue more  
Shal each the deere touch of his country there,  
Sitt by your Mother, in perfwation,

That now it stands her honor much vpon  
To chooſe the best of vs; and who giues moſt,  
To go with him home. For ſo, all things loſt  
In ſticking on our haunt to you ſhall cleare  
Recouer, in our no more concouſe here :  
Poffeſſe your birth-right wholly; eare and drinke,  
And neuer more on our diſgraces think.

By Ione, no Age leauſe: For I weare  
By all my Fathers forrowes; who doth eare  
Farre off from Ione; or reſt in death :  
I am ſo farre from ſpending but my breath,  
To make my Mother any more defer  
Her wiſhed Nuptials; That Ile couuaile her  
To make her free choiſe: And beſides, will giue  
Large giſts to moue her. But I feare to daue,  
Or charge her hence: For God will not giue way  
To any ſuch course, if I ſhould affay.

At this, Minerva made for fooleſh ioy  
The wooers mad; and rouz'd their late annoy  
To ſuich a laughter, as would neuer doweſe.  
They laught with others cheeks; eat meat overflowne  
VVith their owne bloods; their eies flood full of teares  
For violent ioyes: Their ſoules yet thought of feares:  
VVhich Theseymen ſprent, and ſaid:

O wretches! Whyn? Suffraine ye (well ſpaide)  
Your imminēt ill? A night, with which Death fees,  
Your heads, and faces, hides beneath your knees.  
Shrikes burn about you: your eies, throughe our teares  
Theſe fixed wals, and that maine Beame that bears  
The whole houſe vp, in bloody torments fall:  
The Entry full of ghosts ſtands: Full the Hall  
Of paſſengers to hel: And, vnder all  
The diſmal shades; The Sun ſinkes from the Poles,  
And troubl'd aire, poures bane about your ſoules.

They ſweetly laught at this: Erymacheus  
To mocks diſpoſd, and ſaide; This new-comer, vs  
Is ſurely mad; conduict him forth to light  
In the open Market place: he thinkes 'tis night  
Within the houſe. Erymacheus (ſaid he)  
I will not aſke for any guide of thee:  
I both my ſeete enioy; haue careſ, and eies;  
And no mad foule within me: and with theſe  
Will I go forth the doores: because I know,  
That imminēt miſchiefe muſt abide with you,  
VVhich, nor a man of all the wooers here  
Shall flye, or ſcape. Ye all too highly beate  
Your vncurb'd heads: Impieties ye commit,  
And every man affect, with formes vniſt.

This ſaid; he left the houſe, and tooke his way  
Home to Pyrene, who, as faire as day,  
Was of his welcome. When the woos eyes  
Chang'd looks with one another, and (their guife  
Of laughters, ſtill held on) ſtill eaſ'd their breſts,  
Or wil to ſet the Prince againſt his queſts:  
Affirming, that of all the men alive  
He worſt lucke had; and prou'd it worſt to giue  
Queſt entertainment: For he had one there  
A wandering Hunter out of prouendre,  
An errant Begger every way; yet thought  
(He was hungry) that he needed noughe.  
But wine and Viſuals: nor knew how to do;  
Nor had a ſpirit to put a knowledge to;  
But lie'd an idle burthen to the earth.

Another then ſtept vp; and would lay forth  
His lips in prophecie, thus: But (would he bearre  
His friends perfwafions) he ſhould finde it were  
More profit for him, to put both abord  
For the Sicilian people, that afford  
These ſcere of men, good price, and this would bring  
Good meaneſs for better queſts. These words made  
To his eares idly: who had ſtill his eye (wing  
Vpon his Father, looking ſeruently  
Wher he would lay his long-withholding hand  
On thoſe proud wooers. And, within command  
Of all this ſpeech that past, /com' here  
(The wife Penelope) her royll chaire  
Had plac't of purpoſe. Their high dinner then  
VVith all pleaf'd palaces, theſe ridiculous men  
Tell ſweetly to: as ioying they had ſlaine  
Such ſtore of banquett, but there did not ſaigne  
A bitterer banquet Planet in all heaven,  
Then that which Pallor, had to that day drisen;  
And, with her able friend now, meane to appoſe;  
Since they, till then, were in deſerts ſo groſe.

*The End of the Twentieth Booke  
of Homers Odysſes.*

# THE XXI. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES:

## THE ARGUMENT.

Penelope proposeth now,  
To him that drawes Ulysses Bow  
Her instant Nuptials; Ithacus,  
Eumeus, and Philactus,  
Gives charge for guarding of the Gates;  
And he, his shafts shoot through the plates.

Another.

67. { The Nuptiall vow,  
and Game, reberft:  
Drawne is the Bow,  
the steeles are pierst.



Allas (the Goddess with the sparkling eyes)  
Excites Penelope, to obie & the pris.  
(The Bow & bright steeles) to the woors strength;  
And here began the strife and blood at length.  
She first ascended by a lofty staire,  
Her vtmost chamber; of whose doore, her faire  
And halfe transparent hand, receiu'd the Key,  
Bright, brazen, bittid passing curiously,  
And at it hung a knob of Ivory.

And this did leade her, where was strongly kept  
The treasure Royall; in whose store lay heape  
Gold, Braffe, and Steele, engrauen with infinite Art;  
The crooked Bowe, and Arrowy quier, part  
Of that rich Magazin. In the Quier, were  
Arrowes a number; sharpe, and fighing gere.  
The Bow was giuen by kinde Eurytides  
(Iphitus, fashion'd like the Deities)  
To yong Ulysses; when within the Roofe  
Of wife Ortilucus, their passe had prooef  
Of mutuall meeting in Messena; where  
Ulysses claim'd a debt: To whose pay, were  
The whole Messenian people bound; since they  
From Ithaca, had forci't a wealthy prey  
Of Sheepe, and Sheepherds. In their shippes they thrust  
Three hundred Sheepe together: for whose iust

And

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

And instant rendry, old Laertes sent  
Ulysses his Ambassador, that went  
A long way in the Ambassie; yet then  
Bore but the formost Praine, of yongest men.  
His Father, sending first to that affaire,  
His gruell Countafors, and then his heire.  
Iphitus made his way there, hauing lost  
Twelue female horfe, and Mules, commended most  
For vse of burthen; which were after, cause  
Of death, and Fate to him. For (past all Lawes  
Of hospitality) Iones mighty Son  
(Skill'd in great Acts,) was his confusione  
Clefe by his house; though at that time his guest:  
Respecting neither the apposed Feast  
And hospitable Table, that in loue  
He set before him; nor the voyce of time:  
But, seizing first his Mares, he after slew  
His host himselfe. From thos Mares serch, now grew  
Ulysses knowne t' Iphitus; who, that Bow  
At their encounter, did in loue below,  
Which great Eurytus hand had borne before  
(Iphitus Father) who (at deahts sad dore)  
In his steepe Turrets, left it to his Son.  
Ulysses gave him akeene Faulchion,  
And mighty Lance; and thus began they there  
Their fatal Loues: For after, never were  
Their mutuall Tables to each other knowne,  
Because Iones Son, yvh unworthy part, had showne  
Of slaughtring this God-like louing man.  
Eurytus Son, who with that Bow began  
And ended loue t' Ulysses: who, so deare  
A gift esteem'd it, that he would not bear  
In his black Fleete, that guest-nite to the war:  
But, in fit memory of one so faire  
In his affection, brought it home, and kept  
His treasure with it, where till now it slept.  
And now the Queene of women had intent:  
To giue it vse; and therefore made acoir  
Vp all the staires height, to the chamber dore:  
Whose shining leaues, two bright Pilasters bore  
To such a Clofe, where both together wen;  
It wouldest the Aire in their consent.  
The Ring she tooke then, and did draw aside  
A barre that ran within; and then unclide  
The Key into the Locke, which gave a sound  
(The Bolt then shooting) as in palewe ground  
A Bull doth Low, and make the valleys ring:  
So loud the Locke humm'd, when it lood his Spring.

Iulus Aeneas  
et Aeneas  
Equus duode-  
cim feminis

\*Hercules.

And

## THE XX. BOOKE

And ope the doores flew. In she went, along  
The lofty chamber, that was boorded strong  
With heart of Oake ; which many years ago  
The Architect did smooth and polish so,  
That now as then, he made it frefhly shine;  
And tried the euuenesse of it with a Line.  
There stood in this roome, Presses that enclofd  
Robes odiferous; by which rep'ld  
The Bow was vpon pins : Nor from it farre  
Hung the round Quiuer, glittering like a Starre ;  
Both which, her white extended hand tooke downe :  
Then sathe low, and made her lap a Crowne  
Of both those Reliques, which she wept to see,  
And cried quite out with louing memory  
Other deare Lord : To whose worth, paying then  
Kinde debts knwo : She left, and to the men  
Vow'd to her woong, brought the crooked Bow,  
And shaft-receiving Quiuer, that did flow  
With arrowes, beating fightes vp where they fell.  
Then, with another Chift, replate as well  
VVith Games won by the King, of Steele and Brasse,  
Her Maids attended. Past whom, making passe  
To where her woopers were ; She made her stay.  
Amids the faire Hall doore, and kept the ray  
Other bright count' nance hid with veyles so thin,  
That though they seem'd t'expose, they let loun in ;  
Her Maids on both sides stood ; and thus she spake.  
Hear me, ye woopers, that a pleasure take  
To do me sorrow, and my houfe intrude  
To eate and drinke; as if 'twere onely made  
To serue your Rapines: My Lord long away;  
And you allow'd no colour for your stay  
But his still absence; striuing who shall frame  
Me for his wife; and (since 'tis made a game)  
I heere propose diuine *Poffer* Bow  
For that great Maister-peece, to which ye vow.  
He that can draw it, with least shew to striue,  
And through these twelve Ax-heads, an arrow drue,  
Him will I follow, and this houfe forgo,  
That nourish't a Maid : now furnisht so  
With all things fit; and which I so esteeme  
That I shall still lie in it in my dream.  
This said, she made *Eumeus* give it them.  
He tooke, and laide it by; and wept for wo,  
And like him, wept *Philetius*; when the Bow  
Of which his King was bearer, he beheld.  
Their teares, *Anthonius* manhood much refeld;  
And said, Ye rustick fooles ! that still each day

## OF HOMERS ODYSSEES.

Your minds give ouer to this vaine distray,  
Vvhy weepe ye (wretches ?) and the widdowes eyes  
Tempt with renew'd thought; that would a swife  
Depose her sorowes, since her Lord is dead,  
And teares are idle? Sit, and eare your bread,  
Nor whisper more a word, nor get ye gone,  
And weepe without doores : Let this Bow alone  
To our outmatch contention : For I feare,  
The Bow will scarce yeld draught to any heire.  
Heire no such man liues, as *Lester*, Son  
Amongst vs all : I know him : Thought pass on  
His looks fight now, me thinking, though then a child.  
Thus shew'd his words despite, yet his hopes vntold  
His strength, the stretches of his armes,  
And his steeles piercer : But his shaft misfiting  
Through his paunch Pallat first, whom soe wrong'd  
In his free roofe, and made the rest ill tongu'd  
Against his vertues. Then the faged heat  
That sparied his Son, did further fet  
Their confidence on fire, and said: O Frendes,  
*you* hath bereft my wits: The Queenes intents  
(Though I must grant her wife) are long to lesson  
*Pygges* Court; and to her bed receape  
Some other Lord: yet notwithstanding, I  
Am fore't to laugh, and set my plaudites by.  
Like one mad sickle, But wooper, since you have  
An obiect for your trials now to brayse,  
As all the broad *Athens* earth exceedes:  
As sacred *Pylos*, as the Argive braide,  
As blacke *Epirus*, as *Moene*'s birth land,  
And as the more fam'd *Ithacian* earth,  
All which, your selues well know, and oft have feilds ;  
(For what neede hath my Mother of my side,  
In her advancement?) Tender no excuse,  
For least delay; nor too much time professe  
In stay to draw this Bow, but draw in thought,  
Shoote, and the steeles pierce: make all fee how stright  
You make these poore barres, to so rich a pris.  
No cager yet? Come on : My frendes  
Shall try the Bowes strength, and the piested steeles:  
I will not for my reuerend Mother feele  
The sorowes that I know will feaze my heart,  
To set her follow any, and depart  
From her to long-held home : But if you extend  
The Bow and Arrow to their seyf and end,  
For I am onely to succeede my Sirs  
In guard of his games ; and let none aspire  
To their besides possession. This said,

His purple Robe he cast off. By he laide  
 His well-edg'd sword ; and first, a severall pit  
 He digg'd for every Axe, and strengthen'd it  
 VVith earth, close ramm'd about it : On a row  
 Set them of one height, by a Line he drew  
 Along the wholt twelve ; and so orderly  
 Did every dethbelonging (yet his eye  
 Neuer before beholding how 'twas done)  
 That in amaze rose all his lookers on.  
 Then stood he neare the doore, & prou'd to draw  
 The stubborne Bow: Thrice tried, & thrice gaue Law  
 To his vncrown'd attempts : the fourth assay  
 VVith all force offering, which a signe gaue stay  
 Gien by his Father, though hee shew'd a minde  
 As if he stood right heartily inclinde  
 To perfet the exploite : when all was done  
 In onely drift to fer the wooers on.  
 His weaknesse yet confess'd he laid, O shame  
 I either shall be euer of no name,  
 But proue a wretch : Or else I am too yong,  
 And must not now perfume on pow'rs so strong  
 As sinnewes yet more growing, may ingraft,  
 To turne a man quite ouer with a shaft.  
 Besides, to men whose Nerves are bell prepar'd ;  
*All great Adventures, at first prove, are hard.*  
 Bur come, you stronger men, attempe this Bow,  
 And let vs end our labour. Thus, below  
 A well-oynd boord he laide it ; and close by,  
 The brightly-headed shaft then thrond his Tie  
 Amidst his late-left feate. *Anioun* then  
 Bad all atise : but first, who did sustaine  
 The cups stafe euer ; and did sacrifice  
 Before they eate still : that man had rise,  
 Since on the others right hand he was plac't ;  
 Because he held the right hands risig, grac't  
 VVith best successe still. This direction won  
 Supreame applause ; and first, rose *Olymp*'s Son  
*Lides*, that was Priest to all the rest  
 Sate lowest with the Cup still, and their ict  
 Could never like ; but euer was the man  
 That checkt their follies : and he now began  
 To taake the Bow: the sharpe shaft tooke, sug'd hardy  
 And held aloft : and till he quicke had man'd  
 His delicate tender fingers, could not stirr  
 The churlish string : who therefore did refer  
 The game to others, saying, that same Bow  
 (in his prefage) would proue the overthrow  
 Of many a chiefe man there: nor thought the Fate

VWas any whit auys, if a man did dare  
 Were much the better taking this long life  
 Without the obiect of their amorous chace ?  
 For whom they had bynd bid for many dayes  
 To finde still other, nothing like *Miley* ;  
 Obtaining in them : and alwaies thame now  
 Some hopt to haue her, but when shee caught Dow  
 They all bad tried, and feste the vanquish stone  
 They must resit plead to certe, and now ſeale the  
 Of all their other faire veyl'd Grecian Queens  
 VVith gifts, and dow'r, and *Hymen* Flaming  
 Let her lone light to him, that neuer will gaue  
 And whom the Nuptiall defynitely chace.  
 Thus laid he on the well-oynd diuinele Bow  
 The Bow, and bright-pift the shaft, and the string  
 His ſeate his right. To him, *Anioun* bring yon doun  
 Game bitter language, and reproch him thile  
 VVhat words (*Lida* apafythi speeches speak ?  
 That 'tis a wortke to bear? And to helpe  
 They ſet vp my diuaine: This Bow and me  
 The beſt of vs since thy armes comnes land  
 The ſling leath motion: Thy Mother throwes  
 Bronghe neuer forth the arme, as draught of Bowes  
 Or knitting shafts off. Though thouland not dray  
 The ſturdy Plant, thou art to vs akerne.  
*Melanthus*? Light a fire, and ſet thereto  
 A chaire and cushiones, & thine ſhield of fur  
 That lycs within, bring oile, that we may ſet  
 Our Pages to this Bow, to ſee it hit  
 And ſupp'd with the ſuc' ; and then wee  
 May give it draught, and pity this great dreare  
 Vmrof performance. He a mighty fire  
 Gaue iuftane flame, put into a certaine ſtate  
 Command layd on him : Chaire and cushiones ſet ;  
 Laid on the Bow, whilſt ſaint the Page ſat,  
 Chaſt, ſupp'd with the ſuet to ſher ſtate  
 And ſtill was all their Vnctuous labour left :  
 All wooces strengths, too indigent and pore  
 To draw that Bow: *Anioun* armes, it ſtre ;  
 And great *Eurymas* (the boordene boord)  
 Yet both it tir'd, and made them glad to ſet  
 Forth then went both the Swaines, and after them  
 Divine *Plysses*, when being paſth extreme  
 Of all the Gates, with winnig words he thide  
 Their loues, and this aſk : Shall my countefaces little  
 Their depths from you? My mind would gladly know  
 If ſodainly *Plysses* had his Vow  
 Made good for home, and had ſome God to guide

His steps and strokes to, to wryke these two creatures  
Would your aids ioyne on his part with theirs?  
How stand your hearts affected? They made prayse,  
That some God would please, to turne their longe but wryke morne.  
He then shold see, how faire they wryke affayred  
Their liues for his. (He seeing their truthe) replieth thus: in this you see  
I am your Lord; through many a suffisance tried  
Arriu'd now heire, whom twenty yeare haue held  
From fourth my Country; yet are not conceald  
From my sure knowledge; your deffes to see  
My safe retурne. Of all the company I haue  
Now seruing heire besides; net one but you  
Mine care hath witnesse willing to helpe you, and to modirise  
Their wishes of my life, so long held dead; or else, with most bish and T  
I therefore vow, (which shall be perfectly  
That if God please, beneath my hand to leane,  
These wooers lieueles; ye shall both atone,  
Wives from that hand, and meanes; and never to me  
Haue houses built to you: and both shall be  
As friends, and brothers to my only Sonne.  
And that ye well may know me; and be wonne  
To that assurance: the infallible Signe  
The white-tooth'd Bore, gane this mada knope of mine  
When in *Parasissus*, he was held in chafe  
By me, and by my famous Grandfures rate;  
It's let you see. Thus feuer'd he his weder,  
From that his wound; and every wond'ryde deed  
In their sure knowledges; VVhich made them cast  
Their armes about him; his broade brestimbrace,  
His necke and shoulders kift. And him, as well  
Did those true powers of humane loue compell  
To kisse their heads and hands; and to their mose  
Had sent the free light of the cheeffull Sunne,  
Had not *Vlysses* broke the ruth, and faide;  
Cease teares, and sorowes, left we prone displate,  
By some that issue from the house; and they  
Relate to thofe within. Take each his way,  
Not altogether in; but one by one:  
First I, then you; and then see this be done:  
The envious wooers will by no meaues give  
The offter of the Bow, and Arrow lease  
To come at me; sght then their pride, and aboutheads  
(My good *Eurus*) bring both shaft and Bow,  
To my hands prooef; and charge the maides before,  
That instantly they shul in every doore;  
That they theselues, (if any tumult rise)  
Beneath my Roofes; by any that enuies,  
My will to vndertake the Game) may gaine

No passage forth, but close at wroke containe  
With all free quiet; or at least, constrain'd.  
And therefore (my *Philistines*) see maintaine  
(Vhen close the gates are shut) their cloſure fast;  
To which end, be it thy ſole wroke to caſt  
Their chaines before them. This ſaid, in he led,  
Tooke firſt his ſeat, and then they feconded  
His entry with their owne. Then tooke in hand  
*Euryalus* the Bow, made cloſe his ſtand  
Aſide the fire; at whose heare, here and there  
He warm'd and ſupplid it, yet could not ſtreare  
To any draught, the ſwing with all his Art;  
And therefore, ſweld in him his gloriouſe heart;  
Affirming, that himelfe, and all his friends  
Had cauſe to greeue: Not onely that their ends  
They miſt in marriage (ince enow besides  
Kinde Grecian Dames, therelio to be their Brides  
In *Ithaca*, and other bordering Townes)  
But that to all times future, their renouewes  
VVould stand diſparag'd, if *Trojans* bore  
They could not drawe, and yet his wife would woo.  
*Aniſius* anſwer'd; That there could enioy  
No ſame at all to them: For we'll be knew,  
That this day was kept holy to the *Sunne*  
By all the City: and there ſhould be done  
No ſuch propaſe aſt, therefore had, my  
The Bow for that day: but the maillery  
Of Axes that were fet vp, ſtil might ſtand;  
Since that no labour was, nor any hand  
VVould offer to invade *Trojans* home,  
To take, or touch with ſurpreſtions  
Or violent hand, what there was left for vſe.  
He therefore bad the Cup-beards infinite  
VVine to the Bolles; that ſo, with sacrifice  
They might let reſt the ſhooting exerciſe;  
And in the morning make *Aſcalon* bring  
The cheef Goats of his Head, that to the King  
Of Bowes and Archers, they might beare the Thyes  
For good ſuccesse; and then, attempt the prize.

The rest sat pleasd with this; the *Heralds* straine  
Poor'd water on their hands : each Page did waite  
VVith his crown'd cup of wine : scend evry man  
Till all were satisfid : and then began  
*Hysses* plot of his close purpose, thus :  
Hear me, ye much renown'd *Euryalus*,  
And King *Antinous*, in theese who well,  
And with *deuotio* sacred, doth compell  
This dayes obseruance ; and to let lay downe

## THE XXI. BOOKE

The Bow, all this light ; giving Gods their owne.  
The mornings labour, God the more wil blesse,  
And strength bestow, where he himselfe shall please.  
Against which time, let me presume to pray  
Your fauours, with the rest; that this assay,  
May my olde armes proue, trying if there lye  
In my poore powers the faint affiuitie.  
That long since crown'd them: Or if needy fare  
And desolate wandring, haue the web wome bane,  
Of my lifes thred at all parts ; that no more  
Can furnish these affaires as heretofore.  
This heat their spleens past measure; blown with ~~fire~~,  
Left his loth'd temples, would the garland weare  
Of that Bowes draught: *Antinous* vsing speech  
To this fowre purpose: Thou most artur wretch  
Of all guests breathing; in no least degree  
Grac't with a humane soule: It serues not thee  
To feast in peace with vs; take equall share  
Of what we reach to; sit, and all things heare  
That we speake freely (which no begging guest  
Did euer yet) but thou must make request  
To mix with vs in merit of the Queene.  
But wine enflames thee; that had aerebeene  
The bane of men : whocuer yet would take  
The excedeit offers; and the meane for sake.  
Wine spoilde the *Centaure* great *Erysium*,  
In guest-rites, with the mighty-minded Son  
Of bolde *Ixion*; in his way to warre,  
Against the *Lapithes*; who driven as ~~warre~~  
As madnesse, with the bold effects of wine;  
Did outrage to his kinde hoast; and decline  
Other Heroes from him, feasted ~~there~~.  
With so much anger, that they left their cheeves,  
And dragg'd him forth the fore-court; slit his nose,  
Croke both his ears; and in ill diffofe  
His minde then sufferd; drew the fatal day  
On his head, with his hoast; for thence the fray  
Betwixt the *Centaures*, and the *Lapithes*.  
Had mortal aye: but he for his excedeit  
In spoile of wine, far d' worth himselfe: As though he wist he selfe were  
For thy large cups, if thy armes draw the Bow,  
My minde foretel shal feare: for not a man  
Of all our Confort, that in wisedome can  
Boast any fit share, will take prayers then;  
But to *Echeras*, the most sterne of men  
A blacke Saile freight with thee; whose worth of ill,  
Be sure is past all ransome. Sit then still;  
Drinke temperately; and never more contend  
With men your youngers. This, the Queene did end

Vvith

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

With her defence of him ; and told his Foe:  
It was not faire, nor equall c' ouercrow  
The pooreft Guest her sonne pleaf'd to entertaine:  
In his free Turnes ; with so proud a straine  
Of threats, and braunings; asking if he thought  
That if the stranger to his armes had brought  
The stubborne Bow downe; he shoud marry her  
And beare her home? And said, himselfe shoud erre  
In no such hope; nor of them all the best  
That green'd at any good, she did her guest,  
Should banquer there; since it in no sort shou'd  
Nobleffe in them, nor paid her, what she ow'd  
Her owne free rule there. This *Euryalus*  
Confirm'd and saide; nor feeds it hope in vs  
(*Icarus* daughter) to folclenize Rites  
Of Nuptials with thee; Nor in noblest fights  
It can shew comely; but to our respects  
The rumor, both of sexes, and of Sefts  
Amongst the people, would breede shame, and feare,  
Left any worst Grecke said; See, men that were  
Of meane defruingis, will perfume t' aspire  
To his wifes bed, whom all men did admire  
For fame and merit; could not draw his Bow,  
And yet his wife, had foolish pride to woo :  
When straight an errant Beggar comes and draws  
The Bow with ease, performing all the Lawes  
The game before contain'd; and this would thus,  
Prove both indignity and shame to vs.  
The Queene replied; The fainte of men I see  
Bears much price, in your great suppos'd degree;  
Yet who can proue (amongst the people great)  
That of one to esteem'd of them, the feare  
Doth so defame and ruine? And beside,  
With what right is this guest thus vilified  
In your high censures? when the man in blood  
Is well compoisd, and great; his parents good,  
And therefore giue the Bow to him, so try  
His Birth and breeding by his Chearly:  
If his armes draw it; and that *Phebus* stands  
So great a glory to his strength; my handes  
Shall addis this guredone *Gery* fort of weed,  
A two-edg'd Sword and Lance, to keepe him freed  
From Dogs and Men hereafter, and definis  
His worth to what place tends that heart of his.  
Her sonne gaue answere; That it was a wrong  
To his free sway, in all things that belong  
To guard of that houle, to demand the Bow  
Of any wooer, and the vse beslow

Ff2

*Euryalus*,  
Bene compa-  
ctu & coag-  
mentatis.

Vpon the stranger: For the Bow was his,  
To glie or to with-hold: No maisteries  
Of her proposing, giving any power  
T' emprise his right in things, for any wower;  
Or any that rough *Hass* affords:  
Any that *Eli*; of which, no mans words  
Nor pow'r should curbe him (stood he so england)  
To see the Bow in absolute gift resign'd  
To that his guest, to beare and vse at will:  
And therefore bad his Mother keepe her still  
Amongst her women, at her Rocke and Loome,  
Bowes were for men: and this Bow did become  
Past al mens; his disposure, since his Sire  
Left it to him, and all the houfe entire.

She stooft dismayd at this; and in her minde  
His wife words laide vp, standing so inclinde  
As he had will'd; with all her women, going  
Vp to her chamber: there, her teares bestowing  
(As every night she did) on her lou'd Lord,  
Til sleepe and *Pallas*, her fit rest restor'd.

The Bow, *Eumeus* tooke, and bore away  
Whch vp in tumult, and almost in fray  
Put all the woers: One enquiring thus,

Whether? Rogue? abie &? wilt thou beare from vs  
That Bow propofit? Lay downe, or I protell  
Thy dogs shal eate thee, that thou nourishest  
To guard thy Swine: amongst whom (left of all)  
Thy life shal leave thee, if the Festiall  
VVe now obferue to *Phœbus*; may our zeales  
Grace with his aide, and all the Deities else.

This threat made good *Eumeus* yeilde the Bow.  
To his late place, not knowing what might grow  
From such a multitude. And then fell on  
*Telemachus* with threats; and saide, Six gone  
That Bow yet further: tis no servants part  
To serue too many Maifters: raise your hart  
And beare it off, left (though your yenger) ye  
VVith stones I pelt you to the field with it.  
If you and I cloſe, I ſhal proue too strong:  
I wiſh, as much too hard for all this, to wrong  
The Gods would make me; I ſhould quickly ſend  
Some after, with iuft sorrow to their end:  
They waste my viſcles ſo, and ply my cap,  
And do me ſuch ſhrewd turns ſtill. This party  
The woers all in Laughters, and put downe  
Their angers to him; ſo late were grownne  
So graue and bloody, which refolud that feare  
Of good *Eumeus*, who did take and beare

The King the Bow; call'd Nurse, and bad her make  
The doores all ſure; that if men tumulteake  
The eares of ſome within, they may noſtly,  
But keepe at worke ſtill, cloſe and idlely.

These words put wings to her, and diſe the puſt  
The chamber doore: The Gout gotes that were thare  
By kind *Philesus*, who straight diſege of the houſe  
From out the Hall; and ſeeke the Bow, whch vroide  
Found laid, a Gable of a ſhip, compayned  
Of ſpongy Bulrushes, with which hee diſlodg'd; and O neare  
(In winding round about them) the Colours banner, and Ile  
Then tooke his place againe, to view the Fates diſplay  
That quickly follow'd. When he came, he ſaw  
*Phœbus* viewing, ere he ſhad to deale vly, the queſt he had ſear'd  
The famous Bow, which every way he mou'd daintily. He ſeade  
Vp, and downe turning it: in which hee provid  
The plighe it was in: fearing chearely, and ſadly, though hee  
The hornes were eare with weare, and to ſo long reſt.  
But what his thoughts intended, daileys fo  
And keeping ſuch a ſearch about the bow, a long while hee  
The woers little knowyng, ſet to leſſe the ſteer of him, and to ſet  
And ſaid; Past doubt, hee ſhall ſpit her, and to ſet her in the wood:  
In Bowyers craft, and fees quicke through the wood:  
Or ſomething (certaine) to be underſtoode  
There is, in this his turning of it ſtill:  
A cunning Rogue he is, at any ill.

Then ſpake another proud one, Would to heauen  
I might (at will) get Gold, till he had gotten  
That Bow his draughte with these ſharp reſts, did theſe  
Delightsome woers, their fatal humors please.  
But when the wife *Phœbus* once had laide  
His fingers on it; and to prooffe ſuruaide  
The fil ſound plighe it held: As one of ſkill  
In ſong, and of the Harpe, doth at his will  
In tuning of his Instrument, extende  
A ſtrung out with his pin; touch all, and looke  
To every wel-wreath'd ſtring, his penſe ſound  
Strooke all together: with much care, threayround  
The King, the Bow. Then twang'd he vge the ſring,  
That, as a Swallow, in the aire doth flie,  
VVith no continu'd tune; but (pauffing ſtill)  
Twinkes out her ſcatter'd voice in accents ſtrill;  
So ſharpe the ſring ſung, when he gaue it touch,  
Once haung bent and drawne it. Whch ſo much  
Amaz'd the woers, that their colours went  
And came, moſt gricuously. And then, *me* rent  
The aire with thunders, which at heart did chere  
The now-enough-fuſtaining Traveller.

Tha-loue, againe, would his attempte stable  
Then tooke he into hand, from off the Table  
The first drawne arrow; and a number more  
Spent shortly on the wooers. But this One,  
He measur'd by his arme (as if no man were  
The length were to him) nockt it then; and drew it off, and his rearmes off  
And through the Axes, at the first hole flew  
The steele-chard'g arrow; which whē he had done,  
He thus bespake the Prince: You have not wonne  
Disgrace yet by your Guest; for I haue strok  
The marke I shot at; and no such tolle tooke  
In weyng the Bow, with fat and fire,  
As did the wooers: yet referu'd entire  
(Thanke heaven) my strength is; & my felte am tried.  
No man to be so bately viliified  
As these men pleased to think me. But free way  
Take that, and all their pleasures: and while Day  
Holds her Torch to you; and the howres of feare  
Hath now full date; giue banquet; and the rest  
(Poeme and Harpe) that grace a wel-fil'd boorde.  
This saide: he beckn'd to his Sonne, whose second  
He straight girt to him: tooke to hand his Lasso,  
And complicate arm'd, did to his Sire advance.

*The End of the XXI. Booke  
of Homers Odysses.*



THE XXII. BOOKE OF  
HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGUMENT.

**T**he Woors in Minotors fight,  
Slaine by Vyffes; Alas! fight  
And lassell Husfours, by his Sonne  
And seruants, vngly shewing boordes.

Another

XII. { *The end of Epode,  
& laste Legge;  
Is wretchednesse,  
and fayling herte.* }



He upp're rāze shal wile *Pheffes* wore,  
Cast off his ruffes to the great Hall dore  
With Bow and Quier full of shaftes; & downe  
He poure before his feare; & thus made known  
His true stife to the wooers: This strife, thus  
Hath haemlesse bene decided: Now for vs  
There relis another malte, more hard to hit;  
And such, as never man before hath smit;

Whose full point likewise, my hands shall affay.  
And try if *Phebus* will giue me his day.

He laid; and off his bitter Arrow thrust  
Right, at *Anemos*; that strooke him iust  
As he was lifting vp the Bolles to show,  
That twixt the cup, & lip, much ihaney grow.  
Death toucht not at his thoughts, & Feare: for who  
VVould thinke, that he alone could perishe  
Amongst so many? And he, best of all?  
The Arrow in his throte tooke full his fall;  
And thrust his head fast through the other side:  
Downe fell his cup; downe he; downe all his pride.  
Straight from his Nostnills gafir the humane gore:  
And as he fell, his feare faire overbore  
The feastfull Table; all the Roast, and Bread  
About the house strew'd. VVhen his high-bom head  
The rest beheld so low, vp right they all,

And

And ransackt every Corner of the Hall  
For Shields and Darts : but all fled farre their reach ;  
Then fell they soule on him with terrible speach  
And told him, it shoulde proue the deereft that

That euer pafht him ; and that now was falle.

No shift for him, but sure and sodaine death :

For he had slainē a man, whose like did neare  
In no part of the Kingdome : and that now'

He shoulde no more for Gaine, striue with his Bow,

But Vultures eatē him there. These threats they spent;

Yet every man beleuēd, that sterne euene

Chancēt aginst the authors will : O Foole, to thinke

That all their rest, had any cup to drinke,

But what their great Antiuine began.

He (frowning) faide ; Dogs, see in me the man

Ye all held dead at *Troy* : My house it is

That thus ye spoile, that thus your Luxuries

File with my wemens rapes : in which, ye woo

The wife of one that liues ; and no thought know

Of mans fit feare, or Gods : your present Fame,

Or any faire fence of your future name.

And therefore, prelent and eternal death

Shall end your base life. This made fresh greate breath

Their former boldnesse : every man had eye

On all the meanes, and studid wayes to flye

So deepe deaths imminent. But, seeing none,

*Earymacheu* began with suppliant mone

To mooue his pity, saying ; If you be

This Iles *Vyses*, we must all agree

In grant of your reproothes integrity.

The Greeks haue done you many a wrong at home,

At field as many : But of all, the summe

Lies heire contract in death : For onely he

Impost the whole ill Offices that we

Are now made guilty of: and not so much

Sought his endeoures, or in thought did touch

At any Nuptials ; but a greater thing

Employ'd his forces : For, to be our King,

VVas his cheeze obiect : his sole plot it was,

To kil your Son : which *Iowes* hand would not paffe,

But set it to his owne most merited end.

In which, end your iust anger ; nor extend

Your sterne wreake further: Spend your royal powre,

In milde ruth of your peoples we are yours.

And whatsoeuer waste of wine, or food,

Our Liberties haue made, wee le make all good

In restitutions: call a Court, and passe

A fine of twenty Oxen, Gold, and Brasse,

## THE XXI. BOOKE

On every Head, and raise your molt rates full,  
Till you are pleasd with your confesseſed fil :

VVhich if we faile to tender, all your wrach,

It shalbe iuffice in our bloods to bathe.

*Earymacheu* (faide he) if you would give

All that your Fathers hoord, to make pellue,

And all that euer you your felues posſeſſe,

Or shal by any induſtry increafe :

I would not ceafe from slaughter, till your bloods

Had bought out your intemperance in my Goods.

It refis now for you, that you either fight

That will ſcapē death, or make your way by flighe:

In whiche beſt choife, my thoughts concerne, not oare,

Shall ſhun the furth, your ſuſt haſt undergone.

This quite diſfolo'd their knees : *Earymacheu*,

Enforcing all their feares, yet countred abouts :

O Friends ! This man, now he hath got the Bow

And Quiuer by him, euer will beflow

His moſt inacceſſible hands avſ

And neuer leave, if we auoide him thus,

Til he hath ſrew'd the pavemente with us all :

And therefore, ioyne we ſwords, and on him fall

With Tables forſt vp, and borne in oppofit

Againſt his ſharpe shafts : when being round encloſed

By all our on-fets, we ſhall either take

His horrid peron, or for ſafety make

His rage retire from out the Hall, and Gresse

And then, if he elape, we'll make our ſhars

Knowne to the City, by our generall cry,

And thus this man ſhall let his laſt shaft fly,

That euer his hand wanted. Thus he drewe

His ſharpe edg'd ſword ; and with a table, drew

In on *Vyses* with a terrible throte,

His fierce charge vrging. But *Vyses* ſtoode

The boord, and clefft it through, from end to end

Borne at his breſt, and made his ſhars ſpend

His ſharpe head to his Liver : his broad ſhars

Picke t' at his Nipple : when, his hand ſlacke

Forthwith his ſword, that fel and hilt the ground

With cups and viſtles, lying ſcarcely ſpread

About the pavemente : amongſt which, his brow

Knockt the embred earthwile in paines did flow

His vitall ſpirites, til his heele ſtooke out

His feaſtfull life; and hurl'd a Thronē aboue,

That way-laid deaths convulſions in his ſigure,

When from his tender eyes, the light did fleſt.

Then charg'd *Achilles* with his drawn blade

The glorious King, in purpoſe to haue made

His feete foriske the house : But his assay  
The Prince preuented ; and his Lance gaue way  
Quite through his shoulder , at his backe : his brest  
The fierce pile letting forth . His ruine , preft  
Grones from the pavement , whiche his forke strook .

*Telemachus his long Lance then forsooke  
(Left in Amphionus) and to his Sire  
Made fiery passe; not staying to acquire  
His Lance againe; in doubt that while he drew  
The fixed pile, some other might renew  
Fierce charge vpon him ; and his vnam'd head  
Cleau with his back-drawne sword: for which he fied  
Close to his Father; bad him arme, and he  
Would bring him Shield and Iuelins instanty;  
His owne head armynge more armes laying by  
To serue the Swan-herd, and the Oxen-herd.  
*Vales well arm'd, is euer most prefred.**

Run then (saide he) and come, before the last  
Of thef auxiliary shafts are past:  
For feare, left(left alone) they force my stand  
From forth the Ports. He flew, and brought to hand  
Eight Darts, foure Shields, 4.Helmes. His owne parts  
First put in armes, he furnisht both his men,  
That to their King stood close. But he, as long  
As he had shafts to friend, enough was strong  
For all the wooers: and some one man still  
He made make even with earth. Till all, a hil  
Had raidis in th' even floord Hall. His last shaft spent,  
He set his Bow against a beame, and went  
To arme at all parts, while the other three  
Kept off the wooers: who, vnarm'd, could be  
No great assailants. In the well-build wall  
A window was thrust out, at end of all:  
The houles Entry: on whose vtter side  
There lay a way to Towne; and in it, wide  
And two leau'd folds were forg'd, that gaue fit meane  
For flyers out; and therefore, as it then  
*Vlysses* plac't *Eumeus* in clofe guard:  
One only passe ope to it: which (prepar'd  
In this sort by *Vlysses*, gainst all passe)  
By *Agelaus* tardy memorie, was  
In question call'd: who bad, some one ascend  
At such a window, and bring straight to tread  
The City with his clamor; that this man  
Might quickly shroo't his last. This, no one can  
Make safte accessie to (*faide Melancholius*)  
For tis too neare the Hale faire doores: whence thus  
The man assieth ye: For from thence, there lies

But one freight passage to it; that denies  
Access to all; if any one man stand  
(Being one of courage) and will countermand  
Our offer to it. But I know a way

To bring you armes, from where the King doth lay  
His whole munition : and, beleue there is  
No other place, to all the Armories  
Both of himselfe and Sonne. This faide : a paire  
Of lofty Staires he climbit ; and to th'affair,  
Twelve Shields, twelve Lances broght, as many casks  
VVith horse-haire Plumes, addit to bittter talk  
Both Son and Sire. Then shrunke <sup>the</sup> armes, <sup>the</sup>  
And his lou'd heart, when thus in armes he sees  
So many woovers ; and their thaken darts.  
For then the worke flew d, as it ask more parts  
To safe performance: and he tolde his Sonnes,  
That or *Melanchton*, or his trusties had stolne  
A deed, that soule warre, to their hands confest.

O Father (he replied) tis I have err'd  
In this caſd labour: I, and none but I;  
That left the doore ope, of your Amphyte  
Bur ſome (it ſeems) hath fer a Sharper eye  
On that imporant place: *Europa had*  
And ſlued the doore, obſerving who hath p<sup>t</sup>  
To this falfe action: any manre, or One  
That I ſuspect more; which is *Balas*. Some

Vhile these spake thus, *Aymar le Bourg* went againe  
For more faire armes; whom the renowned *Swane*  
*Eustace* saw: and tolde *Vlysses* straights,  
It was the haefull man, that his concerne  
Before suspecket; who had done that ill?  
And (being againe there) ask if he shold kill  
(If his power leu'd) or he shold bringe *the Swane*  
To him; and inflict on him a feuerall paine:  
For eury forfeite, he had made his hold.

He answer'd : I and my *Tlemachus*  
Will heare containe these proud ones in despite  
How much souuer, these stroake armes excite  
Their guilty courages ; while you two take  
Possession of the Chamber : the doores make  
Sure at your backe : and then (surpryng him)  
His feete and hands binde ; wrapping stely him  
In pliant chaineis ; and with a halter (call'd  
Above the wind-beame (as him selfe madefast)  
Aloft the Column draw him where alone  
He long may hang ; and paines now depone  
His vexed life, before his death succeede.

This charge (soone heard) as soone they put to deed ;  
 Stole on his sleath; and at the further end  
 Of all the chamber, saw him busily bend  
 His hands to more armes; when they (still at dore)  
 Watcht his retorne. At last, he came, and bore  
 In one hand, a faire Helme : in th'other held  
 A broad, and ancient rusty-rested Shield,  
 That old *Aertes* in his youth had borne ;  
 Of which, the checke-bands had with age bin torn.  
 They rusht vpon him, caught him by the haire,  
 And dragg'd him in a gaine: whom (crying out)  
 They cast vpon the pavement : wrapt about  
 With sure and pinching cords, both foote and hand ;  
 And then (in full aste of their Kings command)  
 A pliant chaine bestow'd on him ; and hal'd  
 His body vp the columne, till he seal'd  
 The hight wind-beame. Whiche, made firmly fast,  
*Eumeus* on his iust infliction, past  
 This pleasurable cauill : Now you may,  
 All night keepe wach heere, and the earliest day  
 Discerne (being hung so high) to rouse from rest  
 Your dainty Cattel, to the wogets Feast.  
 There (as befits a man of meane so faire),  
 Soft may you sleepe, nought vnder you but aire;  
 And so, long hang you. Thus they left him there,  
 Made fast the doore ; and with *Vlysses*, were  
 All arm'd in th' instant. Then they all stood close,  
 Their minds fire breach'd in flames against their foes,  
 Foure in th'Entry fighting all alone ;  
 VVhen from the Hall charg'd many a mighty one:  
 But to them then, *Iones* feede (*Mimena*) came,  
 Resembling *Mentor*, both in voice, and frame  
 Of manly person. Palsing well aside  
*Vlysses* was ; and faide, Now *Mentor*, aide  
 Gaints these odde mischieses : call to memory now  
 My often good to thee ; and that, we two  
 Of one years life are. Thus he said, but thought  
 It was *Mimena*, that had eu'er brought  
 To her side, safety. On the other part,  
 The woors threaten'd : but the chiefe in heart  
 VWas *Ageleue*, who, to *Mentor* spake.

*Mentor*: Let no words of *Vlysses* make  
 Thy hand a fighter on his feeble side,  
 Gaint al vs woors: for we fume abide  
 In this perswassion, That when Sire and Son  
 Our swords haue slaine, thy life is sure to ron  
 One fortune with them : what strange acts haue those  
 Conceit to forme here ? Thy head must bestow

The wreake of theirs, on vs : And when thy powrs  
 Are taken downe by these fierce steeles of ours;  
 All thy possessions, in doores, and without  
 Must raife on heape with his, and all thy roome  
 Offsons and daughters, in thy Turrets bleed  
 Wreake offerings to vs; and our Towne stand freed .  
 Of all charge with thy wife. *Mimena* heart  
 Was fir'd with these Braues : the approu'd desert  
 Of her *Vlysses*, chiding : saying, No more  
 Thy force nor fortitude, as heretofore  
 Will gaine thee glory. VVhen nine yeares at *Troy*,  
 VVhite-writted *Hellen* reliue, did imploie  
 'Thy armes and wifedome ; still, and euer vnde  
 The bloods of thousands, through the field diffusde  
 By thy vaste valor ; *Priams* broad-waide Towne  
 By thy graue parts, was sackt, and overthrownet;  
 And now, amogst thy people, and thy goods,  
 Against the woors bale, and petulant bloods,  
 Stun't thou thy valour ? Rather mourning here,  
 Then manly fighting ? Come Friend, Stand we neare  
 And note my labour, that thou maist discerne  
 Amongst thy foes, how *Mentor* Nurus will erne  
 All thy old Boundies. This she spake, but staid  
 Her hand from giuing each-way-often-waide  
 Uncertaine conquest, to his certaine wife ;  
 But still would try, what felte pow'r would produce  
 Both in the Father, and the glorious Son.

Then, on the wind-beame, that along did ron  
 The smoaky roofoe, transform'd *Mimena* sat  
 Like to a Swallow ; sometimes cutting at  
 The swords and Lances, rushing from her feate ;  
 And vp and downe the troubl'd house, did bear  
 Her wing at every motione. And as she  
 Had rouz'd *Vlysses*; so, the enemy  
*Damagors* sonne excited, *Polybus*,  
*Amphionius*, and *Demopedemus*,  
*Euryalus*, and *Polyxenes*.  
 For these were men, that of the wooing preade  
 VWere most egregious, and the clearely best  
 In strength of hand, of all the desperate refl  
 That yet surui'd, and now fought for their soules ;  
 VVhich straight, swift arrowes fent among the Fouls.  
 But first, *Damagors* sonne had more spare bread  
 To spend on their exciterous, ere his death ;  
 And faide, That now *Vlysses* would forbear  
 His dismall hand, since *Mentor* spirit was there,  
 And blew vaine vants about *Vlysses* ears ;  
 In whose trust, he would cease his Massacres,  
 Best him, and put his friends huge boasts in prooffe:

And so was he beneath the Entries roose  
Left with *Telemachus*, and th' other two :  
At whom (saide he) discharge no Darts : but thro  
All at *Vlysses*, roufing his faint rest ;  
Whom if we slaughter, by our intent  
In *Jones* assistance, all the rest may yield  
Our pow'rs no care, when he stroves once the field.  
As he then will'd : they all at random threw,  
VVhere they suppos'd he rested ; and then flew  
*Minerva* after every Dart, and made  
Some strike the threshold, some the wals invade :  
Some beat the doores, and all acts rendred vaine  
Their graue Steele offer'd: which escapt, Againe  
Came on *Vlysses*, saying, O that we,  
The woovers troope, with our ioynt Archerie  
Might so affiles; that where their spirits dream  
On our deaths first, we first may slaughter them.  
Thus the much sufferer faid, and all let fly,  
VVhen euerie man strooke dead his enemy :  
*Vlysses* slaughtered *Demopolemus* :  
*Euryades* by yong *Telemachus*  
His death encouter'd. Good *Eumeus* flew  
*Elatius* ; And *Pbilatius* ouerthrew  
*Psfander* : all which, tore the paud floore  
Vp with their teeth : The rest retr'd before  
Their second charge, to inner roomes, and then  
*Vlysses* follow'd : from the slaughter'd men  
Their darts first drawing, While wroke was done,  
The woovers threw, with huge contention  
To kill them all ; when with her Swallow wing,  
*Minerva* cuff'd, and made their Iauelin ring  
Against the doores, and thresholds, as before :  
Some yet did graze vpon their markes. One more  
The Princes wrift, which was *Amphimedon* ;  
Th' extreame part of the skin, but toucht vpon.  
*Cteippus*, ouer good *Eumeus* Shield  
His shoulders top did taint, which yet did yield  
The Lance free passe, and gave his hurt the ground.  
Againe then charg'd the woovers, and girt round  
*Vlysses* with their Lances, who turn'd head,  
And with his Iauelin strooke *Eurydamus* dead.  
*Telemachus*, disliu'd *Amphimedon* ;  
*Eumeus*, *Polybus* ; *Philarus* won  
*Cteippus* bolome with his dart, and said ;  
(In quittance of the Iesters parte he plaide,  
The Neats-foot hurling at *Vlysses*) Now  
Great Sonne of po' *ylysses*, you that vow  
Your wit to bitter taunts, and loue to wound

The heart of any with a iest ; so crown'd  
Your wit be with a laughter, never yielding  
To fooles in folly ; but your glory building  
On putting downe in fooling, spiting forth  
Pult words at all sorts : Ceale to Reoute at word,  
And leue reuengc of vile words to the Gods,  
Since their wits bear the sharper edge by odds :  
And in the meane time, take the Dart & draine,  
For that right hospitable foote you gane  
Divine *Vlysses*, begging but his owne.  
Thus spake the black-Ox-hendimant, & straight down  
*Vlysses* strooke another with his Dart,  
(Damag'd for son) *Telemachus* did part  
Iust in the midst, the belly of the faire  
*Escuers* sonne ; his streght Pile taking afe  
Out at his backe. Flat fell he on his face,  
His whole brows knocking, and did marte the place.  
And now, man-slaughtering *Pallas* tooke in hand  
Her Snake-frindg'd thidle, & on that beam took stand  
In her true forme, where Swallow-like she sat,  
And then, in this way of the house, and that :  
The woovers (wounded at the heart with feare)  
Fled the encounter : As in Paffures, where  
Fat Herds of Oxen feede, aboouche the field  
(As if wilde madneſſe their instinctis impeld)  
The high-fed Bullockes fy : whom in the Spring  
(When dayes are long) Gadbees, or Breezes sling,  
*Vlysses* and his sonne, the *Flyers* chaf't ;  
As when with crooked Beakes and Sereis, a cast  
Of hill-bred Eagles, cast off at some game,  
That yet their strengths keepe ; But (put vp) in flame  
The Eagles stoopes ; From which, along the field  
The poore Foules make wing: this and that way yield  
Their hard-flowne Pinions : I hen, the clouds affy  
For scape or shelter, their forlome dismay  
All spirit exhaling, all wings strength to carry  
Then bodies forth ; and (roufe vp) to the Quarry  
Their Faulconers ride in, and reioyce to see  
Their Hawkes performe a fight so feruently,  
So (in their flight) *Vlysses* with his Heire,  
Did stoope and cuffe the woovers, that the arie  
Broke in vaste sighes : whose heads, they shot & cleft,  
The Pauement boyling with the soules they reft.

*Liones* (running to *Vlysses*) toke  
His knees, and thus did on his name inuoke:  
*Vlysses*: Let me pray thee, to my place  
Affoord the reverencse, and to me the grace :  
That never did, or saide, to any Dame

OF HOMER'S ODYSSES.  
amans cor di-  
ciscindere ma-  
lidecentia.

Thy Court contain'd, or decree, or word to blame.  
 But others so affected, I haue made  
 Lay downe their insolence ; and if the trade  
 They kept with wickednesse, haue made them still  
 Despise my speech, and vise their worted ill ;  
 They haue their penance by the stroke of death ;  
 Whiche their def'rt, diuinely warranteth :  
 But I am Priest amongst them ; and shall I,  
 That nought haue done worth death, amongst the dyd  
 From thee, this Proverbe then will men deriuie ;  
*Good turns do never their meere deeds furnire.*

He (bending his displeased forehead) saide ;  
 If you be Priest amongst them, as you please,  
 Yet you would marry, and with my wife too ;  
 And haue descent by her : For all that woo  
 Wish to obtaine, which they shold never doo  
 Dames husbands liuing. You must therefore pray  
 Offorce, and oft in Court heere ; that the day  
 Of my retурne for home might neuer shine ;  
 The death to me wish't, therefore shall be thine.

This said, he tooke a sword vp that was cast  
 From *Aeglaus*, hauing strooke his lass ;  
 And on the Priests mid necke, he laide a stroke  
 That strooke his head off; tumbling as he spake.

Then did the Poet *Phanius* (whose sur-name  
 VVas call'd *Terpiades*, who thither came :  
 Forc'd by the wo'r's fly death, but being nere  
 The Courts great gate, he stood, and parted there  
 In two his counsailes ; either to remone  
 And take the Altar of *Hercelian Jones* ;  
 (Made sacred to him, with a world of Ax  
 Engrauen about it ; where were wonte impart  
*Laertes*, and *Vlysses*, many a Thye  
 Of broad-brow'd Oxen to the Deity)  
 Or venture to *Vlysses*: clasp his knee,  
 And pray his ruth. The last was the decree  
 His chioise resolu'd on. Twixt the royll Throne,  
 And tha faire Table that the Bolle stood on  
 VVith which they sacrific'd, his Harpe he laide  
 Along the earth, the Kings knees hugg'd, and saide :

*Vlysses*. Let my prayers obtaine of thee  
 My sacrefit skil respect, and ruth to mee.  
 It will hereafter grieue thee to haue slaine  
 A Poet, that doth sing to Gods and men.  
 I, of my selfe am taught : for God alone,  
 All sorts of song hath in my bosome sowne :  
 And I, as to a God, will sing to thee ;

Then

Then do not thou deal like the Priest, with me :  
 Thine owne lou'd sonne *Telemachus* will say,  
 That not to beg heere ; nor with willing way  
 W'as my accesse to thy high Court addeess,  
 To give the wooces my long aker Feade,  
 But being many, and so much more strong ;  
 They forc'd me hither, and compell'd my Song.

This did the Princes sacred verue haue ;  
 And to the King his Father saide : Forbearce  
 To mixe the guyldeſſe, with the guyldeſſe blood,  
 And wish him likewife, let our mercies faue  
*Medon* the Herald ; that did full behauie  
 Himeselfe with care of my good from a childe ;  
 If by *Easmus* yet he be not kild,  
 Or by *Philatines*, nor your fury me,  
 While all this blood aboute the house & liver.

This *Medon* heard, as lyng hid beneath  
 A Throne set neare, halfe dead with care of death :  
 A new-fled Oxe-hide (as þer there throwne be),  
 His serious shroud made, he lying there so by,  
 But hearing this, he quickly left the Throne ;  
 His Oxe-hide cast as quickly, and as loone :  
 The Princes knees fel'd, saying, O my loue,  
 I am not slaine, but heame alme, and moane,  
 Abſaine your ſelfe ; and do not ſee your ſire  
 Quench with my cold blood, the wanſtein'd fire  
 That flames in his strength, making ſpoile of me,  
 His wraths right, for the wooces injury.

*Vlysses* ſmild, and ſaid, Be confident,  
 This man hath ſau'd, and made thee different ;  
 To let thee know, and ſay, and others ſee,  
 Good life, is much more ſafe than warre,  
 Go then, ſit free without, from deaþ within :  
 This much renowned Singer, from the kin  
 Of theſe men likewife quit. Both red you there,  
 While I my houſe purge, as it ſits me here.

This ſaide, they went and tooke their ſear without  
 Ax *Jones* high Altar, looking round about,  
 Expecting ſtil their slaughter. VVhen the King  
 Searcht round the Hall, to try lifes hidden wing  
 Made from more death. But all, laid prostrate there  
 In blood and gore he ſaw : whole ſhotes they were ;  
 And lay as thicke, as in a hollow creake  
 VVithout the white Sea, when the Fishers break  
 Their many-meeched Draught, per vp, there lye  
 Fish frisking on the Sands, and faine the dry  
 VVould for the wet change. But th'al-feeing beam  
 The Sun exhalas, hath ſuckt their liues from them ;

So, one by other, spraul'd the woocers there.  
*Vlysses*, and his Son then, bid appear  
The Nurse *Euryale*, to let her heare  
His minde in something, fit for her affaire.

He op't the doore, and call'd; and said, Repaire  
Graue Martron, longsinke bernes that art our Spy  
To all this house's feruile hufwifery!  
My Father calst thee, to impart some thought  
That askes thy action. His word, found in nought  
Her flacke obleruance, who straught op't the doore  
And enter'd to him; when himselfe before  
Had left the Hall. But there, the King she view'd  
Amongst the slaine, with blood and gore embrew'd:  
And as a Lyon sculking all in Night,  
Farre off in Pastures; and come home, all dight  
In iawes and brest-lockes, with an Oxes blood,  
New feasted on him, his looke's full of mood;  
So lookt *Vlysses*, all his hands and feete  
Freckl'd with purple. When which sight did greet  
The poore old woman (such workes being for eyes  
Of no soft temper) out she brake in cries;  
Vvhose vent, though throughly opened the yet clost,  
Cal'd her more neere, and thus her plaints compold,  
Forbeare; nor shrikke thus: But vell' ioyes as loud;  
It is no piety to bemoane the prouide:  
Though ends befall them, mouing neere so much,  
These are the portions of the Gods to such.  
Mens owne impieties, in their iniustices,  
Sustaine their plagues; which are with they bus rakes:  
But these men, Gods nor men had in effecte:  
Nor good, nor bad, had any sence in them.  
Their liues direly ill, were therefore cause  
That Death in their sterne formes, so deeply drawes.  
Recount then to me, thos leuentifol Dames,  
That lost my honor, and their sexes shame.

Ile tell you truly (she replied,) There are  
Twice fve and twentie Women here, that share  
All worke amongst them; whom I taught to Spyn,  
And beare the iust bands that they suffer'd in:  
Of all which, onely there were twelve, that gaue  
Themselues to impudencie, and light behaue,  
Nor me respecting, nor her selfe (the Queeney)  
And for your Son, he hath but lately bene  
Of yearees to rule: Nor would his Mother beare  
His Empire, where her womens labors were.  
But let me go, and give her notice now  
Of your arriuall. Sure some God doth shew  
His hand vpon her, in this rest she takes,

That

That all these vprores bears, and never wakes,  
Nor wake her yet (said he) till cause to come.  
Those twelve light women, to this verer roome,  
She made all vtmost hafe, to come and go,  
And bring the women he had summond to.

Then both his Swaines and Son, he bad, go call  
The women to their aide, and creste the hall:  
Of those dead bodies: Cledis each beset, & thrus  
VVith wetted Sponges: which, wchiffesse done,  
He bad take all the Strangpds, twix the wall  
Of his first Court; and that bodyswickide Hall,  
In which, the vscell of the dead were stordy'd:  
And in their bosomes sheath their ready swords,  
Till all their soules were fled; and they had them  
Felt twas but paine to spotte withall affliccion.

This said, the women came, all drownd in moode,  
And weeping bitterly. But first was done  
The bearing thence the dead, all which, beneath  
The Portico they flow'd, where death did death.  
They heap't together. Then tooke all the paues  
*Vlysses* will'd. His Sonne yet, and the Swaines  
VVith paring shouels wrought. The women bore  
Their parings forth; and as the clownd' gote,  
The house then cleind, they brought the women out,  
And put them in a roome, lowld about  
That no meanes scruld haue sed rates to flye.  
Then saide *Telmessos*, These shall not dye  
A death that lets out any wancons bloody  
And vents the poison that gase salt herooke,  
The body cleasing; but a dead that chokes  
The breath, and all together, that protokes  
And seemes as Bellowes, to abhored Lash:  
That both on my head, possid depeaces want,  
And on my Mothers; scandalizing the Court,  
VVith men debaucht, in so abhord a forme.

This said, a Halfer of a ship they call'd  
About a crofie beame of the stoe; which fast  
They made about their neckes, in twelve parts cut;  
And halld them vp so high, they could not put  
Their feete to any stay. As which was done,  
Looke how a Maris, or a Pygeon  
In any Groe, caught with a Springe, or Net,  
VVith strugling Pinions, gan the ground doth bear  
Her tender body, and that then freight bed  
Is lowre to that swinge, in which she was bred;  
So striu'd these taken Birds, till every one  
Her pliant halter, had enfordt vpon  
Her stubbome necke; and then aloft was haul'd

To wretched death. A little spacie they sprauld  
Their feet fast moving; but were quickly still. Then seach they downe  
The equal execution, which was done  
In Portall of the Hall; and thus began:  
They first slit both his Nethurbs; croppe totheare,  
His Members tugg'd off, which the dogges did mare;  
And chop vp bleeding sweet; and white red hot  
The evice-abhorring blood was; of abeyt suone  
His hands and feet, and therer than worke had end:  
Then waftt they hands & feet, than blood had stondy;  
And tooke the house againe. And then the King  
(Euryale calling) bad her quickly bring  
All ill-expelling Brimstone, and some fire,  
That with perfumes cast he might shake entie.  
The houses first integrity in all  
And then his timely will was, she should call  
Her Queene and Ladies, still yci charging her,  
That all the Handmaids she shoulde first confer.  
She said, he speake as fued; But before  
She held it fit to change the weedes he wore,  
And she would others bring him; that noto  
His faire broad shouulders might refled; and now  
His person to his seruantes, was no blamme.  
First bring me Fire, said he. She went, and came  
VVith fire, & sulphure straight, with which she bell  
And of the huge house, all roomes capitall  
He throughly fweeted. Then wept Nere to call  
The Handmaid seruants downe; *See if the were*  
To tell the newes, and will'd them so prefeate  
Their seruice to their Soueraigne. Downe they came,  
Sustaining Torches all, and pow' d a flame  
Of loue, about their Lord: with welcomes loue,  
VVith huggings of his hands, with labordome.  
Both heads and fore-heads, kisses and embracess,  
And pleyd him so, with all their louing graces,  
That teares and sighes, tooke vp his whole deface;  
For now he knew their hearts to him entire.

*The End of the XXI. Booke  
of Homers Odysse.*

## THE XIII. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### THE ARGUMENT.

V Lyses to his wife *lysene*:  
A briefe sume of his Travales former.  
Himselfe, his Son, and Seruantes go  
To approue the Wyses afferrow.

Another.  
 { For all amoyes  
faynd before;  
The true wises sayes,  
now made the more.



He seruants thus inform'd; the Matron goes  
Vp, where the Queen was call in such repose;  
Affected with a fervent joy to tell  
VWhat all this time she did with paine conceale.  
Her knees reuolt their first strength, and her feete  
Were borne aboue the ground, with wings, to greece  
The long greev'd Queen, with newes her King was come;  
And (neare her) laid: Wake, Leue this withdrawne roome;

That now your eyes may see, at length, though late;  
The man return'd, which all the heauey dare  
Your woes haue rakk'd out, you haue long'd to see:  
*Wives* is come home, and hath set free  
His Court of all your wooers; slaughtering all;  
For wasting so hi. goods with Festiall:  
His house so vexing; and for violence done,  
So all waies varied to his onely sonne.  
She answ'rd her; The Gods haue made thee mad;  
Of whose pow'r now, thy pow'rs such proof haue had.  
The Gods can blinde with follies, wifest eies,  
And make men foolish, so to make them wife.  
For they haue hurt euery graue braine, that bore  
An understanding spirit heretofore.  
VWhy haft thou wak't me to more teares, when *Mom*  
Hath turn'd my minde, with teares, into her owne?  
Thy madnesse much more blamfull, that with yes  
Thy harte is loaden: and both robs mine eyes

Of most delighfome sleepe ; and sleepe of them,  
That now had bound me in his sweet extream,  
T' embrase my lids, and close my vifuall Sphers.  
I haue not slept so much this twenty years ;  
Since first my deareſt ſleeping-Mate was gone  
For that too ill-to ſpeeke of, *liam.*  
Hence, take your mad ſteps backe ; if any Maid  
Of all my traine besides, a part had plaid  
So bold to wake, and tell mine eares ſuch lies ;  
I had return'd her to her hufwiferies  
With good proofe of my wrath to ſuch rude Dames ;  
But go, your years haue ſau'd their yonger blamcs.

She anſwer'd her : I nothing wrong your eare,  
But tell the truth : your long-mift Lord is heere,  
And, with the woovers slaughter, his owne hand  
(In chiefe exploi) hath to his owne command  
Reduc't his houſe ; and thar poore Guest was he,  
That all thofe woovers, wrought ſuch iniurie.  
*Telemachus* had knowledge long ago  
That twas his Father ; but his wifedome ſo  
Obſcur'd his counſailes ; ſo gue ſurer end  
To that great worke, to which they did contend.

This call'd her ſpirits to their conceiuing places,  
She ſprung for ioy, from blamcs into embraces  
Of her graue Nurfe : wip't every teare away  
From her faire cheekeſ ; and then began to ſay  
What Nurfe faid, ouer thus : O Nurfe, can this  
Be true thou ſayſt ? How could that hand of his  
Alone, diſtroy ſo many ? They would ſill  
Troope all together. How could he then kill  
Such numbers, ſo vianted ? How ? (faid ſhe)  
I haue nor ſcene, nor heard, but certaintly  
The deed is done. VVe ſate within, in feare ;  
The doores ſhut on vs : and from thence might heare  
The ſighes, and groanes of euery man he flew,  
But heard, nor ſaw more : till at length, there flew  
Your fonnes voice to mine eare, that call'd to me,  
And bad me then come foorth : and then I ſee  
*Plyſſes* standing in the midſt of all  
Your ſlaughtred woovers, heap't vp like a wall,  
One on another, round about his ſide ;  
It would haue done you good to haue deſcride  
Your conq'ring lord, al ſineard with blood & gore  
So like a Lyon. Straight then, off they bore  
The ſlaughtred carkaſſes, that now before  
The fore-Court gates lye, one on other pilde.  
And now your victor, all the Hall / deſidle  
With ſtinch of hot death) is perfuming round ;

And

And with a mighty fire the harch hath crownd.

Thus, all the death remou'd, and every roome  
Made ſweet and ſightly ; that your ſelfe ſhould come  
His pleaſure ſent me. Come then, take you now  
Your muthalſ filſ of comfort : Griefe, on you  
Hath long, and many ſufferings laid ; which length,  
VVhich many ſufferings, nowe your vertuous strength  
Ovncorrupted charaſſe, hath conſer'd  
A happy end to. He that long hath er'd  
Is ſafe arriu'd at home : his wife, his ſonne  
Found ſafe & good ; all ill that hath bene done  
On all the dooors heads (though long prolon'g'd)  
His right hath breakt, and in the place they wrong'd.

She anſwer'd: Do not you now laugh, and boſt  
As you had done ſome great act ; ſeeking moſt  
Into his Beſing : For, you know, he was  
(Euen through his poore, and vile condition)  
A kind of prompted thought ; that there was plac't  
Some vertue in him, fit to be embrac't  
By all the house ; but, moſt of all, by me.  
And by my Son, that was the progenie  
Of both our loues. And yet it is nothe,  
For all the likely proofes ye plead to me :  
Some God hath flaine the woovers, in diſdaine  
Of the abhorred pride, he ſaw ſo raigne  
In thofe baſe workes they did : No man aliue,  
Or good, or bad, whoeuer did arriue  
At their abodes once, euer could obtaine  
Regard of them : and therefore their ſo vaine  
And vile deſerts, haue found as vaine an end.  
But (for *Plyſſes*) neuer will extand  
His wiſht returne to *Greece* : Nor he yet liues.

How ſtrange a Queen are you ? (faid ſhe) that giues  
No truſt your credit ? That your husband, ſet  
Cloſe in his house at fire, can purchafe yet  
No faith of you ; But that he ſtill is faire  
From any home of his ? your wit's at warre  
With all credulity euer, and yet now  
Ile name a ſigne, ſhall force beleefe from you :  
I bath'd him lately, and beheld the ſcar  
That ſtill remains a mark too oculair  
To leane your heart yet blinded, and I thca  
Had run and told you : but his hand was feine  
To cloſe my lips from thi acclamacion  
My heart was breathing : and his wifedome won  
My ſtill retencion, till he gaue me leaue,  
And charge to tell you this. Now then, receaue  
My life for gage of his returne ; which take

In

In any cruel fashion ; if I make  
 All this not cleere to you. Lou'd Nurse (said she)  
 Though many things thou knowst, yet these things be  
 Veil'd in the counsailes th'vncreated Gods  
 Haue long time maskt in : whose darke periods  
 Tis hard for thee to see into; But come,  
 Lets see my son; the flaine, and he by whom  
 They had their slaughter. This said, down they went;  
 When on the Queens part, diuers thoughts wer spent;  
 If (all this giuen no faith) she still shold stand  
 Aloose, and question more: On his hugg'd hand,  
 And loued head, she shold at first affay  
 Wt free-given kiffes. VVhen her doubtfull way  
 Had past the stony pavement, she tooke feate  
 Against her husband, in the opposite heate  
 The fire then cast vpon the other wall:  
 Himself, set by the Columne of the Hall;  
 His looks cast downwards, and expected still,  
 VVhen her incredulous, and curious will  
 To shun ridiculous error, and the shame  
 To kisse a Husband, that was not the same;  
 VVould downe, and win enough faish from his fight.  
 She silent fate, and her perplexed plight  
 Amaze encounter'd: Sometimes, she stood cleare  
 He was her Husband: sometimes, the ill weare  
 His person had put on, transform'd him so,  
 That yet his stampfe would hardly currant go.

Her son her strangenesse seeing, blam'd her thus:  
 Mother, vngente Mother! tyrannous!  
 In this too curiosus modesty you shew;  
 Why sit you from my Father? Nor bestow  
 A word on me, t'enquire and cleere such doube  
 As may perplexe you? Found man ever out  
 One other such a wife? That could forbeare  
 Her lou'd Lords welcome home, when twenty yeare  
 In infinite sufferance, he had spent apart:

*No flise so hard is, as a woman's hart.*  
 Son (she replied) Amaze containes my minde,  
 Nor can I speake, and vse the commune kind  
 Of those enquieris, nor sustaine to see  
 VVith opposite looks, his countenance. If this be  
 My true *Physis* now return'd; there are  
 Tokens betwix vs of more fitnesse farre  
 To give me argument, he is my Lord;  
 And my assurance of him, may afford  
 My proofes of ioy for him, from all these eies  
 VVith more *decorum*; then obie& their guise  
 To publique notice. The much-Sufferet brake

In laughter out; and to his Son said, Take  
 Your Mother from the preale; that she may make  
 Her owne prooefes of me, which perhaps may giue  
 More caufe to the acknowledgements, that drue  
 Their shew thus off. But now, because I goe  
 So poorely clad, she takes difdaine to know  
 So loath'd a creature, for her loued Lord.  
 Let vs consult then, how we may accord  
 The Towne to our late action. Some one flaine,  
 Hath made the all-left slaughterer of him, flaine  
 To fly his friends and country. But our swords  
 Haue flaine a Cities most suporthull Lord; i  
 The chiefe Peeres of the kingdom: therefore see  
 You wife meanes to hold your victorie.

See you to that good Father (saide the Son)  
 Whose counsailes haue the foureraigne glory won  
 From all men living. None will strife with you;  
 But with vnquestion'd Girlands grace your bow: S  
 To whom, our whol alacrities we vow.  
 In free attendance. Nor shall our hands leane  
 Your onlets needy of supplies, to giue  
 All the effects that in our pow'r can fall.  
 Then this (aid he) to me seemes capitall  
 Of all choise courses. Bathe we first, and then  
 Attire we freshly: all our Maides and men  
 Enioyning like wife, to their best attaire.  
 The sacred Singer then, let touch his Lire,  
 And go before vs all in gracefull dance,  
 That all without, whose ears shall advance  
 Our cheerefull accents, (of the Travallers by,  
 Or firme inhabitants) solemnity  
 Of frolick Nuptials may imagine beere,  
 And this, performe we, left the minniture  
 Of all our woers be divulg'd abroad.  
 The ample City, ere our felues get our  
 And greet my Father, in his Grome of Trees  
 Where, after, we will prove what policies  
 Olympe shall fayrely to overcombe.  
 Our lareft toiles, and crowne our welcome home.

This all obey'd: Bath'd, put on fresh attaire,  
 Both men and women did. Then tooke his Lire  
 The holy finger, and set thim in fire  
 VVith songs, and fauldefe dances: all the Courte  
 Runge with the footings, that the numerous sport  
 From iocund men drew, and faire-gird'd Dames;  
 VVhich, (heard abroad) thus shew the commone names:  
 This sure the day is, when the much-woo'd Queen  
 Is richly wed; O wretch! That hath not beeene

So constant, as to keepe her ample house  
 Til th' vtmost houre, had brought her formost spouse.  
 Thus some conceiu'd, but little knew the thing.  
 And now, *Eurnome* had bath'd the King;  
 Smooth'd him with Oyles; and he, himselfe attir'd  
 In vestures royll. Her part then inspir'd  
 The Goddess *Pallas*; deckt his head and face  
 Wth infinite beauties : gaue a goodly grace  
 Of stature to him : a much plumper plught  
 Through all his body breath'd; Curles soft, & bright  
 Adorn'd his head withall, and made it shew,  
 As if the flowry *Hycint* did grow  
 In all his pride there: In the general trim  
 Of euery locke, and every curiosum.  
 Looke how a skilfull Artizan, well scene  
 In all Arts Metalline; as hauing beene  
 Taught by *Minerva*, and the God of fire,  
 Doth Gold, with Siluer mix so, that entire  
 They keepe their selfe distinction; and yet so,  
 That to the Siluer, from the Gold, doth flow  
 A much more artificall lustre than his owne;  
 And thereby to the Gold it selfe, is growne  
 A greater glory, then if wrought alone;  
 Both being stuck off, by eithers mixtion:  
 So did *Minerva*, hers and his combine;  
 He more in Her, She more in Him did shwe,  
 Like an Immortall from the Bath, he rose;  
 And to his wife did all his grace empole,  
 Encountring this her strangelenesse: *Cruell Dame*  
 Of all that breathe; the Gods, paft Steele and flame  
 Haue made thee ruthlesse: Life retaines not one  
 Of all Dames else, that bears so ouer-grownne  
 A minde with afflitione; as twenty years:  
 To misse her husband, drown'd in woes, and teares;  
 And at his comming, keepe aloofe, and fare  
 As of his so long absence, and his care,  
 No sente had feid her. Go *Nurse*, make abed,  
 That I alone may sleepe; her hear is dead  
 To all reflexion. To him, thus replied  
 The wife *Penelope*: Man, halfe deuiden,  
 'Tis not my fashon to be taken streight  
 With brauest men: Nor poorest, vle to leight.  
 Your meane appearance made not me retire,  
 Nor this your rich shew, makes me now adure,  
 Nor moues at all: For what is all to me,  
 If not my husband? All his certainty  
 I knew at parting; but (folding apart)  
 The outward likenesse, holds no full defart  
 For

For me to trust to. Go Nurse, see addreſſ  
 A ſoft bed for him; and the ſingle neſt  
 Himſelfe affects ſo. Let it be the bed,  
 That stands within our Bridal Chamber-fled,  
 VVhich he himſelfe made: Bring it forth from thence;  
 And ſee it furniſh with magniſcence.  
 This ſaid ſhe, to affay him; and did ſir  
 Even his eſtabliſht patiencē; and to hiſ.  
 Whom thus he anſwer'd: Woman! your words proue  
 My patiencē ſtrangely: VVho is it can moue  
 My Bed out of his place? It ſhall opprefſe  
 Earth's greatest vnder-ſtander; and vnaſſe,  
 Even God himſelfe come, that can eaſily graue  
 Men in their moft ſkilz, it ſhall hold his place.  
 For Man: he liues not, that (as not moft ſkill'd)  
 So nor moft yong) shall eaſily make it yield.  
 If (building on the strength in which he flowes)  
 He addes both Leuen to, and Iron Crowes.  
 For, in the fixture of the Bed, is ſhowne  
 A Maiftre-peecē; a wonder: and 'twas done  
 By me, and none but me: and thus was wrongliy  
 There was an *Olive* tree, that had his grōugh  
 Amidſt a hedge; and was of shadow, prouide,  
 Freſh, and the prime age of his vertute ſhow'd.  
 His leaues and armes fo thickē, that to the eye  
 It ſhew'd a column for foldiery.  
 To this, had I a comprehension  
 To build my Bridal Bowe; which all of bone,  
 Thicke as the Tree of leaues, I raſſle, and caſt  
 A Roofe about it, nothing meanly graue,  
 Put glew'd doores to it, that oþt Art enough.  
 Then, from the Olive, every broad-leaue I bought  
 I lopt away: then fell'd the Tree, and then  
 VVent over it, both with roy Axe, and Plaine:  
 Both gouern'd by my Line. And then, I ſhew'd  
 My curious Bed-fled out; in which, I ſhew'd  
 Worke of no communē hand. Althoſt, be gon,  
 I could not leave, till to perfection  
 My paines had brought it. Tooke my Wimble, bor'd  
 The holes, as fittid: and did laſt, afford  
 The varied Ornament, which ſhew'd no want  
 Of Siluer, Gold, and poliſh'd Elephant.  
 An Ox-hidē Dide in purple, then I threw  
 About the cords. And thus, to curiositie  
 I hope I haue obieded honeſt ſighe,  
 To proue, I author nougħt that is not mine:  
 But, if my bed ſtand vtremou'd, for no,  
 O woman, paſteſt humane wit to know.  
 This ſunk her knees & hear, to heare ſo true

## THE XXIII. BOOKE

The signes she virg'd; and first, did teares enfile  
Her rapt assurance: Then she ran, and spread  
Her armes about his necke; kist of his heads:  
And thus the curious stay she made, excusde:

*Vlyses!* Be not angry, that I vide  
Such strange delayes to this; since heretofore  
Your suffering wifedome, hath the Gyrlond wore  
From all that breath: and 'tis the Gods that thus  
With mutual misse, so long afflicting vs,  
Haue causd my coynesse: To our youths, envied  
That wisth society, that should haue tied  
Our youths and yeares together: and since now  
*Judgement and Duty,* shoud our age allow  
As full ioyes therinc, as in youth and blood:  
See all yong anger, and reproove withstood,  
For not at first fight giving vp my armes:  
My heart still trembling, left the false alarmes  
That words oft strike vp, shoud ridiculize me.  
Had *Argive Helle*, knowne credulity  
VVould bring such plagues with it; and her, againe  
(As auchtrefe of them all) with that foule staine  
To her, and to her countrey; she had staid  
Her loue and mixture from a strangers bed.  
But God impell'd her to a shamelesse deede;  
Because she had not in her selfe decreed  
Before th' attempt; That such acts still were fluent,  
As simply in themselues, as in th' event.  
By which, not onely she her selfe sustaines,  
But we, for her fault, haue paid ourself paiges.  
Yet now, since these signes of our certaine bed  
You haue discouer'd, and distinguished  
From all earths others: No one man but you,  
Yet ever getting of it th'onely shrow,  
Nor one, of all Dames, but my selfe, and she  
My Father gaue; old *Aetos* progenie:  
(VWho euer guarded to our felices, the dore  
Of that thick-shaded chamber;) no more  
Will croste your cleere persuasian: though, till now,  
I stood too doubtfull, and auertur'd you.

These words of hers, so iustifying her stay,  
Did more desire of ioyfull mone conway  
To his glad minde; then if at instant fight,  
She had allow'd him, all his wifess right.  
He wept for ioy, t' enjoy a wife so fit  
For his graue minde, that knew his depth of wits,  
And held chaste vertue at a price so high.  
And as sad men at Sea, when shrow is night,  
VVhich long their hearts haue wisth (their ship quite

By

## OF HOMER'S ODYSSES.

By *Neptunes* rigor; and they went, and tost  
Twixt winds & black waves, swimming for their lucs;  
A few escap't; and that few that furthines  
(All drencht in fome, and brine) craulew vp to Land,  
VVith ioy as much as they did worlds command:  
So deare, to this wife, was her husbands fight;  
Who still embrac't his necke; and had (al light)  
Displaid her siluer Ensigne (if the Dame  
That bears the blew sky, entermixt with flame  
In her faire eyes, had not infest her thought  
On otherwores, for loues so hardly brought  
To long'd-for meeting: who th' extended nights  
VVith-held in long date; nor would let the light  
Her wing-hoo'd horse ioyne; (*Lampon, Phaeury*)  
Thole ever Colts, that bring the morning on  
To worldly men; But, in her goldea chaire,  
Downe to the Ocean, by her siluer haire  
Bound her aspirations. Then *Vlysses* said:  
O wife: Not yet are my contentious staid;  
A most vnmeasur'd labour, long and hard  
Aske more performance; to it, being prepar'd  
By graue *Tiresias*, whens downe to hell  
I made darke pallage; that his skill might tell  
My mens returne, and mine. But come, and now  
Enjoy the sweet rest that our Fates allow.

The place of rest is ready, (she replied)  
Your will at full serue, since the deified  
Hau'e brought you, where your right is to command:  
But since you know(God making understand  
Your searching mind) informe me, what must be  
Your last fet labour; Since 'twill fall to me  
(I hope) to heare it after, tell me now:  
*The greatest p'efarre is before to know.*  
Unhappy? (said *Vlysses*) To what end  
Importune you this labour? It will tend  
Nor you, nor me, delight; but you shall know;  
I was commanded, yet more to bellow  
My yeares in trauaille; many Cities more  
By Sea to visit: and when first, for shore  
I set my shippings, I was will'd to take  
A small Oare in hand; and with it make  
My passage forth; till such strange men I met,  
As knew no Sea, nor euer salt did eat  
VVith any viacles: who the purple-beakes  
Of Ships did never see: nor that which breakes  
The waues in curles, which is a Fan-like Oare,  
And serues as wings, with which a ship doth soare.  
To let me know then, when I was arriu'd

H b 3

On that strange earth, where such a people liu'd.  
He gaue me this for an vnfailling signe:  
Vhen any one, that tooke that Oare of mine  
Borne on my shoulder, for a Corne-clense Fan,  
I met ashores, and shew'd to be a man  
Of that Lands labour: There had I command  
To fixe mine Oare; and offer on that strand  
T'imperiall *Nepantla* (whom I must implore)  
A Lambe, a Bull, and Sow-ascending Bore:  
And then turne home; where all the other Gods  
That in the broad heauen made secure aboards,  
I must solicite (all my curious heed)  
Giu'en to the severall rites they haue decreed)  
VWith holy *Hecatombes*: And then, at home  
A gentle death should seize me, that would come  
From out the Sea, and take me to his rest  
In full ripe age; about me, living bleſt,  
My louing people: To which (he prefag'd)  
The sequell of my fortunes were engag'd.

If then (saide he) the Gods will please to impose  
A happier Being to your fortunes close  
Then went before, your hope giues comfort strength,  
That life shall lend you better dayes at length.  
VWhile this discourse spent mutual speech, the bed  
*Eury nome* and Nurse had made; and spred  
With richeſt Furniture; while Torches spent  
Their parcell gilt thereon. To bed then went  
The aged Nurse; and where their Soueraignes were,  
*Eury nome* (the Chamber-maid) did bear  
A Torch, and went before them to their rest:  
To which she left them; and for hers addreſt.  
The King and Queene then, now (as newly wed)  
Resum'd the old Lawes of th'embracing bed.

*Telemachus*, and both his Herdfmen, then  
Diſfolu'd the dances, both to Maids and men;  
VWho in their shady rooſes tooke timely ſleepe.  
The Bride, and Bridegroome, hauing ceaſt to keepe  
Obſeruer Loue-joyes; from their fit delight,  
They turn'd to talk. The Queene then did recite  
VWhat ſhe had ſuffer'd by the hatefull rout  
Of harmfull wooers, who had eate her out  
So many Oxen, and fo many Sheepe;  
How many Tun of wine their drinking deepe  
Had quite exhausted. Great *Vyſſe* then,  
VWhat euer ſlaughters he had made of men;  
VWhat euer forrowes he himſelfe ſustain'd,  
Repealed ampli; and her eares remain'd  
VWith all delight, attentive to their end.

Nor

Nor would one winke ſleepe, till he told her all;  
Beginning where he gave the *Cetus* fall.  
From thence, his paſſe to the *Lophagie*;  
The *Cylops* act; the putting out his eye,  
And wreake of all the Soulſiers he had eate,  
No leaſt ruth ſhewne, to all they could entreat.  
His way to *Elolis*; his prompt receit,  
And kinde diſmissiōn: his inſort retraete  
By ſodaine Tempeſt, to the filhy maine;  
And quite diſtracſion from his course againe.  
His landing at the *Leſtrigonian* Port,  
VWhere ſhips and men, miſerable fort,  
Met all their ſpoiles; his ſhip, and he, alone  
Got off from the abhor'd conuincion.  
His paſſe to *Circe*, her deocies, and Arts:  
His thence diſcenſion to th' infernall parts:  
His lifes courſe of the *Tebane* Prophet learned;  
VWhere, all the ſlaughter'd Grecians he defend'd;  
And loued Mother. His altonſon eatre  
VWith what the *Syrens* voices made him heare.  
His ſcape from th'erring Rockes, which *Sylys* was,  
And rough *Charybides*; with the dangerous paſſe  
Of all that toucht there: His *Sicilia*.  
Offence giuen to the Sun: His every man  
Destroy'd by thunder, vollied out of heaven,  
That ſplit his Ship; his owne endeuours driven  
To ſhift for ſuccors on th'*Ogygia* thore,  
VWhere Nymph *Cylops*, ſuch affection bore  
To him in his arraial: That wiþe feaſt  
She kept him in her Caues, and would haue bleſt  
His welcome life, with an immortall ſtate;  
VVould he haue ſtaid, and liu'd her Nuptiall mate:  
All which, ſhe never could perwaide him to.  
His paſſe to the *Phaeacians*, ſpent in wo:  
Their hearty welcome of him, as he were,  
A God defended from the ſtarry Sphere:  
Their kinde diſmissiōn of him home, with Gold,  
Bracie, Garments; all things his occations wou'd.  
This laſt word vidē; ſleepe ſetid his weary eye;  
That ſalues all care, to all mortality.  
In meane ſpace, *Pallas*, entertain'd intent,  
That when *Phyllis*, thought enough time ſpent  
In loue-joyes with his wife, to raſe the Day,  
And make his graue occasions call away.  
The Morning roſe, and he; when thus he ſaide;  
O Queene: Now ſatiate with afflictions, laide  
On both our boſomes; (you opprefled heere  
VWith cares for my returne; I, euer where,

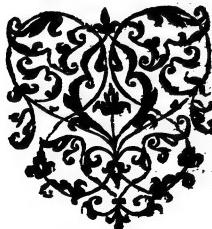
By

By *Ione*, and all the other Deities, lost  
Euen till all hope of my returne was lost)  
And both arriu'd at this sweet Hauen, our Bed;  
Be your care vsde, to see admynistred  
My houfe-possessions left. Those Sheepe that were  
Consum'd in surfects by your woocers heire,  
Ile forrage, to supply with some; and more,  
The suffering Grecians shall be made restore,  
Euen till our stallees receiue their wounded fill.

And now, to comfort my good Fathers ill  
Long suffer'd for me: To the many-tree'd  
And ampli Vineyard grounds, it is decreed  
In my next care, that I must haste, and see  
His long'd for prelence. In the meane time, be  
Your wifedom vnde; that since (the Sun ascended)  
The fame will boone be through the Town extended,  
Of those I heire haue slaine; your selfe (got close,  
Up to your chamber) see you there repole.  
Cheer'd with your women; and, nor looke afford  
Without your Court; nor anie man, a word.

This said, he arm'd: To arms, both Son and Swaine  
His powre commanding; who did enteaine  
His charge with spirit: Op't the gates, and out,  
He leading all. And now was hurl'd about  
*Auroras* ruddie fire: through all whose light  
*Minerva* led them, through the Towne, from fight.

*The End of the XIIII. Booke  
of Homers Odysse.*



THE XXIII. BOOKE OF  
HOMERS ODYSSEES.

THE ARGUMENT.

Br'Mercer, with his crewe,

Vlysses, with the rest, dide

The people, and the gods, dide

Alas! the Grecianes dide

Whose Pallas fayre, and golden Hand,

Was E'mon of greeke, that

Alas! the Grecianes dide

The vnyr'f'nesse, and with base, neffulnesse, with T

The People, and the gods, dide

The Grandee, and

and Sapho, and

Alas! the Grecianes dide

And to them (after) came the mountfull Ghost  
Of *Aeneas*, with all those, he lost  
In falle *Hellas* Court. *Achilles* then  
Beholding there, that mighty King of men :  
Deplor'd his plight, and said : O *Aeneas* Son !  
Of all Heroes, all *Opinion*  
Gave thee, for *Iulus* most lou'd ; since most command  
Of all the Greeks, he gave thy eminent hand  
At siefe of *Ilium*, where we suffer'd so :  
And is the issue this ? That first in wo,  
Sterne Fate did therefore set thy sequell downe ?  
*None borne past others Fates*, gan passe his name.  
I wif to heaven, that in the height of all  
Our pompe at *Ilium*, Fate had sign'd thy fall ;  
That all the Greeks might haue succour to thee,  
A famous Sepulcher, and Fame might see  
Thy Son giuen honor, in thy honour'd end ;  
But now, a wretched death did Fate extend  
To thy confusio[n], and thy Iulus's shame.

O *Tberis* Son (said he) the vital flame  
Extinct at *Ilium*, far from th' *Argive* fields ;  
The file of blessed, to thy vertue yields.  
About thy fall, the best of *Greeks* and *Troy*  
VVere sacrific'd to slaughter : Thy last joy  
Conceiu'd in battell, with some wound forgot,  
In such a death, as great *Apollo* shew'd  
At thy encounters : Thy braue person lay,  
Hid in a dusty whirlewinde, that made way,  
VVith humane breaths, spent in thy names face,  
Thou great, wert greatly valed' in thy Face :  
All day we fought about thee ; nor at all  
Had ceast our conflict, had not *Aeneas* fall  
A storne, that forc'd off our unwilling feare.  
But, hauing brought thee from the fight, to fleet,  
Thy glorious perfon (bath'd and balanc'd) we laid  
Alot a bed ; and round about thee, paide  
The *Greeks* warme teares, to dry deplored decease,  
Quite damnd, cutting all their sorries increas.  
Thy death draue a diuine voice through the Seas,  
That started vp thy Mother from the waves ;  
And all the Marine Godheads, left their causes,  
Conforting to our fleet, her rapt repaire.  
The *Greeks* flood frighted, to see Sea, and Aire,  
And Earth, combine so, in thy losse's sense ;  
Had taken ship, and fled for euer thence,  
If old & much-knowing *Nestor* had not shadde  
Their rushing off : His counfailes hauing swaide  
In all times former, with such cause, their course,

Who

Who bad containe themselves, and trust their forces ;  
For all they saw, was *Theta* come from Sea,  
VVith others of the watry progenie,  
To see and mourne for her deceased Son :  
VVWhich staid the feares, that all to flight had won :  
And round about thee stood th' old Sea-gods forces,  
VVretchedly mourning : their immortal weeds  
Spreading vpon thee : all the sacred Nine  
Of deathleſſ *Muses*, paid thee dues divine ;  
By varied turns their heavenly voyets venting,  
All in deepre passion for thy death, conſenting.  
And then, of all our Army, not an eye  
You could haue ſene, yndrown'd in misery ;  
The mouing *Muse*, fo ruſd in every mande,  
Full ſeventeene daies and nights, our ſates confind  
To celebration of thy mourned end.  
Both men, and Gods, did in thy moane contende,  
The eighteenth day, we ſpent about thy heape,  
Of dying fire : Blacke Oxen, fatall Sheep,  
VVe flew, paſt number. Then the pleaſant spoilede dead,  
(Thy Corfe) wee took vp, which with floods of oil  
And pleaſant Honey we embalm'd, and ſcen : • Parades  
VVrapte thee in thofe Robes, that the Gods did ſaint  
In which, we gaue thee to the hollowed bame,  
To which, a number of heroicall names,  
All arm'd, came rushing in, in deſperate plagues,  
As preſt to ſacrifice their vital right of arm'd men. And when  
To thy dead ruines, while ſo bright by hund'rend fold  
Both foote & horſe brake in and ſtock'd, & mount'd  
In infinite tumult. But when all the arm'd had ſat the ſaint  
The rich flame laſted ; and that when the ſaint  
Thy body was with the enamord *Parades*, ſo gladd  
VVe came in early Morni[n]g, and arme'd, • Parades  
Collection made, of every luorie bone,  
VVhich wash'd in wine, and grecian ſpikenard.  
A two-eard Bolle of Gold, thy Mother ſeign'd, • Parades  
By *Bacchus* giuen her ; and did ſome ſeruice  
From *Vulcan* famous hand ; which to ſhowe the ſaint, • Parades  
Great *Tberis* Son (with thy faire ſaintly crowne) • Parades

Mix with the Boncs of *Menelaus* true hit, • Parades  
And braue *Aias*, which did ſay, may brat glorie the other • Parades  
Of thy *Parades*, was thy faubour • Parades  
About thee then, a matchleſſ Sepulcher, • Parades  
The ſacred hoaſt of the *Admetus*, in which we ſet thee by • Parades  
Vpon the *Helleſpont*, where moſt it ſeir'd • Parades  
(For height, and conſpicuity) the eies • Parades  
Of living men, and their poſterities. • Parades  
Thy Mother then obtain'd the *Gods* conſent, • Parades  
To

To institute an honor'd game, that spent  
The best approvement of our Grecian Fames;  
In whose praise, I must say, that many games  
About *Hebe's* Sepulchers, mine eyes  
Haue leene perform'd: But these, bore off the prize  
VVith myracles to me, from all before,  
In which, thy Siluer-footed Mother bore  
The Institutions name; but thy defars  
(Being great with heauen) caufd all the eminent parts.  
And thus, through all the wroth effects of Fate,  
*Achilles' Fane*, even Death shall propagate:  
VVhere any one, shal lend the light an eye,  
Divine *Euclides* shal never dye.  
But wherein can thefe comforte be conceir'd  
As right to me? when hauing quite achiev'd  
An end with safety, and with Conquest too  
Offo vnmachit a warre; what none could do  
Of all our enemies there, yet home, a Friends  
And VVife, haue giuen me inglorious end.  
While thefe thus spake, the Argos killing boy  
Brought neare, *Vlyses* noble victory  
To their renew'd discourse; in all the ends  
The woote suffer'd, and shew'd thofe his Frends,  
VVhom now, amaze inuided with the view,  
And made gne backe: yet *Agamemnon* knew  
*Melanthius* heyre, much fair'd *Amphimedon*,  
Who had in *Ithaca*, Guest-fauours thrown  
To great *Atrides*; who first spoke, and faide  
*Amphimedon*: what sufferance haue we had  
On your aliue parts, that had made you runne  
This land of darknesse, the reteare you make?  
So all together! All being like in yearnes  
Nor would a man haue choo'd, of all the Peeres,  
A City honors, men to make a partnord, and your selfe  
More strong for any obiect? *Hector* faid  
Bene felt from *Neptune*, being as *Seas* His wrath.  
The winds, and waues, excitinge your scath,  
Or haue offensive men impold this *Grecian*?  
Your Oxen driving; do your booke's share?  
Or for your City fighting, and your allies?  
Haue death vnicimly, lez'd your bell-sing'd livers?  
Inform me truly: I was once your Guest,  
VVhen I, and *Melanthius* had profest  
First armes for them; and were come to *Ithaca*  
On *Ithaca*, with purpose to imploy  
*Vlyses* aide; that City-racing man,  
In wreake of the adulterous *Priamid*.  
Retaine not you the time? A whilom suchs dwelt  
VVee

WE spent at Sea, in hope to instigate  
In our arriall, old *Laertes* Son;  
VVhom (hardly yet) to our defigne we won.  
The Soule made anfwer: Worthieſt King of men,  
I well remember every paſſage then,  
You now reduce to thought; and will relate  
The truth, in whole forme, of our timelessſe Fate.  
VVe woo'd the wife of that long abſent King;  
VVho (though her ſecond marriage, were a thing  
Of moft hate to her) ſhe would yet deny  
At no part our affections; nor comply  
VVith any in performance: but decreed  
In her delays, the cruel Fates, we feed.  
Her craft was thiſ: She vnderooke to weare  
A Funeral garment, deſtiñ'd to receaue  
The corſe of old *Laertes*; being a taske  
Of infinite labour, and which Time would aſke.  
In midſt of whofe attempt, ſhe caufd our ſtay  
VVith this attraction: Youths! that come in way  
Of honord Nuptials to me: Though my Lord  
Abide amongſt the dead; yet ceafe to bord  
My choife for preſent Nuptials; and fulfaine  
(Leſt whatis paſt me, of this web, be vaine)  
Till all receiue perfeccion: 'Tis a weede  
Diſpoſd, to wrap in, at his Funeral neede  
The old *Laertes*: who (poſſefſing much)  
VVould (in his want of rites as fitting) touch  
My honor highly, with each vulgar Dame.  
Thus ſpoke ſhe, and perfwaded; and her Frame  
All day ſhe labou'red; her dayes worke not ſmall,  
But every night time, ſhe vverrought it all.  
Three yeares continuing this imperfect taske;  
But when the fourth year came, her ſights could mark  
In no more couer; ſince her truſted Maid  
Her whole decite, to our true note betrayed.  
VVith which, ſurpriz'd, ſhe could no more protract  
Her workes perfeccion: but gaue end exact  
To what remain'd: waſht vp, and ſet thereon  
A gloſſe ſo bright, that like the Sun and Moon  
The whole worke ſhew'd together. And when now  
Of meree neceſſity, her honour'd vow  
She muſt make good to vs: ill fortune brought  
*Vlyses* home; who yet, gaue none one thought  
Of his arriall; but far-off at field  
Liu'd with his Herdsman: Nor his truſt would yield  
Note of his perfon; but liu'd there, as Guest;  
Ragg'd as a begger, in that life profeft.  
At length, *Telamachus* left *Pylas* ſank;

And with a Ship, fetcht soone his natiue Land.  
 Wh'en yet, not home he went: but laid his way  
 Vp to his Herdsman, where his Father lay;  
 And where, both laide our deaths. To town then bore  
 The Swine-herd, and his King; the Swaine before.  
*Telemachus*, in other wyes, belfow'd  
 His course home first, t'assocate vs that woo'd.  
 The Swaine, the King led after, who came on  
 Ragged and wretched, and still lean'd vpon  
 A borrow'd stafe. At length, he reache the home;  
 VVhere (on the sodaine, and so wretched, come)  
 Nor we, nor much our elders, once did dreame  
 Of his retурne there: but did wrongs extreame  
 Of words, and blowes to him: all which, he bore  
 VVith that old patience he had learn'd before.  
 But when the minde of *Iove* had rail'd his owne;  
 His son and he, fetcht all their Armour downe;  
 Fift lockt the doores; and (to prepare their vfe)  
 He will'd his wife (for first meane) to produce  
 His Bow to vs, to draw; of which, no one  
 Could stir the string: Himselfe yet, set vpon  
 The deadly strength it held; Drew all, with ease;  
 Shot through the steeles, and then began to sease  
 Our armelleſſe bosomes; striking first, the brest  
 Of King *Antinous*, and then the rest  
 In heapes turn'd ouer: hopefull of his end;  
 Because ſome God (he knew) stood firme his frenſ.  
 Nor prou'd it worte with him; but all in flood,  
 The Pauenement straight, bluſht with our vitall blood:  
 And thus our ſoules came heere; our bodies laid  
 Neglefcted in his rooſes: no word conuaied  
 To any friend, to take vs home and give  
 Our wounds fit balming; nor let ſuch as liue  
 Entombe our deaths: and for our fortunes, ſhed  
 Those teares, and dead rites, that renouwne the dead.

*Atrides* Ghost gaue anſwere; O bleſt Son  
 Of old *Laertes*, thou at length, haſt won  
 With mighty vertue, thy vnmatch'd wife.  
 How good a knowledge: how vntoucht a life  
 Hath wife *Penelope*? How well ſhe laide  
 Her husbands righte vp! whom ſhe lou'd a Maid?  
 For which, her vertues ſhall extend applause  
 Beyond the circles fraile mortalitie drawes;  
 The deathleſſe in this vale of death, comprising,  
 Her praife, in numbers, into infinites riling.  
 The daughter, *Tyndarus* begat, begot  
 No ſuch chafte thoughts; but cut the virgin knot  
 That kn't her ſpoufe & her, with murtherous swords.

For

For which, posterities ſhall put haſtfull wreathes  
 To noſes of her: that all her ſteadiſſe, noble ſtrengthe,  
 And for her ill, ſhall even the gods ſubdue.

To this effect, theſe digreſſions ſet  
 In hell, Earths darke, and vnder grounde.

*Vlyſſes*, and his Son ſhouſt into the world  
 Soone reaſt the field, elaboratelye goode  
 By old *Laertes* labour: when with euill ſtorme  
 For his loſt Son, he left, all Count aſſaines,  
 And tooke to this rude lande, with vniſtold  
 He made a ſweet and haſtable ſtate to goddes  
 VVhere stood a houſe to him; above which, ran  
 In turninge thicke, and Labyrinthian,  
 Poore Houels, where his ſeede grew: þou aboue  
 That did thoſe workes (of pleaſure within them),  
 Might ſit, and eate, and ſleepe in the houſe;  
 An old *Sieſtis* Dame li'd; ſtrid, and ſore, to ſeue  
 To ſerve his lowre age with her chearefull paines.

Then ſaide *Vlyſſes* to his Son, and *Laertes*:  
 Go you to Towne, and ſay to *Mercurius*,  
 The beſt Swine ye can chooſe, ſo ſilo will ſilfe  
 Stay with my father, and affayle him to vngroome  
 If my acknowledg'd truth, it can decay;  
 Or that my long times traſt, doubt or change  
 My fight to him, that I appearre as ſtrange.  
 Thus gaue he armes to them, and home he bielded.

*Vlyſſes* to the fruitfull field, applied  
 His preſent place: nor found he ſolue, nor ſcoute,  
 His ſonne, or any ſeruite, þey were all diuided  
 In all that ſpacious ground, ſeighe from the gods:  
 Were dragging buſhes, to repaire *Palace*, ſo Aſſaine  
 Old *Dolone* leading all. *Vlyſſes* found vpon him  
 His father farre aboue, in that ſame ground,  
 Employd in poyning of a Plant, his ſtanda.  
 All torne and tatter'd; fit for nothinge dead,  
 But not for him. Vpon his legh he wroſe,  
 Patch boots, to guard him from the bookeſhes, greeves  
 His hands, had thorne-proofe hedging Minotaur,  
 His head a Goats-skin Casket, through which ſee  
 His heart giuen ouer, to abiecte meane.

Him, when *Vlyſſes* ſaw, confund' d with rage,  
 And all the Enigmes on him, that he vpe  
 Of grieſe preuented: he brake out in ſteales:  
 And (taking ſtand then, wherupon of *Pearce*)  
 Shot high his forehead ouer him) *Mercurius*  
 Had much contention. If *Mercurius* ſhould  
 Make ſtraight way to his father, kille  
 Tell his returne, and put on all the ſcenes  
 moray

I i 2

And

And fashion of his instant told seruice,  
Or stay th' impulsion ; and the long day burne  
Of his quite losse giuen, in his Fathers feare,  
A little longer : trying first his cheape  
With some free dalliance ; th' earnest being so neare.

This courfe his choife preferv'd, and forth he went:  
His Father then, his aged shoulders bear,  
Bencath whar yeares had stoop't; about a Tree  
Busily digging; O, old man (said he),  
You want no skill, to drefe and decke your ground,  
For all your Plants doth order'd dillance bound:  
No Apple, Peare, or Olieue, Fig, or Vine;  
Nor any plat, or quarter, you confine  
To graffe, or flow'r's, stands empty of your care,  
Whiche thewes exact in each peciallise :  
And yet (which let not move you) you beflow  
No care vpon your selfe, though to this show  
fourtward iſſomneſſe, to what you are,  
You labour with an inward foward care,  
Which is your age; that ſhould weare all without  
More neat, and cherifhing. I make me doubt  
That any ſloth you vfe, procures your Lord  
To let an old man, go ſo much abhord  
In all his weeds; nor ſhineth there in your looks  
A fashion, and a goodlineſſe, ſo cooke  
VVith abieet qualities, to mortify this  
Naſtly entrey: Yer refemblance is  
A very Kings, and ſhines through thi reuene.  
You looke like one, that hauing wafh, and care,  
Should ſleepe ſecurely, long, sweet, and neare.  
*It is the ground of age, when care abſent is,*  
*To know life's end, and as it's sweet, ſo velt.*

But vitter truth, and tell, what Lord is he,  
That rates your labour, and your liberty?  
VWhose Orchard is it, that your husband chis?  
Or quit me this doube; For if *Iberus*,  
This kingdome claimes for his: the man I found  
At first arriuall heere, is hardly found  
Of braine, or ciuill; not induring stay,  
To tell, nor hear me, my enquiry one  
Of that my friend; if ſtil he bore about  
His life and Being; or were diu'd to Death,  
And in the houfe of him that harboureth  
The foulſe of men. For once he hir'd my guest,  
My Land and houſe retaining interest  
In his abode there; where there ſeindam'd none,  
As guest, from any forreigne Region,  
Of more price with me. He deriu'd his race

From *Ithaca*, and laid, his Father was  
*Iaerites*, ſurnam'd *Arcades*.  
I had him home; and all the offiſe  
Perform'd to him, that fitted any friend:  
Whofe prooffe I did to wealthy gifts extend:  
Seven Talents, Gold; a Bolle all finer, ſer  
With pots of flowers: twelve robes, that had no pleat:  
Twelve cloakes (or mantles) of deliciouſ dye:  
Twelve inner weeds: Twelve ſutes of Tapery.  
I gaue him likewife: women ſkill'd in vfe  
Of Loome, and Needle; ſcrewing him to chafe  
Foure the moft faire. His Father (*Weeping ſadde*),  
Stranger! The earth to which you are comande,  
Is *Ithaca*; by ſuch rude men peſled,  
Vnjuſt and iſſomneſſe, as first addred  
To your encounter; but the giftes you gaue  
VVere giuen (alas) to the vngreuefull graue.  
If with his people, where you grow arm'd,  
Your Fate had bene to finde your friend lame,  
You ſhould have found like Gueſt, riſe from his handys  
Like giftes, and kinde paſte to your wiſhed land,  
But how long ſince, recall'd you as your greef,  
Your Friend, my Son? who was iſſomneſſe  
Of all men breathing, if he were at all?  
O bome, when Fates, and ill Aſpects let fall  
A cruel influence for him; ſet away  
From Friends and Countrymen, to aby  
The Sea-bred appetites, or (lefte alone)  
To be by Fowles, and vpland Monsters torne,  
His lifes kinde authors; nor his wealthy wife,  
Bemoning (as behou'd) his perillous ſtreke,  
Nor cloſing (as in *Leſſons*) cloſe his eyes  
To all men dead) in bed, his dying eyē,  
But give me knowledge of your name, and lande:  
What City bred you? VVhere the anchoring place  
Your ship now rideſ at lie; thic ffor d you live?  
And where your men? Or if a paffenger  
In other Keeles you came; who (giving Land  
To your aduentures heere, ſome other Strand  
To fetch in further course) haue left to vs  
Your welcome preſence? *His replye was thus;*  
I am of *Alybanis*, where I hold  
My names chiefē houſe, to meſte venore the world.  
My Father *Aphidantes*; fam'd for ſpring  
From *Polyphemus*, the *Melodious King*:  
My name, *Eperitus*. My talleſt man  
On thi faire Iſle, was rul'd by the command  
Of God, or Fortune: quite ſafe and conſert

Of my free purpose; that, in course was bent  
For th' Isle *Sicilia*. My Ship was held  
Farre from the City, neare an ample field,  
And for (*Vlysses*) since his passe from me  
'Tis now ffeue years. Vnblest by Destiny,  
That all this time, hath had the Fae to eare :  
Though, at his parting, good Birds did augure  
His putting off, and on his right hand flew ;  
VVhich, to his passage, my affection drew :  
His spirit ioyfull, and my hope was now  
To gaste with him, and see his hand beslow  
Rights of our friendship. This, a cloud of griefe  
Castr ouer all the forces of his life.  
VVith both his hands, the burning dust he swept  
Vp from the earth, which on his head he heapt,  
And fetche a sigh, as in it, life were broke:  
VVhich grewe d his Son, and gave so smart a stroke  
Vpon his nosefhrls, with the inward stripe,  
That vp the Veine rose there, and weeping ripe  
He was, to see his Sire feele such woe  
For his dissembl' dyo, which now (let goe)  
He sprung from earth, embrac't and kist his Sire :  
And said, O Father : he, of whom y' enquire  
Am I my selfe, that (from you, twenty years)  
Is now return'd. But do not break in terms,  
For now, we must not formes of kinde misgaine,  
But haste and guard the substance. I haue flaine  
All my wiues wooers ; fo, reuenging now  
Their wrong so long time suffer'd. Take out you  
The comfort of my comming them, to beare  
At this glad instant ; but, in prou' d respect  
Of your graue judgement ; give meone, glad suspence  
And, on the sodaine, put this conseqvence  
In act as absolute, as all time went  
To ripening of your refolute intent.

All this haste made not his blinde faith, so free  
To trust his words ; who laid, If you are he,  
Approve it by some signe. This for thre see  
(Replied *Vlysses*) giue meby the Rose,  
Slaine in *Parnassus*; I being sent before  
By yours, and by my honord Mothers will,  
To see your Sire *Antolyeus* fulfill  
The gifts he vow'd, at giving of my Name.  
Ile tel you too, the Trees (in goodly frame  
Of this faire Orchard) that I ask of you,  
Being yet a childe; and follow'd, for your show  
And name of every Tree. Yea, giue me she  
Of Figge-trees, forty; Apple-bessars, ten;  
Pearc-trees, thirteene ; and fifty rankes of Vine ;

Each one of which, a season did confine  
For his best eating. Not a Grape did grow,  
Thar grew not there, and had his heavy brou .  
When *tomes* faire daughters (the all-opening bowts)  
Gave timely date to it. This chang'd the pow'res below,  
Both of his knets and heart, with such imprecision  
Of sodaine comfort, that it g. ne possencion  
Of all, to *Troye* : The signes were all so faire,  
And did the loue, that gave them, so attaine.  
His cast his armes about his sonne, and funke ;  
The circle slipping to his feete. So shooke  
VVere all his ages forces, with the flegd  
Of his yong loue rekindl'd. The old *Sire*  
The Son tooke vp, quite linglefle : But his breath  
Againe respiring ; and his soule from death  
His bodies pow'r is recovering : Ouchcried,  
And said, O /upiter ! I nowhaile aifid, i  
That still there liv in heaven, rememb'ring Gods  
Of men that serue them, though the persons  
They set to their apparances are long  
In belt mens suffering, yet, as sure as throug  
They are in conforts : be their strange delayes  
Extended never so, from dayes to dayes.  
Yet see the short joyes, or the soon-swaie fears  
Of helpeis with-held by them, so many yeares  
For, if the woers now, haue paide the paine  
Due to their impious plesaures. Now, againe  
Extreme feare takes me, left we straight shall see  
Th' *Ithacian*s here, in mutacie ;  
Their Mefengers dispatcht, to win to friend  
The *Cephallenian* Cities. Do not speale.  
Your thoughts on these cases (aside his suffering son)  
But be of comfort, and see that enough too.  
That belt, may shun the worsh : Our house is never  
*Ylemessus*, and both his Heraldmen, there  
To dress our supper with their vmost hast,  
And thicker haste we. This saide, Forth they pass ;  
Came home, and found *Telamonius*, as feare  
With both his Swaines : while who had done, all dreft  
VVith Baths, and Balmes, and royally arrayd.  
The old King was, by hissworn Maid.  
By whose fide, Palas stood his crooke-age streching ;  
His flesh more plumping ; and his looks enlightning ;  
VVho yllusing them to view, his face admir'd  
The Gods Aspects into his forme inspir'd :  
And said, O Father : certainly soine God  
By your addresion in this state, hath stod  
More great, more reverend, rendering you by farre,

## THE XXIII. BOKE

At all your parts, then of your selfe am I  
I would to *Jone* (said he) the Sun; and She should be my new wif  
That bears *Jones* shield, the flatched hood with me; and when I com  
That helpe me take in the wel-builded *Tow'rs* side, and when I com  
Of strong *Neriuu* (the *Cephalus* powrour) dw. good hys sonnes Ladie  
To that faire City, leading two dayes farrer, to thys place  
While with the woouers, thy confit did lade  
And I had ther bene in the woouers wreake,  
I should haue helpt thee so, to rendred weak  
Their stuborne knees, that in thy ioye defert  
Thy breast had bene too little for thy boate.

This said, and supper order'd by the minstrel  
They fate to it; old *Dolius* entring thynge *I*: off his shalid, and to the fire  
And with him (tryd with labour) his sonnes came; and the minstrel  
Call'd by their Mother, the *Sicilian* chamberlaine  
That brought them vp, and drest their Rashes faire  
As whose age grew, with it, baneall her care  
To see him seru'd as fittet. VVhen (thus set) they merrilye  
These men beheld *Vlysses* there, at meangyng set  
They knew him; and astonisht in the place  
Stood at his presence: who, with wondres of gracie  
Call'd to oldie *Dolius*, saying; Come, and eare  
And banish all astonishmenes you montere  
Hath long bene ready, and our selues made fay,  
Expecting euer, when your wif bedray  
VVould reach amongst vs. This brought stercely *de*  
Old *Dolius* from his stand, who ran wroght, and to the fire  
(With both his armes abroad) the King, and last  
Of both his rapt vp hands, the either shifft, wold haue gryft  
Thus welcomming his presence: O my loue, so old art thou  
Your presence here (for which all others shooke)  
No one expected. Euen the Gods haue gone  
In guide before you, to your mansions: O, howe we haue  
Welcom, and all ioyes, to your heart, contend  
Knowes yet *Penelope*? Or shall we feare  
Some one to tell her this? she knowes (said he)

VVhat need these troubles (Father) touch at thee?  
Then came the Sonnes of *Dolius*, and againe  
VVent ouer with their Fathers entartaine  
VVelcom'd, shooke hands; & then to scafflate down  
About which, while they face, aboue the towne  
*Fame* flew, and shrickt about; the cruell death  
And Fate, the woouers had sustain'd beneath  
*Vlysses* roofes. All heard; together all, aboue the towne  
From hence, and thence met, in *Vlysses* Hall,  
Short-breath'd, and noisefull: Botom all the dead:  
To instant burial: while their deaues were spread  
To other Neighbor-Cities, where they liu'd:

From

## OF HOMERS ODYSSEY

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From whence, in swiftest *Vlysses* service, and with the swiftest of all  
Men to transfer them home. In meane shalid, he left  
The heavy Nobles, all in confauente; and the Junes, and the Juno  
Where (met in much heape) vp to all ends  
Extremly-greued *Euphemes*; lo to lote, the swiftest of all  
His Son *Aeneas*, who first of all, and with the rest of the Trojans  
By great *Vlysses* hand, had slaughter'd.  
VVho Father (weeping for him) said, O Friends,  
This man hath author'd warkes of dismal endes  
Long since, conuyting in his guide to Troy  
Good men, and many, that did thys supply  
All which are lost, and all their Soulshades dead  
And now, the best men *Cephalus* had  
His hand hath slaughter'd. Go, wretched *before*,  
His scape to *Pyles*, or the *Elas* Shores  
VWhere rule the *Spanes*, gainst his horrid hand to  
For we shall grieue, and *away* will haue  
Our Fames for ev'ry; if we see one to save  
And Brothers end in these confusions,  
Reuenge left vniinflicted. No, will I haue  
Enioy one dayes life more; But greeve, and die  
VVith infant onsets. Nor shal I perishe alone  
To keape a huse, and beaflye name alive  
Hate then, let fight preuent vs. This with peace  
His grieses aduised, and made all suffres  
In his affliction. But by this, was come  
Up to the Counfaile, from *Pyles* home,  
(VWhen sleep had left the), which the daughters there  
And their selfe dangers, from their eyes, in faze  
Had two nightis intercepted; those two nightis,  
That iust *Vlysses* fai'd out of the flane  
VVich *Melus*, and the sacred Singers were.  
These stood amidd the Counfaile, and the sease  
The slaughter had impref, in either losse  
Sucke ful so gally; that amze it stroke  
Through every there beholder: To whole eares  
One thus enfort'd, in his fright, curse of thys:

Attend me *Itacensias*; This herte fact  
Done by *Vlysses*, was not put in a booke

Without the Gods assistance; These selfe cies  
Saw one of the immortall Deities  
Close by *Vlysses*, Mentes forges on  
At every part: and this sure Deity, shone  
Now neare *Vlysses*, festing on his bold  
And slaughterous spirit: Now, the gods controll'd  
Of all the woouers weapons, round about  
The arm'd houfe, whisking in compayniall bout  
Their party putting, till in heape they fell.

This

This newes, new fears did through their spirits stope  
 When *Halitheres* (honor'd *Mentor*'s sonne,  
 VVho of them all, saw onely what was done  
 Present, and future) the much-knowing man  
 And aged Heroe, this plaine course ran  
 Amongst their counsailes : Give me likewise care,  
 And let me tell ye, Friends, that thefe feit's beare  
 On your malignant spleenes, their fad effects ;  
 VVho, not what I perswaded, gave respects :  
 Nor what the peoples Pastor (*Mentor*) faide ;  
 That you should see your iuissu's follies laid  
 In those soule courses; by their perulant life  
 The goods deuouring, (scandalizing the wife  
 Of no meane person ; who (they still would say)  
 Could never more see his returning day :  
 VVhich yet, appearing now : now give it truft,  
 And yeld to my free counsailes : Do not druft  
 Your owne safe persons, on the acts your Sons  
 So decretely bought, left their confusions  
 On your low'd heads, your like addictons draw.

This stood so farre, from force of any Law,  
 To curbe their loofe attempts, that much the more  
 They rufh to wreake, and made rude tumultone.  
 The greater part of all the Court at once,  
 Good counfaile could not ill designs dispose.

*Epietheus* was perwader of the course,  
 VVhich (complete arm'd) they put in present force ?  
 The rest, sat still in counfaile. These men met  
 Before the broad Towne, in a place they set  
 All girt in armes, *Epietheus* chooing Chiefe  
 To all their follies, who put griefe to griefe ;  
 And in his slaughter'd Sons revenge did burne.  
 But Fate gave never feere to his retorne ;  
 Ordaining there his death. Then *Pallas* spake  
 To *Iose*, her Father, with intent to make  
 His will, high Arbitr, of th' act & design'd ;  
 And askt of him, what his vnsearched mind  
 Held vndiscouer'd ; If with Armes and ill  
 And graue encounter, he would first fulfill  
 His sacred purpose ; or both parts combine  
 In peacefull friendʃip? He askt, why incline  
 These doubts, thy counsailes? Hadi not thou decreed  
 That *Nicias* should come, and give his dead  
 The glory of revenge, on these and theirs ?  
 Perform thy will ; the frame of these affaires  
 Haue this fir iuissu. When *Physses* hand  
 Hath reaht full wreake, his then renown'd command  
 Shall reigne for euer : Fairhull Truces strooke

Twixt

Twixt him, and all ; For every man shall brooke  
 His Sons and Brothers slayments ; by our meane  
 To send *Oblivion* in ; expugning cleane  
 The Character of enmy in al,  
 As in best Leagues before. *Peace, Festinal,*  
*And Riches in abundance, be the fates.*  
*That croynes the close of Wifte Phylis Fate.*  
 This spur'd the Free ; who, from heauen's Command  
 To th' *Haccean* Isle, made straight to leaue.  
 Where (dinner past) *Physses* laid : Some one  
 Looke out to see them neerenelie. *Dafnis* forgo  
 Made present speed abroad, and saw them nee ;  
 Ran backe, and told ; Bad Arme ; and instantlie  
 Were all in armes. *Physses* part, warhouse ;  
 And fixe more sons of *Dafnis* : All his powre  
 Two onely more, which were his agud Sonnes,  
 And like year'd *Dafnis*, whole liues blazed fire,  
 All white had left their heads : yet, driven by Neede,  
 Made Soulardis both, of necessarye neede.  
 And now, all girl in armes, the Ports, the wide,  
 They fallid forth, *Physses* being their guide.  
 And to them, in the instant, *Pallas* came,  
 In forme and voice, like whome, who in thame  
 Inspir'd of comfort in *Physses* hart  
 VVith her seeme prechess. To his Son, speake  
 He thus then spake ; Now, See, your eyes shall see  
 (Expof'd in slaughterous fight) the enemy ;  
 Against whome, who shall be ferue, will be feone:  
 Disgrace not then your race, that yet hath beene  
 For force, and formidale, the formest tripe,  
 Of all earths off-spring. This the Son receape,  
 Your selfe shall fee (Jou'd Father) if you please,  
 That my deferungs shall in hought digrefe  
 From beft fame of our Races formost merit.  
 The old King sprung for ioy, to heare his spirit ;  
 And said ; O lou'd Immortals; whenside  
 Do you cleare boontie to my life, whiche ?  
 Ioy, past meaure, to beholde your Sons  
 And Nephew, cloe in such command  
 Of vertues marciall. *Pallas* (Quelling iuris) Said,  
 O my Friend! Of all supremlye deare  
 Seed of *Aegean*, Pray me, another  
 That rules in Armes, (his daungerous) and  
 (Sprightlye brandishe) hurle at me, when he come.

This said, He pray'd ; and the mightye force  
 Inspir'd within him, who gaue instant couere  
 To his braue-brandisht Lance, which shoulde the bridle  
 That chek't *Epietheus* Cashi, quell'd out his palls.

Quicke

## THE XXXIII. BOOKE

Quite through his head ; who fell , & sounded falling ;  
His Armes, the sound againe, from earth recalling -

*Vlysses*, and his Son, rusht before ;

And with their both-way-headed Darts, did gore  
Their enemies breastes so thicke, that all had gone :  
The way of slaughter, had not *Pallas* throwne  
Her voice betwix them, charging all to stay  
And spare expence of blood. Her voice did stay  
The blood so from their faces, that it left  
A greenish palenesse. All their hands it left  
Of all their weapons; falling thence, to earth :

And to the commune Mother of their Birth  
(The City) all fled, in desire, to faue

The liues yet left them. Then *Vlysses* gave  
A horrid shout; and like *Ioues* Eagle flew  
In fiery puruite, till *Saturnus* threw  
His smoaking lightning twix them, that had fall  
Before *Mimuna*: who then, out did call  
Thus to *Vlysses*: Borne of *Iouel* abstaine,  
From further bloodshed : *Ioues* hand in the flaine  
Hath equalld' in their paines, their prides to them  
Abstaine then, left you moule the Deity.

Againe then, twixt both parts, the seed of *Ioue*  
(*Athenian Pallus*) of all future loue  
A league compo'd, and for her forme, wooke choice  
Of Mentors likenesse; both in Limb, and Voice.

## The End of the XXXIII. and last

Booke of *Homeris Odissie*.

so wrought divine Vlysses through his wiles :  
So, crean'd the Light with him, *Thetis* mothers. Therein hee did wile  
As through his great knowenre, I have wrought ; and done  
And my safe saile, so sacred Anchor brought.  
Nor did the Argive ship, more burthened stoyle.  
That bore the Care of all men, in her keele ; than did *Oceanus* in  
Then my aduenturous Barke : The Cadiian, *Phoenice* ;  
Not halfe so precious, as this shalfe of Greecee.  
In whose songes I have made our flowers resoun,  
And Grecce is se verile, to our English wyes.  
Yet this inestimable Pearly pil, all  
Our Daunght Charmingnes, has charred tall  
Each Moderne scraper, this Gem sparkling by

His Oare preferring far. Let such, let ly :  
So seorne the flars the clouds, at vnder grounde  
Defise Deceivers. For, as Cloudes doone shame  
Obfure the Starre yet (Regions left below  
With all their enies) but them but of *Cloudes* ;  
For they shone euer, and wil shone still, by day  
Defise in sinckes, make *Morn*, and *Even* shone  
So psoft Impofers (our Mist-vapored) shone  
With their self-blowne addiccons, defire  
Men solid, of their full ; though vntall, shone  
They come in their compars ; and falle report  
Of leuellng, or touching at their light, to go off  
That still retaine their radience, and cleere right ;  
And falle from everwhen, alas, me blafk  
Of least disgrace, teares downe thi impofers *Mast*,  
*His Tops*, and *Tacklings*; His whole Freight, and Ho

Confiscate to the Fiftie Monachy ;  
His traff, by foolish Fame boughte now, from beies,  
Ginen to serue Mackrell forth, and Frankincence.

Such then, and any, too soft-eyd to see  
Through wrokes so fild, any worth, so free  
Of all the learned professions, as is he  
To praise at such price, let him think his wit  
Too weake to rate it, rather then offend him  
With his poore pow'rs, Ages, and Elegies.

To the Ruines of Troy  
and Grecce.

Troyract, Grecce wracke, who maimed, and maiming boft,  
Elseth *Iyadis*, and *Odissie*, had blant.

## Ad Deum.

Hee onely true God, (betwix whom and Me,  
I onely bound my conforites, and agree  
With all my actions) onely truly knowes,  
And can judge truly me, with all that goes  
To all my Faceties. In whose free grace  
And inspiration, I onely place  
All meants to know (with my meanes, Study, praise,  
In, & from his word taken) faire by faire,  
In all continual contention, rising  
To knowledge of his Truths, and practizing

His will in it, with my sole Saviour's aide,  
Guide, and enlightening: Nothing done ~~for~~ <sup>but</sup> his sake,  
Nor thought that good is; but acknowledgement  
His inclination, skill, and faculty.  
By which, to finde the way out to his love  
Past all the worldz; the sphere is where such may  
My stedies, prais, and pow'rs: No pleasure wherein  
But sign'd by his: for which, my blood forsaken  
My soule I release to: and what (in his blood)  
That hath redeem'd, cleans'd, taught her ~~such~~ <sup>her</sup> good.

Deo opt. Max. gloria

FINIS.

